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THE

MUSICAL WORLD.

VOL. XLVIII.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.,
244, REGENT STREET.

1870.

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Harvard College Library
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MR. EDWARD MURRAY having terminated his engagement for Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's provincial tour, requests that all Letters may be forwarded to Bedford Chambers, 28, Southampton Street, Covent Garden, until the 20th January 1870, after which date he is engaged for Mr. Santley's tour in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

MR. KERR GEDGE will sing HENRY SMART'S new song, "GO, WHISPERING BREEZE," at Kentish Town, Jan. 7th.

MDLLE. CLARA DORIA will sing at Manchester, Chester, Leicester, Nottingham, Doncaster, Leeds, &c., the following popular songs, commencing January 4th:—W. VINCENT WALLACE'S "SONG OF MAY;" Irish melody, "AWAY FROM DEAR ERIN;" and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new waltz song, "THE NAIDES."

MISS GRACE AGUILAR will play SEMLER'S "VALSE IMPETUEUSE" at Hanover Park Rooms, Peckham, Monday evening next, January 3.

MADAME MONTSERRAT (Contralto) is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. For terms and particulars respecting Lessons, &c., address—Madame Montserrat, 45, Tavistock Crescent, Westbourne Park, W.

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MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY begs to announce that she will give TWO CONCERTS of ENGLISH MUSIC in ST. JAMES'S HALL, on FRIDAY EVENINGS, Jan. 7 and 14, 1870, being the only two concerts that will be given by her in London prior to her final farewell of the public at her concert in June next. Vocalists—Mesdames Edith Wynne, Rita, Elena Angele, and Sainton-Dolby; MM. Cummings, Byron, Maybrick, and Lewis Thomas. Pianoforte—Miss Agnes Zimmermann. Violin—M. Sainton. Violoncello—Signor Piatti. Accompanist—Mr. Thouless. Mr. Joseph Barnby's Choir (numbering 300 voices) will also appear, conducted by Mr. Joseph Barnby. To commence at Eight o'clock.—Sofa stalls, 5s.; area and balcony, 3s.; admission, one shilling. Tickets may be obtained of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond-street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside; Novello, Ewer, & Co., 1, Berners Street, W., and 35, Poultry, E.C.; Alfred Hayes, 1, Royal Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket-office, St. James's Hall; and of Madame Sainton-Dolby, at her residence, 71, Gloucester-place, Hyde Park, W.

SIGNOR ROMANO (from Naples) begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has arrived in town for the season. All communications respecting Singing Lessons for the Stage or Concert-room to be addressed to his residence, 6, Maddox Street, Regent Street.

MISS HELENA WALKER.—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., must be forwarded to Miss Helena Walker, 6, West Bank Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

MISS ANDROMEDA OXLEY (Soprano). For Engagements, and Lessons in Singing and the Pianoforte, address—Miss Oxley, 7, Adelaide Road, Haverstock Hill, N.W.

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MR. SANTLEY has the honour to announce that his FIRST CONCERT TOUR in England, Ireland, and Scotland will commence in January, 1870. Mr. Santley will be assisted by Madame SINICO, Miss EDMONDS, Herr WILHELMJ, the celebrated violinist, and Madame ARABELLA GODDARD. All applications for the engagement of the party to be made to Mr. Wood, Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street.

MR. ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Baritone) may be engaged for Oratorios and Miscellaneous Concerts. Address—Nelson House, Slough,

MR. LANDSDOWNE COTTELL'S ACADEMY CHRISTMAS CONCERT TOUR. Town Hall, Hertford, Jan. 17th, 1870. Further particulars will be duly announced.

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HANDEL AND BACH.

(*From the "Ladies' Repository."*)

Turning to Bach's oratorios, we at once see their instinctive difference from those of Handel. Bach did not, like Handel, seek his subject; it overpowered him. He had no public before him, longing for new things, and eager to hear new singers. He was a servant of the Church. His originality lies not in the choice, but in the handling of his theme. He tried to make his Church music accord with the service of God, and, through it, to give an echo of the words of prayer or praise.

His Cantatas, with subjects drawn from the Gospels, number one hundred. [The MS. scores of nearly *three* hundred lie in the Royal Library at Berlin.—ED.] His Passion and Christmas music has its appointed place in the Lutheran service, and no other music of the kind can compare with his. His *St. Matthew's Passion* is the most powerful of all his productions of this kind, and the best known.

As Handel's music can be understood only through a knowledge of his career in Italy and England, so Bach can be understood only by those familiar with the German school of music. Joyousness of tone and manner are the characteristics of Italian music; but the old spirit of German art, before all things, strives after character and truth. The words must have their full right; the music must only make them more clear and transparent. To bind words and manners harmoniously together, like body and soul, is Bach's great effort; and in it he has met with grand success.

The imperishable truth stands higher with him than the intellectual, beautiful form; therefore, he dares express the thought with the utmost boldness, sometimes even with harshness. Every melody is characteristic; no one chorus like another. This estranges from him many ears. "Bach is as national as Goethe and Lessing, but not popular as Schiller and Mozart," has been justly said of him.

Bach's music is polyphonic, or many toned. The ears of many cannot bear this. There are people so sluggish in hearing and thinking, that they must have everything perfectly plain in music. Handel can accomplish this, but Bach cannot. Every voice forms a part of the great whole, and must stand alone. A chorus of Bach's is a great conversation of voices, where each must be silent when he has nothing to say, and fall in at the right time. Often in the beginning and concluding chorus we are obliged to follow two or three melodies at a time. It has been truly said: "Bach's music is like a primitive forest, full of grotesque growth and gnarled branches. One should not send children into this wood."

Over-pregnant with thought and meaning, his music is especially the music of the future; still amidst all its depth, it contains a romantic element which makes it truly German. Whoever fully drinks in the spirit of his melodies, is as under a spell of enchantment. His orchestra, also, is different from Handel's; not only sustaining the music, but standing by it like its twin brother. Sometimes the sentiments are reflected in the voices; at others in the instruments. The orchestra, as well as the voices, can interest of itself. In the beautiful words of Hiller:—"The orchestra of the *St. Matthew's Passion* is a fine veil, behind which a tear-moistened but most lovely face shines forth."

In this fine, spiritual orchestration, this man has indeed followers, but no predecessor. The few instruments are finely chosen, and gently and impressively they move the thought of the *aria*. In the *Saint Matthew's Passion*, flutes, harps, and organs have their place, but horns, drums, bugles, and trumpets are not heard. Where Christ speaks, the string quartet usually softly accompanies; but at the words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" even this is silent.

A mysterious power, depth, and spirituality are the signs-manual of Bach's music. It is as if he spoke to us of a better world. He touches our finest sensibilities. We give him our hand, and he leads us into an intricate labyrinth of tones, but securely we go on by the Ariadne thread, and our feet stand at last in the Holy Place.

The musical world of the present is full of the praise of John Sebastian Bach. It may not love the seriousness and transcendent depth of his music, but it honours the master whom Beethoven has called "The great father of harmony." Over his nameless and unknown grave, many a one whom his strains have edified in spirit blesses, and in the concluding words of his Passion chorus, says:—

"Rest gently, gently rest."

To both Handel and Bach the Scriptures were the undoubted truth of God. No mortal could have written such music, had he not believed. To the full measure of their powers they sought to serve and honour Him, but each in his own way. Handel should not be called the more worldly of the two, if the words are to be taken in their usual sense. Like Paul at Athens he preached God from a world stage—the living God of history, speaking in deeds and miracles. From the Scriptures he seized whatever would most deeply move the soul, and knew how to present it in the best light. He could sing of the world's allurements and deceits, for he had known them all; and he could compass the whole scale of emotion, from despair to rapture, from the woes of death to the joys of heaven.

From his text he grasps, like Luther, the principal thought, and indelibly impresses it upon the mind of his hearers. He is the singer of the Old Testament, jealous for the Lord's house and honour—an Asaph in the temple court—his orchestra, the whole one hundred and fifty Psalms—his text-book, Moses and the prophets—and from the summit of David's mountain he gazes afar to the morning twilight of the great redemption.

Bach is a church believer, a pious man, who has God always before his eyes and in his heart. Not upon the theatre of the world, amid its honours and disgrace, its loves and hates, were unfolded to him the eternal truths of the Scriptures, but in a life of silent, blessed meditation, like that of a hermit in a forest sanctuary. He was a Lutheran, with an inward leaning towards a monastic life. Not the defiant Luther before the Imperial Diet, but Luther in the narrow cell, resembled Bach. A deep, mysterious strain runs through his music, which shows that he—the Lutheran Cantor—was capable of writing a high mass.

The sympathetic element was not wanting in Bach—he, too, could sing of mortal loves, and hates, and passions, but this human sympathy was only the back-ground before which appeared the shining image of his Lord. Not what God does for men with the strong arm, but what God does for men in his love, in his inconceivable condescension, affects his heart. Spiritually to sink himself in this history, to embody its eternal substance in his harmonies, this was Bach's art. To him the smallest passage of the Scriptures is full of meaning. He is not, like Handel, a preacher to the multitude; his power is not on the stage, or in the concert-hall, but in the church. If over his utterances the veil of mystery lies, still he explores into a hitherto unexplored kingdom, only to let us know how inexhaustible its treasures are.

His music seems to be ordained not for the people, but for only a consecrated circle. And still this is only seeming. We unjustly call Bach "a solitary artist without a public," because he is too high and too deep for the multitude. He who only says what all understand, will, in the end, have said but very little; and he who says more, will not of necessity be always incomprehensible.

Bach's music is a giant, Gothic dome, in which a forest of mighty pillars of harmony swells upward, their branches crossing and interlacing each other in the most wonderful and intricate forms. Cross and crosier fail not, and through the windows, painted with scenes from sacred history, stream in the broken beams of day. Every uncorrupted nature feels, without comprehending the great structure in all its parts, that the spot whereon he stands is holy ground. This is the secret power of Bach's music. It is with this music as with the stars of heaven. The unlearned man feels their greatness and sublimity, but the astronomer, who knows their orbits and their course, admires and wonders still more.

Bach is the singer of the New Dispensation. He well knows how to sing of old things; but it is his delight to seek inspiration in the simple majesty of the Gospel, in the deep thoughts of Saint Paul. He knows the Lord as the king, the conqueror over death, and thus he represents him in that cantata for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity; but still it is the mournful joy of the true Lutheran to stand under the cross of Jesus, to support his weary head, and, with gushing tears, follow him to the sepulchre, softly saying, "My Jesus, good-night!"

In Handel breaks forth from the burning bush an armed and mantled prophet before all the people; in Bach a silent priest goes into the Holy of Holies to light the candles, and burn incense before the Most High.

Two great masters have stood before our eyes, to comprehend whom in their deepest meaning it is given only to earnest souls. Handel and Bach have risen from forgetfulness, because in their works lies an eternal truth, which, though it may slumber for a time, can never die. To have brought these great masters from obscurity is an honour to our generation, but may heaven forbid that to this or any other age they shall be in their music, what they once were, witnesses of God against the degeneracy of the time!

DRESDEN.—A Royal decree, as it is called, asking for a grant of five hundred thousand thalers towards the erection of a new Opera-house has been laid before the Second Chamber, with an intimation that a further grant of two hundred thousand thalers will have to be included in the next budget. The demand is expected to meet with considerable opposition among the members of the Chamber.

A SHORT time since, during the performance of the opera of *Otello* in Lyons, the regular order of things was diversified by a slight episode, which threatened at first to be attended with disastrous results, but which eventually served merely to excite the risible faculties of the audience. In the scene where the jealous Moor enters the chamber of the sleeping Desdemona, the lamp which he was carrying suddenly exploded, and the flaming spirit which escaped from it enveloped the hand of the too credulous Othello. The latter, forgetting his jealousy, ran to the table against which his unhappy wife's harp was leaning, and placed the lamp on it. But the spirit quickly set the harp and table-cloth on fire. Othello succeeded, however, in extinguishing the flames. Having effected this much, he began unconsciously to move his hand backwards and forwards, for the purpose of allaying the pain he was suffering. Seeing that he was not seriously injured, the audience burst into a hearty laugh, in which the unlucky Moor good humouredly joined. But, recollecting himself, he quickly resumed his gravity and proceeded to despatch his wife in the usual way.

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A NEW EDITION OF MOZART'S OPERAS IN SCORE.

The above artistically-important enterprise undertaken by the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipsic, who have at length given us Mozart's operas critically revised, according to the original manuscripts, with an improved version of the Italian texts, met with universal appreciation on the appearance of the very first score—namely, that of *Idomeneo*. This was followed by the score of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, that ever fresh masterpiece in the comic operatic style. Whatever has been already said about the very admirable getting-up of this edition, about the legibility and correctness of the pointing, etc., as well as with reference to the revision carried out with comprehensive knowledge and artistic conscientiousness by Julius Rietz, applies with equal force to this second score.

With the exception of a few trifles the entire manuscript of this opera in Mozart's own hand has been preserved, though unluckily in a fragmentary form. The owners, Herr Paul Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, of Berlin, and Herr Karl André, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, readily placed it at the disposal of the publishers. In Frankfort-on-the-Maine there are only detached portions, namely, separate instrumental parts. The fact that, though most of them have been preserved, some are lost, is accounted for by the circumstance that, when Mozart went through his autograph manuscript, he wrote upon paper with twelve lines, which was consequently not large enough for several pieces of the score. His manuscript exhibits—according to Rietz's description of it—less small corrections, but, on the other hand, a far larger number of abbreviations and additions than his later operas. The motive for them is not always clear, but we may assume that they were sometimes the result of his own convictions, though more frequently of the wishes expressed by the singers. The last is the more probable view of the case, if we take into consideration Mozart's position at that period in Vienna. The added passages are incorporated in the text of this edition, while those which have been erased are given as an appendix.

The autograph is, moreover, according to Mozart's custom, plain and beautiful, and written with the most painful exactitude, as regards the directions.

Despite this, however—as J. Rietz says in his preface, and we may rely upon his intimate knowledge of the subject—there is not one of Mozart's other operas, there is not one of his other works, which has been propagated either in a printed or manuscript form, in so distorted a state. In most of the ordinary editions of the score, there is scarcely a single piece in which, owing to carelessness, misapprehension, caprice, and impudent tampering, the most shameful variations from the original manuscript have not been introduced.

We must not seek the principal reason for this merely in the careless copies—among which must be counted piratical copies taken without permission—which were in circulation from the very first, we must seek it also in the many alterations made by Mozart, and in the fact that the instrumental parts were added, as we have stated, upon separate leaves, thus affording scope for mistakes, and the arbitrary arrangements of strangers. We must, too, not forget that it is precisely on this opera that the great mass of those snobbish conductors who obtain their musical understanding and the boldness of authority when they assume office, have been able to practise their pleasant tricks uninterruptedly for the longest time.

With regard to a respectable number of the most glaring inaccuracies and distorted readings in the previous scores of this opera, we refer the reader to the preface in which Herr J. Rietz points out and traces the principal ones in the most interesting manner. Of course, the innumerable wrong directions of *Forte* and *Piano*, as well as of the peculiar stringed instruments to be employed, are not even mentioned.

This new edition of the scores of Mozart's operas must certainly not be classed among the speculations entered into by publishers of the present day with old classical musical works. In the present instance, the publishers have contracted a debt of honour with the great master and with musical art, and the liquidation of that debt will indubitably demand, at the outset, considerable sacrifice. In the first place, the publishers can rely only upon a very limited number of professional musicians, and accomplished amateurs, libraries, and managers, as purchasers of the scores. By-the-bye, as the last-named individuals are especially chary of incurring any expense which does not immediately ensure good houses, we must here publicly draw attention to the fact that managers of German theatres are bound in honour and justice to foster this undertaking, and, in conformity with the artistic task they should fulfil, to further it by all the means in their power. They alone are able to make the object of the publication a realized artistic fact, as far as the musical public are concerned, and, by the conscientious use of the revised scores on the part of their musical directors and conductors, to banish, once for all, from the performances of Mozart's operas, all the disfigurements, errors, and distortions of the text, which have characterized them for two generations.

The further means for carrying out such a course, a course on which the public is justified in insisting, and which musical critics would certainly warmly support and appreciate, may shortly be expected. According to report, the larger number of Mozart's remaining six operas have already been engraved, and will ere long follow the publication of the second.

C. Bancк.

—o—

THE NEW PARIS OPERAHOUSE.

Whatever the fate of the French Empire, it will leave behind it one monument, if not *ære perennius*, as lasting as iron and stone. If the Empire stamps no mark for good or evil upon French morals, intelligence, or politics, it will at least hand to posterity a new operahouse—an operahouse unrivalled as an expression of the spirit of the period. The Second Empire will live in stone, as a sermon on the characteristics of the French mind, so far as Napoleonism can influence that mind, when generations have passed away. Now, too, that the stains which defiled Carpeau's group have been effaced, it is only just that the English reader should be made acquainted with the merits of a building of such pretence and magnitude. If French architects are not at home in theatre-building, in what are they the masters of English architects, when the latter are not fettered by employers?

M. Gurnier has produced the keenest satire upon the Empire, in giving architectural expression to those notions of the good, beautiful, and true, which he himself holds in esteem. The interior, though far from completion, is a masterpiece of arrangement; in other words, of French and Napoleonic organization. The entrances, vestibules, waiting-rooms, corridors, facilities for passing to and fro, vast space prepared for machinery above and below the stage, and iron-work construction of the whole are probably unrivalled. The space for the audience occupies one-seventh of the site, while the breadth of the proscenium, left to right, is about sixty-six feet. An arcade, with lofty columns in pairs, surrounds the principal staircase, and promises to turn out well, unless marred by capricious detail. The construction is of iron and stone, and the floors are of concrete. Turning to the general architecture of the fabric, the astonishment with which the eye is struck on first seeing it is quickened and deepened as the design is studied. The building looks much less than it is, on account of the enormous size of its various portions. Almost everything about it is too big. Every canon of design is violated. The ground story is immense in height; the next is much lower, and the highest rivals the most trumpery of London streets and "mansions." On the top is placed one of those huge square masses of stone, which the commonplace architect is utterly unable to connect with the rest of his design. The ground story is pierced with a series of huge, shapeless openings, termed windows—in which some excellent iron-work has been placed to contain the glass. The weight of the superstructure thus rests on the weakest part of the building. What would have been said to such a device by Middle Age architects, it is not difficult to imagine. The mighty candelabra at the chief entrances are of marble and bronze, ludicrous in ugliness and violation of all principles of design. The building is, in truth, a monster of *bizarreric*, fit only for reproduction in sugar, to be placed upon a gigantic cake at a festival given by a grateful municipality to a prefect of the Seine. The materials, on the other hand, are unexceptionable, the marbles various and beautiful, and the mechanical work unsurpassed in strength and finish.

The notorious group, so well blackened and so completely purified, is characteristic of the *morale* and practical blundering of the last eighteen years. Underneath a brief inscription on the right of the principal *façade*, which informs us that the Opera is the home of lyric poetry, are placed M. Carpeau's half-tipsy, naked bacchanals! On the left we learn that the Opera is also the home of the dance, and underneath appears another colossal group, intensely proper and clothed, meant to suggest the genius of poetry. While M. Carpeau's bacchanals abound with life and animal energy, the corresponding group is as dull as it is decorous. If people now believed in diablerie, who would not say that some demon had inspired the conception of these groups. On the whole, it is consolatory to English architects that new Paris, when producing anything less monotonous than M. Haussmann's streets and boulevards, breaks out into so startling a proof of the decay of French architectural genius. At the same time, we have not met with one Frenchman who does not condemn the building in unqualified terms. When completed (at the end of some four or five years), it will have cost, at the very least, two millions sterling.

Stuttgardt.—Herr Franz Lachner's *Catharina Cornaro* has been successfully produced. Herr Sontheim sings the principal male character.

Vienna.—Offenbach's new opera, *Les Brigands*, is to be produced at Herr Steiner's Theatre, and M. Offenbach will himself get up the work and conduct the first performance.

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ST. THOMAS'S AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

On Tuesday evening, the 21st ult., after the usual practice of members, a handsome clock, surmounted by a bronze bust of Haydn, and a pair of candelabra, were presented to the Honorary Conductor, Mr. Lovell Phillips. The Rev. R. P. Clemenger, President, occupied the chair, supported by Vice-presidents, Dr. R. C. Croft, Captain Elliot, J. Richardson, Esq., and Captain Seymour, the Committee, and many visitors. The Rev. Vicar, on rising, said—

"Mr. L. Phillips, I have been requested by the members of this society to-night to act as their representative, and feel honoured by that request, as it enables me to add my testimony to the esteem and regard in which you are held by all connected with this society. I might indulge in superlative eulogy, but I feel—and I am sure you will all agree with me—that facts are stronger than eulogy. And what are the facts? At the first concert of this society, over which you, sir, presided, there were twenty-four members present. Now—and but the short space of three years has intervened—the books show that there are sixty-two acting members and fifteen associates. And not only have you, sir, worked up the numerical strength of the society, but you have brought it into such a state of proficiency as to enable me to state, without fear of contradiction, that few amateur musical societies could be found in London to excel it. And now, sir, without further words, allow me to present to you this token of the society's regard and esteem. It is, I believe, a clock, and therefore, though I am afraid some of you will say it is not an original remark, a striking proof of their affection. With it are a bust of Haydn and a pair of candelabra. This is St. Thomas's Day, the patron saint of St. Thomas's Church, St. Thomas's district, St. Thomas's Musical Society, and of your humble servant, myself. And it is, too, the shortest day of the year. But though that is the case, I sincerely trust that the memory of this evening will not be of short duration, but will constantly remind you, not only of the reward of duty, but also of the affection in which you are held by the members of this society. I now, in the name of the society, present you with this clock, wishing you at the same time long life and happiness."

Mr. Phillips, on rising, was received with an ovation. He thanked the members of the society for their kindness, and assured them that as long as possible he should continue to hold the post of conductor. He thought, however, there were others to whom, more than to himself, praise was due for the present efficiency of the society. He alluded to the vice-presidents, especially Dr. Croft, who had taken such great interest in the society, to the committee, and the honorary secretary, all of whom had worked in such a manner as he knew, from experience, was most unusual in the officers of amateur musical societies. He thanked them for their great kindness, and trusted that they would believe that what he said was but a faint echo of what he felt—(loud and prolonged cheering). The meeting then closed with three lusty cheers for the conductor. The clock bore the following inscription:—

"Presented to Lovell Phillips, Esq., by the members of St. Thomas's Amateur Musical Society, in recognition of his valuable services as Honorary Conductor, December 21, 1869."

For the information of some of our readers we may add that this society, which consisted three years ago of only a very few members, has, under the guidance of Mr. Phillips, so increased as to number nearly eighty, and the excellence of their singing is now so well known, that the applications for assistance to the various charities of the parish are more numerous than can be complied with. The society, however, exists only for good, and is always ready to help in any worthy cause.

THE "WOMEN'S CLUB AND INSTITUTE."—The object of this institution is to afford women a place of resort for society, rest, recreation, refreshment, and study. The Club contains a reading room supplied with newspapers and periodicals, and an English and foreign library; a drawing-room, for society and conversation; a visitor's room, in which members can receive their friends; and a dining-room, where refreshments are supplied at moderate prices. There is also a circulating library and a music room for lessons and practice in connection with the Club (the latter under the direction of Miss Stevenson). A *soirée* was given at the rooms of the Institute (77, Newman Street, Oxford Street) on Tuesday evening, Dec. 21st, when a large number interested in its success attended. Misses Palmer and Buckland were the singers. Miss Palmer was recalled after Mr. Sullivan's "Will he come?" and encored in "Thady O'Flynn," for which she substituted "Katty Moyle." Mr. Hodgson Pratt's recitation of "The Battle of Armageddon," and Mr. Montague Bere's "Mrs. Candle's proposal to keep her wedding day" were both features. A solo on the concertina, "Robert, toi que j'aime," by Mr. Bertioli, "The pied Piper of Hamelin" and Jean Ingelow's "The high tides," recited by Miss Lisle, were no less successful. Miss Stevenson played Schubert's Impromptu (Op. 142), and the *Volkslied* of Mendelssohn, with great applause. A pianoforte fantasia on airs from *Il Flauto Magico*, was well played by Miss Ruddock; and the duet, "Serbami ognor" (*Semiramide*), by Misses Buckland and Palmer, met with due appreciation. A collection of drawings, prints, and photographs, open to the audience, was found highly interesting.

ORGAN NEWS.

PROFESSOR OAKELEY gave an organ recital at Edinburgh on Dec. 24th. The following was his programme:—

Pastoral Symphony, *Christmas Oratorio*, Bach; Pastoral Symphony—recitatives: "There were shepherds abiding in the field," "And, lo, the angel," "And the angel said, Fear not," "And suddenly there was with the angel"—chorus, "Glory to God in the highest" (*Messiah*), Handel; "Gloria in excelsis," Pergolesi; Prelude (Pastorale) and Fugue in G major, for organ, Mendelssohn; Andantino (*Moments Musicaux*), Schubert; Pastorale, Kullak; chorus, "For unto us a Child is born" (*Messiah*), Handel.

The recital was, as usual, accompanied by interesting historical and explanatory remarks.

ON Saturday and Sunday last, an organ, built by Mr. J. Hepworth, Queen Street, Clayton West, was opened at the Mount Tabor Reform Chapel, by Mr. Fitton, Kirkburton. Selections from the *Messiah* were sung by an efficient choir. On Sunday, Mr. J. Lockwood, from Wakefield, presided at the organ, and brought out the varied excellencies of the instrument. The organ contains one row of manuals, CC to F in alto, enclosed in general swell (except the open diapason, part of which forms a speaking front), and pedal organ, CCC to E. It has 10 draws, viz., hautboy 8ft., open diapason 8ft., stopped diapason 8ft., dulciana 8ft., principal 4ft., flute 4ft., fifteenth 2ft., tremula; pedal bourdon 16ft, pedal coupler; 3 composition pedals, and 29 German pedals. The case, which is of neat design, is stained, with illuminated front, and presents a very handsome appearance. The cost of the instrument is £120.

ON Sunday week two sermons, in connection with the opening of a new organ, supplied by Mr. J. Hepworth, of Wakefield, were preached in the Methodist Free Church, Normanton Common. Selections from the *Messiah* were sung, and collections made.

THE following is the specification of an organ recently built in the hall of the New York Young Men's Christian Association, by Messrs. Odell Brothers. In some respects the instrument is a curiosity.

Compass of Manuals from CC, 8 feet to C, five octaves, 61 notes.
Compass of Pedals from CCC, 16 feet to *D*, 27 notes.

GREAT MANUAL.

1. Tenoroon, metal, 16 feet, 61 pipes.
2. Open Diapason, " 8 " " "
3. Keraulophon, " 8 " " "
4. Dulce, " 8 " " "
5. Clarionet Flute, wood, 8 " " "
6. Flute Harmonic, metal, 4 " " "
7. Principal, " 4 " " "
8. Meliphon, wood, 4 " " "
9. Twelfth, metal, 2⅔ feet, 61 pipes.
10. Fifteenth, " 2 " " "
11. Sesquialtera 3 Ranks " various " 183 "
12. Trumpet, " 8 " 61 "
13. Clarion, " 4 " " "
14. Cremona, " 8 " " "
15. Carilon or Chimes, 37 Bells.

SWELL ORGAN.

1. Bourdon, wood, 16 feet, 61 pipes.
2. Open Diapason, metal, 8 " " "
3. Viol de Gamba, " 8 " " "
4. Dulciana, " 8 " " "
5. Stop Diapason, wood, 8 " " "
6. Violina, metal, 4 " " "
7. Flute à Chimanu, " 4 " " "
8. Piccolo, metal, 2 feet, 61 pipes
9. Cornet, 3 Ranks " various " 183 "
10. Cornopean, " 8 " 61 "
11. Oboe, " 8 " " "
12. Vox Humana, " 8 " " "

PEDAL ORGAN

1. Grand Open Diapason.
2. Grand Bourdon.
3. Quint.
4. Violoncello.
5. Trombone.
6. Bass Drum.
7. Snare or Military Drum (First Introduction in Organs).
8. Cymbals.

COUPLERS, &c.

1. Swell to Great Unison.
2. Swell to Great Superoctave.
3. Swell to Pedal.
4. Great to Pedal.
5. Bass Drum to Pedal.
6. Reversible Coupler, Swell to Great Unison.
7. Snare Drum to Pedal.
8. Reversible Coupler, Swell to Grea Superoctave.
9. Reversible Coupler, Great to Pedal.
10. Tremulant.
11. Pluviale, or storm apparatus.

PNEUMATIC COMPOSITIONS ON GREAT ORGAN (Patented).

1. Full Great Organ.
2. Full to Sesquialtera.
3. Full to Principal.
4. Keraulophon, Clarionet Flute and Meliphon.
5. All of the eight feet stops.
6. Clarionet Flute and Dulce.
7. Flute Harmonic.
8. Meliphon.

PNEUMATIC COMPOSITIONS ON SWELL ORGAN (Patented).

1. Full Swell Organ.
2. Full to Cornet.
3. Full to Principal.
4. All of the eight feet stops.
5. Viol de Gamba, Stopped Diapason and Flute à Chimanu.
6. Oboe—Stopped Diapason and Dulciana.

1. GRAND CRESCENDO AND DIMINUENDO PEDAL. (Patented.)

Over five hundred combinations can be made upon this organ, without touching a draw stop, or taking the hands off the keys. The drums, cymbals, bells and other auxiliaries, are entirely independent—to be used, or not, at the option of the performer—consequently do not interfere with the use of the instrument for classic or church music. Its mechanical arrangements and improvements are superior, both in number and quality, to those of any organ previously built in this country.

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PROVINCIAL.

TODMORDEN.—The *Weekly Advertiser*, of December 18th, writes:—

"We do not hesitate in placing Dr. Spark's organ recital among the best performances ever given in this locality. The programme was admirably selected, the instrument was handled in a powerful manner, and each piece was given with the most discriminating taste."

BRIGHTON.—A Brighton journal writes as below:—

"Herr Adolf Sjödén, a Swedish professor of the harp, who has recently taken up his residence in Brighton, gave a *matinée musicale* in the King's Rooms of the Royal Pavilion. There was a full audience, and Herr Sjödén may be congratulated upon the result of his introduction to the Brighton musical public. He made a most favourable impression."

LINCOLN.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The *Messiah* was given here, on December 17th, in the Corn Exchange. Miss Annie Hiles, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Stubbs, the Messrs Pullein and Mr. B. Kelly being the singers. Miss Hiles fully established herself in the good opinion of the audience, who, in 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' would willingly have heard her twice."

CHICHESTER.—A correspondent writes as beneath:—

"Mrs. John Macfarren's pianoforte and vocal recital came off on Wednesday, December 22nd, in the Assembly Rooms. The accomplished pianist who gave Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, and a selection of pieces by Bach, Dussek, Rubinstein, Litolff, Wallace, &c., was applauded throughout, particularly after a tarantelle by Walter Macfarren, and a fantasia on popular Scotch airs by Brissac. Miss Henderson gave a new song by G. A. Macfarren, 'Come out and hear the waters shoot,' 'Oh, bid your faithful Ariel fly,' &c."

LIMERICK.—The *Limerick Reporter* writing about a recent concert given in this city, by Miss Kate Gordon, says:—

"Miss Gordon is amongst the best pianists we ever had the good fortune of hearing, and seems to throw her whole soul into every subject she takes in hands. Mr. Stanton sang his ballads with much expression, and had to comply on two or three occasions with the request of the audience to repeat them. The excellent band of the 70th Regiment performed at intervals, under the able conductorship of Signor Ragazzoli."

BRIXTON.—The *Brixton Advertiser* writes as follows:—

"Mr. Lazarus gave another vocal and instrumental concert in the Ball Room on Monday evening. The vocalist was Mdme. Thaddeus Wells, and the instrumentalists were Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Crozier, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. C. Harper, Mr. Wotten, and solo pianoforte and accompanist, Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, R. A. M. Mr. Lazarus well sustained his reputation. In 'Lo, here, the gentle Lark,' duet, flute and clarionet were happily blended. The bassoon and oboe solos were exquisite, and the singing of Mdme. Wells pleased as always."

CHELTENHAM.—The *Cheltenham Looker-on* mentions the success of the Cheltenham College Concert, given at the "breaking up" for the Christmas holidays:—

"The selection was of a light and cheerful character, suited to the youthful vocalists, who in the part-songs and other pieces aquitted themselves well, eliciting the applause of their school-fellows. Mr. C. Dennys received an encore in Brinley Richards' 'Cambrian Plume,' the chorus to which was rendered with spirit; Mr. Baxter, who sang the 'Brave Old Oak,' receiving a similar compliment; as did likewise Master Moysey in 'La Legende du Verre.' The trio by M. D. Bucher, C. Vincent, and R. Williams, was one of the most effective of the evening's performances, the whole of which did the College Choir credit. An efficient band contributed to the success of the entertainment."

TORQUAY.—In the *Torquay Directory* we find the following remarks on Mr. Charles Fowler's recital of pianoforte music:—

"A pleasant musical afternoon was given at Mr. Fowler's residence, Villa Mentone, on Saturday the 4th December. The *Sonata Pastorale*, Beethoven; selection from *Nuits Blanches*, Heller; *Rondo Brillante* in E flat, Weber; *Romanza* and *Allegro agitato*, from third concerto W. S. Bennett; with a song from Madame Garcia, made up the first part. The second part opened with Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which Mr. Fowler was assisted by a promising pupil, Miss Bessie Gedge. Among the following pieces were Beethoven's Sonata in F minor, Op. 1, also played by Miss Gedge; and a Spanish song from Madame Garcia, which gave much pleasure. The remainder of the programme consisted of pieces by Mr. Fowler:—A grand octave study; two sketches, 'Le Badinage,' and 'Queen Mab;' and 'Fun,' a tarentelle. The room was quite full."

ALFORD.—A correspondent writes from the Lincolnshire town as follows:—

"Mr. Henry Brown, organist of the parish church, gave his annual benefit concert recently to a large and appreciating audience. Miss Anna Hiles, when appearing in travelling costume (the train having been delayed by a snowstorm), was received with hearty acclamations. She was recalled after her two songs. The other singers were Miss Hargreaves and Mr. Dodds. Miss Hargreaves possesses a rich contralto voice, and sings with taste and finish. Mr. Dodds is well known to be a *basso profondo* of great merit. A young violinist, Mr. Kis, from Scarborough, played several solos, and also took part in the Kreutzer Sonata; doing all in musician-like style. The concert gave general satisfaction."

LIVERPOOL.—We read as follows in the *Liverpool Mercury*, of a recent date:—

"The Societa Armonica in repeating the act of benevolence of last year (for the benefit of the Dental Hospital), gave a performance of the *Messiah*, at the Liverpool Institute, the proceeds of which will be handed over to the Children's Infirmary. The commendable effort was completely successful, and the sum handed over will be worthy of the institution. The services of about eighty were given, the principals being Miss Monkhouse, Miss F. Armstrong, Mr. C. W. Robinson, and Mr. T. J. Hughes. Mr. H. Lawson was leader, and Mr. T. Armstrong, conductor. Both gentlemen fulfilled their duties in a manner which tended to the success of the work. As a whole the oratorio was admirably performed, and showed great improvement upon last year."

MAIDSTONE.—Mr. Tolhurst's *Ruth* was performed here on the 20th December, in the Corn Exchange; the soloists being Mdme. Rudersdorff, Miss Elphinstone, Mdme. Sauerbrey, Messrs. Crowe, Armes, and Mason Thomas; the conductor, Mr. Tolhurst himself. At the close of its notice the *Maidstone Journal* says:—

"Of the oratorio generally we cannot do otherwise than speak most favourably. It is written evidently with great earnestness, and is throughout well constructed and melodious. That it will ever take rank among our best compositions of the same character is too much to hope, but it is far above mediocrity, and its performance anywhere would ensure for it a favourable reception. At its termination on Monday night the composer was loudly called for, and on his return to the room was received with most enthusiastic applause."

MANCHESTER.—The *Examiner and Times* says thus:—

"We have much pleasure in calling attention to an amicable and original scheme for the gratification of musical taste and promotion of culture announced by Mr. J. Marsden, an accomplished local professor of music. In a promised series of eight pianoforte recitals instead of following the example of his former master, Mr. Charles Hallé, and of the eminent executants whose recitals in London have been strictly classical in purpose and selection, Mr. Marsden determined to consult the taste and meet the convenience of a considerable number of amateurs whose predilections are generally for pianoforte music which makes less demand on their intellect than the works of the old masters. At the first recital, he was favoured by a large attendance, and must have been much gratified with the result of what might be called his enterprising experiment. We have little doubt of the continued success of this commendable scheme."

Neither have we, and, therefore, the "enterprise" of Mr. Marsden is not apparent to us. The risk is on the side of those who prefer good music.

BELFAST.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* was given in the Ulster Hall on Friday, December 17th, by the Belfast Classical Harmonists' Society. There was a large audience, and the performance was a complete success. Mr. Cellier, friend and schoolfellow of Mr. Sullivan, conducted with great ability. This was the first performance of the work in Ireland. Mdlle. L. Van Noorden, Miss E. Fennell, Mr. Wallace Wells, and Mr. Orlando Christian, principal vocalists, were applauded in the solo music; the unaccompanied quartet, 'The Lord is nigh unto them,' was encored and repeated. The choruses were well sung. The second part of the concert consisted of a miscellaneous selection. The band, selected chiefly from Mr. Hallé's orchestra, performed Beethoven's Symphony, No. 2, the overtures to the *Barber of Seville* and *Masaniello*. The principal songs were:—'As I view these scenes so charming,' Mr. Christian (encored); 'Ah, quel giorno,' Mr. Fennell; 'Tacea la Notte,' Mdlle. Van Noorden (encored); and 'Yes, let me like a Soldier fall,' Mr. Wells, (encored). The members of the society were encored in 'The Cloud-capt Towers.' Mr. Buck was leader, and Mr. A. M'Mahon, organist.

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DUBLIN.—A correspondent writes of the Misses Glovers' concerts in the Exhibition Palace:—

"The most successful and agreeable concerts given in Dublin for a long time were those of the Misses Glover. Miss Emilie Glover has been heard occasionally at the Philharmonic and Italian concerts, but we were not at all prepared for the exquisite singing of her sister 'Lina Glover.' Such power of expression and quality of tone and style is rarely given to one so young."

MALVERN.—*Apropos* of a concert given on Tuesday week by the Choral Society, the *Malvern News* says:—

"We can congratulate the society on the very great progress they have made, thanks to their energetic conductor, Mr. F. Langdon. We can congratulate the society also on providing a pleasant entertainment. The programme was a good one; and we were glad to see the Rev. Alfred Fowler at his post as first flute, because he knows so well what to do. Mr. Lockett, as leader of the first violins, used his bow in a masterly manner, and Messrs. Athorne and Bovington did well at the piano. Mr. Haynes's music to 'Hark! the herald angels sing,' was sung with much spirit. It was composed for this concert, and knowing what Mr. Haynes can do, we trust it will not be the last of his compositions. We'll give him a challenge, that if he will write a glee or four-part song for the next concert of this society, we'll write another for the succeeding one—not to the same words, of course, but merely to give some little local zest to a society which deserves support. We are presuming the committee will accept ours. However, there's the challenge—given in the spirit of Christmas. If Mr. Haynes declines, we offer the same to any other lover of music. Some of the pieces were rather too heavy for the society, but the lighter ones went off with much spirit. It only requires practice to make the members do much better. If we might whisper in their ear one bit of advice, it is this—'implicitly obey your conductor.' We have had twenty years' experience with choirs and choral societies, and may, therefore, be supposed to know some little about the necessity of obedience to the conductor. You have done well, but you can do better."

DUNDEE.—In its notice of the last concert given at the recent Festival, the *Dundee Courier* says:—

"The orchestral pieces were of a varied description, partly calculated to please the cultivated and partly the popular ear. The overture to *Egmont* was rendered with every justice. Mendelssohn's march from *Athalie* was also given with a true conception of its meaning. Of a different class were the two selections with which the second part of the programme opened and finished. *Il Trovatore* was chosen to have selected from it a number of most attractive pickings. The whole of the vocal force was brought into requisition at the last of the concerts. Madame Sainton-Dolby made her farewell appearance in Dundee. Her songs were 'Children's Voices,' with chorus, and 'Caller Herrin'.' Claribel's song was heartily received. 'Caller Herrin'' was sung, as was also 'Children's Voices,' with much pathos. The loss occasioned by the retirement of Madame Dolby will not easily be repaired. We have already referred in terms of praise to Miss Wynne's vocalization, and our opinion was borne out in every respect by her rendering of 'Softly sighs.' Mr. Lewis Thomas was the only other solo singer, and the style in which he gave 'Largo al Factotum,' warranted the extraordinary enthusiasm exhibited. Mr. Thomas re-appeared in obedience to a prolonged summons, and although he pointed to his throat and retired, this would not satisfy the audience, for he had again to return and express his regret that on account of hoarseness he would be unable to respond to their encore. The duet and the *sestetto* from *Don Giovanni* were given—the former by Madame Rita and Mr. Cummings—in the most refined and careful style. M. Sainton played 'The Last Rose of Summer,' which lost none of its sweetness, while Wallace's variations upon it were executed as only such violinists as M. Sainton can execute them. Mr. Thouless acted as accompanist with skilful hand and attentive mind. In closing our notices of these concerts, we have to express the thanks due to Mr. Nagel for carrying out so magnificent a musical festival. Mr. Nagel has brought before the public many of the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, and others, has conducted with ability, and has been well seconded by the orchestra, under Mr. Carrodus."

BRISTOL.—The *Messiah* was performed on Boxing-night at the Victoria Rooms, under Mr. Harrison, and, also, at the Colston Hall, under Mr. P. J. Smith. The former place was *not*, and the latter *was* crowded. Of both renderings the local critics speak at length. One says:—

"The oratorio at the Victoria Rooms was meant to enlist the services of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Sims Reeves. A handbill, however, was circulated, stating that Mr. Sims Reeves was so unwell that he could not sing, but that Mr. George Perren had been obtained in his place.—The Philharmonic Society was patronized at Colston Hall by a crowded house. The solo parts were undertaken by Madame Sainton-Dolby, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Elena Angele, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Maybrick. The oratorio went off on the whole satisfactorily. Madame Dolby was cordially received. Her voice still retains an amount of power and attractiveness surpassed by few. It had been announced that the fair vocalist would make her final appearance in Bristol last night, and doubtless not a few were present to honour one so long an ornament to the profession. Miss Edith Wynne's best effort was 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Mr. Lewis Thomas is well known in local musical circles. His finished style, combined with the complete command he has over a voice which, for the richness of its tone and volume, is so remarkable, commanded the admiration of all. Mr. Cummings was painstaking as ever, and everything he essayed resulted in success. Mr. Harper, *the* trumpeter—for where is his equal to be found?—played the solo in 'The trumpet shall sound' magnificently, and was warmly applauded."

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA IN AMERICA.

(*From the "Missouri Republican," St. Louis, Dec.* 11, 1869.)

DE BAR'S OPERAHOUSE.

The rain fell like a second deluge last night, and the streets and avenues of the city were transformed into canals of liquid mud, but in spite of all unfavourable influences the theatre was packed above and below, seats, halls, and lobbies, with as splendid an audience as we have ever seen within its walls. And to this audience Verdi's opera of *Il Trovatore* was presented in a manner worthy of that masterpiece of musical genius. The cast was excellent, embracing the best material of the *troupe*, and the parts were distributed with so nice an appreciation of the qualifications of the various persons for the works assigned them, that not a single blemish occurred to mar the perfect beauty of the whole. Leonora was interpreted by Parepa, and we think Verdi himself would have shouted "bravo" had he witnessed the central figure of his opera set in so fair a guise. The *prima donna* was lost and forgotten in the loving, devoted, passionate woman which she represented, and every movement, every gesture was fashioned so closely upon nature's pattern, that it required an effort of the reason to convince the spectator he was gazing only at a counterfeit presentment and not at the original. We have spoken so warmly hitherto of Parepa's voice that further praise is useless, even could we find words in which to shape it. Song—deep, melodious, heart-thrilling song—is simply the natural language of this great artist. It bursts from her lips as freely and as purely as the spray from a fountain, the perfume from the flowers, laughter from happy children, tears from pitying womanhood. She is a crowned priestess in the Temple of the Muses, and sings with the same impulse which sends the lark to carol its matin hymn at heaven's gate.

This afternoon *Fra Diavolo* is given, and this evening the *troupe* will make their farewell appearance in the *Bohemian Girl*—Parepa as Arline.

MR. GEORGE PERREN'S BENEFIT.

The season of English opera was brought to a close at the Crystal Palace by a performance, on Thursday the 16th ult., for the benefit of Mr. George Perren, under whose direction the operas have been given. The theatre was crowded. The operas were *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *The Waterman*, the characters being sustained by Madame Florence Lancia and Mr. George Perren. Between the parts Mr. Perren appeared before the audience and said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I should be wanting in common gratitude and proper feeling if I did not thank you most heartily for this magnificent gathering. The question has often been asked, 'Can English opera find a home in this country?' It is said that it cannot; but my presence here gives an emphatic denial to such an assertion. And why should it not succeed? Are there not able exponents of the works of our great masters? Need I remind you of a Clara Novello, or Catherine Hayes, or Braham, and, to come to our own time, of the greatest singer of the present day, on whom his mantle has fallen, Mr. Sims Reeves? (Loud cheers.) Or of that illustrious singer, who has no equal, Mr. Santley? And of lady singers, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss Louisa Pyne? And, last, I may mention the efforts of my own company, who have all worked most earnestly in the cause. (Great cheering.) I must not, however, forget our captain, who has brought us nobly into the haven of success, Mr. Manns (immense cheering); and his band, too, unprecedented in Europe, who have always cheered us on by their kindness as well as by their talent. And, ladies and gentlemen, now from the utmost recesses of my heart, in all sincerity I thank you for your great kindness to me. This occasion I shall never forget. We are about to part for a short recess, and permit me to wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year."

The speech was received with enthusiasm.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE NINTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10TH, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F, Op. 18, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "O cessate di piegarmi"—Mr. SANTLEY .. .. .. *Scarlatti.*
FANTASIA, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts) .. .. .. *Friedemann Bach.*

PART II.

SONATA, in D major, Op. 58, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Signor PIATTI .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONGS, "Eloge des larmes," and "La Poste"—Mr. SANTLEY *Schubert.*
SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarionet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Contrabasso—MM. STRAUS, ZERBINI, PAPE, WENDTLAND, WINTERBOTTOM, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAYS, January 10, 17, 24, 31, February 7, 14, 21, 28, March 7, 14 (1870).

Seven Morning Performances will be given on SATURDAYS, January 29, February 5, 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12 (1870), the Subscription to the Sofa Stalls for which is fixed at £1 10s.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear on Mondays, January 10 and 17; Herr PAUER on Saturday, January 29, and Monday, January 31; Mr. CHARLES HALLE on Saturday March 5, and Monday, March 7.

Madame SCHUMANN is engaged for a limited number of Concerts in February and March, and will make her first appearance on Monday Evening, February 14.

Herr STRAUS will lead the Quartet on Mondays, January 10 and 17, and after that date play Viola till the end of the season.

Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will make her last appearances on Monday Evening, January 24, and Saturday Afternoon, February 19.

Herr JOACHIM will make his first appearance on Saturday Afternoon, January 29, and remain till the close of the season at Easter.

Signor PIATTI will hold the post of principal Violoncello, Herr L. RIES, that of second Violin, and Mr. ZERBINI, that of second Viola, till the end of the season.

Mr. BENEDICT will occupy the post of Conductor as heretofore on all occasions.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Yes. We remember it well. The dinner took place at the Earl and Shoulder, Axminster. The *ménu* consisted of Bath chaps, Schalgeiger cheese, Tafilat dates, Kentish cobs, rolled ox-tongue, &c. But the song given by Dr. Spider, who was in the chair, ran otherwise than our correspondent seems to be aware. The first couplet was as thus:—

"A shepherd asleep may lose his sheep,
But a shepherd awake won't lose his cake."

We forget the rest, though we cannot forget the music to the song—by E. J. Loder—which had already been used in an anthem.

DILETTANTE.—Mdlle. Vaneri sang in the Italian Opera at Drury Lane Theatre when Mr. E. T. Smith was manager. She is now with M. Bagier, at the Italiens, in Paris.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

*** *The four extra pages promised with this number will be given next week.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1870.

THE BRISTOL TRAGEDY.

WE have just been reminded upon what an uncertain tenure those who frequent theatres and concert-halls hold their lives. The danger is none the less real and constant, because seldom manifest. In the crowd of decorous or hilarious pleasure-seekers there may appear no cause for dread. Everybody on good terms with everybody else is, rather, suggestive of unwonted security. But, as a matter of stern and, sometimes, terribly illustrated fact, there needs but one of a hundred contingencies ever lurking on the outskirts of a mob, to turn pleasure-seekers one against the other in a mad struggle for dear life. Thoughtful men ponder this thing now and then, and the more they do so the more are they amazed that the possibility of such a catastrophe is so often overlooked. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link; and the efficiency of any arrangement for the security of crowds must be measured by its adaptedness to the most trying circumstances. As a result, only here and there can we observe any efficiency at all. Those who design our places of amusement are satisfied to meet ordinary requirements. They appear to believe that audiences can never do otherwise than walk deliberately in, and, as deliberately, walk out. Hence the "man-traps" with which our cities abound:—places where the difficulty of entrance to an eager mob is only exceeded by the difficulty of exit. The fatuity of architects is strongly illustrated in the Bristol catastrophe. How the theatre may be adapted to allow a speedy clearance of its interior we know not; personal observation, however, has convinced us that, with regard to speedy filling, the designer has triumphantly shown "how not to do it." If he had deliberately set himself to arrange for the slaughter of Boxing-night, he could hardly have been more successful. In the first place, the entrances to pit and gallery are close together, and reached by the same passage. This, of course, secures on one spot the greatest possible concourse of people least accustomed to self-restraint. Next, the entrances are at right-angles to the passage; that to the gallery being on the same side as that to the pit, and further from the street. By this ingenious arrangement are entailed slow ingress and a necessity for the gallery frequenters to fight their way through those of the pit. Lastly, as if to take every precaution against safety, the passage has a considerable slope, making descent to Avernus easy, and throwing upon the unfortunates at the bottom the weight of those above. Looking at these things, the whole matter becomes clear enough. An eager crowd, fiercely struggling for admission under such circumstances, could hardly avoid involuntary homicide. So, when the unfortunate passage was cleared, horrified by-standers counted eighteen dead.

It may be that the Bristol victims will not have perished in vain. Their deaths should direct attention to the provision generally made for public safety at places of public resort. In this matter, as in so many others, authoritative supervision, regulated by stringent enactment, is much needed. Supervision of some kind exists, but its exercise can hardly give umbrage to architects and proprietors, who seem to do pretty much as they think fit. Under a proper arrangement, for example, Exeter Hall would not be allowed to remain as it is a week longer. Time and again have its dangers been pointed out, yet those dangers remain; and at every Sacred Harmonic Concert the lives of hundreds hang, so to speak, upon a thread. There is no exaggeration in this statement. Exeter Hall, with its audience in a panic, would repeat the horrors of Valparaiso without the flames.

Another improvement is suggested by the Bristol accident—to wit, the enforcement of order among crowds waiting admission.

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We do not say that an English mob is more brutal than any other; but an English mob is, nevertheless, always brutal. The intense selfishness of its members, when striving for a common object, and the reckless cruelty which that selfishness entails, are of a disgusting order. Here is a matter for police interference. The public must be protected against itself, especially in the interest of its weakest members. For this reason, we see no valid objection to the French arrangement, which at once secures order, and puts all on an equality. Its enforcement might at first give trouble, though not more than a few extra policemen could easily surmount. Afterwards, we believe, the accruing benefit to everybody would be so obvious that the system might be left to work of itself. In any case, the matter requires attention. Nothing should be left undone which is likely to prevent wholesale slaughter like that at Bristol.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mr. C. G. Verrinder's choral class gave a musical evening at Westbourne Hall, on December 22nd, whereat the following artists appeared among others:—Miss Grace Aguilar, Madame Andrea, Mrs. Abbott, Miss Grace Lindo, Madame Debenhams, Messrs. Elmore, Noble, Rye, Le Messurier, and Matthews. The programme, a long and varied one, calls for no special remark. Mr. Verrinder and Miss Grace Aguilar conducted.

Herr Lehmeyer's first pianoforte chamber concert, on Wednesday last, had a good attendance. Herr Lehmeyer played a solo of his own ("La Foret"), a sonata by Mendelssohn for pianoforte, and a duet for the pianoforte (with Mr. Chandau Lane) on themes from *Faust*. Several of Herr Lehmeyer's pupils played with success excerpts from the works of Weber, Spohr, Heller, and Mendelssohn. Miss Blanche Reeves and Madame Montserrat were the vocalists. M. Francesco Berger and Mr. Henry Parker were at the pianoforte.

Madame Berger Lascelles' first amateur vocal performance took place on Tuesday evening at her residence, 3 York Street, Portman Square, before a full audience. The first part consisted of a selection from Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, including the "Kyrie," "Gloria," "Gratias," "Sanctus," "O Salutaris," and "Agnus Dei," which last was given admirably by Madame Berger Lascelles. The second part consisted of selections from the works of Francesco Berger, Bishop, Campana, Costa, Mozart, and Vincent Wallace, for the most part admirably interpreted by amateur pupils of Madame Berger Lascelles. M. Francesco Berger accompanied.

Mr. Aguilar gave at his last performance of pianoforte music (December 16th), the following programme:—Sonata in F (Op. 10, No. 2), Beethoven; "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la solitude," Liszt; La Gaieté (Rondo brillant), Weber (Miss E. E. Wright, pupil of Mr. Aguilar); Study in E flat (by desire), Thalberg; Romanza, Aguilar; Sonata in A minor, Aguilar; *Lieder ohne Worte*, Mendelssohn; Fantasia on *Masaniello*, Thalberg (Miss E. E. Wright); "Appeal," "In a Wood on a Windy Day" (Transcriptions), Aguilar; Pensée fugitive, and Mazurka, Aguilar.

Miss Edwards gave a musical afternoon on Thursday, the 16th ult., at her residence, 100, Ebury Street. A capital programme was drawn up, commencing with a selection from the *Messe Solennelle* of Rossini, the solos of which were executed by Miss Edwards, Madame Montserrat, and Mr. Henry Gordon (pupil of Signor Portes, of Paris), who possesses a good tenor voice, and who sang "Domine Deus" remarkably well. The "Qui tollis" received every justice from Miss Edwards and Madame Montserrat. The latter also gave "Agnus Dei." Miss Edwards sang the "Crucixfius," The ballad from *Hamlet*, and a new waltz, "The Naiads." She also played Ascher's fantasia, "Alice." Mr. Henry Gordon sang "Adelaide," and Duggan's new ballad, "Why breathe that sigh?"; and Signor de Rono played some solos on the violin. Sig. Pilotti accompanied.

At a concert given by Herr Carl Hause, the composer and pianist, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 16th inst., the singing of Mdlle. Chamerovzow was highly successful. This young lady made her first appearance in public at Mdme. Arabella Goddard's pianoforte recitals in St. James's Hall, but she had then barely recovered from severe illness. She however proved by her second appearance, that she possesses a sympathetic soprano, with the agreeable addition of a good method. She gave a ballad by Carl Hause, "There grew a little flower once," and a brilliant air from Auber's *Concert à la Cour*. She was recalled after both. Mdlle. Bauermeister also sang a ballad by Herr Hause, "The chain I wore." The concert-giver played his own "Souvenir de Thuringen," and a *Duo concertante* for two pianofortes, with Herr Schrattenholz. Herr Hause was further aided by Signor Piatti and Herr Ludwig (violin).

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

In a general article on the Christmas performances of the *Messiah*, by the Sacred Harmonic Society (two), Mr. Barnby's Choir, Mr. G. W. Martin's National Choral Society, and Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir (principal singers from Madame Sainton-Dolby's "Farewell Tour" party) the *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following exordium:—

"The performance of the *Messiah* at St. James's Hall on Chistmas eve was the fifth on a 'grand' scale in seven days. They all attracted large audiences, and there seems no reason to doubt that forty would have done the same. Popularity so unbounded is worth looking at, because there is nothing like it in the world of art. Only to a partial extent do adequate causes appear. The subject of the oratorio is one which strongly affects large classes whose permitted modes of recreation are few; and the music of Handel is on all sides held worthy of its theme. But those who hear the *Messiah* to gratify religious sentiment are, probably, a minority; while very few, we imagine, listen from beginning to end without weariness. Every number is so familiar that only an exceptional rendering can sustain interest throughout; and no other audience puts itself in a posture of endurance so complete, or shows an earlier tendency to struggle away in twos and threes. Yet the oratorio is much more certain than any other to draw a crowded house. Does an explanation of this lie in the fact that hearing the *Messiah* savours of decorous respectability akin to that of hearing sermons? If Handel's work has been made into a musical fetish which one must venerate, and to which one must sacrifice, the whole matter is clear enough. The English public does what is expected of it on all such points with exemplary fidelity, and often affects amazing enjoyment from the task. Happily the *Messiah*, if a fetish, is one of a beneficent order. Some of its aspects nobody would think of reproducing now, but others lapse of time can never make old-fashioned."

The *Pall Mall* speaks encouragingly of Madame Sinico's *début* in oratorio:—

"At the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the chief feature was Mdme. Sinico, who made her first essay in sacred music. The result was encouraging, and for that reason not surprising to those acquainted with the lady's talent and versatility. Mdme. Sinico gave the airs with a regard for the text and an absence of self-display which showed that she has entered upon a new department of her art in the right spirit. Whether she is endowed with the means of adequate expression time must decide; but even for this the encore awarded to 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' suggests hope."

With regard to Mdlle. Christine Nilsson the writer is consistent in his eulogy:—

"We need not repeat our estimate of her singing; and it will be enough to state that a crowded audience again recognized an interpreter of the *Messiah* gifted with every qualification for her work."

The consideration of Mr. Barnby's performance suggests to him a contrast—

"between the effect of 800 executants and of 700 of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The former is of interest because nearly approximating to what was a *Messiah* performance in Handel's day. That the master had in view colossal effects nobody doubts. How far he anticipated the means of his time by the character of his music 800 performers give an opportunity of judging."

Those of Mr. G. W. Martin and Mr. Henry Leslie suggest another:—

"The *Messiah* of the Sacred Harmonic Society is a continued struggle between band and chorus; that of Mr. Martin gives the chorus its own way. Not a few amateurs object to the former; and it must be a consolation for them to have the latter at command, provided they can tolerate an orchestra which makes up in independence what it wants in power. * * * * *

"How far the high training which Mr. Leslie's Choir has undergone is specially useful in oratorio remains undecided, some arguing for the less refined vigour of Exeter Hall. In any case, it is well to have the two renderings, because, while the majority may love energy, not a few prefer polish."

Our able contemporary will find both sentient and dissentient voices. Let him make the best of each. Neither can greatly hurt his argument.

Leipsic.—A fifth *Suite* by Herr Franz Lachner was most favourably received at the eighth Gewandhaus concert. M. Delaborde, pianist from Paris, performed several pieces, among them being Chopin's "Concert-Allegro," and Bach's "Toccata" in F major; but he failed to enlist the sympathies of the audience. Mdme. Walter Strauss sang an air from *Don Juan*, as well as a recitative and air from *Judas Maccabæus*. The orchestral piece was Cherubini's overture to *Medea*. The programme of the ninth concert included a novelty in the shape of a Symphony in C major, by Herr Vierling, of Berlin. It did not meet with a very flattering reception. Mdme. Peshka-Leutner sang a soprano solo, and the band also performed the overture to *Oberon*.

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THE DEVIL AS A MUSICIAN.*

That the results of the national spirit of a people, manifested in the form of the myth, very frequently, under utterly different conditions, at different epochs, and among perfectly different races, exhibit a strange similarity, extending even to the details, is a fact that might be proved by hundreds of examples. I will merely mention the Tell legend, which is to be met with in various countries, as in Denmark, for instance, and that, too, several centuries earlier than in Switzerland. This phenomen is still more striking in such myths as concern well-known historical individualities, and first sprang up when whatever happened was handed down by a thousand pens from the Present to Posterity. Tartini is not the only person who in a dream fiddled with the Devil for a bet, and preserved his opponent's performance for us as the "Devil's Sonata." The same thing is related of another musician, quite as important among his own set in his own age—the genial Ibrahim of Mosul, Court Singer of the Caliph, Haroun Alraschid in Bagdad.

Ibrahim had begged a holiday to sacrifice at home to Bacchus and Venus. As he was seated, in the midst of his wives, at table, he perceived—despite the orders given to the porter that he was to admit no one—an old man enter the apartment. Notwithstanding his dissatisfaction, Ibrahim greeted his visitor, and begged him to take a seat. Having entered into conversation with him, on history and poetry, Ibrahim, to his surprise, found the old man well informed in everything connected therewith. The two drank together, and, at last, the old man asked Ibrahim to do something for their amusement. "Ibrahim, my boy, sing us something; something you have sung to kings and others!" Ibrahim felt angry at the unbecomingly familiar way in which he was addressed, but he sang notwithstanding. After he had concluded, he received, however, only the scant praise conveyed in the words: "Very good, oh, Ibrahim!" When he made no reply to this impolite behaviour of his uninvited guest, the latter continued: "Will you not sing something else? Do the best you can, and I will afterwards imitate your example." Ibrahim exerted himself to the very utmost, and sang as he had never sung before. When he had finished, the old man praised him, and begged permission to sing in his turn. Ibrahim consented, but thought to himself: "What a fool, to wish to sing after *me!*" The old man preluded, and then sang several songs—so beautifully that Ibrahim was perfectly transported with delight. When the old man had concluded, he said: "Oh, Ibrahim, remember these songs, and teach them your maidens." He then suddenly vanished.—All present were affrighted; all had heard the beautiful strains. They ran to the doors, but found every one of them securely locked. The door-keepers had seen nothing of any old man. Ibrahim, immersed in thought, returned to his seat, when suddenly a voice from one corner of the room whispered to him: "All your searching is of no avail; I am Iblis" (the Devil). "It was I who was your guest."—Ibrahim resolved to profit by what had occurred. He rode off to the Caliph, related the circumstance, and had to sing him the "Devil's Songs." Haroun, in his turn, was entranced with them; fell to carousing with Ibrahim; and trusted that he, too, might hear the Devil sing.

Ibrahim was of Persian stock, while the leading musicians of that day in the Caliph's dominions were Nabatheans (from the southern part of Mesopotamia). When twenty-three years old, Ibrahim ran away from his home, and led a genial, but very rough life, as a loafer, or rather a robber. In the society of kindred spirits, he lay in ambush on the highways, pillaged travellers, and spent the booty in dissipation. This period was so far useful to him that he learned many songs from his companions. Leaving the district where he then was (the neighbourhood of Mosul), he made his way to Persia, and accidentally attracted the attention of an emissary of the Caliph He was ordered to sing to the official, who gave him a sum of money, with which he went to Obolla, and perfected himself under a celebrated master. The Caliph Almelidi then summoned him to his Court in Bagdad, and gave him an honourable appointment. Ibrahim led a very merry life, but was particularly fond of wine. Despite the warnings of the Caliph, he would not reform, and at last that potentate ordered him to receive three hundred blows with the stick, so that, as he himself says, "the world appeared to him yellow, red, and green." The Caliph further commanded him to be imprisoned; and, for a time, placed in a coffin and put in a tomb. Ibrahim escaped, however, and remained concealed, not reappearing till Almelidi was dead, and Haroun Alraschid, Caliph. He was restored by the latter to his former dignity, and continually being presented with the most costly gifts. Haroun was a passionate admirer of his singing, and had him nearly always in immediate attendance. When Ibrahim died, the Caliph made his own son recite the prayer over his corpse.

Songs were then handed down orally, the master singing them over and over till the pupil remembered them. Many singers used to purchase female slaves, whom they taught and then sold for large sums to amateurs. Cases are sometimes said to have occurred though, when a singer practised a melody, to gain money by singing it to the Caliph, and another listened under his window until he, too, knew the melody, and then, running off, sang it at Court, and thus gained the advantage over the original singer. As a rule, singers were but very lightly esteemed, a fact for which they had probably to thank their mode of life. ED. S.

* From the Leipsic *Signale*.

—o—

BISHOP HOPKINS AND THE HOPKINSES *V.* EVERYBODY.

We take the subjoined spicy article from the *New York Musical Review*:—

"The *Orpheonist and Philharmonic Journal*, the first number of which has just reached us, objects to everybody and everything—excepting C. Jerome Hopkins, the Rev. John H. Hopkins, and the late Bishop of Vermont, whom we take to be Bishop Hopkins, the father of C. Jerome. Etiquette would have placed the father first; but the business sign of C. Jerome must read thus:—C. Jerome Hopkins, Rev. John H. Hopkins, and father. 'Ourselves' and 'we' whenever alluded to, are italicized. This does not occur once only. On page two is an article which is hard upon the directors of the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn, more particularly one of them, Mr. George W. Warren, who wrote a mazurka called the '*Little Gipsy*' not the '*Wind Demon*' by C. J. H. Next, the *Review* catches it; but as our particular griefs do not concern the public, we will forbear to wipe our eyes on it. The next notice is to the effect that (our) C. Jerome Hopkins 'did play and conduct as well as our poor abilities and hearty laughter, would allow' in Boston. Dwight gets mangled next. Dr. Peck gets a hard rub for wearing 'kid gloves' at an 'oratorio' as conductor. Bernard Boekleman comes in for a column, in which his 'grammar,' 'business,' local habitation and name are rather indefinitely handled. F. L. Ritter gets a goodly share of 'knock down.' Mr. Ritter who has the largest musical library in the country, comprising 3,000 volumes, in all languages, and who has written several symphonies oratorios, overtures, classic songs, pianoforte pieces, and concertos for almost every instrument, dares to lecture on the subject of music! Poor Mr. Ritter, we believe, has abandoned the idea on account of these strictures in the *Orpheonist*, and will only appear on the nights announced. The recent so-called 'National Musical Convention' gets the next cannister—in which a statement is made that 'we, (Hopkins and the Hopkinses) feel like the Pharisee and are inclined to thank Providence 'that we are not as other men are.' Other men are alike thankful for this arrangement. The Messrs. Steinway & Sons then get a shot. They unfortunately own a hall and organ, a 'wheezy,' 'asthmatical' old machine. But the organ of the Young Men's Christian Association is praised on account of a 'drum and bell accompaniment' which it contains. 'These novelties,' says the *Orpheonist*, consist of a 'bass drum,' 'side drum,' 'cymbals,' a 'complete set of bells,' 'and an attachment by which to imitate a hail storm!' And the Steinways are asked to furnish another kindred monster of discord. St. Cecilia forbid! Happily Hopkins cries havoc in vain. As was the case with Benedick, 'nobody regards him'—save for merriment, and the marvel is that he will still keep talking."

—o—

WAIFS.

The Monday Popular Concerts will be resumed on the 10th of January, with the welcome return of Mme. Arabella Goddard, whose style is so identified with the poetry of the piano, and not with its hammering. Herr Straus is to be first fiddle, Piatti and Paque violoncello, Ries second violin, and Zerbini viola. W. Friedemann Bach's Pianoforte Fantasia will be played by the Queen of Pianists, who will be associated with Piatti in Mendelssohn's Sonata in D major. As Beethoven's Septet and Schubert's Quartet in C major are comprised in this scheme, it is evident that it will be a "sensational" evening.—*The Queen, Dec.* 25.

The provisional theatre at Dresden has been opened with Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris.*

Prince Poniatowski is preparing his opera, *Pierre de Medicis*, for the Carnival season at Milan.

Madame Volpini has been singing in *Faust* and the *Traviata* at Moscow, and been received with enthusiasm.

Herr Lehmeyer commenced a series of six concerts at the Store Street Music Hall on the 22nd.

Wachtel terminated his Paris engagement by playing Elvino in the *Sonnambula.* Mdlle. Sessi was the Amina.

Verdi will pass the winter in Genoa. Offenbach is in Vienna, producing his *Princesse de Trebizond.*

Wagner's *Phantom Ship* has been produced at Rotterdam, and his *Maitres Chanteurs* at Weimar.

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The Italian Opera at Brussels has failed. Concerts have been given for the relief of the artists.

Herr Stockhausen, the bass-baritone, it is said, is engaged by the directors of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, for their forthcoming season.

Messrs. Kettenus and Goffrie announce a provincial tour next month, with the sisters Doria, Mdlle. Jarvis Rubini, Herr Kreutzer, and M. Paque.

Italian Opera at Drury Lane.—All difficulties about the Italian Opera being housed in the forthcoming season at Drury Lane Theatre have been surmounted.

Mario has resumed his professional duties in St. Petersburgh, his three daughters are with him. Adelina Patti has been playing in *Figlia del Reggimento*, Calzolari and Gassier being the other singers.

In consequence of the great success of the carol concert given by the parish church choir, at Wakefield, last year, a similar concert—says the *Wakefield Journal and Examiner*—was to be given on Christmas day.

The 230th anniversary of the birth of Racine was celebrated at the Théâtre-Française, by the performance of *Mithridate* and the *Plaideurs*; at the Odéon, by *Athalie*, the fifth act of *Phèdre*, with the recital of *Théramène* by Beauvallet, and the *Plaideurs*.

Madame Sainton-Dolby's farewell provincial tour ends early in February. She will close her distinguished musical career next June, giving, meanwhile, two concerts of English music on the 7th and 14th of January, in St. James's Hall.

Miss Georgina Maudsley, who gained the Westmorland Scholarship of the Royal Academy of Music at the last competition, is a pupil of Mr. Wallworth, another of whose pupils (Miss Alwina Lohman) obtained the Westmorland Scholarship at the Exhibition of April, 1868.

The Parisians are to be afforded the opportunity of appreciating Madame Arabella Goddard as a pianist this season. It is to be hoped she will make her *début* at the Conservatoire in one of Mendelssohn's concertos. It would be too much, perhaps, to ask the French to try one by Sterndale Bennett.—*The Queen*, *Dec.* 25. (Unfortunately this is incorrect.)

Mr. John Boosey announces that the London Ballad Concerts will be resumed in St. James's Hall during the four Wednesdays in January, conducted by Mr. J. L. Hatton—chief singers: Mesdames Sherrington, Liebhart, A. Jewell, Patey, Elton, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Patey, with Madame Arabella Goddard as pianist. The Orpheus Glee and Madrigal Union, directed by Mr. Fielding, will assist.

Herr Gottschalk's concerts have created a *furore* in Rio Janeiro. Tickets are sold eight days in advance, and speculators realize twenty-five dollars premium on seats. The Emperor, Imperial family, and Court attend at all his entertainments. A fantasia on the national hymn of Brazil, composed by him and performed at his concerts, has highly pleased the Emperor and delighted the people. (Yankee puff!)

One day a poet read a new play before the reading committee of the French comedy. It was unanimously declined. The poet went up to M. Samson the well-known actor, and said to him: "I have a right to complain of you; you voted against my piece, and yet you slept all the time I was reading." M. Samson wittily replied: "Sir, in literary matters sleep is an opinion." Is not the rule as applicable to sermons as to plays?

In answer to the question, "How fast does sound travel?" Billings says he thinks it depends upon the sound you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner-horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second, while an invitashun to get up in the morning, I have known to be three quarters of an hour going up two pairs of stairs, and then not have strength enough left to be heard."

There was a funny scene at the Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore on Saturday night. The operetta, *A Rainy Day*, was performing, and the mimic rain behind the scene was well manged. In the midst of it real rain began to descend through a ventilator in the dome, and sprinkled the occupants of the orchestra chairs and the musicians. Several umbrellas were raised among the audience, amid the most demonstrative cheers and laughter.

The first number of a musical paper in the Russian language has just appeared at St. Petersburgh. Its name translated, into English, is the *Musical Season*, from which it may be surmised that it will only be issued during that period of the year when operas and concerts are in vogue. We believe we are correct in stating that this is the first time a periodical exclusively devoted to music was ever published in Russia. Let us hope that the *Musical Season* of St. Petersburgh may turn out to be an independent advocate of the interests of art, and not what so many similar journals in Italy, France, Germany, and even England are—mere shop circulars.

A writer in the *Salut Public* of Lyons, just arrived from London, says that in a small theatre he witnessed the representation of a melodrama entitled *Tropmann; or, The Human Tiger*. All the details of the crime are faithfully produced. The audience is present at the assassination of the six victims. The comic business devolves on the *gendarme*, Ferrand. The pursuit of Tropmann recalls that which Victorien Sardou has dramatized in the *Pommes du Voisin*. The last act represents the court of assizes. Tropmann is on the bench of the accused. The jury is about to deliver the verdict. Suddenly a noise is heard, a door opens, and their appears—Kinck, senior. *Tableau*.

In response to a circular addressed to seventy choral organizations in Massachusetts, by Dr. Tourjée, having for its object the formation of a State Musical Society, a meeting was held at Boston Music Hall, November 17th. Resolutions were adopted styling the association the "Massachusetts Section of the National Musical Congress," and providing that its officers shall consist of an executive committee of seven, to be elected annually from the State choral societies. A resolution was also adopted recommending that all choral organizations throughout the country unite, without further delay, with the National Musical Congress, under the provisions of the constitution of that body, and pledging the efforts of the delegates present in that direction.

Attention, London!—A movement has been inaugurated in New York for a grand celebration of the centenary of Beethoven's birth. Several meetings have been held, and much interest is felt in the enterprise. At a meeting held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, November 20th, William C. Byrant was chosen president of the association. Among the board of managers are Messrs. A. T. Stewart, S. B. Chittenden, Moses H. Grinnell, Horace Greely, George Wm. Curtis, &c. It was resolved that the festival should consist of a succession of musical observances for a number of days, and that application be made to the Central Park Commissioners, asking them to appropriate a site for a building for the festival, and to take charge and management of the same.

The peal of bells lately founded at Loughborough for Worcester Cathedral are deposited in the north transept preparatory to their elevation to the tower. They are 13 in number; 12 will ring in peal, and the 13th is the semi-tone required for the Westminster chimes. About 3,000*l.* has been raised by public subscription to defray their cost. They vary in weight from 6cwt. 3qrs. 19lb. to 50cwt. They are named after the Apostles, the great bell being St. Peter. Each is ornamented with a band of Gothic work, and the name of the Apostle inscribed on the waist, in letters of the 15th century. The total weight is 221cwt. 3qrs. 22lb. When the bells are hung it is proposed to have a dedication service to inaugurate the peal.

Reports just now about operatic engagements for the ensuing season must be received with caution. We may cite the instance of Mdlle. Marie Roze, who, according to several of our contemporaries, was secured by Mr. Wood for his Italian operatic company some time since; whereas, in fact, Mdlle. Roze had concluded an engagement with M. Perrin, of the Académie Impériale. Another young pupil of M. Wartel's, however, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitsky, Russian by birth, of whom there has been no little talk recently in Paris, is, we are informed, pledged to Mr. Wood, and, if rumour may be believed, is likely to create a new sensation. M. Wartel has been singularly fortunate in his pupils, several of whom, among them Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini and Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, having obtained European renown. It is to be hoped that Mdlle. Lewitsky may prove herself worthy such fellowship.

A contemporary might have found more materials for his notes on "Mendelssohn and Handel" if he had looked a little further into Mendelssohn's *Letters* and Devrient's *Recollections*. He has quoted the letter to Devrient of September 30, 1833, and the later undated one; but if he had looked into the *Recollections* under August 2, 1834, he would have found not only that Mendelssohn did at length receive the "Te Deum," but that it was performed (though not at a "winter concert"). "Oh," he says, "accept my thanks for sending the 'Te Deum;' we shall do it on the 17th of August in the church, and the choruses already go quite charmingly." And this is corroborated by a sentence in another letter to Schubring of July 15:—

"This summer we have done in the church a mass of Beethoven's, one of Cherubini's, cantatas of Sebastian Bach's, an 'Ave Maria,' and 'Give to us peace' [by Mendelssohn himself], and next month we shall do Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*. I need not say that they are by no means perfect; but one hears the things, and both performances and performers improve each time."

It thus seems to be certain that the "Te Deum," as performed at the oratorio concert of the 8th, was the fruit of Mendelssohn's ultimate corrections, his mature judgment of the manner in which "additional accompaniments" should be put to Handel.

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"Parepa-Rosa" says an American paper "was singing 'Casta Diva' at San Francisco. Folding her white hands on her bosom, and raising her tender eyes, she commenced with her Æolian notes, the melody swelling and breaking into a gush of plaintive, supplicating harmony that vibrated through every chord of the heart. I glanced at my friend at my side, radiant in her dress and halo of golden hair, silver powdered, and there was a sweet pensive look on her downcast face. The music ceased, and the audience, wild with enthusiasm, were demanding *encore*, when my companion raised her large serene eyes to my face, and said, 'Isn't it sad?' 'Yes,' I replied, quickly, sharing her feeling,' 'although so glorious, it touches a melancholy chord.' 'O, nonsense,' she exclaimed, 'I don't mean that! You know very well that I don't pretend to appreciate this kind of musical jargon. I mean isn't it sad to see so many young men in California bald-headed? I wonder if it isn't dissipation, or the climate, or what? Do you know I have been picking out bald heads down in the parquet, and, would you believe it, I actually counted out twenty-five!"

"One day as I was returning to Tallahassee from a hunting excursion in Florida," says a recent traveller (who writes for the Marines), "we were rowing along by the shore, about sunset, when suddenly a strange, grave, and prolonged sound struck my ear. At first I thought it must be a drone, or fly of extraordinary magnitude; but seeing nothing I questioned my guide as to what it could be. 'Oh, massa' replied he, 'dat is de fish what sings. Some call it siren, or mermaid fish, and others musico.' A little way on we heard a greater chorus of these strange voices, reminding me faintly of the music of church organs. I stopped the canoe, the better to study this strange phenomenon; when, at my request, my sable oarsman threw a net into the water, and soon laid at the bottom of the boat about a score of little fish each about two inches long, resembling the grey mullet very closely in outward form. 'Dese be mermaids, massa,' said the negro; 'but in the name of hebben, don't eat dem!' 'Why not?' quoth I. 'Because they hab the lub poison.' 'Lub poison? and pray what's that?' 'Yes, massa; when you eat one ob dese fish, you fall so deep in lub you can never get out again.' I tried to laugh my black friend out of his notion, but in vain. In spite of what he said, however. I had my musico fried that evening, and found, as I expected, that I was none the worse for the experiment. The musician fish is white, with a few blue spots near the belly. It is about sunset when these fish begin to sing, and they continue their music during the night."

Herr von Dingelstedt, director of the Vienna Opera, is about to break through the traditions of ballet. He believes it to suffer from want of humour, and proposes to deal with the next new ballet facetiously. Amusing scenes are to awaken the public, and Herr Berg, a farce writer, has been charged with the task of providing a libretto full of absurd situations. It would be difficult to find anything more absurd than the ballets with which we are favoured, unless it is the situation of the spectators, who applaud the eccentricities of artists when, attempting to make themselves appear ridiculously graceful, they appear disgracefully ridiculous. Much might be done for this kind of entertainment by introducing the current topics of the day. The Southwark election, for instance. The *corps* would consist of electors. Mr. Layard, with castanets, would take his departure for Madrid. General dance, expressive of grief, by the *corps*. *Pas seul* by a "working man." *Pas de deux* by advanced Liberals, also calling themselves "working men." *Pas seul* by a Conservative. *Pas de quatre* by all the candidates. Dance, expressive of hesitation, by the *corps*. Music expressive of economy and retrenchment. *Grand tableau*—the House of Commons. Defiant dances by leaders of both parties. The majority pursue the minority round the stage. The successful candidate, as an independent member, trips to the footlights; music expressive of peace and progress. He dances round the stage pursued by whippers-in of both sides. The doors of the House fall down. Working men, licensed victuallers, local authorities, and habitual criminals join in a dance of a legislative description. Blue and orange lights flash and mingle, and the curtain falls to music expressive of the millenium.

COLOGNE.—Handel's oratorio of *Solomon* was performed at the eighth Gürzenich concert. The principal vocalist was Mdme. Joachim.

SALZBURG.—Herr Schachner's oratorio, *Israel's Heimkehr aus Babylon*, was produced at the Mozarteum a short time since, and it is to be repeated in a week or so.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The programme of the second concert given by the Musical Society of Russia this season, contained Mozart's G minor Symphony; Beethoven's Violin Concerto, played by Herr Auer, professor at the Conservatory; the air, "Che farò senza Euridice?" from Gluck's *Orfeo*, Mdlle. Lawrowskaja being the vocalist; the "Festklänge," by the Abbate Franz Liszt; a chorus from Handel's *Samson*; and Spohr's overture to *Jessonda*.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"The Organist's Quarterly Journal" for January, 1870. Edited by William Spark, Mus. Doc.; "First Sonata" for piano and violin, by Walter Macfarren.

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OFFENBACH'S SIX NEW SONGS, published this day with English words, price 3s. each. Extract from review in *The Queen*, October 23rd:—

"Mr. Kenney has skilfully and tastefully adapted original words to these truly characteristic songs, so that the lovers of Offenbach may essay any one of them in the first drawing-room in the land, without fear of offence to the most fastidious. We have said the music is characteristic, and that it is without doubt; but it is something more—it is both fresh and genial, and for light, unpretending music, we know of nothing prettier.

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"No. 6. CUPID AND HYMEN, though less attractive than the other numbers' is not without merit, and will possibly please many, more than would better music.

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THE AMERICAN PRESS NOTICES CONTINUED,

ON THE PERFORMANCE OF

MISS ROSE HERSEE

AT

Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, &c.

"Arline (Miss Rose Hersee) created a profound sensation as her first notes broke upon the audience. Much had been expected from this *prima donna*, but few there were present, who imagined that she would prove the rival of any they had ever heard on the operatic boards. She held her hearers spell-bound, and won for herself the wildest applause ever awarded a soprano in this city. Jenny Lind had fire and enthusiasm, and few heard her who did not feel the power and brilliancy of her offerings; Kellogg imitated the Swedish nightingale with success—Piccolomini sings as earnestly and sweetly, Patti with more force and eloquence, Parepa with equal brilliancy and more art, but Rose Hersee has a school of her own; delicious and ecstatic to her hearers. Her advent among the stars who shine to illumine the fine arts of the nineteenth century marks an era, and none dispute her claims to the high place to which she is entitled.—*Pittsburgh Daily Gazette, Oct. 21st*, 1869.

"The most favourable accounts had been reported from the other cities of this charming songstress, yet but few could have anticipated such excellent vocal powers. The very first tones of hr beautifully pure voice, at once strengthened the regard that her appearance suggested. The new *débutante* succeeded so admirably that nothing need be feared for her in the futere. Her skill at once established her as a favourite, and this good opinion of her merits must grow with every occasion of hearing her. She was twice called before the curtain, and was, throughout the opera, favoured with the heartiest applause."—*Chicago Republican, Oct. 27th*, 1869.

"Her voice is a very pure soprano of clear, bird-like quality. She has remarkably brilliant executive powers, and some of her sustained tones (notably in her opening scene) were made as purely as their counterparts in the orchestra on the flute. One does not need the mouth of prophecy to augur that she will be a decided favourite in all her *rôles*."—*Chicago Tribune, Oct. 27th*, 1869.

"The second night of the season has come and gone, bringing with it the celebrated cantatrice, Miss Rose Hersee, who has created such a sensation in New York and Philadelphia. Well, the result is soon told—she came, she sang, she conquered. . . . . She was called before the curtain at the close of the second act, and again at the *finale*."—*Chicago Evening Journal, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"Miss Hersee's *début* was a most emphatic success. Had she not sung quite as she did, the bright little Rose would still have had a good testimony of applause. But she won it doubly, for she sang charmingly. When we say that Miss Hersee is an artist fit to alternate with Mdme. Parepa-Rosa, and add that on this occasion she received several encores, and two calls before the curtain, we say a great deal, and in fact all that we have to say to-day."—*The Evening Post, Oct. 27th*, 1869.

"The *Bohemian Girl* was given last evening at the Operahouse to the largest audience of the season, an audience which literally filled every inch of standing room in the house. The *prima donna* of the evening was the charming little Hersee, who made her second appearance, and to whom the sight of such a vast audience must have been highly gratifying. It was a splendid compliment to the modest little singer. Her reception was very cordial, and during the progress of the opera cordiality developed into enthusiasm. She has established herself as a general favourite."—*Chicago Tribune, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"Miss Hersee in the part of Arline confirmed the good opinion that was expressed of her Amina. Her voice has a wide range of expression, and is quite as effective in a simple ballad as it is in an aria that depends for its effect upon ornamentation."—*Chicago Republican, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"Miss Rose Hersee, as Arline deepened the impression made by her Amina. Her sprightly acting, her twinkling eyes and laughing mouth, her style so perfectly *naïve* and piquant, and above all, her clear and beautiful voice, carried the audience fairly by storm."—*Chicago Evening Journal, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"On Tuesday night Miss Rose Hersee made her *début* here in *Sonnambula*. This young lady is small in figure, a *blonde* with a profusion of golden hair, a pleasant, sparkling manner, a clear, pure voice, and very bird-like execution. She is young and pretty, and apparently unaffected. I regard it as a great hit to have engaged her in this *troupe*; her Amina was a lovely personation, not indeed betraying a life-long study of stage business, but by its freshness absolutely more delightful to the audience than a performance would have been that manifested a more prolonged acquaintance with the stage. In voice she was entirely equal to the demands of the music, leaving nothing to be desired! On Thursday night *The Bohemian Girl* was given, Miss Hersee as Arline. Miss Hersee made if possible, a more favourable impression than on Tuesday night."—*Dwight's Journal of Music, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"Stopping a few days in Chicago. I find that the charming little *prima donna*, Rose Hersee made quite a sensation in the *Sonnambula*. There was about 2800 dollars in the house, and the golden-haired little songstress captivated everybody by her delicious vocalization and winning manner on the stage. She has a very brilliant career before her in this country. The entire press of the city were quite lavish in her praise."—*New York Evening Telegram*. (Correspondence.)

"La jeune artiste a interprété le chef-d'œuvre de Bellini avec un rare talent. Elle joint à une voix des plus séductrices une grâce d'exécution qui charme l'auditoire. Peutêtre manque-t-elle, dans les situations pathétiques, de cette vérité qui se développe avec l'age, mais elle n'en est pas moins charmante et gentille à croquer. Elle a joué la scène de sonnambulisme du seconde acte avec un fini que l'on trouve rarement sur les plus grandes scène d'Europe."—*L'Amerique, Chicago, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"Her pretty voice and her charming singing lent some grace even to the hackneyed song which introduces Arline, and, as well in the choruses as in her solos, Miss Hersee may claim all the credit of the few encores that were given. Though her voice is exceedingly light, its quality is so pure, and her method and articulation so accurate that it is heard, in all its sweet and sympathetic quality, throughout the house, and everybody is perfectly willing to be fascinated with it and the possessor."—*Chicago Times, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"Mozart Hall.—The *Marriage of Figaro* was performed last night for the first time in Cincinnati before the largest audience that ever assembled on a similar occasion in the city. A song by Miss Hersee, 'Dove Sono,' with which the second act begins, obtained the first hearty applause of the evening The rendering was more tender, the tones were more sympathetic, the expression was more touching than in any of Miss Hersee's former efforts, and the encore was deservedly won."—*Cincinnati Gazette, Nov. 20th*, 1869.

Printed by HENDERSON, RAIN, and FENTON, at No. 23, Berners Street, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex
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The Lent Term will commence on MONDAY the 17th inst., and terminate on SATURDAY the 16th of April.

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MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing at Swaffham, on the 13th January; Cambridge, 3rd of February; Lynn Philharmonic Society, 11th February. Can accept engagements *en route*. Communications to be addressed to her residence, 3, Canning Place, Palace Gate, Kensington.

MR. KENNEDY, the celebrated Scottish Vocalist, will make his First Appearance in London, since his highly successful professional tour in Canada, the United States of America, and California, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, for THREE ENTERTAINMENTS ONLY, FRIDAY, 14th, MONDAY, 17th, and TUESDAY, 18th January. Pianoforte—MISS KENNEDY.

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Note.—On Friday, January 21st, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Principal Vocalists—Madame Sinico, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley. Tickets as above.

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MR. HARLEY VINNING may be engaged for Oratorios and Miscellaneous Concerts. Address—care of Musical and Operatic Agency, 125, Regent Street, W.

MISS JESSIE ROYD will sing BENEDICT'S admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at Guildford, on Thursday, January 20th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing at Hertford Town Hall on the 17th inst., and Hemel-Hemstead on the 18th, WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," and ASCHER'S popular romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MISS ALEXANDRINA DWIGHT will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new waltz aria, "THE NAIDES," and his ballad, "THE SPRING," at Hertford and Hemel-Hemstead on the 17th and 18th inst.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing in RANDEGGER'S popular trio, "I NAVIGANTI" (The Mariners), at Swaffham, January 13th.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY having terminated his engagement for Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's provincial tour, requests that all Letters may be forwarded to Bedford Chambers, 28, Southampton Street, Covent Garden, until the 20th January 1870, after which date he is engaged for Mr. Santley's tour in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

MDLLE. CLARA DORIA will sing at Manchester, Chester, Leicester, Nottingham, Doncaster, Leeds, &c., the following popular songs, commencing January 4th:—W. VINCENT WALLACE'S "SONG OF MAY;" Irish melody, "AWAY FROM DEAR ERIN;" and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new waltz song, "THE NAIDES."

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SIGNOR ROMANO (from Naples) begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has arrived in town for the season. All communications respecting Singing Lessons for the Stage or Concert-room to be addressed to his residence, 6, Maddox Street, Regent Street.

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MR. SANTLEY has the honour to announce that his FIRST CONCERT TOUR in England, Ireland, and Scotland will commence in January, 1870. Mr. Santley will be assisted by Madame SINICO, Miss EDMONDS, Herr WILHELMJ, the celebrated violinist, and Madame ARABELLA GODDARD. All applications for the engagement of the party to be made to Mr. Wood, Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street.

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SOMETHING ABOUT FRANZ SCHUBERT.*

I.

"Quand on est mort, c'est pour longtemps"—said Désaugiers. We lost poor Schubert on the 19th November, 1828—it was nearly forty years afterwards, in October, 1868, that the ceremony of laying the first stone of the Schubert Monument took place in the Stadtpark. I was present on the occasion with two other old friends of him who had gone so long ago, Franz von Schober, and Franz Lachner. Unfortunately, Moritz von Schwind of Munich, Schubert's favourite in the fresh days of youth, was unable to attend. It was but natural that we who did attend should indulge in reminiscences of the years we had all spent together.

I will here endeavour to describe a few events from the period in question, in so far as they refer to our common friend. Schubert was brought up in the *Convict*,† but resided afterwards with his father (a schoolmaster in the Rossau), whom he assisted in the capacity of usher. That this pedagogical occupation did not especially please the young genius is a fact which is very easy of comprehension. However, in the midst of sorrows and anxieties of all sorts, Schubert kept composing away, unknown and nameless, his talent being appreciated only by a few friends.

Franz von Schober, a clever young fellow, only a year or two older than Schubert, received him free of expense in the home he shared with his mother. Delivered from the burdensome yoke of the school, the young artist breathed freely, and gave himself passionately up to incessant composition, feeling irresistibly impelled to do so, because, after being snatched from his wretched position, he had suddenly plunged into what to him was a new world, and, also, found a large circle of friends, among whom were Mayerhofer, the poet; Kupelwieser, the painter; the philosophical Bruchmann, and others. It was there, too, that he first became acquainted with the celebrated dramatic singer, Michael Vogl. The representative of Orestes, of the Patriarch Jacob, of Talasco, of Count Almaviva, &c., equally at home in literature and art, a singer possessing a perfect musical education, and then in the zenith of his fame, soon perceived what a rich spring of music flowed from the young man's earliest songs and ballads. It was Vogl, too, who first introduced poor Franz to the Viennese public.

The "Erlkönig," sung by Vogl in the Kärntnerthor-Theater, and accompanied by Schubert on the piano, produced a great sensation and soon made the round of the world. The ice was now broken, and the hard hearts, also, of the publishers began to thaw a little, though those gentlemen still obstinately persisted in not opening their purses very wide to the newly discovered genius who was to be duly worked out for their benefit.

For some time, Schubert led a hard life, giving pianoforte lessons, and composing whatever was offered him, even sacred things. Very acceptable, therefore, was the proposal made him in the summer of 1818, by Count Johann Esterhazy, to go and spend a month or two on his estate of Zelcz, in Hungary, giving in return the young Countesses a few pianoforte lessons. How pleased and delighted he felt there is shown by a letter addressed, under cover to Schober, to his friends in Vienna:—

"*Zelcz, 3rd August*, 1818.

"My best and dearest Friends,—How could I forget you, you who are everything to me! Spaun, Schober, Mayerhofer, Senn, how are you; well? I myself am well. I live and compose like a God, as though I must do so. Mayerhofer's 'Einsamkeit' is finished, and, I think, it is the best thing I have done, for I was *free* from care. I hope you are quite well and happy, as I am. At present, I really live, thank God; it was high time, for otherwise I should have been a musician spoilt. Get Schober to give my respects to Herr Vogl; I shall soon take the liberty of writing to him also. If it is possible, I shall ask if he will not be kind enough to sing a song by me, whichever one he choses, at the Runzisches Concert in November. Greet all and every of my acquaintances. Write to me very soon; every single letter of the alphabet from you is dear to me. Your ever true friend, FRANZ SCHUBERT."

A long letter to his friends generally, of the 18th September, 1818, describes, partly in a jocose manner, his mode of life in the castle at Zelcz:—

"I was just attending an ox and cow licitation," he writes, "when your much prized letter was handed to me. I read it with incessant laughter and childish delight. It seemed as though I was holding my dear friends themselves in my hands."

Further on in the epistle he says:—

"That the opera people in Vienna are so stupid at present as to produce the finest operas without me,* is a fact that sends me into a small rage. In Zelcz I must be my own everything: composer, editor, audience, and I know not what besides. For what is true art not a soul here has any feeling, or, at most, now and then (if I am not mistaken) only the Countess. I am therefore alone with my Beloved whom I am obliged to hide in my room, in my piano, in my breast. Though this frequently renders me melancholy, it raises me, on the other hand, all the more.——During this period, I have produced several songs, and I think they are great successes."

Of the celebrated Milder he speaks very shortly but very happily: "He sings most beautifully and shakes most badly." Speaking of the inmates of the castle, he says:—

"The cook, tolerably rakish; the ladysmaid, thirty years old; the housemaid very pretty, frequently my companion; the nurse, a good old soul; the steward, my rival. The two equerries are much better towards horses than towards human beings. The Count, somewhat rough; the Countess proud, but of gentler mind; the young Countesses, good girls. That I with my natural sincerity, get on extremely well with all these people is a fact which I need scarcely tell you, who know me." The epistle concludes thus:—"And now, my dear fellows, fare ye well, all, and write to me very soon. My dearest and most valued source of amusement is to read your letters ten times over. Greet my beloved parents, and tell them I yearn for a letter from them.—With eternal love, your true friend, FRANZ SCHUBERT."

Appended are two letters of the years 1823 and 1824, to Schober.

(*To be continued.*)

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* By Herr Banernfeld.

† A Convict or Convictorium is an establishment where students board very cheaply at German universities.—J. V. B.

ANTWERP.—Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* has been produced here with great success.

SCHWERIN.—Herr Wilhelm Claussen, the first holder of the Meyerbeer Exhibition, and a composer of very great promise, died here, in this his native town, on the 22nd December, in his twenty-sixth year.

FLORENCE.—Signor Petrella's *Giovanni di Napoli* was produced with great success on the opening night of the season at the Pergola. There is a report that Signor Edvardo Vera's opera, *Valeria*, will shortly be brought out at this theatre.

MUSIC AT ROME.—The man who comes here for musical enjoyment may find himself sometimes disappointed. The season of the *Pifferari* has commenced. I can only tell German readers, who probably derive their ideas concerning these musicians of nature from the familiar "Pastoral" in Handel's *Messiah*, that, on hearing the first few notes, I experienced a deep sense of shame at the infatuation which caused me to laugh at the edict of the wise syndic of Mireval, in which that worthy individual defined instrumental music as "a standing invitation to disorder, and a constant cause for mutual hatred among fellow citizens." It is here that, from these wretched tones, Handel distilled one of his freshest instrumental pieces, but I know better than all his biographers where he laid the foundation for the ruin of his nervous system, a calamity for which he first found a remedy in the health-giving springs of Aix-la-Chapelle. This precious music has now begun for the last week punctually at five o'clock in the morning, before the image of the Madonna under my window. First there is the bagpipe with its sustained chords, and then suddenly commencing on the sixth, the fearful *zampogna*, with a tone resembling the shriek of a tortured ape, hurrying down, with certain quick cross figures, to the tonic; stopping there for awhile, and then beginning the horrible process from the commencement again. A man must possess a strong constitution, in order, when subjected to such continuous torture, not to have his brain filled with melancholy notions or fixed ideas—for instance, that on an appointed day all the peripatetic disciples of art intended meeting before the image of the Virgin for the purpose of giving a monster concert. If ever they do so, I shall beg your permission to go into the country for a few days.—*Correspondent of the "Kölnische Zeitung."*

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* In the original: "ohne meiner," a fault against grammar. It should be "ohne mich."

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OPERA BOUFFE FORTY YEARS AGO.

Forty years ago, a Cincinnatian, named Curtis, conceived the idea of a novel and grand concert, with which he hoped to find favour with the Ohio River boatmen. Living near "Western Row," where cats abounded, Curtis did not lack the opportunities to study the musical capacity of the feline race. They had kept him awake many a warm moonlight night, when he preferred sleep to their infernal serenades. So he determined to get up a grand Philharmonic concert, in which cats should take a prominent part. Taking a few cats to experiment on, he tried various modes of bringing out the notes they were addicted to, or excelled in. He pinched their ears, stuck pins in their rotundities, and used other unpleasant devices to develop the music. But he found no way so certain to bring out the sound as the application of the back of a case-knife across the tail. This never failed to elicit the note, if there was any talent at all in the animal—the modulations, *piano* and *forte*, being easily obtained by making the blow light or heavy.

Curtis employed an Englishman named Johnson, a drinking man, but musical withal, who could build organs, or make one to serve as an accompaniment to the cat voices. Johnson informed him that one of six octaves would do at least for the experiment. Curtis reckoned up the octaves, and found that four dozen cats would fill the bill. But he ordered two dozen more for fear that some might have defective voices, or prove obstinate and capricious, like the operatic tribe generally. Six dozen, then were ordered, and accommodations were prepared for them in sundry boxes, barrels, kegs, &c., in the back yard. Johnson went on with the building of the organ, and the adaptation of the extra blade keys to the cats' tails. He arranged that the singers should be confined in narrow boxes, which, while they allowed free play to the lungs, guarded against clawing by having four holes in the bottom through which the legs protruded. The tails were enclosed in tubes provided with longitudinal slots, across which the blade keys worked. These extra keys were connected somehow with those of the organ, so that the keys and the appropriate voices should be in perfect unison, and thus produce the expected concord of sweet sounds.

Curtis, on his part, proceeded with the musical education of the cats, aided occasionally by Johnson, and in a month or so had a complete choir, from the kitten of two months, his trebles and falsettos, and his pussy sopranos, up to the venerable toms who growled out double bass equal to Carl Formes. But at length the organ was completed, and the six octaves of cats arranged in due order. A few rehearsals were given. The second story of a warehouse near the landing was rented; a stage drop-scene and tiers of seats provided—the whole intended to accommodate four or five hundred people. The organ and cats were safely transported to the place of exhibition or performance without accident, save that the two principal bassos, being accidentally put in the same box, had an awful fight all the way up from Western Row, and were obliged to appear before the public with very rueful faces and bloody noses, which, however, did not detract from their popularity. Every thing being in readiness, Curtis had flaming posters stuck up, all about the levee, displaying in huge letters:—

CURTIS'S CAT HARMONICON!

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT!

Forty-Eight Cats!

&c., &c., &c.

The house was crowded at an early hour by the jolly boatmen, the spaces not big enough for men being filled, as usual, by boys. After the usual delay, the curtain rose, and the grand Cat Harmonicon was disclosed to view; two rows of cat heads, two dozen each, glared with their lustrous green and yellow eyes straight at the audience. Little ruffles were around their necks; miniature music stands, with books and candles, were placed before them; the aforesaid two bassos, whose beauty was spoiled by the fight, being provided with muslin bands, which added to the gravity of their countenances. The whole was indescribably comic, and received with due applause. Seated at the organ was Johnson, in a clean shirt, and as sober as he could afford to be on so grand an occasion. As soon as he could be heard, Curtis advanced and stated to the audience that the first song of the evening would be "Auld Lang Syne" (or, as he pronounced it, "Old Lang Zion"), which would be followed by "Hail Columbia," "Clar de Kitchen," and other patriotic and devotional songs. Johnson squared himself for the task, ran his fingers tenderly over the keys by way of prelude, and then dashed boldly and vigorously into "Old Lang Zion," producing such a burst of music as was never heard on this continent before, nor ever will again until another Curtis arises to carry into more successful execution his brilliant experiment. The cats were excited to fury by the now uproarious audience, and still more under the unusually severe pounding of their tails. They forgot all their lessons they had been taught, they paid no attention to either time or tune, rhyme or reason, but squalled and mewed, and yelled, and spit, and phizzed in the madness of pain and terror, drowning the sound of the organ, which could occasionally be heard droning out its "Old Lang Zion" in the rear of the unearthly tornado of catterwauling. Never was an audience so completely enchanted—never was delight so universal, so unbounded, and so vigorously expressed. Shouts, roars, yells of laughter, such as Western men alone can give, burst from the crowd, shaking the building from roof to foundation. Curtis was delighted, the cats were furious, Johnson was beside himself with joy, and hammered away at the keys with all his strength, making, with the aid of the choir and the plaudits of the audience, a "concord" of diabolical sounds never before heard this side the infernal regions. Unfortunately, in his delirium, he forgot the strength or weakness of the bellows which supplied the organ with wind, and which he worked with his feet. He had not reached the end of the song when the leather gave way and brought the performance to a sudden close, the cats alone continuing the song or noise till one after another they became silent, and stood winking and blinking at the spectators, in mute fear of a recommencement of the torture. The audience got up furious yells, stamping with all their might. In the midst of it the platform came down with the audience, and then there was laughter, swearing, and blows, and the boys began to pelt the cats with sticks. Curtis fearing for the safety of his pets, and unable to remove them bodily from the scene of danger, lifted off the upper planks, which confined their necks in their places, and set them at liberty. The terror-stricken creatures darted away in every direction, mostly among the feet of the spectators, adding to the confusion. Whoops, yells, hurrahs, and shouts were followed by a general smash-up of windows. The boys, running down the stairs raised the cry of "Fire!" Citizens and watchmen crowded the streets to learn the cause of the uproar, and the engines found difficulty in getting near enough to perform their part of the work. There was no sign of fire, not even of smoke; but the old "Liberty No. 2" could not afford to come all the way down there for nothing; so she poured a deluge of fresh water through the front window, drenching the whole crowd inside to the skin in half a minute. Peace was instantly restored, and the late belligerents came rushing and trembling pell-mell down the stairs.

Thus ended Curtis's grand Cat Concert, an event that was talked of and laughed over for many years by the jolly boatmen of the Ohio. Its projector was ordered to appear before the mayor next morning, and explain the cause of the riot, and was let off with the admonition to do so no more—and he didn't.

—o—

POETRY.

(*Communicated.*)

Messrs. Virtue & Co. have just issued a volume of poems by Keningdale Robert Cooke, B.A., entitled *Purpose and Passion*, being *Pygmalion* and other poems, about which we extract the following from the *Norfolk News*:—

"We have now said all that we feel called upon to say in the matter of fault-finding with this work. There is abundance to commend. It is full of high and noble thought expressed in high and noble verse. There are some thoughts respecting the Divine Being, from 'A Reverie at Night,' which may be placed beside anything that has ever been written on the subject.

'Thus look on God—God that with artist hand
Works out his poem-pictures of the world,
Globed into one huge drama, without pause
Between the acts; setting men's hearts to work
Through plots and climaxes of noble aims;
Their souls his vivid hues, made fair about
By resting-places of fresh vales and hills,
And forest canopies of lucent leaves.'

* * * *

'Shepherd of worlds that give the myriads food,
Maker and builder up of all the stars,
Lord of the hanging garden of the heavens,
Centred within mid souls, and love, and life,
By speechless twilights that reveal no end—
The name of Father is not great enough,
The name of Mother is not sweet enough,
To give Him praise.'

"But, as we regard it, incomparably the finest poem in the volume is 'Ex Antro.' It is a magnificent discourse on the great mysteries that have ever had a fascination for enquiring minds. Among the other poems, the well-known story of 'Essex and the Ring,' has been given in a fine dramatic sketch. The classical subjects are handled with the faculty of a scholar, and are resplendent with the colours thrown around them by a warm imagination. We believe we have not heard the last of Mr. Cooke. We are greatly mistaken if he does not make his mark upon the literature of his age, and we look with much interest for the produce of his second harvest."

VENICE.—Signor Malipiero, the composer, is again the manager of the Fenice for the season of Carnival and Lent. The prospectus promises *Crispino*, *Lucia*, *Il Barbiere*, *Marino Faliero*, and *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Besides these operas, there will be three novelties: Signor Petrella's opera, *I promessi Sposi*; M. David's *Ercolano*; and *L'Orfo Soranso*, by Ruiz.

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THE INTELLIGENT UNDERSTANDING OF MUSIC.

(*From the "Choir and Musical Record."*)

The majority of the music performed in our concert-rooms and not unfrequently in the home circle, might, we fear, be aptly described as "that which all hear but few understand." When we say this we are far from saying that it falls on an inattentive or unappreciative audience, but we simply assert what must be patent to all who exercise the most ordinary powers of observation, that an intelligent understanding of the great mass of the symphonies, sonatas, or even of the minor pieces we so constantly hear, is the exception and not the rule. That this should be the case is not surprising. Although musical education, so-called, forms a part of the normal scheme at our ladies' schools; although choral societies and church choirs are at work all over the kingdom; although concerts form the most popular entertainments, even in the village school,—still these all tend chiefly to familiarize those who assist at them with musical sounds, and fail to impart any substantial aid towards the mental effort which must be made before those same sounds can be connected in the hearer's mind with anything more than a mere pleasurable sensation, which it is one, but one only of their true ends to produce. In the case of other sciences some attempt is usually made by the professor to impart instruction as well as amusement in the exercise of his art. The Owens and the Tyndalls of our day do not content themselves with demonstrations and experiments calculated only to attract and astonish the eye or the ear. The lecturer on chemistry does not consider his work is done when he has produced brilliant combinations of colour. The electrician is not satisfied with mystifying a crowd of eager listeners with effects, of which the causes are beyond their ken. Rather, in all these cases, the popular exposition of the science is made the medium of conveying an explanation of its deep principles, which would not only be unintelligible but unpalatable to the ordinary and too often uneducated mind if placed nakedly before it. But when music is the subject treated, a totally opposite course is adopted. As a rule it is left to speak for itself. Symphony follows overture and song follows sonata night after night, season after season, and it is not too much to say that a very large number of the audience rise from their seats without even realizing the meaning of the varied forms in which the compositions are cast, much less the intention of the writers or the extent to which they have carried them out. The analytical programmes provided by the director of the Monday Popular Concerts for the use of his friends, and which the old and new Philharmonic and other societies have been stimulated to supply, are, it is true, steps in the right direction, but even these are couched in language which is unhappily still a dead letter to the great body of amateurs, and thus they scarcely meet the want to which we are alluding. That it is a want of the age, is, we think, undeniable, and therefore it is worthy of consideration, whether, with the means already at our command, we cannot do something towards applying it.

To this question a practical answer has been afforded during the past few weeks by the Musical Professor at Edinburgh University, whose efforts to promote the education of the amateurs of the art in the northern capital are forming so worthy a fulfilment of the objects which the founder of the Chair of Music had in view. Professor Oakeley has, as our readers have learnt from the frequent records we have published of his performances, given during the University sessions a series of organ recitals to which he has invited the citizens as well as the students, thus making the class-room in Park Place just what it should be—a centre of musical life for the whole city, as the University itself is the centre in every branch of learning for the country. In the programmes he has never failed to give an educational bearing to the recitals, and in selection and arrangement his schemes have hitherto been highly satisfactory, but to these advantages he has now added another at the opening of the present season by prefacing each piece with a few remarks either historical or descriptive, thus furnishing that very aid to an intelligent understanding of the music to the general absence of which we have alluded. Thus what in ordinary cases would be a mere organ concert has become a means of direct musical training, calculated not only to create a desire to search further into the deep things of the art, but to impart a totally fresh interest to the music played. Here, then, in a rough form, is the remedy for the evil to which we have called attention, a means ready to hand of raising music from the unworthy place to which it has been too habitually lowered, and of imparting to our concert-rooms a higher element than is usually to be found in them. On many occasions perhaps a running commentary on a performance would be out of place, but at such recitals as those of Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé, which are ostensibly designed to elevate the taste and to afford intellectual entertainment to those who are anxious to be taught, we believe the system would be found to work most admirably. Indeed we question whether it might not with equal fitness be applied to all classical performances; and whether with a capable speaker, the introductory remarks would soon be regarded as an integral part of the evening's entertainment. The days have, we would fain hope, for ever passed away when music was regarded merely as the pastime of an idle hour, and we believe that some such assistance to intelligent progress would be gladly welcomed. It is impossible to watch an audience at a Monday Popular Concert without feeling that the brain as well as the mere sentimental enthusiasm of a large body of the almost breathless listeners is being called into exercise; and we are therefore ascribing to them nothing more than they deserve when we assert that they would rejoice to rise still higher in the world of art opened out before them by the touch of a Goddard, or the bow of a Joachim.

At any rate, whether the adoption of such a system in ordinary concerts would be wise or not, of one thing there can be little doubt, that the provision of a series of concerts in which the explanatory remarks would form a component part of the scheme is highly desirable. If the music-room at Edinburgh is crowded, it cannot be doubted that an equally eager band of amateurs would be found in London and in other large towns in the kingdom; and it would indeed be casting a slur upon the profession to argue that its foremost members are unable thus to argue that its foremost members are unable thus to set forth in intelligible language the meaning of the tone-poems to which their artistic skill imparts life and reality. Nay more, if in every district some such course were adopted, and if instead of the chief interest of a concert being centred on the special excellencies of the "star," the beauties of the music and the design of its composer were set forth with clearness and brevity, we can but think that the interests of art would be promoted, and that a powerful means would be provided of making the English in reality as well as in name a music loving people.

A NEW musical association, the "Société Boieldieu," has been founded at Rouen. It proposes to give periodical concerts with orchestra and chorus.

THE *Messe Solennelle* has just been performed in Moscow, under the direction of Herr Nicholas Rubinstein. The Sisters Marchisio and Signor Stagno took part.

Don Pasquale is to be produced at the Lyrique for the *début* of a new singer, Mdlle. Cerny. Much has been said, in advance, about Mdlle. Cerny's talent.

ANOTHER German musical paper has just ceased to exist: the *Süddeutsche Musikzeitung* of Mayence. Our late contemporary died at the age of eighteen.

MILAN.—The Teatro della Scala was opened on the 25th ult., with Prince Poniatowski's opera, *Pierre de' Medici*, and the ballet of *Don Parasol*. The performance went off, on the whole, rather coldly. The opera was tolerably well received, and would have been received still better, there can be no doubt, but for the execution, which was far from satisfactory. Madame Sass, however, came up to the expectations formed of her. Signor Medini, the bass, was also applauded, but not so Signor Zaccometti, the tenor, whose vocal ability is not of a kind suited to a first-class theatre. Signor Storti, baritone, and Signor Corsi, tenor, are nothing very great. The composer, Prince Poniatowski, was called on several times. The ballet was a failure.

MOSCOW.—The Italian operatic season is going on swimmingly. Mdme. Artôt-Padilla and the Sisters Marchisio are very great favourites. So is, also, the conductor, M. Dupont. Among the operas already produced are *Saffo*, *Semiramide*, *La Cenerentola*, *Il Barbiere*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Roberto*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Faust*, and *La Figlia*.—The Russian Musical Society lately gave their first concert. The programme included Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; Beethoven's Fourth Symphony; fragments from Schumann's Mass; and Herr R. Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*. The society have, also, announced that they intend giving very shortly a performance of Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, with Mdme. Artôt-Padilla, the Sisters Marchisio, Signori Stagno and Rota.

RATHER EMBARRASSING.—A short time ago, in a provincial town in France, the bills announced the production of a piece which had been performed with great success in Paris. Suddenly, however, the leading actor was taken ill. What was to be done? In the company there was another actor who never appeared without exciting a storm of hisses. The manager entreated him to undertake the character that was to have been sustained by the actor who had been taken ill. After refusing a long time, the poor devil consented. What did it matter to him whether he was hissed off the stage in one piece more or less! The evening of the first performance at length arrived. When the unpopular actor made his appearance, there was a volley of hisses. The audience, however, listened to him. Soon afterwards a murmur of approbation went round the house; then there were some isolated bravos; and, lastly, when the curtain fell, tumultuous applause and a call! The actor appeared, looking very pale and alarmed. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "being convinced that I should have the misfortune to displease you, I thought that you would not allow me to play further than the end of the first act at the very most—so it is the only act I learned; I do not know a word of the two others."

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THE BURIAL OF MOZART AT VIENNA ON THE 7TH (6TH) DECEMBER, 1791.*

(From Information furnished by Mozart's Wife and by my Foster-Father.)

After receiving intelligence of Mozart's death, Count Dehm, known under the name of Müller (and proprietor of the Cabinet of Art near the Rother Thurm), called in the forenoon of the 7th (6th) December, and took a plaster-of-Paris cast from the face of the great Deceased.

Gottfried, Baron van Swieten, the worthy son of the celebrated Gerhard van Swieten, and then Prefect of the Court Library, like his father, also visited the house of mourning, and offered to do everything he could, either by words or deeds. Emmanuel Schikaneder was apparently inconsolable. He had managed to turn Mozart's musical powers to such good account as to build himself the largest theatre in Vienna. But it never entered the head of him or of any one else to erect a simple tombstone with the name of Mozart upon it, in memory of the illustrious man they had lost, though, in the year 1791, the expense of such a stone would not have been more than two florins. Such was the ungrateful, pitiful manner in which Vienna then behaved with regard to the corpse of a man whom Europe calls its greatest composer. It was not till sixty-four years after his death that a memorial was raised to him. Eight florins, thirty-six kreutzers were paid for the funeral service, and three florins for the hearse. This is now the price of a box in the new Operahouse, when his *Don Juan* is performed.

In the death-register of St. Marx, we read: "The 5th December, 1791, died Herr Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Imperial Chapelmaster, and Chamber-Composer, at No. 970, Rauhensteingasse, of violent purple fever; visited; 36 years old. In the cemetery of St. Marx, III class; 8 florins, 36 kreutzers paid to the parish of St. Stefan; hearse, 3 florins."

Furthermore, Mozart appears in the Vienna *Diarium* of 1791, No. 99, at page 3162, containing the lists of deaths. We there find: "The 5 December in the city: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Imperial Chapelmaster and Chamber-Composer, 36 years old, at No. 970, Rauhensteingasse."

For a long time, complete obscurity veiled the spot where Mozart had been, without more ado, pitched into the earth. It was not till sixty-three years had elapsed that his last resting-place was discovered, in the following strange fashion:—

On the same day that Mozart died, there died in the Weihburggasse, Michael Knoll, *Greissler*, and, in the Wollzeile, a midwife; these two persons were buried a few hours sooner than Mozart, who was deposited in the same grave as they were, he being on the top of them. Katharina Harruschka, and her son, Franz, assistant grave-digger, were still in the cemetery, when Mozart's corpse arrived late in the evening. Katharina Harruschka, called Frau Kathi, the licensed beggar of the cemetery, asked the driver of the hearse whether any carriages with mourners were coming. The driver replied in the negative. Frau Kathi then asked: "Whom have you brought, then?" "A chapelmaster," was the answer. "What, a musician?" said Frau Kathi. "They are poor people; I shall not wait to get anything more to-night; perhaps some one may come out to-morrow." The driver laughed and said: "I, too, have been done; not a kreutzer to get a drop of something to drink."

These three persons were well acquainted with the spot where Mozart lay, and frequently spoke about it at home. Katharina Harruschka lived till she was 84, and her son, Franz, also attained a great age. It was by the instrumentality of these persons, that F. Glöggl, music publisher, Vienna, was enabled to appear, one day, before the Burgomaster, Dr. von Seiler, with a memorial in which he asserted that he could point out exactly Mozart's resting place, and, at the same time, as most of his assertions rested upon oral communications, begged that the correctness of the same might be corroborated by official investigation, since he felt convinced that it would only be gratifying a universal wish to rectify the previous defective and erroneous statements respecting the resting-place of the great composer.

The result of the official enquiry was, considering the circumstances, favourable. Three of the witnesses examined, who had come to the knowledge of the fact at issue in perfectly independent and different manners, pointed out unanimously, and in conformity with their profoundest convictions, the parellelogram which looks towards the old entrance of the St. Marx Cemetery, on the right of the principal path in the fifth row of graves, and planted with a clump of willows, as the spot where Mozart's body was buried, on the 7th (6th) December, 1791.

When the spot had been thus certified by the above unanimous depositions, the Burgomaster considered that it would be simply an act of pious reverence to raise to the memory of the great composer a monument worthy of him, and to have a medal struck off in his honour.

The Common Council of Vienna voted the money for the erection of the monument, which was uncovered on the 5th December, 1856 (1859). A.

* From the Vienna *Morgen-Post*.

INSIDE ST. PETER'S.

(By a "Special.")

I heard the silver trumpets, as I have heard before, and saw the Pope carried in his chair of state, as I have seen before, but to much more advantage and with grander associations. On the opening day the Pope descended from his chair immediately on entering the church, so that he and the Fathers without their mitres were lost among the bayonets and shakoes. But on this day, after long waiting, and after the Fathers were nearly all seated, distant music was heard, a movement, and then a silence passed over the multitude. The clergy, the ladies, and the Zouaves not on duty were looking about to see how they could kneel, and I looked down the nave to the great bronze doors few people see moved on their hinges more than once or twice in their life. Already a strange apparition was suspended in mid-air, high over the heads of the people and standing out clear in the comparative gloom of the tower nave. It was the group made by the chair, the canopy, and the fans, and as it advanced it widened, till it seemed to stretch from pier to pier. The chair is a tall throne, the footstool of which stands a yard over the heads of the people. The canopy must be about 15ft high, and 20ft. long—itself a light fluttering, but showy thing; and the fans are arranged to look like wings to the central mass. The whole is white and silver, excepting just the back of the throne. The appearance floated onwards as a spirit might do—a water spirit, perhaps, formed of mists and vapours rather than the rapid messenger of some heavenly behest. Still the effect was most unearthly—"uncanny" I had caught myself saying, but overpowering on the nature we are made of. The canopy at times looked like the fringes of a cloud, and as it moved the whole looked undefined and incorporeal. It approached, it hung over the crowd collected round the tomb of St. Peter. Had I wished to kneel I could not, nor could any about me, and I had also to use my eyes. The Pope was occupied as he always is on such occasions, and it is one of those mysteries of his singular state which one would not wish to probe. He was looking about for some features in which he could trace, by a special instinct, the faith, the affection, and the dutifulness that might merit and justify a blessing, which therefore he bestowed with fixed look and with the usual movement of the hand. It was the act of one sifting the crowd. Of course, it is not easy to conceive a process so simple, so brief, and with the successful results so entirely a matter of faith, being repeated continually, now for a quarter of a century, with the same intentness and fervour; but that is not our affair. This the Pope seemed to be now doing, as he was borne round the marble balustrade and the high altar to his throne, now placed for the occasion on the south side of the choir. His bearers had to wheel round for this, but they did it well. He was soon on his throne, and the service began. No doubt this was all as usual, but I could see little of it. It was in the midst of 700 tall mitres, besides functionaries, Swiss Guards, soldiers, and Royal and diplomatic personages in raised tribunes. The high altar stands above all this, as much as five feet above the floor; so the act of celebration one could see, as, indeed, almost all could. All good Catholics know to a moment of time, by some sort of secret calculation, when the miracle is to be done. A quarter of a minute earlier "Attention!" had been shouted down the nave; then at a word some 500 muskets were grounded, then a silence of prayer and expectation, and then those wondrous sounds which all must feel and remember. The trumpet notes rise and fall, and roll round the dome, and linger in the air, and hardly die away. Again they sound, and again, as if echoes of themselves. Beautiful indeed they are, and whoever has heard will wish that he may hear them again; but they are more sweet than solemn, more mysterious than awful. They are an incantation. It is not a word one likes to use, nor can it be truly said that the ancient music of the Church has this character; but though the sweetest, most soothing, and most delightful of incantations, that, I confess, seemed to me what I heard. But rolling far above, it filled all the church, entered every ear, and must have thrilled through every soul. Common strains were feeble after this, and it was not very long before the blessing was pronounced, the white mitres began to strain off like a glacier down the nave, the Pope was again in his tottering throne, and no doubt very glad to escape into the aisle separated for the use of the Council, and thence to the palace behind. For the comfort, and for the beauty of the spectacle, and for the opportunity of seeing the Fathers, the opening day was nothing to this.

[Better read Mendelssohn and Spohr—especially Mendelssohn—about the ceremonial music of St. Peter's.—ED.]

COLOGNE.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller has gone to St. Petersburgh for the purpose of conducting a series of concerts.

PADUA.—A new opera, entitled *Le Avventure d'un Poeta*, has just been successfully produced. It is by Sig. Dalla Baratta.

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AN AMERICAN ON MUSIC IN PARIS.

The following extract from a private letter has been published in *Dwight's Journal of Music*. It will be read with interest:—

"Went yesterday afternoon to the Cirque Napoleon to hear Pasdeloup's orchestra. They play almost to perfection; a little feeble in the clarionet and oboe, and decidedly so in the horns, but as nearly perfect as need be in other respects. We had a *Suite* by a certain Marsenet, which was interesting and stupid by turns. Rather inclined to be queer than beautiful. The last movement (*alla marcia*) was especially full of unexpected freaks of instrumentation. The public seemed to like it though. Next came an *adagio* from one of Mozart's symphonies. Beautifully played and enthusiastically received. Then came my favourite of favourites, that I never expected to hear out of Boston—Schumann's *Genoveva* overture. If the *Leonora* No. 3 is the king, this is certainly the princess of overtures. Pasdeloup took the *allegro* a trifle fast for my taste, and the horns were almost inaudible in the little passage in triplets that keeps recurring throughout the movement; but the orchestra played *con amore*, and the public was rapturous. Then we had Beethoven's Symphony in C major, played to absolute perfection and cheered after every movement. The *andante* just escaped an encore, and the *scherzo* had to be repeated. I never saw so *intelligently* attentive an audience In the trio of the *scherzo* the whole house laughed, as they would at a Warren farce, as that little *crescendo* run on the violins led back to the regular beat on the reed instruments. It is something when an audience knows when a joke is meant.

"The concert finished with the *Tannhäuser* overture. Not so perfectly played as it might have been. The passage where the clarionet comes in with Venus's enticing theme was fearfully shaky. At the end the audience rose like one man and cheered like mad, and it took all Pasdeloup's generalship in getting the orchestra off the stage to prevent the whole overture from being *bissée*.

"And now I will tell you a true story. When I first went to the opera here, I was struck with the thinness and weakness of the trombones as soon as I heard them. During the *entr'acte* I noticed that they were the Sax-trombones with cylinders and pistons. I noticed the same weakness in all the operas, but I thought it might be prejudice on my part. Yesterday at the concert I was so placed that I could only see the violins and a few 'celli. When the trombones came in in the Massenet *Suite*, where, by the way, they have a good deal to do, I said to myself I must for once own up to the Sax-trombones. I never heard such splendid tones in my life. Before the next movement the two men who had been standing up in front of me went away, and I saw three trombones up in the orchestra, *all* on the old slide pattern. The horns and even the trumpets (!) were without valves in all the classical pieces. It is a significant thing that in Paris, the head quarters of Sax instruments, they should be the first to go back to the old horns and trumpets. Nevertheless, I admit that, when horns and trombones are so clumsily written for as in the Italian scores, the valve instruments are preferable.

"In the evening I went to the Concert de l'Opera. Orchestra of about a hundred and chorus of ninety—Litolff conducting. They played a little better than our H. M. A., but not very well. In the slow movements they leave our orchestra very far behind, but in the *allegros* they don't seem quite at home. The concert began with the *Freischütz* overture. The opening movement was beautifully played—the *allegro* regularly butchered. The Hector Berlioz pieces that followed were very interesting. They were three movements from his *Damnation de Faust*—'Menuet des Feux-follets.' 'Valse des Sylphes,' and 'Marche Hongroise.' The Menuet is *spirituel* and taking, rather than beautiful; but the Valse, for muted violins, now and then some flutes, reeds, and horns, with harp *obbligato*, is a gem. It was enthusiastically *bissée*. The 'Marche Hongroise' is maddening (in a good sense). It is one of the most *entrainant* things that I know of in music. We next had a *Suite* for orchestra by Saint-Saëns, conducted by the composer. It is what the newspaper critics call 'a thoughtful and musician-like composition' for the legitimate old Mozart or Haydn orchestra, which had rather a soothing effect after Berlioz, who would make music out of a cart-load of bricks if it came into his head to do so. There are many and great beauties in it, and also much science, the introductory *pastorale*, in especial, being at times painfully contrapuntal. But the whole had rather the air of a first-rate exercise than a composition for the concert-room. Somehow these modern Frenchmen, when they write anything in the extreme classical and *unsensational* way, remind me of a passage in Thackeray referring to Pendennis and Blanche Amory: 'O! Phyllis and Corydon! Here are two used-up London rakes, walking about country lanes, and imagining themselves in love.' ('Je change, peut-être, quelque chose au texte, mais c'est le fond des idées.')

"We then had an air from Mozart's *Prise de Jericho* (whatever that may be) sung by Mdlle. Reboux. Then followed a fragment for chorus, solo, soprano, and orchestra. 'L'exorcism des Djinns,' from the "Selam" *Symphonie orientale*, by Reyer, conducted by the composer. Very fine and exciting; well sustained and full of fire. Then came the Beethoven Symphony in A. Pretty well played. The orchestras here don't seem to enter into the spirit of Beethoven's later works. The *allegretto* was better given than I have ever heard it. Imagine the whole operahouse at each pause in the movement and at each stage in the *crescendo* shouting bravo, as only Frenchmen can shout. When the 'cello and violas had finished the theme in A minor, *Bravo!* When the 2nd violins had done, *Bravo! Bravo!!* When the whole orchestra had repeated the theme, BRAVO!!! *Hah! ouh!! Hah!!!*—When the theme in A major, for flutes, clarionets, and bassoons, with waving accompaniment for violins, modulated into C major, *Ahh—h! Oh! Bravo!*—and at every bravo old Litolff would wave his bâton more ferociously.

"Then came a most beautiful march for strings and flutes, and a solo and chorus from Gluck's *Alceste*, given to perfection. The march was interspersed with 'Ah's!' and 'Oh's!'—Then came Schumann's 'Träumerei' from the *Kinder-Scenen*, arranged for muted strings, oboe, and horn, wonderfully played. This sort of thing is very much the fashion here; but I think I like it on the piano better. It was *bissée*. Then followed a *scherzo* of Schumann's, which was very pretty and took well. The whole thing wound up with the 'Hallelujah Chorus'—pronounced *Allelüia*, with a decided French 'ü'—'Il reignera,' etc., sung with great spirit and precision however. I am not sure that I don't prefer the chorus without organ, and sung and played as perfectly as it was last night, to our accustomed style. Every vocal and instrumental part stood out distinctly. The tenors especially were splendidly metallic and strong. FIL."

[It is to be hoped that the whole of the foregoing will be taken *cum grano salis*. The mere idea of M. Pasdeloup's orchestra playing "to perfection" is enough.—ED.]

BALLAD CONCERTS.

The first concert of the new year took place on Wednesday night, when Mr. John Boosey's annual series (the fourth) of four ballad concerts commenced at St. James's Hall. The programme was similar to that of previous entertainments; consisting mostly of ballads. Several new compositions of this class were brought forward and received with a hearty welcome. That the pieces had full justice done to them may be inferred from the names of the vocalists engaged:—Mesdames Sherrington, Patey, and Anna Jewell; Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Santley, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Patey. Among the successes of the evening was Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Birds in the Night" (a serenade from *Cox and Box* set to fresh words), which was sung by Madame Sherrington. Mdlle. Liebhart also gained great applause for her piquant delivery of a new song, "Some other day," by Offenbach. Another new song, "Half-mast high"—announced as "the last composition of Claribel"—was among the special features of the programme, and, as sung by Miss Julia Elton, was received with much applause; as was also a third novelty of similar character, entitled "Since long ago," the production of Mrs. Alfred Phillips—the singer in this case being Madame Patey, from whose voice and style the new song derived all possible advantage. Still another novelty (or quasi-novelty) was Miss Virginia Gabriel's "Remembered," gracefully sung by Mr. Montem Smith. Although nearly all the ballads were of home manufacture, there were some of German origin—Schubert's "Whither?" effectively sung by Mdlle. Liebhart, and Haydn's "She never told her love," given with genuine pathos by Madame Patey. The modern style was well contrasted with several specimens of the old English school—among the rest, Boyce's "Heart of Oak," finely declaimed by Mr. Santley (the last verse repeated), and "I am a Friar of Orders Grey," capitally sung by Mr. Patey. The first part comprised, besides pieces already enumerated, Linley's "Primroses deck the bank's green side," sung by Miss Julia Elton; Bishop's "Come live with me and be my love," by Madame Anna Jewell; Hatton's "Christmas Bells"—which derived its fullest effect from Mr. Santley's delivery, and was one of the encores of the evening; and Miss Virginia Gabriel's "Yet once again," given in the best style of duet-singing by Mr. and Madame Patey. The programme comprised many more ballads unnecessary to particularize. Several part-songs were effectively sung by the Orpheus Glee Union. The vocal music was very agreeably contrasted with some brilliant pianoforte playing by Madame Arabella Goddard, who gave Benedict's effective fantasia on subjects from *Der Freischütz*, and Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," with splendid execution, and, being unanimously and persistently encored in the former, substituted, with no less effect, Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer." Mr. Hatton accompanied most of the pieces. The hall was well attended, and the vehemence of the applause proved that the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed. H. L.

LEIPSIC.—Herr and Mdme. Jaell played at the tenth Gewandhaus Concert. Their joint performance of Bach's D minor Concerto for two pianos, and Reinecke's "Improvisata," on the old French national song, "La belle Griselde," was greatly applauded. Herr Jaell played, also, the Concertstück in G major, Op. 92, by Robert Schumann. Mdme. Peschka-Leutner sang two *arietias* from Handel's *Susannah*, and recitative and air from Weber's *Euryanthe*. The band performed the *Coriolanus* overture, and the B flat major symphony of Beethoven.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE NINTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10TH, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F, Op. 18, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "O cessate di piegarmi"—Mr. SANTLEY .. .. .. *Scarlatti.*
FANTASIA, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts) .. .. .. *Friedemann Bach.*

PART II.

SONATA, in D major, Op. 58, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Signor PIATTI .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONGS, "Eloge des larmes," and "Hark, hark the lark"—Mr. SANTLEY .. .. *Schubert.*
SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarionet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Contrabasso—MM. STRAUS, ZERBINI, PAPE, WENDTLAND, HUTCHINGS, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAYS, January 10, 17, 24, 31, February 7, 14, 21, 28, March 7, 14 (1870).

Seven Morning Performances will be given on SATURDAYS, January 29, February 5, 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12 (1870), the Subscription to the Sofa Stalls for which is fixed at £1 10s.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear on Mondays, January 10 and 17; Herr PAUER on Saturday, January 29, and Monday, January 31; Mr. CHARLES HALLE on Saturday March 5, and Monday, March 7.

Madame SCHUMANN is engaged for a limited number of Concerts in February and March, and will make her first appearance on Monday Evening, February 14.

Herr STRAUS will lead the Quartet on Mondays, January 10 and 17, and after that date play Viola till the end of the season.

Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will make her last appearances on Monday Evening, January 24, and Saturday Afternoon, February 19.

Herr JOACHIM will make his first appearance on Saturday Afternoon, January 29, and remain till the close of the season at Easter.

Signor PIATTI will hold the post of principal Violoncello, Herr L. RIES, that of second Violin, and Mr. ZERBINI, that of second Viola, till the end of the season.

Mr. BENEDICT will occupy the post of Conductor as heretofore on all occasions.

Imprimerie de Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Magnifique et de la Belle Grandeur, mise de Boiseries, Empereur de Contenance extraordinaire pour Romances to be sold for FIFTY GUINEAS. A perfect copy of this Impression, by Henri Herz, dit le Petit Magnifique.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. PURPLE POWIS had better direct his inquiry directly to Mr. Horace Mayhew.

FANATICO.—No. Madame Adelina Patti has never played the *Africaine.*

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1870.

A WORD FOR BEETHOVEN.

"QUITE superfluous!"—do you say? We think not. It is true that the name of Beethoven is great among us; that those of his compositions we can understand are applauded to the skies; that all the others are heard with a firm faith in their greatness; and that to say a word against Beethoven is to commit unpardonable blasphemy. Nevertheless, Beethoven has scarcely been adopted by England, as have Handel and Mendelssohn. He is still, to some extent, a name rather than a power; a vaguely defined idea of something big, with its head in the clouds, rather than a personality known and "read" of all men. Because this is so, there is need to preach Beethoven till he occupies his rightful place, till he reigns in the heart of the nation, as well as receive, the homage of its intellect.

A good opportunity for preaching Beethoven will come to us with next December. True, it is a "far cry" to next December; but we want to give timely warning. A good deal might be done in eleven months; and if the chance pass, the fault will not lie at our door. Be it known, then, that the 17th of December, 1870, will bring the centenary of Beethoven's birth; and, in connexion with that event, there should happen a commemorative festival such as might force some notion of the man's greatness upon the masses of our countrymen. Stimulants to this end are not wanting. Let us look at some of them.

The event itself is worth some little honour, so long as times and seasons are observed among us. Need we assert that Beethoven's genius was the greatest ever sent out of heaven, or that the full extent and power of it has yet to be manifested? These things are patent. Since, then, we keep high festival over anniversaries having to do with men below Beethoven in stature, why not keep highest festival over the Beethoven centenary. Let us be consistent in this matter; above all, let us give no cause for a belief that we can make a fuss about men only when fussiness is likely to be profitable.

There is another reason why something should be done next December. It is not pleasant to be left behind in any worthy race. Moreover, in a race for art-honours, England can, least of all, afford to lose. Rightly or wrongly, we have a great reputation for Philistinism; the taint of "shopkeeping" clings to us, and we are supposed to import artistic things as exotics for the refined few. Because this is not wholly true, it is the more unpleasant, and no chance should be lost of giving it the lie. But the chance will elude us if Germany and France, and even the United States, show a greater appreciation of Beethoven than we do ourselves. In each of those countries, earnest men are already hard at work for the master's honour. Germany, of course, may be expected to take the lead, and Bonn will, once more, for a while, be the musical capital of Fatherland. But shall New York shame London? That it will do so, unless we bestir ourselves, the following extract from an American journal shows:—

"This proposed imposing festival in honour of the greatest musician that ever lived is now the 'town talk.' The idea is said to have had birth in the fertile brain of Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, and was moulded into shape by frequent discussions between the directors of the Philharmonic Society and outsiders of musical taste. Subsequently, a call was issued for a general meeting of the 'heavy' men, and the result was that money enough was represented by managers' names to buy Central Park ten times over.

"Soon after this a meeting of organists and choir-masters was called, which was numerously attended, and resolutions were adopted expressive of their full concurrence with the grand scheme, and determination to do all in their power to further it by recruiting singers from all quarters.

"As for ourselves, we rejoice with more of the Psalmist's 'exceeding great joy' than can well be expressed, that so grand and honourable a design has been safely launched, and that it now rests in such good hands.

"It is intended to have a building erected for the purpose in Central Park, and rumour has it already that the renowned genius of architecture, Mr. J. Wrey Mold, has been commissioned to draw plans for the same. We hope this is true, for apart from the acknowledged genius of that gentleman in his profession, he is also

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a deeply read musical student, and this last will be of infinite service to him for planning a building for musical purposes.

"Success to the Beethoven Centennial!"

Clearly, there is no time for us to lose—if we mean to do anything at all, and not let the occasion pass ingloriously by.

The question—What shall be done?—is a wide one, and must be considered in detail. First, let us follow the example of New York, and co-operate. Every society might keep the feast in its own way; but there should be a colossal manifestation of the kind that alone adequately impresses the popular mind. Grant this, and the first step is taken in the direction of an end honourable to all concerned in reaching it. We need not here discuss particulars. For that there will be time enough. Meanwhile, will the leaders of music in England give heed to the coming event? Let us hope so.

ARABELLA GODDARD AT GREENOCK.

(*From the "Greenock Telegraph," Dec.* 15.)

On Monday, Greenock was honoured with the presence of Madame Arabella Goddard, the pride of the three kingdoms as a pianoforte artist, and without a rival the first lady executant in the realm. That the Temperance Institute (we deeply regret to say) was but meagrely attended, we must attribute wholly to the very boisterous weather; as, doubtless, on the occasion of an event like this, more tickets would be eagerly bought up a week before the time than would fill the hall to overflowing. As it was, however, to appearance, such a welcome of so great an artist—and a lady, too—Greenock nor the world at large never witnessed. We are thankful that the programme was—by Madame Goddard's amiability—proceeded with; and she never played better, even in her warmth of inspired enthusiasm to a few friends than she did last night. She opened the programme with a sonata, peculiarly her own (she was the first to introduce it at the Monday Popular Concerts in London), Mozart's No. 5, in B flat, and under her elastic fingers, new beauties sprung forth in musical colouring, such as must have astonished every amateur present. The light pearly treble was enchanting. The *allegro* was taken well up to time, the *andante amoroso* a little slower than usual, and the *rondo* played with as with a pet canary, so frolicsome, so gay, so wonderful throughout.

A selection of five movements from the eighth and last book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* followed. As comparatively unfinished snatches from the imagination of the most young and fertile musician of his age, these are buoyant and refreshing, although we would not have given book one, number one, or the "Bees' Wedding" for the whole of the five movements. The third piece, Weber's *Invitation pour la Valse*, was in some respects the gem of the evening. This is in the very frame-work of the style in which Madame Goddard takes the lead of all pianists. No fingering could be more perfect, more liquid, more equal and even than hers in the exacting right-hand passages, the manipulation of which seemed to strike every one with wonderment. The storm of applause at its close was almost as refreshing as the piece itself, and something to remember. In the opening of the second part, we had the classical work of the evening—the famous grand sonata of Beethoven in D, Op. 28 (the *Pastoral*). It was exquisitely delivered—like a fine epic poem, from beginning to end. The *andante*, in D minor, indeed, we have never heard so well played—not only with wonderfully-sustained expression, but with a new reading, as it seemed to us, of the major episode. The witty *scherzo* was also most bewitchingly played; and so was the eccentric *rondo*, which was captivating. But we can do nothing but praise such a truly gifted artist as Arabella Goddard; so when we further say that, in answer to two enthusiastic recalls, she played Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home," as she only can play it, and an arrangement of the "Last Rose of Summer"—partly Thalberg and mostly Goddard—we must wish her God speed. We have been highly honoured by her visit, as we have before said; but we should feel heartily ashamed to invite her back again. We might have expected our whole musical population up and waiting to receive with open arms this eminent lady—the first, the best, the greatest honour to our nation, in her sphere, of the women of our age. In Glasgow, in Edinburgh, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in London, in every town and city of consideration in the three kingdoms, the name of Arabella Goddard is the signal for a crowded attendance, and we are of opinion that even at the antipodes nothing short of an earthquake could prevent the rising of every white-faced man to do the celebrated lady honour.

Miss Annie Edmonds gave, at intervals, some very quaint and semi-classical snatches of song. In every instance she was happy and pleasing.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The second of the Royal Artillery Concerts, under the direction of Mr. J. Smyth, band-master, took place on Wednesday, before a large audience of officers and friends, who were much gratified. The orchestra, consisting of about seventy performers, gave Schubert's Symphony, No. 8, in B minor, Mendelssohn's overture to *Meeresstille*, and a selection from *Le premier Jour de Bonheur*, finishing with Carl Vogler's waltz, "The Rosario." The performance proved the admirable tact and judgment displayed by Mr. Smyth in drilling the orchestra to its present state of perfection. An oboe solo, played by Sergeant Jones, who possesses a very fine tone and excellent execution, diversfied the programme, together with some part-songs, sung by the members of the band. A solo, by Sergeant A. Mansfield, was also heard with pleasure and applauded.

Mrs. John Macfarren gave a second concert of pianoforte and vocal music, under the auspices of the Islington Literary Society, on Thursday, December 30. Mrs. Macfarren's solos were the *adagio* and *rondo* from Beethoven's sonata in B flat, Vincent Wallace's "Etude de Concert," Sydney Smith's "Tarantelle" in E minor, and her own *caprice*, "The Pearl of Erin." She was assisted by Mr. Walter Macfarren, in his new duet, "Fête d'hiver sur la glace," and in Osborne's "Les Huguenots." An attractive feature of the programme was Miss Jessie Royd's singing of "Lo, here the gentle lark," with Mr. Churchill Arlidge's flute *obbligato*. Miss Annie Sinclair and Signor Bellini sang with much spirit the *buffo* duet from Ricci's *Crispino e la Comare*, and Miss Emma Forbes effectively gave the *bravura*, "He is gone," from G. A. Macfarren's *Sleeper Awakened*; Misses Royd, Sinclair, and Forbes sang the trio from *Il matrimonio Segreto*, so as to be encored, and Signor Bellini gained a like compliment in Mattei's "Il farfallone." The concert gave manifest satisfaction. Mr. Walter Macfarren acted as accompanist.

The "London and Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association" gave a concert the other night in aid of its library and reading-room fund. There was a very fair audience, the majority of whom took such a lively interest in the proceedings that they applauded everything without distinction. The chief feature of the evening was Mr. Charles Malcolm, who was introduced, by a circular distributed with the book of words, as a special interpreter of Abbé Liszt. The compositions of that "magnificent master" and "profound musician" are, it appears, "but seldom heard, in consequence of their presenting difficulties of execution which no ordinary player can overcome." Happily, "sixteen years of constant work have enabled Mr. Malcolm to attain that command of his instrument which is essential to their development." The curiosity excited by this announcement was strengthened when Mr. Malcom played, very badly, the pianoforte part of Mozart's Sonata in A major (Op. 13). It was evident that his study of Liszt had been exclusive. But, after a performance of Abbé Liszt's fantasia on *Rigoletto*, it was no less evident that even exclusive study had served Mr. Malcolm little. He must be congratulated, however, on his choice of a master, because in a rhapsody of Liszt a few false notes more or less are of no particular account. Among other noteworthy things were Mr. John Cheshire's capital performance of his own new harp fantasia on airs from *Marta*, and a violin solo by Herr Carl Deichmann. The vocal music—ballads for the most part—was contributed by Miss Kingsley, Miss F. Poole, Miss Milton, Messrs. Carter, Lawler, and Dawson. The last named gentleman acted also as director of the concert.

Brescia.—A very successful performance of Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* was lately given by the Società dei Concerti.

There is an operahouse in Guadalajara, Mexico, on the Plata, fronting the Palace, erected by the city, but not yet finished. It has already cost 350,000 dols. in coin, and will require 50,000 dols. more. It is occupied, but has little scenery, only a white cloth drag curtain and white-washed walls. The proportions are magnificent, and the house will seat 4,000 persons comfortably and be one of the finest on the continent.

Madame Oury, the accomplished pianist, has been presented by the publishers of her "Souvenir d'Ecosse" (first introduced to an Edinburgh audience by Madame Arabella Goddard) with a handsome gold watch and chain bearing the following inscription:—"From Messrs. Paterson & Sons to Madame Oury, as a testimonial for 'Mes Souvenirs d'Ecosse.'"

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PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—From a Liverpool journal we extract the following about Madame Sinico's singing in the *Messiah* at the Philharmonic:—

"Madame Sinico's execution of the soprano part was highly satisfactory, especially in pronunciation—the more to be wondered at considering that she has hitherto confined her efforts almost exclusively to Italian. The purity of her delivery in 'Rejoice greatly' was especially noticeable; and this proved on the whole her greatest success. Her share of 'He shall feed His flock' was remarkable for true vocal art and refined religious sentiment."

BRIGHTON.—A correspondent sends these particulars:—

"The concert given on Tuesday by the Sacred Harmonic Society was very successful, from a musical point of view. Miss Blanche Cole (especially in 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'), Miss Julia Elton, Mr. George Perren (notably in 'Thou shalt break them'), and Mr. Winn were highly successful. Among the principal instrumentalists were Mr. Gutteridge (leader), Mr. Nibbs (violinist), Mr. Roe (organ), and Mr. Landfried (trumpet). Mr. T. W. White conducted.—Mr. Santley's announced concert for the 24th inst. is attracting considerable attention from the amateurs of Brighton. Mr. Santley is to be assisted by Madame Sinico, Miss Annie Edmonds, Miss D'Alton, Herr Wilhelmj, and Madame Arabella Goddard."

LIMERICK.—In the *Limerick Chronicle*, December 18, we read that:—

"Mr. de Prin's two concerts took place, the first in the Theatre Royal, last evening, and the second in the Athenæum this afternoon. Taken as a whole these concerts were most agreeable, and gave considerable satisfaction to the large and respectable audience. Miss Marie Stocken made a perfect conquest of her audience last evening. This young and fascinating artist is possessed of an exceedingly mellow and perfectly educated soprano voice. Her various efforts to please her not easily satisfied audience were more than successful. In the 'Echo' song, Miss Stocken was really fascinating, her grace and demeanour co-operating perfectly with the charm of her voice. Most anxious to please, this young lady responded to the frequent encores which poured upon her, *ad finitum*" (*sic*), "from all parts of the house."

It is very evident that Miss Stocken "made a perfect conquest" of at least one among her audience.

CORWEN.—In a letter from this North Cambrian town we read:—

"Miss Anna Jones (of the London Academy of Music) gave her first public concert on December 22nd. It was a complete success, the room being crowded in every part. She was assisted by Miss Meenan (pupil of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington) and Mr. Lenton (of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society). The charming *valse*, 'Il Ballo,' by F. Schira, admirably rendered by Miss Anna Jones, was encored, and 'O luce di quest Anima,' substituted. Her other songs were very effectively sung. Miss Jones undoubtedly possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of great power and sweetness. Miss Meenan was heard to great advantage in 'Home, sweet Home' and 'Il Segreto.' Mr. Lenton's voice was very telling in Gounod's 'Nazareth' and 'The brave old Oak.' We must not omit to mention 'La ci darem,' sung by Miss Anna Jones and Mr. Lenton, and loudly redemanded. Mr. Rawlings, accompanist, played Thalberg's 'Home, sweet Home,' and Schuloff's 'Carnival de Venise.'"

EDINBURGH.—Says a correspondent:—

"A large audience attended the first 'Classical Chamber Concert,' in the Freemasons' Hall. The following programme was gone through with credit to the artists and satisfaction to the audience:—

'Sonata, Op. 45, piano and violoncello, Mendelssohn; Song, "Mid the Light Ripples," Schubert; Solo, Violin Concerto (Dramatic), Spohr; Aria, "S'altro che Lagrime," Mozart; Quartet in E flat, Op. 74, Beethoven; Song, "Abendlied," Schumann; Trio in B flat, Op. 99, Schubert.'

"Mendelssohn's sonata was entrusted to Mr. Adlington and Herr Daubert, and Spohr's violin concerto to Mr. A. Kuchler, who proved himself an accomplished violinist. Beethoven's quartet was capitally played by Messrs. Mackenzie, Kuchler, Niecks, and Daubert, and Schubert's trio by Messrs. Adlington, Kuchler, and Daubert. Miss Ellen Anderson was the vocalist, and acquitted herself satisfactorily, especially in Mozart's *aria* from *La Clemenza di Tito*. Mr. Mackenzie accompanied the vocal music in musicianly style. The next concert is announced for the 18th inst."

CROYDON.—A correspondent sends the following from this semi-metropolitan place:—

"Mr. George Russell's annual concert is always looked forward to with interest by amateurs here, because the programme is sure to contain music of the best class. The concert given in the Public Hall on Wednesday evening, the 15th ult., was no exception to the general rule. Among the principal pieces played by Mr. Russell were Sterndale Bennett's *Caprice* in E (with quintet accompaniment by Messrs. Buziau, Vierech, West, Reed, and Percival), Hummel's Quintet in E flat minor, Chopin's grand *Scherzo* in B flat, and a duet by Mendelssohn for violoncello and piano. These were executed so as to satisfy the most fastidious connoisseur, and that they were appreciated by the audience we need hardly remark. As a contrast to the foregoing Mr. Russell played a cleverly written 'show-piece' of his own, in the form of a *Polka de Concert*, which, by-the-bye, we think he introduced at his concert last year. Besides this Mr. Russell gave specimens of his vocal compositions, 'The Cottage Window' and 'Friendship' (the latter encored), both of which are charming, and were charmingly sung by Miss Banks. Mr. Russell also played the pianoforte accompaniment to Mendelssohn's violin concerto, the violin part being in the hands of M. Buziau. Mr. George Perren and Miss Fairman were the other vocalists, the latter gaining a well deserved encore for Claribel's 'Strangers yet.' The concert, which ended with the laughing trio by Martini, gave entire satisfaction."

STROUD.—About a recent concert in this Gloucestrian town, a correspondent says:—

"A concert was given on the 30th ult., in the Subscription Rooms, which have recently been altered and tastefully decorated. A large audience attended, and the proceeds are to benefit the Hospital. The vocalists were Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Fanny Armytage, Miss Laura Baxter, Mr. S. Betjeman, and Mr. Harley Vinning; instrumentalists, Mr. H. Blagrove and Mr. Sidney Smith; conductor, Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Mdlle. Liebhart sang 'Roberto, tu che adoro' and 'Little bird, so sweetly singing,' which latter was encored. In response, Mdlle. Liebhart, substituted a piquant rendering of 'Oh dear! what can the matter be?' Miss Armytage sang 'Softly sighs,' and made much effect in a seasonable ballad of her own composition, called 'Under the Mistletoe.' Miss Baxter was recalled after Benedict's 'By the sad sea waves,' and a similar compliment was paid to Mr. Betjeman for his 'Death of Nelson.' Mr. Harley Vinning showed considerable dramatic feeling in Duggan's 'Samson,' and was recalled. He was also very successful in Molloy's 'Vagabond,' both songs being well suited to his voice. Mr. Blagrove played De Beriot's *Rondo Russe*; and Mr. Sidney Smith, in one of his own charming compositions, was highly successful. The concerted music, under Mr. C. J. Hargitt's guidance, was well sung, especially Signor Randegger's trio, 'I Naviganti.'"

Shaber Silber across the "Bohemienne," &c.

Paris, Jan. 4.—*La Bohémienne* has been produced; and the public of the Théâtre Lyrique, more than that of any other theatre in Paris, trained upon masterpieces, appears satisfied. Balfe's opera had already been played in French, at Rouen—at the theatre to which Madame Bovary, M. Bovary, and the "little student" went, on a night well known to novel readers, to hear *Lucia*. In crossing the channel the parts have somehow got inverted. French critics look upon the Queen of the Gipsies as the principal character; whereas, in England, Arline, who dreamt she dwelt in marble halls, is the heroine, the Gipsy Queen being a subordinate personage. We were always under the impression that the Bohemian Girl was Arline. She is not a Bohemian; but she is at least a girl, while the Gipsy Queen is neither girl nor Bohemian. However, as the Gipsy Queen is now the chief character, we must assume that it is she, and not the kidnapped daughter of Count Arnheim, who gives a title to the work. In the French, "Arline" becomes "Sarah." There is no great harm in that;—the daughter of an Austrian nobleman might, no doubt, be called "Sarah." But fancy "Stenio," for "Thaddeus," as the hero—a proscribed Pole! Fancy, the gipsy chief of her tribe, being styled "Queen Mab!" The indifference of composers as to the meaning of "words" is well known. We wonder all the same that Mr. Balfe did not think it worth while to point out that "Stenio" is not the name for a son of that "fair land of Poland," which, according to the late Mr. Bunn, was "ploughed by the hoof," and that "Mab" is not the name of a gipsy, but of a fairy queen. One would have thought that this fact in Shakspearean mythology must be known to every one, if only from Mercutio's "Ballade de la Reine Mab," in Gounod's *Roméo et Giuliette*.

M. Weber, writing in *Le Temps*, says that the piece is in the melodramatic style, the music in the style of *opéra comique*. Another critic describes the music as composed in that mixed style, half Italian, half French, cultivated by Nicolai, Flotow, and other composers in Germany. Théodore de Banville, paradoxical author of *Odes Funambulesques*—in prose as in verse, always on the tight rope—executes a *pas seul*, to the accompaniment of M. Balfe's music, in the *National*. He throws his adjectives about in marvellous style. The action of the piece takes place "dans un cadre *curieux, vivant, pittoresque*." The "intérêt" is "toujours *ardent renouvelé, palpitant* de ce poème *agissant* et *passionné*;"

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and "la musique de Balfe, *brulante, amoureuse, extasiée et vraiment dramatique*, avec son entrain *kaletant* et *déchaîné*, sa verve *somptueuse*, son éclat *fascinateur* et *splendide*"—one adjective in every three words! Neither Paul de St. Victor nor Théophile Gautier could do more. Being a poet, M de Banville sees at once what other critics do not discover—that M. de St. George's libretto, far from being a conventional melo-drama, is a masterpiece. So is the ballet of *La Gitana*, on which the *Bohemian Girl* is founded. So is Cervantes' *Gipsy of Madrid*—a masterpiece, not only as a tale but as a study of manners—from which both are derived.

Among the most successful pieces "la romance du rève dite par Sarah" is mentioned. But we find no reference to our melancholy old friend, "The heart bowed down with wei-*eight* of woe;" nor is the tenor solo cited. That must be the fault of the tenor, as every one will admit who has heard "When other lips" sung by Mario, Giuglini, or Sims Reeves.

A monthly review was started on the 1st of January, at Florence, under the ample title of *Authors' rights in respect to Literary Articles and Musical Works, and to Dramatic and Lyrical Representations*. An "office for authors' rights" is established in connection with this journal, and said office will undertake to correspond "indistinctly" with authors, in Italian, French, Latin, German, and Spanish. The review devotes itself in particular to articles and reports on international copyright, and is published under the direction of Signor Enrico Sciajola, son of the late Minister Antonio Sciajola, known as author and proposer of the International Copyright Act, passed in 1865, between Italy and France. The *Review* will turn for documents and decisions affecting its views to the Italian Government, which promises support, and seems resolved to take energetic steps for the protection of Italian composers and authors against foreign pirates.

At Madrid, the French Minister has, at the instance of M. Hervé, called upon the director of one of the theatres to abstain from performing a Spanish version of *Le Petit Faust*, which the adapter, with brilliant originality, has called *Mefistofeles*. French authors and composers are terribly swindled; neither their own customs and laws, nor the artistic conditions of other European countries, allow them to retaliate. But it appears absurd that diplomatic action should be taken in an affair where legal process ought to suffice. Fancy the French ambassador in London protesting against the frauds practised by English adapters on the dramatists of France! The weakness, in an international sense, of the French position is this:—France produces every year a dozen pieces which are played in the rest of Europe; whereas the rest of Europe does not, in a dozen years, produce one piece which is played in France. Shabby Silver.

RUSSIAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.

The New York correspondent of a Philadelphia paper gives an amusing account of the Russian opera company at the Théâtre Française. He says:—

"As Russian baths are all the rage with us, I suppose it was natural enough for the Russian opera to visit us also, and try to make itself a popularity. I have a great respect for the Russian bear, but, 'pon rep.,' as Ainsworth says, I cannot bear either the bath or the opera we have imported from St. Petersburgh. The Russian opera is, in fact, judging from what I saw of it at the Théâtre Française on Wednesday night, the funniest solemnity, or the most solemn funniment, I have ever witnessed. The Russian opera *troupe* is unmistakably Muscovite. It is none of your make-believes. There are thirty-two members of it, counting in all its *attachés*, and every soul has a name that you can only pronounce by sneezing three times, coughing twice, and then saying through your nose, 'Skoldirovinski.' If you are afflicted with a chronic catarrh and a dislocated jawbone, it is surprising with what an approach to accuracy you can roll out the patronymics of these Sclavonic vocalists. There is but one g-ntleman of the press here, though, who pronounces those names in perfection and with a melodious ease that renders him the envy of the profession. He is the dramatic critic of a new weekly paper called *The Insomnious Weasel*. He fell off the front platform and under the wheels of a Third Avenue railroad car, about a month ago, and had his head horribly smashed. It was thought he would die at the time, but he recovered, and the pronunciation of Russian has been his *spécialité* ever since!

"The Russian opera *troupe* has a handsome capital in gold, and pays its way independent of all contingencies, like a Czar. It only arrived here some three weeks ago, but it 'fell among thieves'—to use Biblical diction—and suffered accordingly. It gave one concert, which was so well advertized that nobody heard of it except a junk-dealer down in Baxter Street, and he went in as a 'dead-head.' The receipts of that concert summed up, I am told, just forty-one dollars and fifty cents, while the bill brought in by the agent for advertizing alone came to exactly two thousand and seventeen dollars! Is it any wonder that the thirty-two Muscovy ducks proposed an immediate flight, in disgust, back again to the banks of the romantic Neva, the picturesque Volga, &c.? They incontinently took passage for Europe in the steamer of last Saturday, but were encountered on the gang-plank, as it were, going on board by manager Tayleure. He has a tongue which drops the 'honey of Hybla,' and a manner so genial and prepossessing that it is irresistible. Five minutes' conversation with Tayleure induced the *chef* of the Russian opera corps to conclude to lose a few thousand dollars more in this benighted city, and consequently we had Verstovski's *Askoldova Mogila*, a comic opera, the leading scene of which is cheerfully laid in a graveyard! The corpses did not rise from their tombs to chant funeral knells to polacco music, but they might as well; for it is the perfection of Muscovite art to walk the stage after the fashion of Hamlet's father, with arms folded in repose, to exhibit the most imperturbable contempt for all displays of emotion and to sing nothing but dismal solos, occasionally accompanied by a deadly lively chorus. Any respectable town-pump could act as gracefully as a Russian *prima donna*, and far more demonstratively so far as the gesture of the arms is concerned. I am not sure that, with a vigorous effort at the ungreased handle, a decent pump could not favour us with an equally effective melody. Such grotesque costumes, too, as these Russians wear on the stage! And such petrifying dances as they amaze us with! Such unparalleled uniqueness in every thing! But I will say no more, lest your readers, oh! good *Dispatch!* all rush on here *en masse* to escape dying of curiosity, and so leave your city a 'desolate and aching void'—which heaven forfend! But no matter; I have seen the Russian opera! Nuff sed."

On the same subject the *New York Weekly Review* observes:—

"The introduction of Russian opera at the French Theatre had in every respect the charm of novelty. The language, the music, the costumes, and especially the acting, all combined to present a very peculiar and novel entertainment. Perhaps the only exception was the music, which sounded like that of a good German scholar, although written by a thorough Russian—Verstowskajo. This composer evidently knows his profession. The treatment of the ideas is skilful and artistic, and the handling of the orchestra very often superb. The ideas themselves have the stamp of the Russian nationality, but are not strikingly original. They are, on the whole, exceedingly doleful and gloomy, and made us start with surprise when we read that 'Ascold's Tomb' was intended to be a comic opera! The entire audience seemed to share our impression, for the further the opera proceeded, the sadder everybody seemed to look. Whether it is the spirit of oppression under which the Russian people have suffered so long or not, certain it is that this music is very apt to produce a great depression of feeling, and we doubt whether even Mark Tapley—while listening to it for some time—could preserve his well-known jollity."

WAIFS.

Spontini's *Vestale* is about to be revived at Berlin.

M. Aimé Maillart is reported as getting the better of his serious malady.

M. Offenbach is at Nice, where also, are the Schneider and Signor Bottesini.

The Paris theatres, concert-rooms, &c., received, during November, 1,915,864 francs.

M. Bagier has been authorized to perform Italian operas in the French language.

Herr Ludwig Straus has been playing with great success at the Brussels popular concerts.

M. Fontana, a pupil and friend of Chopin, and editor of his posthumous works, hanged himself the other day.

Madame Patti was recalled twenty-eight times, after a performance of *La Figlia* at St. Petersburgh. What nonsense!

Madame Borghi-Mamo and Signor Junca are engaged at Venice, for the carnival season. They will appear in Donizetti's *Parisina*.

Mdlle. Nilsson was to reappear at the Grand Opéra on Monday last, in *Hamlet*—of which she must be pretty well tired we imagine.

Flotow's new opera, *L'Ombra*, is proposed to be put in rehearsal at the Opéra-Comique. Madame Ugalde will take the principal part.

The director of the Hague opera has renounced *Rienzi*, which had previously been announced. This is a good case of timely wisdom.

According to *Le Télégraphe*, Prince Poniatowski's *Pierre de Médicis* was a great success at Milan. The Prince was "called" eight times.

A Mannheim sportsman, afflicted with Wagnerism, has respectively named four of his horses, Hans Sachs, Eva, Ritter Stolzing, and Lohengrin.

M. Lefébure Wely, the well-known French organist and composer for the organ, fell dead, a few days since, at the foot of his organ, in the church of St. Sulpice, Paris.

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The first twenty representations of *La Princesse de Trebizonde*, produced 86,622 francs. Who would not be an Offenbach, from a financial point of view?

Mdlle. Liebhart is engaged as *prima donna* by the directors of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. Mdlle. Liebhart joins the *troupe* on their provincial tour at the end of February.

Of M. Lefebure Wely, the great French organist and composer, who died suddenly last week, we shall have something to say in our next number. He was at least a "notability."

The Rotterdam opera has brought out Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* with success. We wonder if success is due to the odd notion of a Dutchman being able to fly under any circumstances!

A Conservatoire jury (Paris) did a terrible day's work on Thursday week. It listened to, and pronounced upon the ability of 130 pianists. The members are reported as well as can be expected.

Virginie Morel (Baroness du Verger) once a pianist of note, died in Paris, December 17th, at the age of 70. She was a pupil of Louis Adam; and, at one time, pianist to the Duchess de Berry.

M. Pasdeloup's programme last Sunday was as follows:—Overture (*Oberon*), Weber; Pastoral Symphony, Beethoven; Air de ballet, *Dardanus*), Rameau; Prelude (*Lohengrin*), Wagner; music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn.

The father of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (in Sweden) being dangerously ill, it was doubtful, according to our latest advice, whether she would be able, for some time at least, to make her *rentrée*, as Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, at the Grand Opéra.

The Roman censorship has been doing fine things lately. It has ordained that the music of the Huguenots in Meyerbeer's work shall be given to the Catholics; that Mephisto in *Faust* shall be a doctor; and that the monastery in *La Favorita* shall be a hospital.

Napoleon III. pays for his box at the Opera, 100,000 francs annually; at the Opéra-Comique Italiens, and Théâtre Français, 30,000 francs; at the Gmynase and Odéon, 10,000 francs. No wonder that the Government proposes to put an end to such extravagance.

Mdlle. Maria Roze has made her *début* at the Grand Opéra in Paris, as Marguerite, in *Faust*, with moderate success. It is but fair to add that she was suddenly called upon to replace Madame Miolan-Carvalho, and had had no rehearsal. Moreover, the vast stage of the Opéra was quite foreign to her experience.

At the annual general meeting of the subscribers to the Llandaff Diocesan Church Choral Association, held on Tuesday, at the Cardiff Town Hall, the Lord Bishop of Llandaff in the chair, it was arranged that a Festival of the English Choirs should take place in Llandaff Cathedral on Wednesday, the 20th of July.

A new Mass, in D, composed by Mr. George D. Rutter, who is well known in Australia as a distinguished amateur and composer, was produced, for the first time in this country, on Sunday last, in the Roman Catholic Chapel, Grove-end Road, under the direction of the composer. The *soli* parts were sustained by Miss Bailey, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Larwell, and Mr. Perugini. There was a large auditory of professors and others, who appeared much pleased with the music. Mr. Charles Hargitt presided; the whole performance was satisfactory.

The Leeds papers announce the first performance, on the 14th inst., by the Madrigal and Motet Society (Lord Londesborough, president), of Dr. Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, to be followed by a miscellaneous selection. The principals are Mdlle. Clara Doria, Miss Annie Anyon, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. G. Hale Rushworth. Mr. Burton will conduct, and Dr. Spark presides at the grand organ, on which instrument the work will be accompanied. The chorus numbers about 200 singers, who have been for years under Dr. Spark's training, and who sang at the recent Nilsson Festival Choral Concerts. Such a combination, at moderate charges of admission, ought to command the support of Leeds amateurs; and we trust to be able to record a triumphant success both for Dr. Bennett's work, and the undertaking *quand même*.

There is aggressive amateurism in New York, as in London, and it has moved the *Orpheonist* thus to speak about one of its manifestations:—

"A lady, 'distinguished amateur' and 'from Paris,' has been singing at the Academy of Music. We cannot think of infringing so much upon the sacred limits of domestic privacy as to mention this Parisian denizen's name, nor can we even allow ourselves to attempt to describe her performance; it would be a presumption, for how could we be qualified to judge such exalted beings as 'amateurs,' and 'from Paris,' too? When the lady condescends to do something for Art, resigns foreign affectations (which also always flavour American 'Stilton' cheese), and rises to the dignity of a professed countrywoman and a confessed artist, when she can summon courage sufficient to snap her fingers in the faces of the addle-pated sprats of effete New York 'fashionable' society, then, and not till then, may we in conscience do her the honour and ourselves the unalloyed pleasure of sounding her name abroad. We regretted this lady's appearance at the Philharmonic rehearsal of November 12. It was a reprehensible innovation, and a dangerous precedent. We thought that the Philharmonic was for artists, and for *none but* artists. To turn our glorious society into a place for the vain-glorious display of any mere amateur is questionable policy, at best."

The following bit of characteristic criticism appeared recently in the New York *Orpheonist*. The lash might be similarly applied in this country with good effect:—

"Mr. J. E. Hammer, whose education is European, whose profession is that of pianist, and whose picture not only adorns bar-rooms and music-stores, but also an entire page of his programme, gave his first *matinée* at Steinway Hall on November 20th. We are always afraid of these 'furriner-taught' chaps, who know so much and play so splendidly, and our native modesty will assert itself—paralyzing our arm as soon as we attempt a *critique* upon them. If we differ with their opinions, we tremble lest they may retort by shaking an old cigar stump of Von Bulow, or a worn out toothpick of Tausig in our face, to prove the incontestibility of their claims to the respect of us mere 'natives,' and if we tell the truth we are accused of being 'professionally jealous' of the 'proud position,' &c., of these gentlemen; so we will, for once, write a lie which shall be a 'whopper'—viz., Mr. Hammer's playing was magnificent! Without the slightest ill-feeling to the pianist, we assure him that he had better give up acting as if he thought the American public could be hoodwinked by printer's ink and lithography in the matter of piano-playing. Mr. S. B. Mills, Richard Hoffman, Gottschalk, and one or two others, have taught us too much for *that*. Mr. Hammer had better gather his portraits together again, and put them in pickle until he becomes a pianist—that is, if *they will keep*."

The New York *Orpheonist* thus warns a Professor of something or other not musical to respect the proverb "Ne sutor," &c. The lesson has its application nearer home:—

"Prof. Comfort, of Princeton, has been assuring us that music is splendidly developed in this country, but that we have no grand buildings in which to preserve rusty pennies. The last may be true, but the first assertion we know to be false. The Professor's remarks were made at a meeting of the Union League Club, for the purpose of founding an Institute of Art, in which we do not believe any place would be found for a historic banjo, or a Revolutionary Jewsharp. We do not enjoy Prof. Comfort's acquaintance (rather he does not enjoy *ours*), so that we do not know whether or not he is jealous of music, but it is no new thing for scientific men in other departments to assume the belligerent attitude with relation to our art, although we think not a very honourable one. Prof. Comfort should not *cry* comfort when there is *no* comfort, or peace when there is no peace. Music is by no means well developed in our country. We wish these learned literary and statistical giants would let us alone and not bring us into their speeches as comparisons or metaphors. They never touch us without becoming ridiculous, from their ignorance of musical things and people. Dean Swift's abomination was music. Dicky Steel fired off his best pop-guns at music, and at Dr. Arne; and even 'the gentle Elia' lowered himself to the same amusement.

'Cannot a man live free and easy
Without admiring Pergolese,' &c.

But all such things have not helped the poets *much*, while they have certainly hurt us *less*; and it is with feelings of profoundest respect and distinguished regard that we smile, smirk, shiver, and blush at being compelled to beg these intellectual pyramids most kindly and deferentially to —— to —— *let us alone and mind their own business*. Do *we* meddle with syntax, logarithms, and hexameters? Not we!"

The *Pittsburgh Gazette* tells of a strange dance of death:—

"A few evenings since a ball was held in one of the halls of the city, at which a large number of young folks were in attendance. Among the attractions was a prize, a gold ring, offered to the lady who should out-waltz all competitors. At twelve o'clock the band struck up 'Il Bacio,' and a dozen competitors took their places. At the expiration of twenty minutes four gave way leaving the rest twirling and whirling. One hour more, there were but three couples on the floor, and the dance went on till another hour had passed, another couple gave way leaving the remaining two pair of terpsichorean devotees. The band played and played and played, and the dancers danced and danced and danced, till even those who looked upon them grew sick and dizzy. At the end of the fourth hour the musicians grew feeble, and from the finger-ends of the violinists the blood trickled to the floor; but still they supplied the moving power to keep the dancers going. The excitement grew intense as the fifth hour came on, and there were those present who insisted on putting an end to the merry, though reckless suicide. However, no interference was permitted, and the prize dance over the jaws of death went on. After five hours had elapsed, one of the ladies fainted, her partner quickly followed her example, and, amid cheers, the prize was awarded to the couple

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that kept the floor. Then came a summing up of damages. The two contesting girls were nigher death than life, and had to be conveyed to their homes, together with their partners, who were as badly used, in carriages, and all have since been in a precarious condition. The girls had to have their shoes cut from their feet, and their limbs were swollen to an enormous size. The young men will hardly recover, and the musicians suffered terribly, and will never again play at a terpsichorean contest. So much for foolishness."

We add, hopefully, so much for fibbing.

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BEETHOVENIANA. No. V.*

(*Continued from page* 863).

VIII.—FINALE TO A SMALL OPERA HITHERTO UNKNOWN—*continued.*

The beginning of the *terzett* is as follows—the orchestral parts being compressed for the sake of room :—

Nie war ich so froh wie
Nie war ich so froh wie
Viol. 1.
Viol. 1 and 2.
Bassi.
Viola.
Cello.
heu-te, nie-mals fühlt ich die-se Freu-de.
heu-te, nie-mals fühlt ich die-se Freu-de. Gu-te Göt-ter blickt her-ab, seg-net ih-re rei-nen Trie-be; e-wig
Cello.
Viol. 2.
C. B.
Gu-te Göt-ter blickt her-
Gu-te Göt-ter blickt her-
treu sei ih-re Lie-be, e-wig treu bis in das Grab.
Gu-te
Viola.
Fag.
-ab, . . seg-net un-sre rei-nen Trie-be, Seg-net un-sre rei-nen Trie-be, e-wig treu sei un-sre
Got-ter blickt her-ab, seg-net ih-re rei-nen Trie-be, e-wig, e-wig treu sei un-re
Fag.

* From the German of Herr Nottebohm.

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Incorporated by Royal Charter.

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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
President—The RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DUDLEY.
Principal—PROFESSOR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

The Lent Term will commence on MONDAY the 17th inst., and terminate on SATURDAY the 16th of April.
Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution on THURSDAY the 13th inst., at Eleven o'clock, and every following Thursday at the same hour.
By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.
Royal Academy of Music,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS.—ANGELL TOWN INSTITUTION, BRIXTON. DIRECTOR—MR. RIDLEY PRENTICE. FOURTH CONCERT, THURSDAY, January 20th. Quartet in D, Beethoven; Duet for two Pianofortes, Cipriani Potter; Fantaisie-Impromptu, Chopin; Sonata in G (Op. 30), Pianoforte and Violin, Beethoven. Messrs. H. Blagrove, F. Ralph, R. Blagrove, W. H. Aylward, Walter Macfarren, and Ridley Prentice. Vocalists, Miss Annie Edmonds and Mr. Harley Vinning. Tickets, 3s. 6d., 2s., and 1s., to be obtained of Mr. Ridley Prentice and at the music shops.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing at the Brixton Monthly Popular Concert on the 20th inst., and at the Royal Artillery Concert, Woolwich, in the "MESSIAH," on the 25th inst. For Concerts, Oratorios, &c., address 18, Malcolm Road, Penge, S.E.

MR. KENNEDY, the celebrated Scottish Vocalist, will give his Entertainment on the Songs of Scotland at the HANOVER SQUARE Rooms, on MONDAY and TUESDAY, next, January 17th and 18th. Pianoforte—Miss KENNEDY. Commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 1s.; at all the Musicsellers, and at the Rooms.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Basso Cantante) has returned from Italy. Letters respecting Engagements to be addressed to 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

MISS MINA POOLE and MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing Offenbach's popular duet, "I'M AN ALSATIAN," from his operetta, "Lischen and Fritzchen," at Chester, January 15th.

MISS JESSIE ROYD will sing BENEDICT'S admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at Guildford, on Thursday, January 20th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing at Hertford Town Hall on the 17th inst., and Hemel-Hemstead on the 18th, WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," and ASCHER'S popular romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MISS ALEXANDRINA DWIGHT will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new waltz aria, "THE NAIADES," and his ballad, "THE SPRING," at Hertford and Hemel-Hemstead on the 17th and 18th inst.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY having terminated his engagement for Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's provincial tour, requests that all Letters may be forwarded to Bedford Chambers, 28, Southampton Street, Covent Garden, until the 20th January 1870, after which date he is engaged for Mr. Santley's tour in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

MADAME MONTSERRAT (Contralto) is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. For terms and particulars respecting Lessons, &c., address — Madame Montserrat, 45, Tavistock Crescent, Westbourne Park, W.

SIGNOR ROMANO (from Naples) begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has arrived in town for the season. All communications respecting Singing Lessons for the Stage or Concert-room to be addressed to his residence, 6, Maddox Street, Regent Street.

MISS ANDROMEDA OXLEY (Soprano). For Engagements, and Lessons in Singing and the Pianoforte, address — Miss Oxley, 7, Adelaide Road, Haverstock Hill, N.W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting Engagements with his Pupil, Miss Bessie Emmett, to be addressed to Mr. J. TERNELLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

THE ORPHEUS QUARTET can be engaged, on moderate terms, for Institutions, Public and Private Concerts, &c., &c., on the shortest possible notice. Address—Mr. ALFRED PEIRSON, Secretary, 46, Regent Street, W.

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MR. SANTLEY has the honour to announce that his FIRST CONCERT TOUR in England, Ireland, and Scotland will commence in January, 1870. Mr. Santley will be assisted by Madame SINICO, Miss EDMONDS, HERR WILHELMJ, the celebrated violinist, and Madame ARABELLA GODDARD. All applications for the engagement of the party to be made to Mr. Wood, Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street.

THE SURREY CHORAL SOCIETY. For Ladies and Gentlemen. ALL SAINTS SCHOOL-ROOM, Westmoreland Road, Walworth, (near Surrey Square, Old Kent Road, S.E.) Conductor, Mr. Leonard Walker. Accompanist, Mr. H. W. Little, Jun. Secretary, Mr. A. Lloyd, L.D.S., R.C.S.

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F. C. WEBER, Secretary.

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BEETHOVENIANA. No. V.*

(*Continued from page* 863).

VIII.—FINALE TO A SMALL OPERA HITHERTO UNKNOWN—*continued.*

The beginning of the *tersett* is as follows—the orchestral parts being compressed for the sake of room :—

Nie war ich so froh wie
Nie war ich so froh wie
Viol. 1.
Viol. 1 and 2.
Basai.
Viola.
Cello.
heu - te, nie - mals fühlt ich die - se Freu - de.
heu - te, nie - mals fühlt ich die - se Freu - de. Gu - te Göt - ter blickt her - ab, seg - net ih - re rei - nen Trie-be; e - wig
Cello.
Viol. 2.
C. B.
Gu - te Göt - ter blickt her -
Gu - te Göt - ter blickt her -
treu sei ih - re Lie - be, e - - - wig treu bis in das Grab. Gu - te
Viola.
Fag.
- ab, . . seg - net un - sre rei - nen Trie - be, Seg - net un - sre rei - nen Trie - be, e-wig treu sei un - sre
Got - ter blickt her - ab, seg - net ih - re rei - nen Trie - be, e-wig, e - - - wig treu sei eu - re
Fag.

* From the German of Herr Nottebohm.

Lie - be, e - wig treu bis in das Grab, bis in das Grab, e - - - wig treu bis in das
Lie - be, e - wig treu bis in das Grab, bis in das Grab, e - - - wig e - - wig
Grab Wie war ich so froh wie bei - de.
Wie war ich so froh wie bei - - - - - - - - - - - - de, wie wie bei - de.
Gu - te Gat - ter pflicht bar - ah.
Viol. 1 and 2.
Viol. 2.
Cello.
Cello.
&c.

The similarity between this beginning and that of the duet, "O namenlose Freude," in the first version of *Leonora* (1805), is obvious at a glance. For the sake of comparison, we give a few bars of this duet taken from an old manuscript, revised by the composer, and at present in the same library with the trio, on the first page of which stand the words, "alte oper," in Beethoven's handwriting. With this MS. agrees the vocal score of *Leonora*, edited by Otto Jahn, for Breitkopf and Härtel. The vocal score, published by the same firm in 1810, and now out of print, is taken from the second version of the opera (1806), in which the duet is altered and materially shortened from 213 to 124 bars.

The main subject, which in the first version recurs three times, here comes but twice; but at the beginning, for 50 bars or so, both versions agree pretty closely. In the third version, known as *Fidelio*, the alterations are made both at the beginning of the duet and in the chief subject, so that comparison is hardly possible.

It will be seen that, putting the accompaniment on one side, the principal themes are exactly alike in all the various respects of key, time, succession of keys, figures, motifs, &c., with the exception of one note. This is the first D given to the word "O," in the duet, which does not exist in the trio—a difference too trifling to alter the melody or to have any influence on the musical conditions of the piece. It is a mere metrical difference, occasioned by the text, and disappearing in the rhythm.

There is the same similarity in other particulars. Thus the motif,

sung by Leonora and Florestan, first in half and then entire, although occurring in another position, and somewhat changed in form, will be found in the *terzett* to the words, "Gute Götter, blickt herab."

Other differences, relating to the rhythm, and the relation of the music to the text, are most important. In the trio, the subject is only once repeated, and that by the voices; while, in the duet, it is repeated in turn by orchestra and voices, so as to come four times over, the voices pausing after and before the first time. In the trio this pause does not occur. There the lovers sing two verses without interruption, and are then silent for Porus. In the duet, Leonora and Florestan repeat the words, "O namenlose Freude," to the chief subject, and then part to reunite further on.

The trio, as a whole, is of more simple and primitive character than the duet. In the first part, all that follows the first solo of Porus is developed out of the preceding themes; while, in the duet, fresh themes and episodes are introduced. In the remainder of both pieces the thematic work of the first part is chiefly employed with a new idea here and there. The duet, however, is longer than the trio, in consequence of the great extension of its first portion. Both pieces are in *Rondo* form.

If from the form we pass to the musical spirit of the two pieces, there is no difficulty in giving the duet the preference. The emotion of joy lies at the base of each, but the expression of the emotion is more imaginative and forcible in the duet than the trio. The means of expression in the duet are so thoroughly suited to the words and the situation, that it is impossible to understand how they can have been equally well applied in the trio. Thus the pause which occurs after Leonora and Florestan have sung the words, "O namenlose Freude," for the first time, is certainly significant, and intended to express the breathless joy of the lovers. It is surely also appropriate to the situation that Leonora and Florestan should sing so few words, and repeat those they have already sung. Such emotion as theirs does not deal in many words—"the thoughts are too far from the lips."

Again the *fermate* which suddenly occurs at the word "lust," and the transition to a slower *tempo*, seem like points of rest and collectedness in the overpowering emotions of the lovers: but of such expression the trio shows nothing. The lovers there repeat none of the words which express their first outburst of pleasure. Porus sings a stanza of four uninterrupted lines, after which the lovers appear to forget their delight and implore the blessing of the gods. The piece does not contain a single pause, and the *tempo* with which it started rules throughout.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(*From our original Correspondent.*)

The reprise of *Freischütz* with new scenery and costumes is in preparation at the new operahouse for the beginning of January next. Finanzrath Baron Max von Weber, having accepted an invitation of Director Dinglstedt, will come from Dresden to be present at the first performance of this very popular work of his immortal father.

The second abonnement-Concert, two Concerts of Frau Schumann, three Concerts of the florentin-quartett, and the annual performance of the *Creation* of Haydn, have been the best (more or less successful) musical entertainments of the last two weeks.

At the operahouse a beginner, Frl. Busse has made a very favourable impression as Contessa, in the *Nozze di Figaro*. This Lady is in possession of a very sympathetic *mezzo-soprano*, as well as of a good singing method. Her fine figure and Ladylike manners are quite suited to the part she chose for her *début*; but wanting pathos and istrionical power, I do not think that she will be so successful in other parts requiring more animation than that of the apathic countess.

The celebrated Wiener Männergesangverein gave their first Concert this season on the 19th instant, bringing out on the occasion three novelties for chorus and orchestra, by the Herren Muck, Gernsheim, and Goldnark, which (perhaps with a little modification for the last named Gentleman) are just what the german call "Machmerke," that is to say, made up without any inspiration, and endouvering to describe with orchestral and polyphonical effects the signification and sentiment of every word of the poem they have put in to music. The *Desert* of Félicien David was capitally rendered at the same Concert. The first concert this season, of the *Orchesterverein*, a society of first rate *dilettanti*, under the direction of Herr Heissler, took place on the 21st December, proving once more, that real amateurs can arrive through perseverance to excell in art. The Concert went on splendidly, and it gave opportunity to Frl. Caroline Schmerhofsky (the pupil of the Conservatoire of whom I spoke already in my last) to reveal her extraordinary talent and capital voice. She sang on this occasion a most beautiful, but extremely difficulty *aria di bravura* from the opera *Le billet de loterie* by Stonar (a gem nearly forgotten), and the amazement and enthusiasm of the public were so great, that after having recalled eight times the young songstress, they insisted upon calling forth her singing mistress, Mme. de Marchesi, who was obliged to bow from her seat, and thank the audience, among vociferouses applauses. Frl. Schmerhofsky, only seventeen years of age, is a very pretty girl, and in possession of every requisite to make a first rate singer. Let her learn two years more, and no doubt she will become a star of the greatest magnitude in the musical firmament. That is not only my own prognostic, but the opinion of the whole Viennese press in general, and the one expressed by Dr. Hanslick in the number 1909 (21st December) of the *Neue Freie Presse*.

The Direction of the Imperial Operahouse, having failed to find a Convinient substitute for Mlle. de Murska, is endeauvering to engage once more this celebrated *Prima donna*. *En attendant*, Mlle. de Murska is going to give a few performances here with *abonnement suspendu* previous to her departure for Paris. Her first appearance as Martha, on thursday last, was a grandious triumph from the beginning to the end of the opera, and the variations of Proch, which she sang at the end of the third act, brought the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Happy new year.

Vienna, 31st December. SALVATORE SAVERIO DI BALDASSARE.

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THE LIBRETTO OF *DER FREISCHUTZ.**

A short time before his death (on the 25th June, 1844), Friedrich Kind published at Leipsic a work entitled *Das Freischützbuch*, containing, besides the libretto of *Der Freischütz*, some curious details concerning the relations between Kind, and his collaborator, Carl Maria von Weber, from which we extract the following particulars:—

"Some time during the year 1816, Herr Schmiedel, *Kammermusicus*, called upon me, and brought with him a stranger dressed in black, and having a pale but clever face. Judging from his long arms, and his unusually developed hands, I at first took him for a pianist; it was Carl Maria von Weber. I was delighted at making his acquaintance; he had already a certain amount of reputation. He had set to music some popular songs, taken from those of Herder and Wunderhorn, of Körner and myself. This had flattered me all the more, as, up to then, I had never had any communication with him. I knew, moreover, that he was to have the post of chapel-master at Dresden.

"The conversation became animated; we spoke of a variety of subjects. At length, Weber said to me: 'You must write me an opera.' The proposal made me laugh. I had tried my hand at various kinds of composition, it is true, but the notion of writing a libretto had never entered my head. I rather liked the idea; besides, it is my firm conviction that nothing ought to be impossible for a poet. I frankly confessed to Weber that I scarcely knew my notes. He said that that would make no difference. 'It is settled; we shall understand one another; we will arrange the rest some other time!' We took leave of each other like two old friends.

"Weeks and months passed by; I had all sorts of work to do, but this did not cause me to renounce my project. I remembered that certain of my poems had been set to music, and proved successful; I remembered, too, having read, somewhere or other, that, by being united to opera, tragedy would reach the acmè of perfection. Lastly, Weber came and settled at Dresden, though I forget when.† He called and again spoke of my libretto. I at first affected unwillingness, but I did so like a girl who only desires to get married. I had often heard of the exacting disposition of composers, who look upon an opera merely from a musical point of view, and compel the author to introduce all sorts of modifications and alterations. I spoke out frankly to Weber on the subject. 'I will set your book,' he said, 'just as you send it in, of that I give you my word; as for details, which will require simply a stroke of the pen, you will, out of friendship for me, not refuse to change them.'

"The question was now to find a subject; I wanted a popular one, suited to Weber's peculiar kind of talent and my own. We looked through Museus and a Benedictus; collections of romances and of tales. At length we decided on Apel's *Freischütz*, but we afterwards gave it up. The censure was severe; the subject might be considered dangerous, as tending to propagate superstitious ideas. Besides, in Apel's story, the lovers die. This would not be allowed on the stage. All these difficulties discouraged us, and we parted without coming to any determination.

"But the notion had taken a firm hold of me; my heart beat high; I paced up and down my room, exciting my imagination with the fresh poetry of the forests and of popular legends. At length, the mists cleared away, and the dawn began to appear. That same evening, or the next morning very early, I ran off to Weber. 'I will do *Freischütz* for you. I will tackle the devil himself! I go back; I will have nothing modern. We are living at the end of the Thirty Years' War, in the midst of the Forests of Bohemia. A pious hermit has appeared to me! The white rose is a protection against the Demon hunter! Innocence comes to the aid of the Strong one, when the latter is hesitating; hell succumbs, and Heaven is triumphant!' I narrated my plot at length, and we flung ourselves in each others' arms, exclaiming: *Long live our Freischütz!*"

M. Edmond Neukomm relates (*History of Der Freischütz*, Paris, A. Faure, 1867) how the two friends came to quarrel after the triumph achieved by their work at Berlin, on the 18th June, 1821:—

"Weber had only returned a short time to Dresden, when his recent joy was succeeded by a feeling of sorrow, caused by the susceptibility of his collaborator, Kind.

"Kind accused Weber of not having brought him sufficiently forward, and, in addition, with having used him merely for his own ends. It was in vain that Weber appealed to their old friendship, and reminded him of his letters immediately after the first representation of their work at Berlin. But nothing was of any avail. Quite the contrary: just as the success of *Der Freischütz* increased, the greater was the amount of dissatisfaction manifested by Kind, who, at length, gave full vent to his feelings. It was at the end of 1821. *Der Freischütz* had made its way triumphantly through all Germany; it had been represented simultaneously at every large theatre in that country. Its success had everywhere proved the same, immense and nearly unopposed; the work had, in consequence, brought in the sum of 1693 thalers to its author, in less than six months. Weber thought this was the time for making another attempt at reconciliation with his friend Kind. He wrote him a charming letter, one of those letters which he so well knew how to write, a letter which was dictated by the heart from beginning to end. Considering his embarrassed circumstances, Weber begged Kind to accept thirty ducats, a sum equal to that they had fixed for Kind's share, and which had been paid . . . . 'My dear fellow, allow me to slip this into your hand, and promise me you will lay it out in some way agreeable to yourself, and to your friends, so that I may see my sole object in sending it gratified, namely: a wish to please you.'

"But Kind was not in the slightest degree touched by Weber's delicacy. He returned the present, accompanied by a letter, in which he complains of composers, who purchase a poem dirt cheap, and then consider the business settled, while they continue to enable every one else, singers, machinists, choristers, and even lamp-men, to profit by the large sums the opera brings in. He summed up by saying that a person, worthy of belief, had stated that Count Brühl had sent 800 thalers for him, but that he had not seen a rapp. He returned, therefore, the thirty ducats to Weber, and looked upon the business as terminated. Weber kept his sorrow to himself, and said nothing."

† From *Le Guide Musical*.

* He left Berlin on the 12th January, 1817, and arrived the next evening at Dresden.

REACTION.

(*From the "New York Tribune."*)

Two years ago, when half the town ran madly after her rollicking Highness of Gerolstein, and clapped their hands for joy that in the new French Apollo they had a greater god than any of the old Italians whose lays had charmed us before, a few sober people who had not been caught by the prevailing mania cried out that the musical art had got its death-blow, and we were all rushing to moral and æsthetic destruction. And it seemed indeed for a while as if they might be right. From the Grand Duchess to the Fair Helen was only one step, and from Troy to Brabant was another. While the revels of Offenbach raged fast and furious at one end of Fourteenth Street, the faces of musicians grew sad and anxious at the other. Artists raised their voices in vain amid the solitudes of the Academy, while shapely women were flaunting their skirts and saying naughty things on the boards of the French Theatre. So the doors of the operahouse were locked one day, the cotton covers were drawn over the gilded boxes, and the dust was left to settle on the great stage until such time as the world should get through with its frolic and recover its senses. Mrs. Grant White and others might well believe that art was departing for ever from the stage, and more nonsense and frivolity coming to permanently take its place. At last, however, the frolic became so daring that innocent eyes were opened to its real significance, and ladies found out that the fair Helen and the unhappy Genevieve were not very good company for them; and then the reaction began. So much money was lost in *opera bouffe*, and such a marked change took place in the character of its patrons, that after the second season not a vestige of that style of entertainment was to be found in the whole city.

It was a serious question at first, however, whether the true art and the false had not both been overthrown. Very few supposed that musical taste would revive without at least a year or two of depression. But fashion is as fickle in music as she is in skirts and bonnets, and goes back as readily to a discarded composer as she does to an abandoned petticoat. We dare say that the great jubilee at Boston has had its effect in turning the public away from their false gods, and convincing them that they can worship with quite as much pleasure and quite as much style at the feet of Rossini as at the calves of Tostee. Be this as it may, fashion has set violently and suddenly towards the legitimate in the art of music. A seat at the Philharmonic concert is an unpurchasable luxury for which a New York belle would sacrifice the best ball of the season. The centenary of Beethoven is to be celebrated here with a grandeur which will make Boston blush with mortification and howl with envy. One English opera company has sung for us and gone away with full pockets, and another follows it with the same success. And finally, Italian opera, thought to be the most hopelessly prostrate of all lyric enterprises, basks in such a sunshine of favour that manager and singers must be amazed at their own prosperity. All these successes are well deserved, but they are not the less remarkable for all that. A good performance of *William Tell* is a blessing which descends upon America only once in a decade or so; and a performance with such an Arnoldo as the new tenor who had now fired the town would mark an epoch in the musical history of any city; yet music is so seldom rewarded as it should be that there is perhaps more reason to be surprised at the fashionable enthusiasm than if it wasted itself upon the dyed locks and stuffed anatomy of the ladies of the ballet. Frankly, we must say that fashion has shown a degree of sense for which we were quite unprepared.

IT OUGHT TO BE TRUE, IF IT IS NOT.—According to the *Patrie* Richard Wagner lately sent a copy of his *Judaism in Music* to Offenbach After reading what the "Musician of the Future" had to say about Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and other Jewish composers, Offenbach wrote as follows:—"My dear Wagner, I think you would do better to stick to music." On receiving this laconic epistle, Wagner forwarded Offenbach the score of *Die Meistersinger*. Two days later, Wagner received a second letter which ran thus:—"My dear Wagner, after mature reflection, I feel convinced that the best thing you can do is to confine yourself to writing books."

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RETROSPECTIVE.

The musical history of 1869 is of a chequered character. In some respects, encouraging; in others, it gives little cause for congratulation. The question arises—On which side is the balance? We believe on the side of progress. In music, as in so many other things, one must look beneath the surface for a fair estimate of results. To those who do so, the fact is clear that right principles of art are making more and more way; that a greater power of appreciation is noticeable; and that musical education, amid a good deal which is absurd, or simply weak and futile, really goes on. But we have not so much to discuss the evidences of an advanced artistic taste, as to look back over the year 1869, and note what was done. Our survey can only take the form of a slight sketch, the filling up of which must be left to the refreshed memory of the reader.

Church music has continued to receive the attention which it still so sadly needs. That good results have been secured a very slight acquaintance with the matter proves. We are sorry to say, however, that these results are mainly confined to parish churches, the cathedrals participating in them little, if at all. The question of cathedral music reform has made hardly any visible progress during the year. There are still the glaringly bad arrangements which so long ago excited the wrath of men who felt that cathedral churches should be an ensample to all others. The singers are still underpaid, and, as a consequence, often inefficient. Moreover, they are still too few for the purposes they pretend to serve; while the music used calls loudly for change from feeble twaddle or contrapuntal inanity, to that which shall stir devotional feeling in the hearts of worshippers, and be worthy the service and place with which it is connected. But while all these things continue, public opinion has ripened for reform. Many parish churches have shot ahead of the cathedrals and shame them by contrast. There only remains for some authoritative hand to work upon the latter in the direction of an efficient musical service. From the comfortable nests wherein repose comfortable dignitaries protests might be heard; but the world outside cathedral precincts would look on with acquiescence. An improvement in one department of church music has attracted much attention during the year. We refer to the healthy reaction in favour of genuine organ music, as against the bastard stuff known by the name of "arrangements." This reaction, judging by signs which have appeared, lacks nothing of force and completeness. How much good it is certain to effect, both as regards encouragement to a branch of musical composition, and improvement in a department of executive art, need not here be stated. By-and-bye, perhaps, we shall have to note a like improvement in the taste with which organists use their instrument during divine service. In many cases, just now, we see the augmented resources of the organ made a nuisance by the way they are used. A change for the better depends, we fear, upon the establishment of some regular and adequate test of fitness for an organist's work. If this be really the case, improvement may come with the Greek Kalends! hardly before.

Concerts of sacred music were not too numerous during the past year. Such as took place, however, proved, on the whole, interesting. A very important feature was the establishment of Mr. Barnby's Oratorio Concerts, and the appearance of a prospectus which went beyond the range of half-a-dozen familiar works. Mr. Barnby's production of *Jephtha* in the spring, and recently of *Acis* and the *Dettingen*, with Mendelssohn's accompaniments, were events of more than ordinary importance, not only for their own sake, but also for their stimulating effect upon other societies. The latter result is evident. Early in the year, for example, the Sacred Harmonic Society moved its huge bulk to the bringing forth of Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and one of the same composer's psalms. We have since had *Deborah*; and expect soon the great Mass in D of Beethoven. Upon the National Choral Society good example has had a less apparent influence. Whether this result from a spirit of resistance or a feeling of weakness is a question not to be decided here. The two festivals of 1869, held at Norwich and Worcester, need be recalled only for the sake of an allusion to Mr. Pierson's *Hezekiah* at the former town, and Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* at the latter. *Hezekiah* threatened to be a source of long dispute, but agitation speedily died out; and it is a good prospect for 1870 that nothing further is said about getting up a performance of the oratorio in London. The success of Mr. Sullivan's work at the Crystal Palace is an event so recent that bare allusion to it will suffice.

Orchestral concerts were numerous enough in 1869, and their number must be regarded as a favourable sign. How the Philharmonic Society popularized itself by reduced prices and a removal to St. James's Hall; and how it gave better performances of capital music, everybody remembers. It should also be borne in mind that the programmes were not deficient in novelty; and that, generally, the old society made an earnest effort to accommodate itself to new conditions. The New Philharmonic ran its venerable rival hard, and Dr. Wylde's season was noticeable for the production of several works of interest, such as Herr Hiller's pianoforte concerto in C, and Cherubini's overture, *Die Portuguische Gasthoff*. So much attention is deservedly paid in these columns to the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, that we need only indicate in as few words as possible, how well their reputation was sustained during 1869. Other musical doings at the Crystal Palace have been legion. The Rossini Festival; the summer concerts (with a larger infusion of the classical element); the great gatherings of children; and, last of all in every sense, the Tonic Sol-fa monstrosity in imitation of Boston—these secured to Palace frequenters a round of musical entertainments from the beginning of the year to its end. Among the other orchestral concerts given were those conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie (to whom the public are indebted for a hearing of much interesting music) and the few which an unkind fate permitted Mr. Hargitt to conduct at Holborn Amphitheatre.

Concerts of chamber music have been mainly confined to well established institutions, with the "Monday Populars" at their head. Mr. Arthur Chappell never catered more successfully for his public than during 1869. How, in the early months, he produced novelty after novelty, and how, of late, he brought forward the distinguished violinist, Madame Néruda, are well remembered facts. They are, moreover, facts doubly pleasant to contemplate, because showing that, after ten years of existence, the "Pops" are as vigorous as ever; with a promise of long life about them, affording a guarantee of abundant future pleasure. Among other concerts of note must be mentioned the unique pianforte recitals given by Madame Arabella Goddard; recitals, the importance of which, like the transcendant ability which carried them through with success, hardly obtained sufficient recognition. Mr. Hallé's recitals presented nothing new, and can be passed with simple mention; while the concerts given in Mdlle. Nilsson's name at Exeter Hall, have been very recent subjects for comment.

Turning now to opera, we have to note a futile attempt at coalition and monopoly. As was readily foreseen, and confidently foretold, the Gye-Mapleson alliance proved every way hurtful. No good came of it to art or to the public, because the managers could profit by monopoly, with a minimum of exertion on their part. Hence the season was, in a musical sense, the worst ever known. Of course such a state of things could not last, and the year just commenced will witness a rivalry out of which, whatever may happen to the rivals, gain will come to the public. In these remarks we have paid no heed to the miserable business at the Lyceum, which only resulted in annoyance and injury to a number of respectable artists. English opera, so long out in the cold, found a home, or, rather homes, in 1869. *Acis and Galatea* was brought out at the Princess's Theatre with a completeness which the manager has since, perhaps, regretted; and, at the Crystal Palace, Mr. George Perren carried on a series of performances which obtained much favour. As these are to be resumed we still indulge a hope that they may prove the beginning of better things. All circumstances favour this result. The appliances are to hand, artists might readily be found, an admirable orchestra is on the spot, and possible failure does not mean possible ruin. If such circumstances are not duly taken advantage of, the fault will be serious, and the consequence unfortunate.

In the midst of all this work death has not been idle. Berlioz, Molique, and Grisi, each illustrious in the world of music, have departed from us, in company with a host of others less known. Nor has this loss been balanced. We still wait the "coming man" who is to show us that musical genius has not gone back to heaven. Will he come in 1870?

THADDEUS EGG.

—o—

ARABELLA GODDARD AT GREENOCK.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—In your notice of Madame Goddard's concert the attendance is attributed "to the very boisterous weather," which I hardly think quite correct, as, though the stormy night had a good deal to do with it, the main cause of the failure of such entertainments in a pecuniary sense is attributable to the existence of a feeling among our townspeople of what I cannot describe by a better term than "caste," which unfortunately keeps many from availing themselves of the opportunities of hearing good music. Simply because they cannot afford to pay for the first seats they prefer punishing themselves and their families by staying at home, fearing that if seen in second seats they would be voted mean and shabby by friends sure to be found in the front. At the annual choral concert, with its free tickets, people are seen in area and gallery who will tell you that they would not go there for the world at a "pay" concert; so that gentility appears to consist of the cost of admission to an entertainment; and until this absurd notion is got rid of I fear that, as hitherto, there will be the same account to give of all the high class and high-priced entertainments in town.

A CONCERT-GOER.

ANGOULEME.—A tragical event happened at the Alcazar in this town, a short time since. In consequence of an altercation with the *prima donna* of that establishment, the prompter, drawing out a pistol, shot her dead. As she fell to the ground, the poor creature exclaimed, "Avenge me! I am dead!" On hearing the report of the pistol followed by the above words, the master-carpenter rushed up. He asked the assassin how he could commit such a fearful act, when the latter fired off a second pistol, aimed at the unfortunate carpenter. "If that is not enough for you, I will let you have another charge," said the murderer as he fired. But it was enough! the poor carpenter fell down dead, without uttering a word. The prompter was seized and carried off to the prison of St. Roch.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE TENTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 17TH, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Swallow, swallow"—Mr. SANTLEY (Violoncello obbligato, Signor PIATTI) .. .. *Piatti.*
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 25, for Pianoforte alone (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD *Woelfl.*

PART II.

SONATA, in A major, for Pianoforte and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Signor PIATTI .. .. *W. S. Bennett.*
SONG, "Go not, happy day"—Mr. SANTLEY .. .. *Seymour Egerton.*
QUINTET, in A major, for Clarionet, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. LAZARUS, STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Mozart.*

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MORNING PERFORMANCE,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 29TH, 1870.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in A major (No. 2 of Hallé's Edition), for Pianoforte alone—Herr PAUER .. .. *Mozart.*
SONG, "The Star's Message"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Tours.*
TRIO, in B flat, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. PAUER, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. .. *Schubert.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAYS, January 17, 24, 31, February 7, 14, 21, 28, March 7, 14.

Seven Morning Performances will be given on SATURDAYS, January 29, February 5, 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12, the Subscription to the Sofa Stalls for which is fixed at £1 10s.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear on Mondays, January 17, March 14, Saturday, March 12; Herr PAUER on Saturday, January 29, and Monday, January 31; Mr. CHARLES HALLE on Saturday March 5, and Monday, March 7.

Madame SCHUMANN is engaged for a limited number of Concerts in February and March, and will make her first appearance on Monday Evening, February 14.

Herr STRAUS will lead the Quartet on Monday, January 17, and after that date play Viola till the end of the season.

Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will make her last appearances on Monday Evening, January 24, and Saturday Afternoon, February 19.

Herr JOACHIM will make his first appearance on Saturday Afternoon, January 29, and remain till the close of the season at Easter.

Signor PIATTI will hold the post of principal Violoncello, Herr L. RIES, that of second Violin, and Mr. ZERBINI, that of second Viola, till the end of the season.

Mr. BENEDICT will occupy the post of Conductor as heretofore on all occasions.

Pianoforte de Sebastien Erard, élu du Roy FLORENDOS de MADRIDOXE et de La REINE GUINAME, elle de Hamelons, Empereur de Continentinople, by Henri Herz, dit le Petit Magnetin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for FIFTY GUINEAS.

Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MARRIAGE.

On Dec. 9th, at Ahmednuggur (India), Christ Church, by the Rev. H. W. Bagnell, Mr. ROBERT HAMPE VINCENT, District Inspector of Police, to CONSTANCE, only daughter of Mr. W. MONEY, Bandmaster 3rd K. O. Hussars.

DEATH.

On Jan. 9th, JOHN ALEXANDER POUTEAU, aged 74. In Mr. Gye's service 35 years, and treasurer to the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, since 1847.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Victor *Ego*, not Victor Hugo—at least, so says Sir Caper O' Corby of Castle Crowe.

AMATEUR.—Yes, the fragments from Mendelssohn's *Christus* were performed at the Birmingham Festival of 1849.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1870.

A HOT BATH.

IT is not often that Bath has to be spoken of in musical journals. That city of the past is chiefly connected with buns, chaps, Beau Nash, Mr. Samuel Weller's immortal "swarry," and half-pay gentility of a gone-to-seed description. If we were asked to describe Bath in few words, we should say that it combined the gentle sadness which comes of looking on monuments of departed glory with the fierce excitement of competitive lodging-letting to scarce lodgers. The idea of Bath distinguishing itself in music under such circumstances is scarcely reasonable. Its harp must be hung on the willows by the banks of Avon; and all its faculties must be engrossed by the bill in the window. Nevertheless, Bath has distinguished itself. It went to hear the *Messiah* on New Year's Eve, and behaved in the manner following. Mr. Sims—but, no; the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette* shall tell the story:—

"Anxiety is generally felt as to the appearance of the favourite tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves. But, after the announcements that he had 'arrived' in the city, all anxiety was allayed, and a crowded attendance was the result. The overture finished, 'And the glory,' was essayed, and proceeded with through angry and loud marks of disapproval at the non-appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves. The *Messiah* without 'Comfort ye' and 'Every valley' is like Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark; and surely if such an omission was intended, a few words of explanation were required. Had it been stated previous to the commencement of the overture that Mr. Reeves was present, but suffering from such indisposition as to be obliged to ask for the indulgence of the audience, in not singing all set down for him, then the unnecessary demonstration, so much out of place in a sacred performance, would have been spared. It is not our duty to blame any one in particular for this omission. We have simply to record the proceedings, which must have been particularly painful to those who were interested in the matter.

"After the chorus, 'And the Glory,' not a note of which was heard to anything like advantage through the interruptions, Mr. Thomas rose to sing the recit, 'Thus saith the Lord,' when he was assailed by hisses from all parts of the room. Mr. Thomas treated this mark of disrespect (which we can assure Mr. Thomas was not intended *personally*) very cavalierly, and, notwithstanding, essayed two or three times to execute his part. But the audience would not have it. At last the explanation required at the first was given, from which we learned that Mr. Sims Reeves was unable to sing the complete tenor *rôle*. After that the performance proceeded, but it was evident great dissatisfaction was felt."

Pigs of Prince Bladud!—here was a pretty row! What had come to Bath? Had it indulged in plum-pudding, to the injury of its digestion? or were the lodgers chary of Christmas-boxes? Perhaps it had drank largely of "mountain port" and "Hambro' sherry." Something must have happened to bring about such a cataclysm. Stay!—in the *Bath Chronicle* we see a letter from "One of the Audience," which clears up the whole matter. It was not plum-pudding, nor conspicuously absent Christmas-boxes; it was not "Cape" port, nor North German sherry, but

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a notion that singers are fair game to be shot at and hunted at will. "One of the Audience" talks about "these male singers" and their "affected snobbishness" (we should imagine him a competent judge of the real article), he calls Messrs. Reeves and Thomas "these people," and hopes that should either "visit Bath again, that the people will show their appreciation of their conduct by giving them an empty room." Finally,—"One of the Audience" declares with all the horror of a gentleman's gentleman, in presence of a disrespectful "Buttons," that Mr. Thomas came on to sing "Why do the nations?" "without his gloves"!!! Mr. Thomas, how could you? You, a native of Bath, ought, of all men, to know that Bath, though born of Prince Bladud's pigs, was nourished by gentility. Have you never read *Pickwick*, and never inwardly digested the polite epistle of the Bath footmen therein contained? Has it never dawned upon your benighted mind that Bath looks down from an immeasureable height upon "male singers" like yourself, and regards them as only fit for kicking or patting, according to the whim of the moment. How dare you, sir, in presence of the people once ruled by Beau Nash, pretend to have any feelings? But you are wiser now; and so, doubtless, is Mr. Reeves. When next our eminent tenor—for he is eminent among "these people"—goes to Bath he will no more venture to be indisposed than you will venture to appear gloveless. Both of you, in short, will stand up and meekly receive whatever insults half-pay gentility and its landlordism may choose to heap upon you.

Seriously, the whole matter is a disgrace to Bath. The audience can only point to one extenuating circumstance:—the non-explanation of Mr. Reeves's absence. But for that Mr. Bianchi Taylor, or whoever had charge of the concert, was to blame; and, in any case, the persistent hissing down of Mr. Thomas was a gross insult to an artist who had done nothing whatever to deserve such treatment. It is of small use to say that the hissing was not meant for Mr. Thomas personally. When, flinging at No. 1, you must hit No. 2 also, the latter will hardly be appeased by declaring that he was not the target. As regards absence from the platform, we may observe that singers do not let themselves out to be stared at but to be heard; and that when conductors omit to allow an advertised interval the consequences should be on their own head. To sum up the whole matter, we hope that artists will put a black mark against Bath, and leave it to decay and its own bad passions.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Elijah was given by this Society on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. The soloists were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Renwick, all of whom acquitted themselves well; more particularly Madame Rudderdorff, who was much applauded after "Hear ye, Israel," and Mr. Perren, whose success was made in "If with all your hearts." The band was efficient to a more than usual degree, and the chorus, though less numerous than on former occasions, exerted themselves satisfactorily.

Among the arrangements for the Hereford Festival in August next, are the following:—Engagements have been accepted by Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Santley, and it is hoped that the assistance either of Mdlle. Nilsson or Madame Patti may be secured. The works already selected include Mendelssohn's unfinished *Christus*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*. A novelty in the scheme will be a performance of the *Reformation* Symphony in the cathedral. Mr. Townshend Smith, we have the honour to salute you.

Leipsic.—Mdlle. Therese Schneider, of Berlin, lately appeared very successfully as the heroine of Cherubini's *Medea*.

Brussels.—M. Roger has been "starring" at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Herr Carl Hause's concert in the Hanover Square Rooms on the 6th inst. was one of special attraction. The instrumental works played were Hummel's trio in E flat for piano (Herr Hause), violin (Herr Ludwig), and violoncello (Signor Piatti); an introduction and *Polonaise* by Chopin for piano and violoncello; two movements from the Kreutzer Sonata, and three of Herr Hause's pianoforte solos. All these selections were more or less well rendered, and more or less well received by a large audience. The vocalists were Madame Bauermeister and Mr. Santley. The latter gave Herr Hause's song, "A Mother's Smile" with immense effect, and had to submit to an encore. He also sang Balfe's "I love you." Madame Bauermeister's two songs were both composed by Herr Hause.

Thursday, the 6th inst., being an open night at the Royal Artillery Mess, Woolwich, Sir Michael Costa came as the guest of Colonel Clerk, and the following programme was performed by the full orchestra of the Royal Artillery, consisting of 70 performers, under the directions of Mr. J. Smyth, bandmaster:—

"Overture, *Meerestille*, Mendelssohn; Grand Selection from *Naaman*, Sir M. Costa; *Andante con moto*, from Symphony in B minor, Schubert; Operatic Selection, *Il Barbiere*, Rossini; Grand March, *Naaman*, Sir M. Costa."

After the performance Sir Michael Costa sent for the director, Mr. Smyth, and expressed his gratification at the manner in which the selections from his oratorio had been performed. Sir Michael had previously presented a full score of the work to Mr. Smyth, as a testimonial of his esteem for that gentleman's ability, which has afforded so much gratification to the members of the band and the officers of the corps.

An operatic and dramatic performance was given at the Cavendish Rooms on Thursday the 6th inst. before a crowded and fashionable audience, the pieces represented being Miss Virginia Gabriel's operetta, *Widows Bewitched*, and *Delicate Ground*, by Mr. Charles David. The operetta was efficiently sustained by Miss A. Buckland and Miss Palmer (the eminent contralto), Mr. W. Shakespeare, and Mr. John Gill. The Dinner-scene and the duet at the end created roars of laughter. After this, Mr. George Buckland sang one of his *buffo* songs; and the comedietta of *Delicate Ground* was well played, by Miss Palmer as Pauline, Mr. John Gill as Citizen Sangfroid, and Mr. Poole as Alphonse. The performance, under the direction of Mrs. Roberts (Miss Rebecca Isaacs) appeared to give entire satisfaction, the only drawback being the lateness of the hour at which it terminated.

Dresden.—A performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* was lately given in the Kreuz-kirche, in aid of the Pension Fund of the chorus at the Theatre Royal.

Cologne.—At the sixth Gewandhaus Concert, the prelude to Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nüremberg* was performed for the first time here. In all probability, it will not be repeated, for it was evident that the Cologne public is not yet advanced enough to appreciate Herr Wagner's transcendental effusions! At the same concert the fugue from Beethoven's C major Quartet was given with 32 violins, 10 tenors, 12 violoncellos, and 9 double-basses; but the experiment did not prove a success.

Cassel.—Herr Heinrich Schulze's "grand romantic opera," *Die Rosstrappe*, has been at length produced, and—*not* proved a success. The composer calls himself the Rector of the Conservatory of Music in this town. Referring to this fact, the correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* says:—"Is there such a thing as a Conservatory of Music here? As far as we are aware, no musician in the place has had anything to do with such an institution; there was merely a pompous announcement inserted last year in the papers by Herr Schulze, to the effect that the most eminent local artists were to be engaged as professors. Since, now, without the co-operation of such artists, or that of artists summoned for the purpose from elsewhere, there can be no Conservatory of Music in the place, the conviction forced itself justly, as we think, upon us, that the grand staff of professors exists only in the imagination of Herr Schulze, and is represented wholly and solely by himself. That, under the circumstances, there is no such thing as a Conservatory of Music in Cassel—though there is a great deal of talk in papers published elsewhere about one—is a fact that must be clear to anyone, even though he be not a musician. We were still more strengthened in our opinion by the representation of *Die Rosstrappe*, which we would fain be excused from criticizing, because it is beneath criticism. . . If this performance is to be taken as a specimen of what the Conservatory of Music can do, the public will be able to form a correct idea of that institution, seeing that its founder, conductor, professor, &c., has pronounced his own condemnation." The above is "*raide!*" as M. A. Dumas, junr., makes one of his characters exclaim. What will Herr Schulze have to say in reply?

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PROVINCIAL.

The West London Choral Society gave a performance of *Elijah* at St. George's Hall, on Wednesday, December 22nd, which was largely attended. The principal vocalists were—Madame Florence Lancia, Madame Levesque, Mr. Wallace Wells, and Mr. Ralph Wilkinson. Madame Lancia was in good voice, and sang her music with great care. Mr. Wilkinson gave the music of the "Prophet" with considerable discretion and power. The other solos were effectively sustained; and Misses Scott and Pond, Messrs. Perry and Kilbey were successful in the second quartet. The band of 70, which has amongst its members some of the principal amateurs of the day, played very carefully. The chorus of 300 was successful throughout, especially in "Thanks be to God," "He watching over Israel," and "Be not afraid." The performance reflects the highest credit on the able conductor, Mr. William Beavan.

Leeds.—Dr. Spark's organ recital, at the Town Hall, on Tuesday last, was one of much interest. The programme included several selections from the last part of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal*; among them being Silas's "Melody," Smart's "Postlude," and the two pieces by Batiste. There were also, in the scheme, Bach's Grand Fugue in C minor, and the *finale* to Macfarren's Organ Sonata.

Lenton.—A correspondent says:—

"A concert of an interesting character took place at the village of Lenton, near Nottingham, on the 7th of January, for the benefit of the poor, and the result was a great success; the room being crowded, and the audience delighted. The concert was originated by Mr. Henry Farmer (who lives in the village), and reflects the greatest credit upon all concerned. This is the third time Mr. Farmer has given similar concerts with a good result. At the last about eighty old people received, from his hands, 5s. each. The profit this time will amount to £40."

Sheffield.—The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, of Jan. 7th, says:—

"Last evening, Dr. Spark gave a lecture on music for the benefit of the Mechanics' Institution, illustrated by compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. He was assisted by Miss Winder, Miss Annie Anyon, and Mr. G. H. Rushworth. The lecturer presided at the pianoforte. Dr. Spark gave a brief outline of the career of Handel, and opened the musical portion of the entertainment by introducing Miss Winder, who rendered various airs from the *Messiah*. Dr. Spark played the overture to *Samson*. 'With verdure clad' was selected from Haydn's works. Miss Winder sang the melody with great sweetness. Mr. Rushworth sang 'Honour and Arms' (Handel), and 'Oh Lord, I have laboured' (Mendelssohn). The remainder of the selections were secular, the first being, 'Leave me, deceiver,' from Handel's *Rinaldo*. 'The Harmonious Blacksmith' followed. Miss Winder sang Haydn's 'Mermaid's Cave,' and received a merited encore. The next song by Mr. Rushworth, 'So, Sir Page,' from *Figaro*, was also encored. Miss Winder and Miss Anyon sang at the conclusion duets by Mozart and Mendelssohn."

A correspondent from Sheffield writes as follows:—

"The last of Mr. Freemantle's subscription concerts in the Music Hall, was well attended. The Anemoic Union (Mr. Henry Nicholson, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. Charles Harper, &c. &c., Mr. William Shakespeare, conductor) assisted and justified the eulogies of the provincial press. Mrs. Thaddeus Wells gave some ballads with genuine feeling. The instrumental solos included one for oboe (Mr. Crozier), one for clarionet (Mr. Lazarus), one for bassoon (Mr. Wootten). and two for pianoforte, by Mr. Shakespeare (Liszt's *Rigoletto*, and a *Rondo* by Mendelssohn), in both of which proved himself a master of his means. A quintet by Beethoven was remarkably well played by the members of the Anemoic Union, and Mr. Freemantle deserves the thanks of all amateurs for so admirable a concert."

Waterford.—The *Waterford Mirror*, of December 29th, speaks thus respecting the Harmonic Society's second concert:—

"The continuation of the first concert of this society took place on Wednesday night, before a very large audience, in the Assembly Rooms, City Hall. As our readers know the tempestuous weather last week prevented the arrival of the London artists, but the committee took advantage of their subsequent presence in Limerick, to renew the engagement. The vocalists were—Mdlle. Marie Stocken, Miss Geraldine Somers, Mr. Charles Stanton, Miss Kate Gordon, and Mr. Joseph Bilton, who officiated as conductor, whilst Mr. Tiffin, Waterford Artillery, led the orchestra. In Guglielmo's 'Echo Song,' Miss Stocken was admirable. Miss Stanton displayed much talent in 'Stride la Vampa,' Offenbach's 'I'm an Alsatian' (Mdlle. Stocken and Mr. C. Stanton), which had to be repeated. Mr. Stanton acquitted himself admirably in his songs. Miss Somers accompanied herself in Macfarren's 'Late, so late,' and had to follow it with 'Home, sweet Home,' retiring amid enthusiastic plaudits. Miss Gordon played selections from some of our first masters, in highly creditable style. The orchestra acquitted itself to satisfaction."

MADAME SAINTON'S CONCERT.

On Friday evening Madame Sainton-Dolby gave, in St. James's Hall, the first of two concerts, which are all that "will be given by her in London prior to her final farewell of the public in June next." The occasion was interesting, therefore; and, the programme being attractive, it must be assumed that only the wretchedest of the many wretched evenings we have had lately prevented the room from being crowded in every part. But, in any case, there can be as little doubt of the esteem in which Madame Sainton-Dolby is held, as of the regret with which music lovers will part with one who has so long and oft delighted them. The programme was rich and varied, aiming to satisfy both classical and popular tastes. Among the higher order of works selected was Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, in which M. Sainton (who appears as a soloist less often than he should) was associated with Miss Agnes Zimmermann. Both artists played their best—that is to say, they played very well indeed, and held the attention of a miscellaneous audience to the last bar. M. Sainton also performed Wallace's fantasia on "The Last Rose of Summer" in admirable style, as did Miss Zimmermann Benedict's transcription of "Where the bee sucks," and two smaller pieces. Many of the songs were of interest. Madame Sainton-Dolby, for example, gave Haydn's "Spirit Song;" "Vineta," a new composition by Henry Smart; and Purcell's "Full Fathom Five," obtained for the latter an imperative encore. She also appeared with success as a composer, her effective and decidedly original "Bridal Song" (charmingly given by Mr. W. H. Cummings) being among the "repeats" of the evening. Other pieces which attracted notice included "Cease your funning," sung by Madame Rita with much ability, and encored; Randegger's new "Christmas Bells," in which Mr. Lewis Thomas did ample justice; and Blumenthal's "The days that are no more," sung (twice) by Mr. Byron. The concerted vocal music was given by Mr. Barnby's excellent choir. That gentleman's carol, "Holy night," obtained a deserved encore; and Sullivan's "Hush thee, my babie," as well as Reay's "Dawn of day," had a not less good rendering. A "Noel," by Gounod, lately referred to in our reviewing columns, was in the programme, and its effect, as sung by Madame Rita, Madame Sainton, and choir, fully sustained the opinion we expressed about it. The concert was, unfortunately, deprived of Miss Edith Wynne's services by illness. Mr. Thouless conducted.

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

Saturday, the most unmusical day in the week, is gradually assuming a new character. A little while ago concert-givers never took it into their schemes, but gave it up to theatres and exhibitions, which have unquestionably made a good thing of the monopoly. Why the day was supposed to be one of ill-omen for music is hard to tell, and probably those most concerned had no further reason for neglecting it than that of custom. How the Crystal Palace managers violated this custom to the public advantage and their own is matter of history. The "Saturday Concerts," directed by Mr. Manns, have made Saturday so famous in music that we wonder the example was not followed long ago. It has been followed at length, however; and a series of orchestral and vocal entertainments, directed by Mr. George Wood, began last Saturday evening, in Exeter Hall. There is no reason whatever why the enterprise should not be successful; and there is every inducement to wish it so, because the want of popular orchestral concerts is great, and their non-supply a serious deficiency.

Mr. Wood has started his scheme under favourable conditions. The hall is large enough to make "popular prices" remunerative; artists of the highest standing are at command; and, judging by the first programme, the director has a nearly accurate notion of what to put before his public. His notion is not quite accurate, perhaps, because he appears to think that one specimen of dance music may be acceptable. In this, we think, he is mistaken. Those who are attracted by the staple of his programme are not likely to hear dance music with much patience. We are encouraged to hope that Mr. Wood will withdraw these pieces. In the first programme a waltz had the place of honour; in the second it is properly degraded to the task of playing the audience in; from the third, perhaps, it will be expelled altogether.

The orchestral works performed on Saturday, under the painstaking direction of Mr. Henry Leslie, were three—each in its way a master-

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piece. First came Haydn's well-known Symphony in G (letter Q), to which an efficient orchestra, led by Mr. Weist Hill, did justice. The second work was Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in D minor; the solo instrument confided to Miss Agnes Zimmermann. So familiar a composition, one which every amateur knows and loves, requires no comment from us, and it is only necessary to say that Miss Zimmermann acquitted herself well of a formidable task. Her execution of the elaborate difficulties in the *allegro* and *presto* was marked both by fluency and precision; while the sadness of the *adagio* was happily expressed. The fair artist deserved her recall. Last of the orchestral selections came the overture to *Oberon*, which was played, though last in the programme, to an attentive audience. Besides the concerto, Miss Zimmermann gave two little pieces by Stephen Heller.

The vocal music calls only for simple mention. Mdme. Sinico gave "Qui la voce" and a new song by Henry Smart, "The birds were telling one another," the latter encored. Signor Foli contributed a *scena* by Bordese, "David singing before Saul," and was encored in Reyloff's "Over the Rolling Sea," and Mr. Santley delighted his audience by a perfect delivery of Donizetti's "O Lisbona," "O Ruddier than the Cherry," and, in response to an encore, Arditi's capital "Stirrup Cup."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the "Daily News."*)

These excellent entertainments were resumed on Monday night, when Herr Straus and Madame Arabella Goddard appeared as leading violinist and solo pianist, both for the first time during the present season. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Quartet, in F, No. 1, Op. 18	Beethoven.
Song, "O cessate di piegarmi"	Scarlatti.
Fantasia, in A, Pianoforte	Friedemann Bach.

PART II.

Sonata (in D major, Op. 58) Pianoforte and Violoncello	Mendelssohn.
Songs, "Eloge larmes," "Hark, hark, the lark" ...	Schubert.
Septet, in E flat, Op. 20	Beethoven.

Beethoven's quartet, the first in his grand series of seventeen, belongs to that period of the composer's career (1798-1800) when he was under the influence of Mozart. To the same date also belongs the septet, which still remains, and is likely ever to remain, the finest work of its kind. Among the curiosities of musical history is the recorded alteration of Beethoven's opinion of this work—at first highly prized by him (as shown by his several arrangements of it in other forms) and afterwards so unjustly depreciated when his genius developed into that vast region of the abstract and sublime that passes beyond the confines of constructive rules. As neither of the works referred to are new, to readers or to Monday Popular Concert audiences, it will be sufficient now to say that they were again admirably played at this concert; the leading violin sustained by Herr Straus with his usual excellence of tone, style, and mechanism. His coadjutors in the string quartet were Mr. Zerbini (viola), and Signor Piatti (violoncello)—all of whom were warmly welcomed on their re-appearance in their accustomed places. These artists were associated in the septet with M. Papé (clarionet), M. Wendtland (horn), Mr. Hutchings (bassoon), and Mr. Reynolds (contrabass), whose excellence has before been proved here in the same music. Mdme. Arabella Goddard's first entry was received with a loud and general tribute of applause from an audience which was evidently mindful of her long and frequent association with these concerts, and with the great works there interpreted. The speciality of the evening, as to novelty, was the Fantasia of Wilhelm Friedemann Bach—a piece which, we believe, has only once before been played in public in London, at one of Madame Goddard's recitals in June last. Friedemann Bach was the eldest of the many sons of John Sebastian, most of whom were more or less celebrated as musicians, the most so having been Carl Philip Emanuel, the second son Friedemann, however, was probably the greater genius of the two, judging by those of his works which are extant, but a small portion of which were printed until recently. His desultory and indolent habits alone prevented him from obtaining that recognition to which he was unquestionably entitled. While his organ music presents more of analogy to that of his great father than that of any of the other sons, it must be conceded that Emanuel has exercised more lasting influence on pianoforte music, by a change of style which prepared the way for that soon afterwards developed by Haydn; being, in fact, the foundation of the modern school. The Fantasia of Friedemann Bach, now referred to, consists of four movements; an introductory kind of prelude, full of bravura passages and rapid arpeggios; a graceful *allegretto* in E minor, in which there is little trace of the antique; a quaint *moderato* in A minor; and a final *rondo* in A major, in which again there is a large approximation to the modern school. The few specimens of this composer hitherto published have been chiefly compositions for the organ, on which he was one of the greatest performers of his day. From the examples of his music for the pianoforte (or rather for the instruments which preceded the pianoforte) it would seem that with more activity of character, he would have exercised at least as great a contemporary influence as his brother Emanuel. The beauty and power of each movement of the Fantasia referred to, were fully recognized in Monday night's performance; which it is scarcely necessary to say was of high excellence. The crispness of touch, certainty of execution, alternate power and delicacy of Madame Goddard's playing were beyond all praise, and the executant and the work were received with marked approval. The Fantasia is just published by Duncan Davison & Co., of Regent Street, and forms the first number of a projected series (edited by J. W. Davison), under the title of "Revivals," which is to "consist of pieces hitherto only existing in manuscript, or which have been out of print." In these days of growing interest in the music of the past, such a collection cannot fail to be of the highest interest. Often as Madame Goddard has played, here and elsewhere, Mendelssohn's fine second duet sonata, she has never given it with greater brilliancy and impulse than on this occasion, when its performance, enhanced by the splendid tone and style of Signor Piatti, produced one of the chief effects of the evening. Mr. Santley was the vocalist, which should be tantamount to saying that the songs were given to perfection. The grace and pathos of the old *aria* of Scarlatti, and its refined and finished execution, called forth a universal encore, which was replied to by a repetition of the second verse. Mr. Benedict was in his usual place as accompanist; and how valuable and important his co-operation is every one knows. The great room of St. James's Hall was crowded in every part.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

With reference to Friedemann Bach's Fantasia at the Monday Popular Concerts, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—

"The pianoforte solo was the Grand Fantasia by W. Friedemann Bach, which attracted so much attention at Madame Arabella Goddard's recitals last season. Of course, it was played on this occasion by the lady who first introduced it—as she has introduced so many others—to public notice. Of the Fantasia itself, now just published, we shall have another opportunity of speaking. Enough for the present that the verdict of last season's audience was confirmed, and that the work must be regarded as a curious example of anticipation, by an almost forgotten composer, of what we are pleased to consider modern effects. Madame Goddard played the Fantasia in her very best style—that is to say, nothing was wanting in execution or expression. A more perfect rendering of unfamiliar music cannot be imagined; and the audience recognized its merit by a specially hearty recall."

The *Daily Telegraph* has the following exordium to an article on Mr. Boosey's Ballad Concerts:—

"Mr. John Boosey has just commenced a short series of the Ballad Concerts, which have been found so attractive during several past winter seasons. He has found out that there are very many people who appreciate a simple ballad, well sung, far more than all the classical music ever composed; and he has turned his discovery to good account. Whatever variety there may be in tastes, there is no doubt that 'whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well;' and Mr. Boosey takes care that his ballads shall be rendered by the most competent available artists."

The exordium to the *Pall Mall Gazette's* notice of the same concerts ran thus:—

"The fourth season of these concerts began on Wednesday night, in St. James's Hall, under Mr. John Boosey's direction. A good deal has been said against the entertainment Mr. Boosey offers; some even going so far as to urge that it is harmful, because encouraging a taste for trashy music. This, however, is as it may be. All ballads are not worthless; and many have as legitimate a right to be heard as anything can have which belongs to a higher order of art. From another point of view, we can imagine the giving of ballad concerts as a department of practical philanthropy. Few entertainments appear to confer so much innocent and hearty pleasure. St. James's Hall on Wednesday, for example, was crowded with people of every degree, who sat out a programme thirty-one pieces long, not only with patience, but with demonstrative enjoyment. A sight of that audience when Mr. Santley was declaiming 'Hearts of Oak,' or Madame Sherrington giving, with all her distinctive expression, 'The Harp that once,' might have formed part of the process which made a philanthropist even of Mr. Scrooge."

COPENHAGEN.—M. Gade's newest work, *Gefion*, words by Oehlenschläger, was successfully performed, for the first time, at the last concert of the Musical Union.

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SOMETHING ABOUT FRANZ SCHUBERT.*

II.

(*Continued from page* 19.)

Appended are two letters of the years 1823 and 1824, to Schober:—

"*Vienna, the 30th December*, 1823.

"Dear Schober,—For some time past, I have been wanting very much to write to you, but I could never get to do it. You know how that happens. Before doing anything else I must send you a lament on the state of our set, as well as on everything else; with the exception of my health, which (thank God) now appears as though it would become settled, everything is going on wretchedly. Our set lost in you, as I plainly foresaw it would, its† fulcrum. Bruchmann, who has returned from his journey, is no longer what he was. He appears to be adapting himself to the forms of the world, and by that fact alone he loses his nimbus, which, to my mind, consisted only in the persevering disregard of all worldly business. Kupelwieser, as you probably already know, has gone to Rome (but is not especially pleased with his Russian). What relates to the rest, you know better than I do. As compensation for you and Kupelwieser, we got, it is true, four individuals, namely: the Hungarian"—[here follow the names, which it is better to omit.] "But the majority of *such* individuals render the society only more insignificant instead of more sterling. What do we want with a lot of quite ordinary students and Government officials? If Bruchmann is not present, or, consequently, ill, you hear nothing for hours together, under the supreme direction of Mohns" (the painter) "but eternal conversations about riding and fencing, and horses and dogs. If things continue in this fashion, it is probable I shall not be able to stand the set much longer.

"Matters connected with my two operas, moreover, are very bad. Kupelwieser" (secretary at the theatre, and brother of the painter) "has suddenly left the theatre. Weber's *Euryanthe* turned out badly, and, in my opinion, did not deserve to be well received. These facts, and a fresh separation between Palfy and Barbaja, leave me scarcely any hopes for my opera. It would really, however, be no advantage to have a work brought out, as everything is now done most horribly.

"Vogl is here, and has sung once at Bruchmann's and once at Witzeck's. He devotes himself almost exclusively to my songs. He writes out the vocal part himself, and, so to speak, lives upon it. And now let me have a line from you. How are you? Have you already appeared before the eyes of the world?"

Schober was then living in Breslau, with Schatt, Steffens, Holtei, and other clever friends. It was his intention to go upon the stage, an intention he afterwards carried into execution.

"I entreat you to let me hear from you very soon, and satisfy in some degree my earnest desire to know something about you, by writing to say how you are and what you are doing. I have composed nothing since the opera except one or two Miller's Songs. They appear in four parts, with vignettes by Schwind. I hope, by-the-bye, to recover my health, and, if I am fortunate enough to do so, it will make me forget much that I have suffered; but you, my dear Schober, I shall never forget, for what you have been to me, no one else, unfortunately, can ever be. And now fare right well and do not forget your ever loving friend, FRANZ SCHUBERT.

"My address:—Stubenthor-Bastei, 1187. First floor."

The other letter is as follows:—

"*The 21st September*, 1824.

"Dear Schober,—I hear that you are not happy! and must sleep off the fumes of your despair! Is this so? Schwind is my informant. Although this grieves me profoundly, it does not astonish me in the least, as this is the lot of nearly every man of intelligence in this wretched world. Besides, what should we do with happiness, when misfortune is the sole stimulus left us. Were we only together, you, Schwind, Kuppel, and I, every bit of bad luck would weigh but lightly with me; we are separated, each in a different corner, and it is *that* which is really my misfortune. I feel inclined to exclaim with Goethe: 'Wer bringt nur eine Stunde jener holden Zeit zurück!'‡ of that time when we used to sit cosily together, and each of us, with motherly bashfulness, uncovered the children of his art and showed them to his companions, awaiting, not without anxiety, the judgment affection and truth would utter—of that time, when one inspired the other, and thus a united endeavour to attain what was most beautiful animated us all. Now here I am alone, far away in this land of Hungary, whither I unfortunately allowed myself to be lured a second time, without having one single human being with whom I can exchange a sensible word. Since the time you went away I have composed scarcely any songs, but I have tried my hand on some instrumental things. What will become of my operas, Heaven only knows! Though I have been well for five months, my good spirits are frequently clouded by the absence of yourself and Kuppel, and I sometimes pass very wretched days; in one of these hours of melancholy, when I felt with especial acuteness the do-nothing insignificant life which characterizes our age, the following piece of poetry escaped from me. I send it only because I know that you reprove even my weaknesses with love and indulgence:—

"KLAGE AN DAS VOLK!

"O Jugend unsrer Zeit, Du bist dahin!
Die Kraft zahllosen Volks, sie ist vergeudet,
Nicht einer von der Meng' sich unterscheidet,
Und nichts bedeutend all' vorüberzieh'n.
Zu grosser Schmerz, der mächtig mich verzehrt,
Und nur als Letztes jener Kraft mir bleibet,
Denn thatlos mich auch diese Zeit zer stäubet,
Die jedem Grossen zu vollbringen wehrt.
Im stillen Alter schleicht das Volk umher,
Die Thaten seiner Jugend wähnt es Träume,
Ja spottet thöricht jener gold'nen Reime,
Nichts achtend ihren Kräft'gen Inhalt mehr.
Nur Dir, o heil'ge Kunst, ist's noch gegönnt
Im Bild die Zeit der Kraft und That zu schildern,
Um weniger den grossen Schmerz zu mildern,
Der nimmer mit dem Schicksal sie versöhnt.

"With Leidesdorf (the publisher) things have gone badly up to this *datum*; he cannot pay, and buys nothing from anyone, neither my music or anybody else's, except miserable effusions that are the fashion.

"I have now made you tolerably well acquainted with my present position, and I anxiously look forward to hear as soon as possible what yours is. What I should like best would be for you to return to Vienna. That you are in good health I do not doubt. And now fare right well, and write to me as soon as you can.—Yours,

"SCHUBERT. Adieu!!!

"My address:—Zelcz, Hungary, by Raab and Torok, at Count Joh. Esterhazy's."

* By Herr Bauernfeld.

† Here again Herr Bauernfeld directs attention to another error of style, the employment namely of "*seinen*" in lieu of "*ihre*" when Schubert is referring to the feminine noun *Gesellschaft*.

‡ "Who will bring back but one hour of that sweet time!"

—o—

NEW MUSIC.

Dr. Spark has issued the fifth part of his *Organist's Quarterly Journal of Original Compositions* (Novello, Ewer, & Co.), and we shall be surprised if it do not receive a special welcome. The pieces it contains are, for the most part, short, and all of them are within the reach of ordinary players. We are glad to see that the Editor has taken a thoroughly practical view of his duties; and issued music likely to be practically useful. The number opens with a *fughetta*, by G. Kühmsted, of Erfurt, which has a singularly quaint subject, and is so well written that brevity becomes a fault. An introductory voluntary, by Henry Smart, is very pleasing, and contains a full allowance of the composer's characteristic elegance. A melody by E. Silas is more difficult, and also more dry. But Herr Silas is always clever, and something can always be learned from him. Dr. Steggall's *Allegretto Pastorale*, runs smoothly enough, without exciting extraordinary interest; while Dr. Spark's choral hymn, "In Memoriam," arrests attention by its unaffected pathos. A prelude and postlude, by E. Batiste, will highly delight those who affect organ music of the French school. The latter is a specially vigorous composition, and secures bold effects by a small expenditure of means. Both are easy. A *larghetto* by G. A. Macfarren, and a well-written theme by F. W. Bird, complete a number of exceptional value.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of *Chappell's Organ Journal* (Chappell & Co.) are devoted to arrangements by Dr. Spark of movements from the *Messe Solennelle*. No 1. contains the "Sanctus" with its introductory *ritornelle;* No. 2, the "Domine Deus;" and No. 3, the "Gratias agimus." In each case the arranger has kept strictly to the composer's text; and laid out his music for organs of moderate capacity with considerable skill. The result is certain to please those who wish to delight their congregations with Rossini's last strains.

Among the songs recently published by Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co. is "The Song of the Breeze," music by W. H. Holmes, a work which shows plainly enough the hand of an experienced musician. The melody is bright and animated throughout, while some passages, as, for example, that beginning "I have stolen away on my silken wing," are particularly charming. We know no new song more likely to obtain drawing-room favour. "My Bonnie Soldier Lad," by T. Avant, and "The great sea calmly sleeping," by R. Hogarth Patterson, are also just issued by Messrs. Davison & Co. The first is a simple ballad, wherein a maiden declares her trust of an absent lover; its music is appropriate and expressive. The second, to which Mr. George Hogarth has set symphonies and accompaniment, is, also, unpretending, but not without a certain unaffected gracefulness.

"The Turn of the Tide" (Weekes & Co.), by Nicholas Heins, is not the particular "Turn of the Tide" which street juveniles so often bid us wait for; but a very well written sentimental song. In some passages of it there is

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evidence of more than average power, though the shape in which it appears is of an ordinary sort. The words, by Miss Agnes Trevor, are good, and the song is dedicated to Mr. Frank Burnand, whose play seems to have suggested it. A waltz entitled "Buttercups and Daisies" (F. Moutrie), by Arthur J. Birtchnell, is a very ordinary affair. We wonder, for the hundredth time in connexion with waltzes, who advised the composer to print it. Another waltz, "The Duchess" (J. Williams), by Henry Farmer, has merit, and may claim to be a good example of its kind.

Among recent revivals are fragments from Stradella's *Medea* (C. Lonsdale), edited by J. Pitman, and printed "from a rare and unpublished MS." This interesting work comes to us as an old world waif, of no practical value, but, nevertheless, one which every musical student should possess, as an example of an eminent master, and a good specimen of the operatic music of his period.

MR. DICKENS'S READINGS.

On Tuesday night Mr. Charles Dickens resumed the series of farewell readings which was interrupted by his illness last year. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the large room of the St. James's Hall was well filled; and only a very few even of the sofa stalls remained vacant throughout the evening. As this ample attendance on a wet and disagreeable evening showed that the readings are as attractive as ever, so the warmth of the applause which greeted Mr. Dickens's appearance proved that the reader himself has not during his temporary absence from the platform lost his hold upon the sympathies of the public. The portions of his works which Mr. Dickens read were selected from *David Copperfield* and the *Pickwick Papers*.

OPERA IN NEW YORK.

After the rational enjoyment of freedom the highest manifestation of civilization is, undoubtedly, found in a respect for and culture of æsthetic art, and Music, by reason of its universality and bearing upon popular morals, is certainly one of the most important means of refinement; and in this aspect of the subject we feel, therefore, no light interest in the good management of the Academy of Music in New York city. It is but justice to say, in this connection, that we feel greatly indebted to Mr. Max Maretzek, not only for the good taste he has displayed in resisting the invasion of that new French school whereof Offenbach and Hervé are the leaders, but for his persistent efforts, year after year, to make possible and permanent among us a legitimate opera interpreting the highest style of musical profession. To Maretzek, indeed, we are indebted for the position—at least in the third rank—which our Academy occupies among musical nations, since, if we rate behind Paris and Milan, we are in advance of London and St. Petersburgh; while, for an artist to have been adopted by the public of New York is already a neccessary step in ascending the French or Italian stage. Mr. Maretzek's present artistic company is, perhaps, the most complete ever presented on the Academy boards, which justifies the real *furore* exhibited at the first performance. Certainly our public owes something to its favourite *impressario*, and appreciates his struggle to promote an opera worthy of the metropolis. But why is not popular favour seconded in other quarters quite as directly interested? Why are stockholders so sharp, and artists so dull, too often, in their prejudices? Why, instead of recognizing in their manager, a friend and partner, do they so frequently treat him as a foe? Why, instead of smoothing his path (which is their own), do they hamper it with needless difficulties? We can understand, of course, that mediocre talent, jealous of praise, should be chagrined when the public neglect or directors decline to run after it? But when ample success consecrates such genuine merit as that of Madame Briol, who proved herself the superb artist in *Trovatore*, or that of Cottone, who has won distinction in Havana, we confess our inability to comprehend why any professional jealousy should influence their artistic inclinations. No tenor has dared since Duprê to sing *Guillaume Tell*—that master-piece of the greatest musical school. Yet we have now on our New York stage a tenor who fears not to attempt the part, M. Lefranc, a French omnibus conductor, who five years ago was on his box, collecting six cents apiece from passengers, and who to-day commands thousands of dollars from the American public—M. Lefranc is ready to sing *Guillaume Tell*, and Maretzek is willing to encounter the expense of such a representation as would be a triumph of operatic art. But Madame Briol objects to the *rôle* of Mathilde. Why? Well, because it is against theatrical etiquette or precedence! If you desire to know more, you will be disappointed. These heroic scruples are not intelligible to common mortals. Neither you nor we can understand why Madame Briol, after winning a triumph in Leonora of *Trovatore*, shall decline to win another in Mathilde of *Guillaume Tell*. But so it is; and we can only hope that the accomplished lady may be better advised and consent to look at things from a higher point of artistic view, satisfied that her audiences will not fail to recognize her artistic power under whatever character it manifests itself. As for M. Cottone, that excellent baritone, we counsel him, in the kindest spirit, to avoid becoming entangled by unworthy complications. He has a career before him, and ought not to blunder. In conclusion, we trust all differences will be speedily adjusted, so that our opera-going public may enjoy a winter of real gratification. With a roll of such names as Lefranc, Barili, Ronconi, Reyni, Cottone, Kellogg, Briol, &c., Manager Maretzek, with the sympathy and co-operation of his company, ought to give us a brilliant season, compensating alike to director and artists.—*American Paper.*

[The exordium of this article, wherein the musical position of New York is asserted, must be taken for what it is worth.—Ed. *M. W.*]

WAIFS.

Signor Bottesini has returned to Paris from Nice.

Ferdinand Hill has left Cologne for St. Petersburgh.

Mr. John Barnett has arrived in town from Cheltenham.

Aloïs Baldenecker, late director of the orchestral concerts at Wiesbaden, died, November 28th, in a Hamburgh hospital, aged 37 years.

Mdlle. di Murska was to make her *rentrée* at the Italiens on Sunday last, in *Marta*.

At the Italiens, Nicolini has replaced Fraschini in *Fidelio*, with success.

M. Richelieu, of Marseilles, has taken out a patent for a new method of constructing stringed instruments.

Mdlle. Ilma di Murska is at present fulfilling a short engagement at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Mdlle. Nilsson's *rentrée* at the Opéra was greeted with enthusiasm. Bouquets and crowns rained upon her.

M. Perrin, of the Opéra, has engaged Signor Padilla, husband of Mdlle. Artôt. The Signor is now in Moscow.

Rêve d'Amour is looking up, and enormous audiences have assisted at its later representations.

The first Paris *bal de l'Opéra* took place on the 8th inst. The orchestra was conducted by M. Strauss.

Signor Gardoni has returned to Paris but is expected in London after an absence of six weeks.

Madame Viardot is passing the winter at Weimar. She has been invited by the Grand Duke to sing at the Court concerts.

The reported death of M. Fontana, late professor of singing at the Conservatoire, is untrue.

Mdlle. Marie Battu and M. Vieuxtemps have returned to Paris after a two months' tour in Belgium and Holland.

Signor Tamberlik has been named Commander of the Order of Charles III. of Spain.

M. Roger has returned from Brussels to sing at the Monnaie in *Le Prophète*.

M. Sainte-Foy has set out for St. Petersburgh. He will make his *début* in *Le Voyage en Chine*.

Signor Delle Sedie and Mdlle. Veneri have renounced their engagements with M. Bagier.

The mother of the Sisters Milanollo died at Malzeville lately, aged 72.

The centenary of Beethoven's birth will be celebrated at Cologne, in connection with the Feast of Pentecost. Herr Franz Lachner will act as director.

The family of the late M. Halévy, acting in conjunction with M. Georges Bizet, have withdrawn *Noé* from the Lyrique, alleging that M. Pasdeloup's artists are not able to do it justice.

The Brussels journals deny the rumour that M. Fétis had resigned his post as director of the Conservatoire de Musique, and was to be succeeded by M. Gevaert.

Mr. John Barnett, our eminent dramatic composer, is at present in London, where, by the way, it would be well if some of his music could be heard now and then.

Victor Massé, according to *Le Figaro*, is working "*avec passion*" at his *Paul et Virginie*. He means to give it all the time necessary "*sans forcer l'inspiration.*" May much come of it.

M. Pasdeloup's programme of last Sunday was as follows:—Symphony in E flat, Mozart; Overture, *Isles of Fingal*, Mendelssohn; Concerto for violin, Besekirsky; Ballet air from *Prometheus*, Beethoven; Fragments from *Damnation de Faust*, Berlioz.

At the annual general meeting of the subscribers to the Llandaff Diocesan Church Choral Association, held on Tuesday, at Cardiff, Lord Bishop of Llandaff in the chair, it was arranged that a Festival of the English Choirs should take place in Llandaff Cathedral on Wednesday, the 20th of July.

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Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* (*La Bohémienne*) is an undoubted success at the Théâtre Lyrique. The composer is still in Paris, we regret to say, not yet quite recovered from his indisposition.

Mr. Oberthür leaves London, on Monday evening, for a professional tour on the Continent, commencing at the Philharmonic Society, of Calais. From Calais he proceeds to Lille, where he is to play his Concertino for harp and orchestra, at the Société du Cercle du Nord. From Lille he goes to Saxe Meiningen, Berlin, and other German towns, where he is invited to perform at the Court concerts.

The Gipsy musicians at the "Hopfengarten" in Pesth put a live fly in the hand of the individual whom they choose to go round and solicit money. He is required to have the fly still alive when he returns, as proof that he has not opened his hand, and, consequently, not helped himself to any portion of what he has succeeded in collecting. If he cannot show the fly, he gets nothing. The plan is ingenious, but does not say much for the opinion the Gipsies entertain of one anothers honesty.

"Mr. Walter B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac. Oxon," says the *New York Weekly Review*, "has been appointed organist of Trinity Chapel, Fifth Avenue. Mr. Gilbert is known in this country as the composer of some popular hymns, and in England as a writer of cathedral music, and author of the oratorio of *St. John*."

The continued success of our countrywoman, Miss Anna Trafford, in Italy, is farther testified by the following from Saluzzo, dated December, 26:—

"*Ebreo* bene. Piacque molto la prima donna esordiente Anna Trafford (allieva dell'egregio maestro Sangiovanni). Alla sua aria ebbe una vera ovazione e chiamate. Bene Gozzolini. non male Azzolini e Cherubini (quanti *ini*)."

At the meetings of the Tonic Sol-fa College, just concluded (Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate Street), Mr. Curwen gave three lectures on the Art of Teaching, including the principles of written and oral method. Mr. A. J. Ellis, F.R.S., gave a lecture on Just Intonation, showing the importance of the partials (or harmonics) in the practical working of harmony. These partials were in just intonation, whatever our artificial instruments might be. After illustrating his subject by means of diagrams, he compared the different kinds of temperament with just intonation, by means of concertinas carefully tuned. Other papers were read by Mr. Ashcroft, on the Essential Conditions of a People's Song in Church; by Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, on Musical Notes on the Continent; by Mr. J. Proudman, on True Expression in Music, &c. Model lessons were given, by Mr. Proudman, on the mental effect of tones in key, and by Mr. Warr. Considerable discussion took place on the French *Langue des durées*, which has recently been adopted as a part of the Tonic Sol-fa method. The series of meetings ended with competitions for prizes and certificates, in various branches of musical knowledge and skill. The subjects included copying by ear, sight-singing, solo-singing, composition, and harmonium playing. There were sixty competitors, and prizes to the amount of £17 were distributed.

RIGA.—The centenary of the opening of the Theatre was celebrated lately by a special performance of Gluck's *Orpheus*.

MUNICH.—Herr Bargiel's "Prometheus Overture" was performed at a recent concert of the Musical Academy, under the direction of Herr Wüllner, for the first time in this capital.

KARLSRUHE.—Herr Emil Devrient, at the earnest solicitation of his physicians and friends, has resigned his post as Director-General of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, after having held it for 17 years. Herr Emil Devrient is now seventy. He will be succeeded by Herren Gustav Freitag and Bodenstedt.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Farewell," song, by George Gaff.
TONIC SOL-FA AGENCY.—"The building of the Ship," cantata, by Henry Lahee.
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MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged for Mr. SANTLEY'S Provincial Concert Tour, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him as follows:—Exchange Assembly Rooms, Blackburn, 31st; Liverpool Philharmonic, Feb. 1st; Guildhall, Preston, 2nd; St. George's Hall, Bradford, 3rd; Town Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4th; Music Hall, Edinburgh, 7th; City Hall, Glasgow, 8th; Kinnaird Hall, Dundee, 9th; Music Hall, Aberdeen, 10th; Liverpool Philharmonic, 12th; Exhibition Palace, Dublin, 14th; Ulster Hall, Belfast, 15th; Exhibition Palace, Dublin, 16th; Theatre Royal, Cork, 17th; Theatre Royal, Limerick, 18th; and Exhibition Palace, Dublin, 19th.

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MR. J. GREENHILL begs to announce that his Annual Concert will take place at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS on MONDAY EVENING, February 21, when he will be assisted by the following artists:—Vocalists: Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Annie Hall, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. J. Bushelle, and Mr. Miles Bennett; Instrumentalists: clarionet, Mr. Clinton; pianoforte, Mr. Walter Bache; Conductors, Signori Randegger and Pieri. Tickets to be obtained at LAMBORN COCK & Co., New Bond Street.

MR. J. GREENHILL will sing Meyerbeer's admired song, "HERE ON THE MOUNTAIN" (Clarionet *obbligato*, Mr. Clinton) at his concert at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21.

MR. J. GREENHILL will sing his new song, "OH! WHISPER BUT THE GENTLE WORD," at his concert at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21.

MISS SEAGRAVE (Pupil of Madame Monsterrat) will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular waltz aria, "THE NAIADES," at the Beethoven Rooms, February 11th.

MADAME MONTSERRAT will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S ballad, "THE SPRING," at the Bijou Theatre, Westbourne Grove, February 2nd.

MR. AGUILAR will play his Romances, "EVENING" and "LAST LOOK," also his popular galop, "COULEUR DE ROSE," at his performance of Pianoforte Music, February 3rd.

THIS EVENING.

MR. SIMS REEVES' will sing BLUMENTHAL'S admired song, "THE MESSAGE," at the Saturday Evening Concerts, at Exeter Hall.

MISS JULIA ELTON and Mr. ARTHUR BYRON will sing NICOLAI'S popular duet, "ONE WORD," at Mr. Chaplin Henry's Concert, Store Street, Feb. 2nd.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S Serenade, "WAKE, LINDA WAKE," and ASCHER'S "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Concert for St. Mark's Parochial Schools, Notting Hill, Feb. 2nd.

MISS ALEXANDRINA DWIGHT will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S "THE NAIADES," at Victoria Hall, Bayswater, Feb. 2nd, at a Concert for the benefit of St. Mark's Parochial Schools, Notting Hill.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S QUARTETT PARTY.—Violins—Herr Josef Ludwig (Pupil of Joachim), Herr Jung (Pupil of Ferdinand David); Viola—Herr Borges; Violoncello—Herr Schuberth. May be engaged for Concerts, Soirées, &c., in Town or Country. For terms apply to FRANK ROMER, Jun., Hon. Sec. Schubert Society, Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street, W.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS will sing ASCHER'S popular Song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" BENEDICT'S Romance, "NULLA DA TE BEL ANGELO," and the Tenor part of RANDEGGER'S Trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at Madame Montserrat's Soirée Musicale, 11th February, at the Beethoven Rooms.

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Elmtree Park, Royston's country seat. Scene represents a drawing-room, opening, by two doors at the back, on to a terrace, leading to a park. Between the two doors a table. Work-table L., *sofa* R.

Susan discovered arranging the furniture. Suddenly, hearing a noise, stops and listens, turning her head towards the back of the stage, and then walking to door on R.

Susan. Who can this be? (*Looks through the door.*) Miss Isabel and Lord Walsingham, galloping like mad. Miss Isabel is first—No, he can't overtake her—it is no use his whipping his horse like that.—Ah! here she is.

Enter Isabel in a riding habit, very much out of breath.

Walsingham. Yes, I am beaten.

Isabel (*scarcely able to speak*). Presently, Susan! I am too tired to dress now.

Isabel. I've won, I've won! (*She runs to the table at the back, and takes up a newspaper.*) (*Enter Lord Walsingham.*) Here is the *Times*. (*Gives Mary her riding whip and sinks down on the sofa.* [*Exit Susan.*

Walsingham. I am beaten, I acknowledge it.

Isabel. You speak as if you were not quite certain? Did I not fairly win? (*Folds the newspaper into the shape of a fan, and fans herself with it.*)

Walsingham. You won and I lost; but after all I gained by losing.

Isabel. How so?

Walsingham. Because I gained the pleasure of seeing you riding before me, which I naturally should have missed if I had allowed myself to come in first. You have a delightful little figure, and sit your horse charmingly.

Isabel. That's pretty, very pretty!

Walsingham. No, it's you who are pretty—very pretty—and a great deal more than very pretty; and when you jumped the ditch, your habit flew up, and I saw a foot that was also very pretty, and so very, very small!

Isabel. What do you mean?

Walsingham. I mean that you have a very little foot, and so you have—just look. (*He looks at Isabel's foot, which peeps out from beneath the skirt of her habit.*)

Isabel. Oh! (*draws in her foot.*)

Walsingham. Deny it if you can.

Isabel. Please behave yourself. Be serious.

Walsingham. You choose a nice day for giving me that advice when I have got something so prodigiously serious to say to you that I really (*laughing*) don't know how to begin.

Isabel (*also laughing*). Is it so serious as all that?

Walsingham. You will see——

Isabel (*rising*). Well, presently. Because if you have something very serious to say, I, for my part, have something very serious to do—I have to dress for dinner.

Walsingham. I wonder whether you have a heart, Isabel?

Isabel. Isabel, indeed? How dare you? Ah, here's papa.

Enter Royston and Lady Lorimer also in a riding habit.

Royston. What is the meaning of this, Isabel? what is the meaning of your galloping off in that wild style, and leaving us behind together?—Not that I complain of it.

Lady Lorimer. I should think not.

Isabel. I will tell you, papa. It was a bet, which of us two, Lord Walsingham or myself, should get to the house first, come into the room and take up the *Times* newspaper from the table. And I won.

Royston (*taking the paper from her hands*). And a nice condition the paper is in!

Isabel. Well, papa, you know you never read it.

Royston. And the ditch I told you particularly not to jump?

Isabel. Come, papa, don't scold me; it only bores you. Besides, if I was imprudent I have been well punished for it. I want to speak to you (*she takes his arm*). I have something to tell you about Lord Walsingham. He has been saying such things to me——

Royston. What?

Walsingham. I said nothing, Mr. Royston.

Isabel. Well, papa shall hear. A girl who is properly brought up tells everything to her father, doesn't she, papa? He said I had no heart, papa, and called me Isabel. [*Exit with her father,* R.

Walsingham (*following them to the door*). She encouraged me, Mr. Royston. Your daughter encouraged me.

Lady L. Ah, Lord Walsingham, Lord Walsingham!

Walsingham. What have I done?

Lady L. I have known you now for nearly four years, and if I were to tell you what you really are——

Walsingham. What I am, Lady Lorimer?

Lady L. Yes.

Walsingham. A poor devil who is dying of love for you.

Lady L. For the last four years!

Walsingham. For the last four years without ceasing.

Lady L. (*rising*). In the meanwhile you have been here two days, and during the whole of these two days you have thought of nothing but Isabel.

Walsingham. It's a manœuvre of mine, Lady Lorimer. Don't mention it, but it's a manœuvre.

Lady L. To make me jealous?

Walsingham. Yes. But seriously, it is what we must all come to at last, and she is a charming little girl.

Lady L. I don't understand.

Walsingham. There is no true happiness except in the married state. That is the conclusion I have arrived at.

Lady L. (*bursting with laughter*). What do you say?

Walsingham. I say there is no true happiness——

Lady L. You mean that you are going to take a wife? (*Walsingham inclines his head.*) And who is the fortunate lady.

Walsingham. We have already named her, and the day she and I get married a charming marriage it will be.

Lady L. Music by Offenbach?

Walsingham. But why not? It will be a suitable match in all respects. My estate, which you can see without a telescope from the window, joins her father's on one side, as Vivian's joins it on the other. Royston must have been impelled by destiny when, a year ago, with two marriageable daughters, he bought this place just between the habitations of two single men; and you may depend upon it neither Vivian nor myself will fight against the decrees of fate. We shall both get married; and what a sight, what an interesting, touching sight it will be if we both get married the same day. Marriage No. 1: Henry Vivian, Esq., of Lyncombe House, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Jonathan Royston, Esq., of Elmtree Park. Music by Haydn—an admirable union of wisdom and prudence. Marriage No. 2: Percy Mountjohn Fitsfotheringay, Lord Walsingham, of Walsingham Castle, to Isabel, second daughter of Jonathan Royston, Esq.—an admirable union of precisely the contrary.

Lady L. Do you know what you are talking about? What reason have you for supposing that Mr. Vivian is in love with Louisa, or that he has any intention of marrying her?

Walsingham. What makes me think so?

Lady L. Yes.

Walsingham. Well, if not, why should he, who never comes into the country when he can possibly help it—why should he this autumn spend two entire months at Lyncombe House? If he were not in love with Louisa and wanted to marry her, why should he come here day after day to see her?

Lady L. (*rising*). Is that all you know about it? I begin to think you really are in love!

Walsingham. What do you mean?

Lady L. Of course it is not impossible that Louisa may appreciate Mr. Vivian's numerous good qualities——

Walsingham. Well, then, it is quite evident——

Lady L. Yes, very evident indeed! You are in love! There is no doubt about it. You are in love, Lord Walsingham. (*Curtsies to him, and exit laughing,* L.)

Enter Sir John L. from the back, L.

Sir John Lorimer. Where is my wife? She promised to wait for me. I thought she was here with you.

Walsingham. So she was, and if I could have prevailed upon her to stay I can assure you that she would be here now.

Sir John L. I quite believe you, Walsingham. Lady Lorimer is a charming woman, only she is rather unimpressionable. But you know that as well as any one.

Walsingham. I? How am I to know it?

Sir John L. (*sitting down*). And you are not the only one. Dear me, what a number of men have made love to Lady Lorimer! I have watched them at it.

Walsingham. With interest?

Sir John L. No, with compassion. Poor devils! You youse't——

* This version is sanctioned by the authors and published with their approval, in conformity with the requirements of the International Copyright Act of 1852 (signed H. Meilhac, Dovic Halévy. Paris, January 26, 1870).

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Walsingham. I? Why, I never once——

Sir John L. You did—on three distinct occasions. You have made three separate attempts. First of all, as a matter of course, the day I introduced you. Secondly, two years afterwards at a military ball. You were in uniform, and the uniform of a hussar is, I admit, to some women irresistible—but not to Lady Lorimer. The third attempt was made here, in this very house, two days ago, and because she would have nothing to say to you, you suddenly began to make love to little Isabel.

Walsingham. You have been consulting a somnambulist.

Sir John L. You were quite right to give it up. There is nothing to be done with Lady Lorimer. I made my mind up on that point long ago. (*Rises.*) Hers, you see, is a temperament which has its good as well as its bad side. It is not all I could desire for my own sake, but it is very re-assuring in regard to others.

Walsingham (*rising*). I quite understand that.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Some letters. (*Gives eight or ten letters.*)

Sir John L. Are they for me? Lady Lorimer, Lady Lorimer—all for Lady Lorimer. Poor fellows, poor fellows! [*Exit* L.

Enter Royston, R.

Royston. Oh, you are still here. I am glad of it; I want to speak to you.

Walsingham. I want to speak to you also.

Royston. Once for all I must have an explanation with you.

Walsingham. That is just what I was going to observe.

Royston. What were you saying just now to Isabel?

Walsingham. Nothing that a young lady ought not to hear.

Royston. Not in your opinion!

Walsingham. Exactly so. Besides, even if I did go a little too far, what can it matter when my intentions are strictly honourable?

Royston. What?

Walsingham. When I am on the point of proposing to her.

Royston. Proposing to her! *You?*

Walsingham. Why not?

Royston. What can you be dreaming of?

Walsingham. I can assure you, Mr. Royston, that I never was more serious in the whole course of my life.

Royston. Even that is not saying much. Look here, Walsingham. I am very fond of you. We have been a good deal to the opera together—we have supped together a good deal. You cut me out with Rosa, I cut you out with Nelly.

Walsingham. As for that——

Royston. What! I did not cut you out with Nelly?

Walsingham. Well, if it pleases you to say so——

Royston (*emphatically*). I did not cut you out with Nelly?

Walsingham. Well, then, you did. Of course when I am going to ask you something of the highest importance I should not be likely to contradict you.

Royston. I cut you out with Nelly, and I like you immensely; but as for giving you my daughter—never as long as I live!

Walsingham. Then you are wrong. I should think of nothing but her happiness, and I could make her very happy. I am sure of it. Come, you must give your consent.

Royston. Never, Lord Walsingham.

Walsingham. But why not, when you say yourself that you have so much regard for me?

Royston. It is precisely because I like you, or rather, for the very reasons which make me like you, that I can't listen to your proposition. (*Enter Louisa.*) Oh, you have just come in time. You had better speak to Louisa about it. See what she will say.

Louisa (*to Walsingham*). What is it all about?

Walsingham. Oh, it is no use trying to frighten me.

Royston. Is it not perfectly understood that whatever wisdom belongs to the Royston family is centred in this little brain—that whenever anything serious has to be discussed, it is Louisa who must be consulted?

Louisa. Well?

Walsingham. Well, I will tell you what it is. I have just made a formal proposition to Mr. Royston for the hand of your sister Isabel.

Louisa (*bursting with laughter*). Oh!

Walsingham. I am waiting your reply.

Louisa. My reply is that you are not dressed, and that the same thing will happen to-day that happened yesterday—you will be late for dinner.

Royston. There. You had better take the hint. I must go and dress also.

Walsingham. Of course, if there is a dead set made against me——

Louisa. Go and dress!

Walsingham. Not until you have given every single reason you can think of for objecting to me.

Louisa. If you wait for that you will be late for dinner.

Enter Servant from the back, R.

Servant. Mr. Vivian.

Enter Vivian.

Vivian. How do you do?

Louisa. Did you meet papa?

Vivian. Just this moment. (*To Walsingham.*) How are you, Percy.

Walsingham. Quite well, thank you (*with a gloomy air*). I say quite well but if you only knew how they treat me in this house!

Louisa. You will never be ready for dinner.

Walsingham (*looking at Louisa, who laughs in reply*). I will go this moment, Miss Royston, this very moment. [*Exit* L.

Louisa. How late you are to-day! (*She points to a chair. He sits down.*)

Vivian. I think it arises from this: I left home rather earlier than usual.

Louisa (*laughing*). You are too clever for me.

Vivian. Well, I will explain to you. (*Sits down*) I got on horseback, and started at a gallop, so anxious I was to get here soon. However, when I was within about a hundred yards' distance of the avenue, I pulled up, turned my horse's head, and rode off in another direction. Three times I came back to the avenue, and three times I hesitated, and went away again. At last I behaved like a coward who is determined, for once in his life, to be brave. I rode on without looking where I was going, and here I am.

Louisa (*still laughing, but with some emotion*). But what was the meaning of this hesitation?

Vivian. The reason was this: I had made up my mind to say, this very day, something that has been weighing upon my heart for the last three months. That is why I was so nervous when I came in, and why even now——

Louisa. But if what you have to say is so very serious——

Vivian. It is indeed.

Louisa. Perhaps it would be better to wait a little.

Vivian. No, no, this very day. I have made up my mind. But before I say one word I must reflect for a moment on the kindness you have invariably shown me.

Louisa. Of course I have. But would it not be much better. You must understand that, if you hesitate, it is quite natural that I, on my part——

Vivian. No, I will speak at once. I have your father's permission——

Louisa. Oh. if you have papa's permission.

Vivian. He not only gave me his permission, he told me it was absolutely necessary, in the first place, to speak to you.

Louisa. Well then?

Vivian. You cannot guess? I have long been attached——

Louisa. You have long been attached?

Vivian. I am, in fact, desperately in love—with your sister, Isabel.

Louisa. Isabel!

Vivian. Were you not aware of it?

Louisa. No—was not aware of it.

Vivian (*without looking at Louisa, and as if speaking to himself*). And I fancied everyone must have noticed it!

Louisa. You wish to marry Isabel.

Vivian. Yes, and in making that confession, I rely on the friendship and kindness which you have so constant'y shown me. There is no one in the world in whom I have so much confidence as in you. Tell me what you think of my avowal—tell me rather, at once, if you see no objection to my marrying your sister.

Louisa (*aside*). Isabel!

Vivian. You do not answer.

Louisa. I know what you say. You love Isabel and you ask me——

Vivian. Whether you think I should make her a good husband.

Louisa (*rising*). Certainly. I said nothing, did I, to make you imagine that I had the least objection?

Vivian. You said nothing, but——

Louisa. As far as I am concerned, yes—yes, without doubt.

Vivian. You will take my part, then?

Louisa. I will, for I know no one so good, so worthy in all respects.

Vivian (*rising, and seizing her hands, which she withdraws, as though he were hurting her*). Thank you, oh! thank you.

Louisa (*slowly, and looking at Vivian with a melancholy smile*). At first I was rather startled. I did not understand you all at once. Now I am a little more accustomed to the idea. In fact, the more I reflect on it the more I perceive that you are the very husband I should have chosen for Isabel. I have often thought of her getting married and I confess that I have thought of it with alarm. With all my love and esteem for her, her frivolity sometimes frightens me.

Vivian. Oh!

Louisa. And it never occurred to me till now that to counteract this danger the best thing that could possibly happen to Isabel would be to marry a man like you. (*She sits down on the sofa.*)

Vivian. Do not let us blame her for what you call her frivolity, for, to tell the truth, it is partly for that very frivolity that I love her so much. I must try to cure her of it, though—but gently, very gently.

Louisa. How fond you are of her!

Vivian. Indeed I am.

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Louisa. But what made you come and speak to me about it?
Vivian. Your father told me to.
Louisa. Oh, yes! Well, now you have said all you had to say and I have answered you. Is there anything more?
Vivian. Yes, I have something more to ask. (*Sits down.*)
Louisa. What is it?
Vivian (*as if asking her a great favour*). You must — you must speak to her for me.
Louisa. Ah!
Vivian. If I were to attempt to speak to her myself I know what would happen. I should get frightened and leave the room. Or if I did summon up courage that would be still worse, perhaps. She would begin to laugh, and then I don't know what I should do. No, I would much rather that you would speak to her. Say all you fairly can in my favour, and if you go a point beyond it will do no harm. Only don't say too much, please, about my serious qualities. That is the dangerous point, I know. Tell her, that in spite of my solemn demeanour, in spite of my awkward manner, I love her as ardently and far more devotedly than any of the harebrained young men who are always running after her. (*Rising*). Ah! if you only knew how often I have envied Walsingham!—Tell Isabel not to think too much of the outward husk, and that it is not my fault if, by some unlucky fatality, those who love the most sincerely are almost always the ones who are the least able to talk of love.
Louisa (*rising*). Yes, I will indeed.
Vivian. You will speak to her?
Louisa. Yes.
Vivian. When?
Louisa. Directly I see her. Almost immediately; before dinner.
Vivian (*with emotion*). Immediately?
Louisa. You do not wish me to?
Vivian. Yes, yes; only not before me—not before me, please.
Louisa. Certainly not. But what will you do in the meanwhile?
Vivian. I will tell you what. I will go into the garden and walk up and down before the window. If she says Yes, you need only make a sign. If she says No——
Louisa. If she says No?
Vivian. I shall get on horseback and ride home. That is all.
Louisa (*sadly*). That is all?
Vivian. Precisely. Yes or No. My whole life depends on that.
Enter Isabel, dressed for dinner. She carries a bracelet in her hand.
Isabel. Louisa, just fasten that.
Louisa. What?
Isabel. This bracelet. I can't manage it (*Louisa fastens the bracelet.*) Good heavens! what is the matter with you? How your hand shakes. How do you do, Mr. Vivian. (*While Louisa fastens the bracelet on her left hand she gives her right hand to Vivian.*)
Vivian. I hope you are quite well.
Isabel. And you are trembling too? (*Vivian and Louisa look at one another.*) What, both of you? Indeed, indeed! what does all this mean?
Louisa. Well, Mr. Vivian, as it is impossible for you to remain——
Vivian. I must beat a retreat.
Isabel. Really!
Louisa. Go and take a walk.
Vivian. Yes—— I will go and take a walk. [*Exit at back*, L.
Isabel. My dear Louisa, how sorry I am——
Louisa. Sorry?
Isabel. Yes, to have rushed in like that, and spoiled your *tête-à-tête*. But why did he go away? You would have seen how I should have managed it. I should have just walked round the room, picked up something or other off the table, and in a moment you would have lost sight of me.
Louisa. On the contrary, you arrived just in time. For we were speaking of you as you came in.
Isabel. Of me?
Louisa. Mr. Vivian has proposed for you.
Isabel. What are you talking about?
Louisa. I say that Mr. Vivian has proposed for you. He had spoken to papa before, and papa, knowing how much I love you, my dear Isabel, asked him to come and speak to me.
Isabel. Mr. Vivian has proposed for me!
Louisa. He has.
Isabel. Impossible! you must make a mistake.
Louisa. Not in the least.
Isabel. Then he makes a mistake. He is in love with you!
Louisa. He is not aware of it. It is you he wishes to marry.
Isabel (*greatly astonished*). Ah!
Louisa. He just told me, and he entreated me to tell you, and——
Isabel. And——
Louisa. And he is waiting outside for your answer.
Isabel. Indeed! what, directly? Without giving me time to breathe? And you say that he has already spoken to papa!
Louisa. Certainly he has.
Isabel. How cunning of papa. He would not give him an answer; he thought he would leave it all to you.
Louisa. Papa could not give him an answer; that must depend upon you.
Isabel. Upon me?
Louisa. Upon you, of course.
Isabel. It is too serious an affair for me. I have always said to myself that when the time came to talk about my getting married, I should go to my dear Louisa, who is a sensible person, and beg her——
Louisa. But really——
Isabel. I am like papa—I throw all the burden on you. Decide for me. I will do whatever you tell me.
Louisa. If that is the case, I advise you——
Isabel. You advise me?
Louisa. I advise you to accept him.
Isabel. You mean what you are saying?
Louisa. Certainly I do. Everyone knows that Mr. Vivian is a man of the highest qualities.
Isabel. Oh I know that he has plenty of good qualities, perhaps rather too many.
Louisa. How so?
Isabel. I render full justice to Mr. Vivian. I agree with you that he is a man whom it is almost impossible to refuse. I know what a high opinion everyone has of him—what do they say he will be one of these days?
Louisa. I don't know. A minister somewhere, an ambassador.
Isabel. And I should be an ambassadress!——However, if I render justice to him I must also render justice to myself. I know what faults I have, and they seem to me of the very kind that would just suit a man like Mr. Vivian, if his object in getting married is to have a wife who will make him thoroughly wretched. (*Louisa makes a gesture of dissent.*) You think he will be able to correct them? I doubt it. I have always been spoiled, first by papa, then by you—above all by you. I am used to it now, and I don't think I could do without it.
Louisa. He is devoted to you.
Isabel. Are you sure?
Louisa. Did you not see him just this moment?
Isabel. He certainly, just this moment, seemed rather upset——He is in love with me, then, is he? It is certainly a strange idea!
Louisa (*getting excited in spite of herself*). And you think it is nothing to be loved by a man like him? You think nothing of seeing him tremble and stammer before you, like a child, until he scarcely knows what he is saying?
Isabel (*watching her sister*). I don't think I am mistaken.
Louisa (*more and more excited*). I think if I were asked what man I loved best I should feel happy and proud at being able to reply: look on all sides until you see one who is superior to all around him, *that* is the man I love best!
Isabel. So superior as all that?
Louisa. Decidedly.
Isabel. Do you know one thing, my dear Louisa?
Louisa. What?
Isabel. I shall not marry Mr. Vivian.
Louisa. Why not?
Isabel. Because hitherto I have always fancied that you were in love with him, and at this moment I am not at all sure——
Louisa. If I were in love with him should I advise you to marry him?
Isabel. How can one be certain of anything with you? Don't I know, Louisa, that you are quite capable of sacrificing yourself for me and revelling in the very sacrifice?
Louisa. Now, Isabel, you are going too far. I have certainly a very great affection for you; but, great as that affection may be, I certainly would not, if I were in love with a man, allow him——
Isabel (*not knowing what to think*). You mean it?
Louisa (*with assumed gaiety*). I do; and really if that is your only objection——
Isabel. Oh! as for objections, I could think of plenty. Whether they are worth anything is another question; I can't say. However, being in doubt, I will do what I have always done, Louisa—place myself in your hands. Act for me. Be prudent or imprudent; it is your affair. Shall I accept or refuse? (*Louisa is about to speak.*) No, don't be too quick. Let me tell *you* to be serious this time, and, before you make up your mind, think of everything.
Louisa. I have thought of everything.
Isabel. And what is your opinion?
Louisa. My opinion is that Mr. Vivian will be too happy with you, for you not to be happy with him.
Isabel. Then I had better accept?
Louisa. You had better accept.
Enter Royston.
Royston (*to Louisa*). Well, did you speak to her?
Louisa. Yes.
Royston. And?——
Louisa. She accepts.

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Royston (*kissing Isabel*). Ah, you are a good girl.
Isabel. Then you are pleased, papa?
Royston. Delighted! Besides, I can now give a decided answer to our dear friend Lord Walsingham.
Isabel. What?
Royston (*laughing*). Don't you know that he actually proposed for you this morning? Fancy Walsingham a married man.
Louisa (*laughing*). Yes, fancy Walsingham making you an offer.
Isabel (*to her father*). And it makes you laugh? (*To Louisa*). And you also. I dare say if he had spoken to me about it I should have laughed more than both of you together. But who can tell? It would have been folly; but perhaps it would have been the wisest thing all the same. However, it's decided now.
Royston. But——
Isabel. If it is decided, let us say no more about it—now I am an ambassadress.
Royston. Then I had better call Vivian in—the poor fellow is walking up and down in a terrible state of agitation.
Isabel. Out in the garden?
Royston (*pointing to the back of the stage*, L.). Yes, there he is.
Isabel (*with some emotion*). Oh, call him in.
Royston (*going to the back of the stage*). Vivian, I say, come here a moment, I have something to tell you.
Enter Walsingham in evening-dress, with an enormous camelia in his button-hole.
Walsingham. You see I am not late for dinner after all (*observing that every one is silent*). What is the matter here? Something has happened?
Enter Vivian.
Louisa (*to Vivian*). You must stop to dinner, Mr. Vivian—at Isabel's invitation.
Isabel (*giving him her hand*). Yes, you must stay.
Vivian (*kissing Isabel's hand*). Ah—if you only knew how much——
Isabel. Yes, yes, I know——
Walsingham (*aside to Royston*). And what about me?
Royston (*aside to Walsingham*). No. You must not carry the joke too far. Besides, she is engaged now; it's all settled.
Walsingham. Impossible! Now, they never *will* believe that I am in earnest.
Enter Sir John and Lady Lorimer.
Walsingham. Ah! Lady Lorimer, what a charming dress!
Lady L. (*aside to Walsingham*). What has happened?
Walsingham. It seems that the most beautiful eyes are also the sharpest.
Lady L. Which, being interpreted, means——
Walsingham. That you saw long ago, what I could not see at all.
Lady L. (*walking round the room*). Ah! Vivian and Isabel.
Walsingham. Yes.
Lady L. Is it all settled?
Walsingham. It looks like it. Whose music is this?
Lady L. Music of the future! I shall be curious to see what comes of it.
Walsingham. In the meanwhile you know that I am devoted to you.
Sir John L. (*walking gently towards Walsingham*). Fourth attempt!

END OF ACT I.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The programme of Saturday's concert ran thus:—

Overture, *Son and Stranger*	Mendelssohn.
Song, "As when the dove," *Acis and Galatea* (with Mozart's additional accompaniments), Miss Josè Sherrington ...	Handel.
Symphony in C minor, "The Tragic" (second time of performance)	Schubert.
Air, "Would you gain," *Acis and Galatea* (with Mendelssohn's additional accompaniments), Mr. Montem Smith	Handel.
Adagio and Rondo Brilliante, Madame Norman-Néruda ...	Vieuxtemps.
Variations, "Ah vous dirai-je," Miss Josè Sherrington ...	Adam.
Song, "The Violet," Mr. Montem Smith	Mozart.
Romance, violin and orchestra, Madame Norman-Néruda ...	Beethoven.
Overture, *The Sapphire Necklace*	A.S.Sullivan.

Mendelssohn's pretty overture was very welcome. Looked at in the abstract there is hardly anything more unaffected and charming in the entire catalogue of orchestral music; while, regarded in connection with the object for which it was written, it touches every heart by its homliness. The overture has a fireside character, and the "affectionate salute" with which it opens is only the prelude to what may, without exaggeration, be called the loving talk of reunited friends. That such a work was heard with pleasure needs no assertion. Schubert's symphony made a greater effect than at its first performance. The lovely *andante*, the *minuet*, so full of humour, and the *finale*, a movement as beautiful and as busy as the *finale* to Haydn's "Oxford" symphony, were received with the delight which only a work of the highest genius can call forth. The "Tragic" was admirably played, some portion of its enhanced effect being due, perhaps, to a novel rearrangement of the orchestra. Herr Wilhelmj appeared in place of Madame Néruda, and astonished his audience by an easy mastery of the great difficulties in Ernst's fantasia on *Otello*. He also played an *andante* by Bach with equal success. Sullivan's capital overture to *The Sapphire Necklace* made its usual effect. The vocal music calls for no remark. We were sorry to observe that, owing to illness, Mr. Manns was compelled during the latter part of the concert to resign his *bâton* into the hands of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who proved an efficient deputy. T. E.

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

These entertainments appear to be established in that career of prosperity which they deserve. Of the first two concerts we spoke at some length on each occasion. That the third, on Saturday last, was quite equal to them may be inferred from the following programme:—

PART I.

Procession March	A. S. Sullivan.
Song, "David singing before Saul"	Bordese.
Aria, "Ah, fors' è lui" (*La Traviata*)... ...	Verdi.
Song, "The Requital"	Blumenthal.
Recitative, "I rage, I melt, I burn" ... ... (*Acis and Galatea*)	Handel.
Aria, "O ruddier than the cherry" ... ... (*Acis and Galatea*)	Handel.
Fantaisie (*Otello*)	Ernst.
Trio, "Alma infida" (*Roberto Devereux*) ...	Donizetti.

PART II.

Symphony in C (No. 1)	Beethoven.
Song, "Anita"	Brinley Richards.
Song, "The birds were telling one another" ...	Henry Smart.
Song, "Cleansing Fires"	Virginia Gabriel.
Song, "The Divers"	Edward Loder.
Solo—Violin, Air	Bach.
Duet, "The Lord is a man of war"	Handel.
Overture (*Masaniello*)	Auber.

Again the fine singing of Mr. Sims Reeves was a prominent feature, and again this great artist was received with enthusiastic welcome. The applause for his performances was as creditable to the public as it was justly due to the artist. Mr. Richards' song (accompanied by the composer) was encored. Madame Sinico also had to repeat Verdi's aria; Mr. Santley, Polyphemus's song, and that composed for him by Miss Gabriel; and Signor Foli, Loder's characteristic ballad. The duet from *Israel in Egypt* was sung by Mr. Santley and Signor Foli. Herr Wilhelmj fully maintained the impression which he created at the concert of Saturday week. His execution of Ernst's brilliant fantasia was admirable for its facility and certainty. The air of Bach is adapted by Herr Wilhelmj from a *suite* with accompaniments for stringed instruments. The varied interest of the orchestral music is shown by the list given above, and it only remains to add that the band and the conductor (Mr. Henry Leslie) were as efficient as on the previous occasions, as also was Mr. S. Naylor, the accompanist.

H. L.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society gave a performance of *Elijah* in Exeter Hall, on Friday week, to an audience which filled the place almost inconveniently. Like the *Messiah* and the *Creation* Mendelssohn's dramatic work rather increases than relaxes its hold upon public affection. The sign is a good one, because the more such music is loved, the greater its influence in refining and elevating public taste. Madame Sinico, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Santley were the principal vocalists, assisted by Mrs. Sydney Smith, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Chaplin Henry. This was Madame Sinico's first appearance in *Elijah*, and, therefore, her evident over anxiety for textual correctness, to the neglect of expression, must be excused. This remark, however, does not apply to "Hear ye, Israel," which Madame Sinico gave with very considerable effect. There is no doubt that the lady will soon become as proficient in oratorio as in opera. Madame Sainton repeated "O rest in the Lord," which, we need hardly say, was rendered after a fashion no other artist can approach. Mr. Perren sang with great care, and obtained much applause. As for Mr. Santley, he was perfection. The choruses were given magnificently; and the performance of "Thanks be to God" was, perhaps, the finest ever heard. Sir Michael Costa conducted. T. E.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.—The *Memoirs* of this composer are to be published in Paris next April—at least so says report, as embodied in a paragraph that has lately been making the round of the Continental press.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Saturday Review," Jan. 22.)

Whatever may be doing in the theatres, it can hardly be denied that the tendency of our musical performances, exceptions here and there allowed for, is in a healthy direction. For some years it has been our agreeable task to record the unimpeded progress of the Monday Popular Concerts—not merely because they were consistent from the outset but (and that chiefly) because the principle upon which they started, was sound. Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, who, to employ the conventional phrase, "originally organized" these entertainments, and who has superintended them up to the present time, steadily keeps in view the object for which they were professedly instituted. What this object is we have already stated more than once; but there can be no harm in reminding our readers that the Monday Popular Concerts were set on foot, if not with the sole, at least with the paramount idea of making the vast body of music-lovers resident in or near London acquainted with those masterpieces of art which, though long recognised by the few, had been previously almost a sealed book to the many. That the idea has been satisfactorily realized none who have studied the history of the last decade, in its relations to the art pronounced "divine," can reasonably gainsay; and that the Monday Popular Concerts have helped to make London musical more effectually than even the Philharmonic Concerts, which for upwards of a half a century appealed exclusively to a privileged class, or than the Sacred Harmonic Society, which in the first place chiefly sought sympathy from the musically-inclined religious world, and in the second has for the greater part traded upon some half-dozen masterpieces since the beginning, is no less unquestionable. At the Monday Popular Concerts we have music for itself, and for itself alone—music precisely as it was intended by the composers who produced it, and with no other temptation of any kind to make it pass muster. Of course efficient execution with such an end in view was a *sine qua non*, and this, in various degrees of perfection, has been obtained. String quartets, pianoforte sonatas, and other compositions coming under the head of "chamber music," represent art in its highest manifestations. He who can listen to them with attention and pleasure shows himself essentially an amateur, inasmuch as he finds gratification in music simply as music, and not as music set off by this or that extraneous aid. That many such exist is certain; otherwise, instead of 332 concerts, which, from February, 1859, to the present time, Mr. Chappell has been able to give, he would never, in all probability, have advanced so far as the first half hundred. Meanwhile, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., are become "household words" in a closer sense than was ever the case before. We previously knew Mozart by his operas, Haydn by his symphonies (in a small degree, be it understood) and vocal canzonets, Mendelssohn by his oratorios and his inimitable *Lieder ohne Worte*, almost alone. Now we are beginning to know them in their most intimate relations—listening to what they said and thought while "musicizing" (as Richard Wagner would say) at their own firesides, for the love of art, and for nothing else. But it is not only with these bright stars that Mr. Chappell is making us thus familiar. He has exhibited some luminaries—"lesser lights" if we will—which have afforded only less gratification. If all musicians were Mozarts and Haydns and Beethovens and Mendelssohns, a painful sense of oppression, we cannot but think, would ensue. A perpetual intercourse with giants might tend to become irksome. True, Haydn, in his way, was an occasionally condescending giant; but the others, Beethoven in particular, were apt to exhibit themselves in such a manner as to persuade lookers-on that all the rest of the world were dwarfs. For this reason, if for no other, one must feel a strong sympathy for men like Dussek, Woelfl, Sterndale Bennett, &c., who, giants enough compared with ordinary musicians, reveal, nevertheless, certain shortcomings which allow us freely to criticize them, and, while envying their gifts, to love them all the more. To the works of men like these, not forgetting Clementi, Hummel, and others, we have been now and then introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts; and rarely has one been heard, when adequately performed, without affording unanimous satisfaction. The comprehensiveness, in short, with which the scheme of these entertainments is carried out forms by no means one of their least salient attractions.

But to quit generalization, we may proceed at once briefly to comment upon what, up to this moment, have been the leading incidents of the twelfth season. A detailed account of particulars is uncalled for, inasmuch as it would be tedious alike to our readers and to ourselves were we to enter into new descriptions of works that have long been recognized, and, until the system of Herr Richard Wagner becomes the accepted doctrine, will continue to be recognized, as masterpieces. Let us first state that Mr. Chappell had, as usual, provided well for the legitimate success of his speculation, by engaging the services of a quartet of string-instrument players of proved ability. At the head of these was a lady, whose singular genius absolved her from any necessity of claiming precedence under shelter of the universally-accepted motto—"*place aux dames.*" Woman though she be, Madame Norman-Neruda holds her position by right of thorough ability to sustain it with honour. She has for some time enjoyed a reputation on the Continent as the greatest lady-performer on the violin since Teresa Milanollo, who played "first fiddle" at some of the concerts of the "Beethoven Quartet Society," instituted by the late Mr. T. Alsager (one of the most enthusiastic amateurs of his day), more than a quarter of a century since. But, in our opinion, Madame Neruda surpasses her famous predecessor in more than one respect. During her short visit to England, last summer, she showed herself a mistress alike of fantasia and concerto—of the free and severe styles of *bravura* playing. At a concert in St. James's Hall she also declared her capacity in another way, by admirably leading Mendelssohn's quartet in D major, No. 1, Op. 44. At the Monday Popular Concerts, during an interesting series of performances, she has now emphatically proved herself, without distinction of sex, a master of quartet-playing inferior to few that could be named. To say that she possesses a tone equal in strength and richness to that of Herr Joseph Joachim, or that in depth of sentiment and vigour of execution she emulates that greatest of all living masters of the violin, would be to say what is untrue; but where Madame Neruda falls short of Herr Joachim is where, on such an instrument as the fiddle, a woman must inevitably fall short of a man. On the other hand, she has graces of her own which Herr Joachim would no more attempt to rival than Mars to rival the fascinations of Venus. Her handling of the "instrument of instruments" is, in its manner, perfect. Her tone, though wanting in breadth, is singularly sweet and agreeable; her mechanism, almost invariably true, is in certain respects prodigious; her intonation is rarely, if ever, at fault; and her expression is enchanting, not only because it is always natural and unaffected, not only because it is utterly devoid of commonplace, but because it bears the stamp of original thought. One of the great attractions of this lady's expression is the entire absence of exaggeration; and this, combined with a manner of phrasing which could scarcely by any possibility be more finished, lends an indescribable charm to her playing. Enough that, in Madame Neruda, Mr. Chappell has obtained both a new attraction for the public and a mainstay for his quartets, when "the inimitable J. J."—as Herr Joachim is familiarly (and appropriately) styled among amateurs—is not at disposal. The other members of the quartet, during the concerts preceding Christmas, were Herr L. Ries, who has been "second violin" from the commencement; Signor Zerbini, an occasional and very serviceable, because very competent, viola; and Signor Piatti, whose absence from the quartet of the Monday Popular Concerts would, we think, be more severely felt than that of any other performer. A violinist may lead, and, for a time, Herr Joachim not be missed; but a violoncellist, no matter who, can never play without creating cause for regret that Signor Piatti is absent. Happily, Signor Piatti is now invariably present, his engagement at the Monday Popular Concerts being for the uninterrupted series, season after season.

And now, in a few sentences, we may state what Madame Neruda played, and what she played the best. At the first concert the quartets were Mendelssohn's in D major (already mentioned), and Haydn's in D minor (so often compared with that of Mozart in the same key, which Mozart dedicated to Haydn). With Mendelssohn we were pleased—as was the case last summer; but with Haydn we were beyond measure charmed; purer expression of music that is purity itself could hardly be imagined. At the same concert the lady-violinist gave to perfection the sonata of Mozart in B flat, for violin and pianoforte, written for Mdlle. Strinasacchi—the Norman-Neruda, doubtless, of Mozart's day, although her fame is now exclusively due to the sonata composed expressly for her by the man who also composed *Don Giovanni* and the *Requiem*. In this performance Madame Neruda's coadjutor, at the pianoforte, was Herr Ernst Pauer—a worthy coadjutor, we need hardly say. At the next concert Madame Neruda led a quartet by Haydn, in B flat—a display of execution as superior to that in Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" quartet, No. 2 (E minor), first piece in the programme, as the quartet of Beethoven is superior to that of Haydn. Here we could not but feel that beyond a certain line the genius of the new and interesting violinist, however unique, could not travel. The ripe productions of the greatest of musicians are out of her intellectual reach. At the subsequent concert, however, she not only showed that she could play Mozart's quartet in D minor as well as she had already played its counterpart, by Haydn, in the same key, but she roused the audience to enthusiasm in the *adagio* from Spohr's ninth violin concerto. To play Haydn and Mozart so as to satisfy their most fervent admirers is no small thing; but to add Spohr—the great realist, who could see the clouds, and imagine nothing above—was to earn a fresh claim for versatility. At the fourth concert Madame Neruda gained a new kind of victory, with Schubert's romantic and somewhat melancholy quartet in A minor (the "Hungarian")—playing on the same occasion, with Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti, his grand trio in B flat (about which Schu-

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mann talked so much rhapsody), and with Mr. Hallé, Beethoven's sonata in A minor (Op. 23). The last-named composer's quartet in G major (Op. 18), and a quartet by Haydn (in C), at the concert after, provided for Madame Neruda not only an occasion again to show how thoroughly she could enter into the spirit of Haydn, but one to show how in Beethoven's earlier works she could feel just as thoroughly at home with Beethoven. At this concert she played, with Mr. Hallé, Mozart's beautiful sonata in F (containing the variations in D minor)—administering to all who heard her a salutary lesson in natural and untormented phrasing. Next followed, on her last appearance, Madame Neruda's greatest success, and also her only failure—if failure, where there was so much of excellent, it could justly be called. Anything more touching, refined, and beautiful than her reading of Mozart's "Orphean" (it has been aptly styled) quintet in G minor—the quintet of quintets—was never heard; anything more comparatively disappointing than her performance (with Mr. Hallé) of Beethoven's well-known sonata dedicated to Kreutzer, could scarcely be fancied. But this merely proves that if we expect constant perfection we are likely to be deceived. In summing up, briefly, the effect produced upon us by Madame Neruda's successive performances, we may say that she is the greatest and most accomplished lady-violinist in our remembrance; but that she is still a *lady-violinist*. In Haydn and Mozart she is perfect; in the earlier works of Beethoven (whose two Romances, in F and G, by the way, she played at a morning and evening concert respectively, as well as we could dream of hearing them played), she is perfect; in Mendelssohn she is showy and brilliant; but in the larger and profounder works of Beethoven she is somewhat out of her depth. Criticism apart, however, she is a genuine artist, and an invaluable acquisition to the Monday Popular Concerts.

We have already hinted that among the pianists before Christmas were Herr Pauer and Mr. Hallé. Herr Pauer produced, on one evening, a very marked effect by his vigorous and artistic execution of Schubert's very difficult and very elaborate fantasia in C—the one in which the theme of the well-known song, "The Wanderer," is introduced. Mr. Hallé brought forward nothing that he had not previously given at these concerts. This gentleman's execution is as exquisitely neat, as mechanically irreproachable, as ever; but his expression, as was shown more particularly in the sonatas of Schubert in B flat major and A minor, is becoming somewhat over-elaborated. He will not allow a phrase to speak for itself, but puts all, so to say, in "fine language." One might imagine that Mr. Hallé looked upon every simple melody (to quote *Les Précieuses Ridicules*) as "*du dernier bourgeois*," and strove his utmost to make it assume "*le bel air des choses*." The other pianist before Christmas was a young lady, a foreigner, who attempted Beethoven's so-called *Sonata Pastorale* (in D, Op. 28), and played it in a manner so closely resembling that of an imperfectly educated schoolgirl, that we withhold her name, and merely enter a protest against such exhibitions at high-class entertainments, as altogether out of place.

The two concerts since Christmas have been interesting for more reasons than one. That conscientiously striving violinist, Herr Ludwig Straus, on each evening, led the quartets, with his accustomed zeal and ability. These were the glorious No. 1 (so-called, although, in strict accuracy, No. 3) of Beethoven, in F, and his still more glorious No. 9 (No. 3 of the "Rasoumowsky" set), in C. Then we had for the twentieth time at least, the same composer's famous septet in E flat, for string and wind instruments, about which Haydn thought so much, and Beethoven, affectedly, so little, while posterity, without reference either to Haydn or Beethoven, has proclaimed it "immortal"; and Mozart's scarcely less familiar, and certainly not less beautiful, quintet in A, for clarionet and string quartet, in which Mr. Lazarus plays the clarionet part as well as he has ever played it—and he has played it often enough. On each occasion the pianist, Madame Arabella Goddard in accordance with what, in her case, is a time-honoured custom brought forward something never previously heard at the Monday Popular Concerts. On the first evening it was a grand fantasia by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, eldest of Johann Sebastian Bach's twenty-one children, and most gifted of his twelve sons, the majority of whom were more or less musical. The second son, Philipp Emmanuel, is in the world's belief, after his father, the most celebrated who bears the honoured name; but this Philipp Emmanuel himself said of his elder brother, W. Friedemann, that he (W. Friedemann) represented their father better than all the rest of them put together ("*Er konnte unsern Vater eher ersetzen als wir alle zusammengenommen*"). The truth is, however, that Friedemann Bach was more richly endowed than industrious—that is, be it understood, compared with the people about him—for an idle "Bach" would have been something very far beyond a perseveringly diligent composer bearing any other name. Enough that Friedemann Bach has left a great deal of music, much of which is in print, still more, possibly, in manuscript. What is known of him shows that he stands nearer to his illustrious father even than Philipp Emmanuel, of whom Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven (totally ignorant of Friedemann) knew so much, and whom they esteemed so highly. Friedemann was the greatest organist of his day, and the greatest organ composer. What Madame Goddard selected as an example of his genius, was one of those works for the clavichord (now pianoforte) which have hitherto only existed in manuscript.* She had already played it at her pianoforte recitals, last year, to a more select (which may signify less numerous) audience; but the reception given to it by Mr. Chappell's "2,000" or thereabouts, was heartier than could by any likelihood have been obtained from a "fashionable" audience in the summer. The work itself, which we have no space to describe, is eminently remarkable; it not only foreshadows Haydn and Mozart, but occasionally even Beethoven. Unlike the organ music of Friedemann Bach, which bears so close a resemblance to that of his father, it is something quite new and distinct from the clavichord music of that great model—as new, indeed, for its time, as anything that ever came from spontaneously plastic genius. At the second concert, Madame Goddard played the magnificent "Introduction, Fugue, and Sonata," in C minor, of Woelfl—another among the many neglected musical geniuses who have lived, and laboured, and produced comparatively in vain. To Woelfl, however, about whom we hope to find some other opportunity of speaking, we have already cursorily referred; and all we can at present say of his sonata in C minor is that it was just as welcome and just as cordially received as the fantasia of W. Friedemann Bach. Madame Goddard's other performances were Mendelssohn's sonata in D (No. 2), for pianoforte and violoncello, and W. Sterndale Bennett's sonata-duo in A for the same instruments—in both of which her associate was Signor Piatti. Players better matched could not be named—in saying which we are paying the highest possible compliment to each. The sonata of our greatest English musician was especially interesting, as having been given for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—although it is now some eighteen years since it was written (expressly for Signor Piatti). A more finished, interesting, and engaging piece of its kind could hardly be named. The middle movement alone would stamp it is a work of genius.

The vocal music at these concerts, though not invariably of the same high order, or exhibiting the same commendable spirit of research, as the instrumental, was especially noticeable at the two performances under immediate consideration. The singer was Mr. Santley, who at the first concert introduced, for the first time, an Italian song by Alessandro Scarlatti (father of Domenico Scarlatti, the celebrated composer for the harpsichord)—"O cessate di piegarmi," which Handel might have owned, and from which Handel unquestionably drew inspiration; besides two of the most familiar songs of Schubert—the "Praise of Tears" and "Hark! the Lark." When Mr. Santley sings, and when Mr. Santley sings such music, it must add to the attraction of any concert, however classical.

At the afternoon performance on Saturday we shall once more hear Herr Joseph Joachim—with whose appearance, as of yore, the Monday Popular Concert season attains its zenith.

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(*From the "Graphic," Jan. 22.*)

The Monday Popular Concerts began after a short recess, on the 10th inst., and began in good earnest, by introducing three celebrities for the first time this season. Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Straus, and Mr. Santley, the artists in question, have long been associated with Mr. Chappell's enterprise; and each received the welcome due to an established favourite. In addition to this personal interest, there was the interest of an important musical novelty. Madame Goddard played the fantasia by W. Friedemann Bach (eldest and most gifted of the great John Sebastian's many children), which, at her last recitals, drew attention to the claims of a neglected genius. Friedemann seems to have been a strange character, one of those who stand very much in their own light. But his greatest misfortune, we fancy, was the name he bore. The public knew only one Bach, and having the music of an illustrious father, cared little for what was done by a group of clever sons. Hence, though Friedemann wrote much, comparatively few of his works were printed; among those remaining in manuscript being the fantasia now under notice. The latter will do somewhat among English amateurs on behalf of the eccentric Halle organist. It will show, for example, that he had a vigorous fancy, graceful ideas, and a power of masterly treatment, such as belongs only to cultivated genius. Moreover, there is in the work a curious anticipation of modern style. Music belonging to Bach's period and less suggestive of it would not easily be found. For the benefit of our readers who are amateurs, we may state that the fantasia is now first published by Duncan Davison & Co., as one of a series of "Revivals," edited by Mr. J. W. Davison. How Madame Goddard played it there is hardly need to tell. Such difficulties as the music presents were nothing to her facile and unerring fingers; while, as regards the composer's ideas, Madame Goddard

* It has just been published as No. 1 of a series of "Revivals."

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invariably comes forward prepared to interpret whatever she undertakes with strict conscientiousness and high intelligence. The other works in the programme—upon none of which have we time to dwell—were Beethoven's first (third) quartet; the same master's septet (twentieth time), and Mendelssohn's sonata in D major, for piano and violoncello.

At last Monday's concert the artists already named again appeared; and again there was a novelty for the pianoforte. This time Madame Goddard, who is always "prospecting," and turning up nuggets over which others have walked heedlesaly, brought forward a sonata in C minor (Op. 25), by Joseph Woelfl, a man who came very near to being a great master, and who for that reason, perhaps, has had less notice than others less gifted. Mercury is obscured by its proximity to the sun; and Woelfl, along with Dussek and a goodly company, may have suffered because his genius challenged the inevitable defeat of comparison with the genius of greater men. Taking the sonata in C minor as a fair specimen of Woelfl's music, he must be reckoned a composer of no ordinary gifts. It would seem as though the man resolved to show by means of one work the extent both of his science and his fancy. The result proves his rich endowments. How masterly, for example, is the fugue with which, after a brief introduction, the work opens! Framed upon the strictest model of its order, this movement has all the energy, clearness, and fluency of Bach or Handel. As regards the quick movements of the sonata proper, their interest never flags; or, if it does so in the slightest degree, some bold or ingenious passage raises it again higher than ever. The *adagio* has a form of its own; but none the less can it boast a distinctive beauty. Indeed, we regard the manner in which Woelfl here treats a single theme as among the best proofs of his skill. With such a work in hand, Madame Goddard was fairly on her mettle, but she conquered Woelfl as she has conquered every other maker of key-board difficulties. Her playing, like the composer's genius, was equal to the fugue no less than to the fantasia, and to the fantasia not less than to the fugue. So wonderful a display of skill is by no means a common event; and we fear that even the Monday Popular audience failed to discern half the marvel of it. In addition, Madame Goddard played, with Signor Piatti, Professor Bennett's Sonata in A major for pianoforte and violoncello. We observe that this graceful and charming work was given in St. James's Hall for the first time; and we wonder—not unnaturally, looking at its grace and charm—why it was never heard before. It would seem that English composers really have cause to complain; for here, at all events, is the foremost of them, as represented by a great classical work, waiting twelve years for recognition. Shall we, in view of the enthusiasm Dr. Bennett's sonata excited, hear it again and again? Put the question to any one of last Monday's audience, and the answer would be—"If not, why not?" We would gladly go through the five movements in detail; but it must be enough to say that our countryman's work is, if beauty be the *elixir vitæ* of music, destined to immortality. The other works given at this concert were the third (in C major) of Beethoven's Rasoumowsky quartets and Mozart's popular clarionet quintet. Mr. Santley had to repeat Piatti's song, "Swallow, swallow, flying south," and also Seymour Egerton's "Go not, happy day."

HAYDN'S *SEASONS*.

The last great work of Haydn—not reckoning as great his final contributions to the eighty-three quartets—was given at the Oratorio Concert on Thursday evening week, in St. James's Hall. Mr. Barnby has added another item to his list of good things done by thus reminding the public that Haydn wrote more than one oratorio. There was danger of the fact being overlooked here in London, where the *Creation* is attractive enough to form the sole representative of its composer's skill in the highest branch of his art. The neglect into which the *Seasons* has fallen is not difficult to explain. Haydn's own remark, "My *Creation* will endure, and, probably, the *Seasons* also," may have been prompted by other than a sense of the latter's inferiority as music. Nothing can be more obvious than the immense difference in the interest of the two subjects. Compared with the *Creation*, the story of the *Seasons* is as an every-day incident to some phenomenal occurrence. Moreover—and this, in England, means a great deal—the one oratorio is scriptural, the other not; to use Haydn's own words, "There, angels sing; here rustics." But, though the cause of neglect is thus, in great part, obvious, the justice of neglect does not at all appear. As music, we hold the *Seasons* to be little inferior to the *Creation*; while as music adequate to its theme, it takes, in our opinion, much higher rank. In the *Creation*, Haydn attempted that which would have tasked the power and genius of Handel or Beethoven. The genial old chapel-master sitting down before the "finest and whitest possible" paper, with his hair elaborately dressed, his clothes showing "a degree of magnificence," and the indispensable royal ring on his finger, scarcely appears the man fit for so mighty a work. But none could sketch the face of nature more gracefully; and in the *Seasons* Haydn has given us landscapes equally marked by idealism and minute fidelity to his subject. His pictures are full of refinement, even the storm in "Summer" raging after a decorous fashion; while the men and women introduced are sentimental squires and dames playing at rusticity. Haydn's genius was precisely adapted to the production of such a work.

The Baron von Swieten, librarian to the Emperor of Austria, is well known to have suggested the Creation as a subject for musical treatment. To this gentleman we are also indebted for the *Seasons*. It is probable that Haydn needed no urging to undertake either task. In 1790, seven years before the *Creation*, and eleven before the *Seasons* he spent some time in England, where the success of Handel undoubtedly had great influence over him. At all events, some such strong inducement must have been required for the writing of an oratorio at sixty-nine years of age. Haydn set to work after a fashion of his own; and, far more than in the *Creation*, anticipated that free use of the orchestra which is one of the canons of modern music. There is this difference, however, between Haydn and his latest successors—the former is always tuneful and intelligible, the latter are rarely either. The lavish employment of instrumental resources in the *Seasons* has been frequently attacked. Zelter, Haydn's friend and correspondent, styled the work "a symphony with singing;" another critic called it "in great part recitative with unusually rich accompaniments;" and a third says that but for the choruses, the *Seasons* would consist merely of "fatiguing, partially interesting pieces." Of these commentators, the first and second exaggerate; the third misrepresents, after the fashion of the "thoughtful" school which cannot be satisfied with Haydn's simple descriptiveness. In our view, Haydn's use of his orchestra in his *Seasons* is not only charming, but most happily suited to the character of the work. The master had to express the thousandfold individualities of nature, and "hence" wrote Mendelssohn's father to his gifted son, "I could as little endure to lose the crowing of the cock, the singing of the lark, the lowing of the cattle, and the rustic glee of the peasants as I could in nature herself." The choruses of the *Seasons* are fine beyond dispute. If not one among them be equal in breadth and grandeur to "The Heavens are telling," there is not one unworthy of Haydn. The old musician seems to have determined that his last effort at choral writing should be among his best, and we have the result in "Hark! the mountains resound," "Joyful the liquor flows," and the *finale* in praise of everlasting spring.

Enough has been said to show that the revival of Thursday night was both interesting and important; especially as Mr. Barnby gave the work almost in its entirety, omitting only the final chorus of "Autumn." The performance was, on the whole, very fair, and might have been better had not Mr. Barnby adopted the prevalent fashion of taking the music at a quicker speed than its composer intended. With Handel this practice does little harm, but Haydn's delicate orchestration invariably suffers. The principal singers were Madame Sherrington, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Madame Sherrington was well suited in her music, and made a great success with the two beautiful airs, "O how pleasing to the senses," and "Light and life." Mr. Byron appeared in place of Mr. Vernon Rigby at short notice, and his singing of "The traveller stands" obtained some of the warmest applause of the evening. In Mr. Lewis Thomas, we need hardly say, the trying bass solos had a conscientious and efficient interpreter. Mr. Thomas's rendering of the very different airs, "Behold, along the dewy grass," and "In this, O vain misguided man," was exceedingly satisfactory. We could hardly expect the chorus to be quite at ease with such unfamiliar, and, in many parts, difficult music; nevertheless, a very fair success was obtained. Among the numbers best sung were "Come, gentle spring," and "Hark, the deep tremendous voice;" perhaps the most admirable examples of Haydn's choral writing in their different styles. Zelter's description of the *Seasons*, quoted above, is but an exaggeration; the orchestral accompaniments, requiring much of the care usually bestowed on a great symphonic work. We cannot say they were faultless on Thursday night, though, undoubtedly, as much efficiency was shown as could be expected under our system of concert-giving, which permits but one band rehearsal. The audience, a large one, evidently enjoyed Haydn's work greatly; and, so far, there is no reason why it should again fall into disuse.

MUNICH.—The parts of Herr R. Wagner's new effusion, *Die Walküre*, are already given out. The rehearsals, however, will not commence before the return of Mdlle. Stehle, who will be the Brunhilde, but who is now on a starring tour.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—The new and magnificent building recently erected by the Musical Association, and opened with such ceremony by the Emperor himself, was very near destruction a few days since. A fire broke out in one of the cloak rooms, and for two hours defied all efforts to extinguish it. The great hall was so much damaged that it cannot be used at present. The smaller hall fortunately escaped without any injury.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

HERR JOACHIM'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
MORNING PERFORMANCE,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), JANUARY 29TH, 1870.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in A major (No. 2 of Hallé's Edition), for Pianoforte alone—Herr PAUER .. .. *Mozart.*
SONG, "The Star's Message"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Tours.*
TRIO, in B flat, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. PAUER, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. .. *Schubert.*
Conductor .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

THE THIRTEENTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 31ST, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 74, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Vedrai carino," Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. .. *Mozart.*
FANTASIA, in F sharp minor, for Pianoforte alone, Herr PAUER *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

CHACONNE, for Violin alone, Herr JOACHIM .. .. .. *Bach.*
SONG, "Penitence," Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Beethoven.*
TRIO, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, MM. PAUER, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; B. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS
WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAY, January 31, February 7, 14, 21, 28, March 7, 14.

Seven Morning Performances will be given on SATURDAYS, January 29, February 5, 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12, the Subscription to the Sofa Stalls for which is fixed at £1 10s.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear on Saturday, March 12, and Monday, March 14; Herr PAUER on Saturday, January 29, and Monday, January 31; Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ on Saturday March 5, and Monday, March 7.

Madame SCHUMANN is engaged for a limited number of Concerts in February and March, and will make her first appearance on Monday Evening, February 14.

Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will make her last appearance on Saturday Afternoon, February 19.

Herr JOACHIM makes his first appearance to-day, and remains till the close of the season at Easter.

Régulateur de DUBOSAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Mandoline et de LA BELLE GUIARE, Alla de Hamilton, Empereur de Constantinople, by Henri Herz, dit le Petit Augustin. A portrait copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for FIFTY GUINEAS.

Histoire de Richmond, Duc de Normandie, fils du Roy FLORENTINOS de

MARRIAGES.

On the 22nd inst., at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, by the Rev. Hugh Hathorn Wood, M.A., Rector of Pakefield, Suffolk, uncle to the bride, THOMAS CASE, Esq., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford—second son of Robert Case, Esq., of 70, Inverness Terrace—to ELISABETH DONN, only daughter of Professor Sterndale Bennett, of 38, Queensborough Terrace, Kensington Gardens. No cards.

On the 5th inst., at St. Mark's Church, Hamilton Terrace, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, ALEXANDER, eldest son of Samuel Nevill, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to ALICE, younger daughter of Frank Romer, Esq. of 20, Greville Place, St. John's Wood.

DEATH.

On the 18th Dec., at Rio Janeiro, L. M. GOTTSCHALK (aged 40), the celebrated pianist and composer, born in Louisiana, U. S., and eldest son of the late Edward Gottschalk, Esq., of London and New Orleans; to the inexpressible sorrow of his brother and sisters, to whom he ever was the best of brothers—and deeply lamented by his innumerable friends and admirers. Foreign papers please copy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUZZLED.—The instrument contains all the tones and semitones; it may, therefore, be played in any key. Of course two may be played together, provided they be of the same pitch.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD *subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expedience may suggest.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1870.

"CHILPERIC."

WE have all heard of the man whose last state, owing to an increase in the number and wickedness of the evil spirits within him, was worse than his first. At the beginning that miserable person was tenanted by only one devil; but the one, being gregarious and liking the quarters, took seven others of a worse class, and made an infernal party. The narrative illustrates much. It has even a musical application, and to this we turn at once, foregoing all the obvious moralisings upon the easy descent of Avernus, &c., which the general subject invites.

There was a time when the man aforesaid had no devil; and there was, also, a time when society knew not Offenbach. Society may have been, even then, far from musically pure, but—it knew not Offenbach. That is to say, it was free from the influence of one who, by uniting a certain form of art with positive absurdity and comparative indecency, not only degrades art in all its forms, but makes it attractive in its degradation. So far the past had the advantage of the present. M. Offenbach is with us; his music is heard in all our public places (streets included), and Schneider is his prophetess. If the mischief were sure to end, as it began, with M. Offenbach, there would be less cause for crying out, "Life is short and art is long;" and the art of music may survive the life of M. Offenbach. But mischief has always extraordinary vitality. Where one devil gains an entrance, seven others are pretty sure to follow. It was a foregone conclusion, therefore, that Offenbach, in possession and flourishing, would attract others more or less like unto himself. The result has borne out the conclusion. We have, at all events, M. Hervé.

The question arises here, in what respect M. Hervé resembles his prototype. We answer,—In so far as he is unlike Offenbach, he is worse than Offenbach. The latter must be considered a genius in his way. At any rate he possesses the uncommon faculty of knowing what he can do, and sticking to it. There are rumours that, just as Mr. Buckstone is said to consider himself a great tragic actor spoilt by an erratic Fate, so M. Offenbach longs to appear in the character of a serious composer. We shall believe these rumours when they are verified, and not before. There is nothing in the man's works to show that he is in danger of mistaking his *rôle*, and of producing music worthy a musician's serious consideration. M. Offenbach will, doubtless, remain content to pipe that Folly may dance; and to derive his chief inspiration from Eros. So far, we have a certain respect for him. Moreover—and this increases our respect—he mixes only a low

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form of art with the other ingredients of an Offenbachian cup He wears his colours (motley) on his sleeve, without seeking to hide them underneath the classic toga. Now let us turn to M. Hervé. This gentleman also comes to us hand-in-hand with Folly; but, judging from some portions of *Chilperic*, he is not content simply to make folks laugh with (and at) him. He would ape the grand seigneur of music. He would take flight now and then, heedless of Icarus, into the pure atmosphere of high art. Hence there are passages in his music, the intention of which is obvious, and which jar strangely with the buffoonery of their surroundings. Against this development of Offenbachism it is needful to protest, because the precedent may be followed; and there may arise a man both willing and able—which M. Hervé is not—to command the union of high art and folly. Heaven forefend this issue. We have no objection to Pan's pipes when the show is Punch and Judy; but it would be an incongruous thing for the hero of our peripatetic drama, to thrash his wife to the strains of Beethoven. Here, then, is something to be done: When M. Hervé, or anybody else, lifts his hand to drag real art down to the level of *opéra-bouffe*, rap his knuckles.

Against *opéra-bouffe*, pure and simple, we shall not preach, any more than we shall criticize its music. When M. Hervé, in *Chilperic*, is not ambitious, his lively strains help to laughter; and after all nonsense has its use. Nonsense has, also, its sphere—to which it should be kept.

—o—

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Last Monday's concert, if it gave rise to unavoidable disappointment, showed the strength of Mr. Arthur Chappell's company, and the sound principles on which he conducts his enterprise. The "star" was absent, but the programme was, nevertheless, unchanged. A telegram received from Manchester, certifying that Madame Norman-Neruda was prevented by indisposition from travelling, was circulated in the hall, but, while announcing the bane, proclaimed an antidote. It stated that Herr Straus would undertake Madame Neruda's duties, and he himself be replaced by M. Zerbini. Herr Straus is one of the most capable and widely-read players of the day. Nothing good comes amiss to him, and to everything he does justice. The programme offered no novelty, and on that account, perhaps, most certain to be enjoyed. This is peculiarly applicable to Schubert's quartet in A minor, but recently made patent to the general public, since, often repeated, now thoroughly admired and loved. Nor does Beethoven's "serenade trio" need to be dilated upon. Least of all would the *Sonate Pathétique* have borne a single word had it not been entrusted to Mr. Frederic H. Cowen, yet unused to public playing, though a composer of acknowledged talent and still greater promise. The extraordinary effect made by the symphony brought out at his own concert a few weeks ago must be fresh in the memory of our readers. The heartiness with which Mr. Cowen was received, was a testimony to the reputation of the young composer, while the applause at the conclusion of the sonata may also be taken as a recognition of his ability in the highest branch of his profession. He was joined by Herr Straus in Mozart's B flat sonata (*not* the one composed for Strinasacchi) for piano and violin; and Miss Edith Wynne—more at home in Schubert's fine song, "The mighty trees bend," than in Elvira's trying aria, "Mi tradi," from *Don Giovanni*—was the vocalist of the evening. Mr. Benedict was the accompanist. C.

We are glad to learn that Mr. W. H. Cummings has recovered from his recent severe indisposition. He has been singing in various parts of the country during this week, with the usual success; his recovery seems, therefore, perfect.

National Choral Society.—All the music at the concert on Wednesday was by Mendelssohn. There was the *Hymn of Praise* and *Walpurgis Night*, and between these great works, sacred and secular, one of the three Motets composed for the Nuns of the Trinita di Monti at Rome. To this very interesting performance (conducted, as usual, by Mr. G. W. Martin), we shall return next week.

Weimar.—Mad. Pauline Lucca will appear one night next month at the Grand Ducal Theatre, and afterwards sing at a Court Concert. On the first of next month, too, Mad. Viardot Garcia, accompanied by her pupils, will arrive in this pleasant little capital, where she proposes making a stay of three months.

PROVINCIAL.

Windsor.—The following is from a correspondent:—

"Dr. Crotch's oratorio, *Palestine* (words by Bishop Heber), has been given in the Town Hall, by the Choral Society. The vocalists were Mrs. H. Barnby, Messrs. Large, Hunt, and Briggs. Mr. G. A. Griesbach was principal violin and Dr. Elvey conducted.—Mr. Montem Smith has given a lecture on "Ballads" at the Institution.—A 'Literary and Musical Evening' took place on the previous Tuesday."

Llanarth.—The *Carmarthen Journal* of the 21st says:—

"The Church Choir celebrated their annual concert, on Thursday last. Miss Walters commenced with a performance on the harmonium, which was followed by a song from the choir, under the leadership of Mr. J. S. Evans."

Narberth.—We read in the *Carmarthen Journal* as follows:—

"A concert was given at Tavernspite National School-room, on Tuesday evening, by the Lampeter Velfrey Church Choir, in aid of the Haverfordwest Infirmary. The vocalists were Miss Kate Lewis, Miss Minnie Reynolds, Mr. James Frizell, Mr Walter Reynolds, Mr. Williams (Hill), Mr. Bowen, and Mr. Venables. Mrs. Frizell and Miss Reynolds presided at the piano. There was a very large attendance, and the programme was got through in such a manner as to elicit the loudest applause."

Birmingham.—The committee of the Amateur Harmonic Association have just issued their fifteenth annual report. From it we gather the following particulars:—

"Society makes steady progress;—has performed during 1869 these works:—Schubert's *Song of Miriam*, Mendelssohn's 'Hear my Prayer' and 'Lord, bow down,' Benedict's *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, Spohr's 'God, Thou art great,' Mozart's Mass No. 1 and 'Ave verum,' Haydn's Mass No. 1, Gade's *Erl-King's Daughter*, and Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*, besides several minor works;—Mr. Loram chosen librarian *vice* Mr. Kimberley resigned;—number of members, 182;—forty-three rehearsals during the year, average attendance 74;—larger attendance necessary;—orchestra to be erected in Masonic Hall; finances flourishing, balance in hand being £64 8s. 7d.;—members invited to take part in forthcoming festival."

Manchester.—The *Prodigal Son* was heard in the Free Trade Hall, on Thursday week, and a local critic thus assesses its merits:—

"After hearing the *Prodigal Son*, we have no hesitation in asserting that it is destined to secure a place in the catalogue of good and noble music. That its composer has made a vast step in advance of anything he had previously accomplished no one will deny, any more than they will doubt his ability to rise to yet greater heights. We believe nothing superior has been produced in England since the death of Mendelssohn. The learning and carefulness of the patient student are quite subordinate to the truly devotional spirit which prevails throughout. There is not the slightest approach to pandering to popular ignorance—no departure from the canons of propriety and good taste, and no absurd introduction of meaningless glitter or vapid prettiness. The orchestral accompaniments are in themselves a series of picturesque illustrations. There is scarcely a number which has not some striking effect, and yet, with all the novelty—with all the evidence there is of originality and varied inventive power, no extravagance or waste of force is noticeable in the whole composition. We have already indicated the excellent character of the performance. We believe, indeed, that Mr. Sullivan himself expressed great surprise at the advanced state of the rehearsals and intelligent appreciation of the members of the choir when he first heard them, and also that last night the efforts of the ladies and gentlemen, in the orchestra, were certainly not less gratifying to him, than the enthusiastic cheers of the audience."

Birmingham.—Our own correspondent has transmitted us the following:—

"Mr. Harrison's concert on the 19th was highly successful, if we may judge by the audience that filled the Town Hall and the satisfaction with which every thing was received. The artists were Mdlles. Tietjens, Vanzini, and Scalchi, Signori Tagliafico, La Rocca, Tito Mattei, and Herr Stockhausen, with Signor Bevignani as accompanist. The great German *prima donna*, who has returned from Hamburgh in magnificent voice, besides being encored in each of her pieces, was twice called after 'The Minstrel Boy,' evoking a perfect *furore*. Herr Stockhausen (son of the famous Madame Stockhausen, who enjoyed such renown many years since) created a decidedly favourable impression by his artistic singing; but 'Adelaide' (which had been set down for Mr. Sims Reeves, who was absent through indisposition) was not best calculated for his voice, although transposed to meet the requirements of the occasion. The programme was in the main composed of

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things more or less hackneyed, and beyond this needs no remark except that its original dimensions were somewhat abridged in consequence of the numerous encores. Madame Norman-Neruda, who made so great an impression recently on her first appearance here, is again announced, with Mr. Hallé and Mr. Sims Reeves for February 4th; a fortnight later, Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and Mr. Vernon Rigby are engaged. Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* is in rehearsal by the Choral Society; but particulars have not yet been announced. Of all these matters, more anon.—Button of Birmingham."

Edinburgh.—In the *Daily Review* of the 21st appears the following:—

"Yesterday afternoon, Professor Oakeley gave one of his interesting organ performances in his Class-room, Park Place. There was a large and attentive audience. The following selection was played:—

"Andante from the *Suites Francaises* and Fugue in E major, Bach; Andante from 1st Symphony in C, Mozart; Five Variations on an original Theme, for Organ, Hesse; Adagio cantabile, and Menuetto e Trio (*Septuor*), Beethoven; Andante, from an Offertoire for Organ (*In Memoriam*), Lefébure-Wely; Chanson Orientale, Schumann; Overture, *Athaliah*, Handel.

"At the close of the performance, which was heartily applauded, the Professor stated his intention to give, on that day week, a sketch of the music to be performed at the approaching Reid Commemoration Concert."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The "Seasons."

The *Daily News* speaks thus of Haydn's last great work, in its notice of Mr. Barnby's concert:—

"Haydn's *Creation*, beautiful and masterly as it is, has somewhat unjustly superseded, in public performance and in general estimation, his subsequent work, the *Seasons*. As with Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *St. Paul* (with the difference that these works stood in inverse order of production), the one has overshadowed the other to an extent scarcely justified by preponderance of merit. Few things in musical art are more remarkable than the beauty and freshness of the two great closing works of Haydn's long and active career—the *Creation*, completed when he was 66, and the *Seasons* at the age of nearly 70. Full of genius, power, and beauty as is the earlier oratorio, it scarcely anywhere realizes the grandeur and sublimity of its subject—one, indeed, which would have required a Handel or a Beethoven to illustrate. In the *Seasons*, however, the religious element is but occasional and partial, and the characters are human, instead of, as in the *Creation*, angelic. The slight dramatic action which is included in the version of the text of *Die Jahreszeiten*, based on Thomson's poem, by the Baron von Swieten (who also prepared the words of the *Creation*, and is otherwise associated with the biographies of both Haydn and Mozart), deals with the feelings and sentiments of rustics; whereas, in the *Creation*, as already said, angels are supposed to be personified. Moreover, that tendency to the literal and the descriptive which is beneath the dignity of the one work is felt to be far more justifiable and appropriate in the other. On any high principles of art-criticism, therefore, the *Seasons* must almost inevitably be preferred to its precursor, although, perhaps, equal genius and power are manifested in both. That such genial freshness of thought and brightness of fancy should be retained to the age of nearly 70, is, as already said, among the wonders of art-history; another instance being that of Auber, whose *Rêve d'Amour* was brought out at Paris, last December, its composer being now just approaching his 88th year."

The opinion of the *Sunday Times* is thus expressed:—

"The music we shall hardly be expected to go through in detail; there are, however, some of its general features which repay attention. One such is the important work the orchestra has to perform throughout. The nature of the subject, perhaps, led to this; owing to the absolute demand for picturesque writing. But it is worthy of notice how thoroughly Haydn comprehended the necessity, and how successfully he met it. Such a thing was new in his day. The orchestra of the period was strictly subordinate to the voices; and any notion of reversing this state of things would have seemed rank heresy. But Haydn had all his life been free from the trammels of precedent; and with him to see a thing desirable was to attempt it. Hence the prominence of orchestral writing in the *Seasons*. We need not discuss the success of it. Haydn was not the Turner of tone-painting (there are many would-be Turners now-a-days, but all they achieve is a splash of colour, in which neither form nor design can be made out); he was able, however, to convey his meaning in a few simple and graceful touches. This he does all through the *Seasons*. His most descriptive passages never call forth a sense of incongruity; and many of them are so happy that we stand amazed at the results obtained by such apparently obvious means. Another of the noteworthy features in the *Seasons* is the grandeur and beauty of the choral music. How much of the latter quality, for example, do we find in 'Come, gentle spring,' one of the most elegant specimens of part-writing ever given to the world. In 'God of Light' we have dignity and power of a high order, which, however, are excelled in 'Hark! the deep tremendous voice.' The latter is a masterpiece of descriptive writing, because sufficiently descriptive without falling into the error of being too literal. In the chorus of the hunters, and that of the vintners, Haydn seems absolutely to revel with the subject. The result brings the scenes illustrated before the eyes with a vividness which is itself the highest praise the master could receive. Worthy of all that has gone before is the glorious *finale*, 'Then comes the dawn.' It marks, to use words applied to another great production, a worthy effort, worthily achieved. We must leave the solo pieces to speak for themselves; that we may express a hope of hearing Haydn's latest oratorio as frequently as it deserves. There is no cause at all adequate for the neglect it has received; and to this fact Mr. Barnby's performance has called a degree of attention which may end in something like an act of justice."

"Chilperic."

Here is the opinion of the *Daily News* as to M. Hervé's latest *opéra-bouffe*:—

"*Chilperic* is distinguished from the Offenbach productions by a more ambitious style throughout. Indeed, *Chilperic* in many parts is real opera rather than *opera-bouffe*, and there is as much sentimental music in it as in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. We may mention the chorus of Druids, the solo of the high priest Divitiacus, and many of the pieces sung by M. Hervé and Miss Muir. The result may be a certain amount of heaviness, at variance with the character of the production; but it certainly raises the standard of the work, and even enhances, in a great degree, the effect of those lighter portions with which burlesque should be naturally associated."

On the same subject the *Daily Telegraph* says:—

"The story will not interest, but the music may. It is much more pretentious than that which M. Offenbach is in the habit of writing, and, to our thinking, has much less of the *vis comica*. M. Hervé's ambition and his unquestionable facility lead him into imitating the tricks of grand opera, and from this serious, although exaggerated, style, he plunges, as by an effort, into the quick, bright, piquant dance melodies for which his rival is celebrated. It is right to add that M. Hervé writes cleverly for the voice, and scores with the hand of a master."

All of which to us—proceeding, be it understood, from such competent authorities on musical matters—is utterly inexplicable.

The *Observer* of Sunday last, in a notice of the Monday Popular Concert of the 17th inst., has the following:—

"On Monday last the concert-room was crowded to welcome the reappearance of Madame Arabella Goddard, who is now, as she always has been, by far the greatest attraction of the season. Her first performance was a sonata in C minor for the pianoforte alone, composed by Woelfl; her second was W. S. Bennett's sonata in A major for pianoforte and violoncello, the latter instrument being played by Signor Piatti. The sonata by Woelfl was introduced for the first time at these concerts. It is a work of great merit, and deserves to be better known. It is long since any of Woelfl's music has been revived for public performance. The intrinsic value of this piece was greatly increased by the superb play of Madame Goddard. The *duo* by Professor Bennett is one of his most delightful compositions, full of grace, sentiment, and refinement, and both performers well deserved the applause which greeted them."

The *Standard* speaks thus of W. Friedemann Bach's fantasia and its performance at the concert of the 10th inst.:—

"Although the programme of the first concert after Christmas was strictly according to pattern, it yet contained the elements of novelty—for as such must be considered the fantasia for pianoforte, composed by Friedemann Bach, one of the many sons of John Sebastian, all renowned as celebrated musicians, although none of them possessed the talent of their great ancestor. The fantasia in A consists of four movements—the first, partaking of the nature of a prelude, contains several *bravura* passages and *arpeggios*; the second is a graceful *allegretto* in E minor, the third a quaint *moderato*, and the fourth a *rondo* in A major, affording the executant an opportunity for great digital display. In fact, the whole work shows that the composer must have been a most expert performer, and it excites our astonishment that in days previous to the influence of the great Haydn, such dexterity had been acquired as to enable a composer to pen such passages as abound in this fantasia. Scarlatti, it is well known, was accused of calling to his aid more than 'mortal powers,' when he wrote and executed his violoncello *duos* with his friend Francephilli, but we never heard anything against the Bach family, who were proverbially pious. Of Madame Goddard's rendering of the work on Monday evening, it is scarcely possible to speak in too flattering terms. Her touch, command over the tone of the instrument displayed in alternate power and delicacy, her splendid phrasing and accuracy of execution were all most delightfully exhibited, and the applause which greeted her on the conclusion of the fantasia testified to the success with which she introduced it to the Monday Popular audience. The fantasia has, we believe, been once before played from an old MS. copy, but on Monday evening the edition lately brought out by Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co, of 244, Regent Street, was

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for the first time placed on the desk of the pianoforte. It assists greatly the study and performance of the work, both from its clear type, and the accurate marks of expression which are introduced."

About the sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, played by Madame Goddard and Signor Piatti, at the concert following, the *Stan'ard* writes as follows:—

"The *Sonato-duo* by Professor Bennett, which adorned the second part of the programme, is one of his most delightful compositions—full of grace, sentiment, and refinement, and withal so cleverly constructed that it stamps its author as one of the greatest living composers."

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

WOOLWICH.—An extremely good performance of the *Messiah* took place on Tuesday evening, in the recreation room of the Garrison, under the direction of Mr. Smyth, bandmaster of the Royal Artillery. The chorus and band numbered over 200 performers. The prices of admission, ranging from three pence to half-a-crown, brought the concert within reach of all, from commandant to the drummer. The solos were sung by the Misses Siedle, Mrs. Sallenger, Sergeant A. Mansfied, J. Smith, C. Buckland, Grenner, E. Mansfield, and Mr. Harley Vinning, in a manner, for the greater part, worthy all praise; and air after air was loudly applauded by the crowded assemblage. Trumpeter J. Bent's *obbligato*, in "The trumpet shall sound," created a favourable impression. The whole performance gave satisfaction, and the Hospital has received a welcome addition to its funds. To the exertions of Mr. J. Smith and the artists engaged, all of whom have received the thanks, and deservedly so, of the committee, this was mainly due.

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THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER AND THE CAMBERWELL PARISHIONERS.

(*From the "Choir," Jan. 22.*)

Setting aside the fact that Camberwell plays an important part in a popular drama at one of our metropolitan theatres, and that it is a region dear to the hearts of omnibus passengers, we question whether the majority of our readers have ever bestowed much thought upon the highly classic locality. Henceforth, however, it will be celebrated in ecclesiastical history, as having furnished the first problem which Dr. Wilberforce has been called upon to solve since his translation to the See of Winchester. In the diocese of Oxford the Bishop was well known as a ready and successful arbiter in all disputes between priests and people, or to speak more correctly we should say between people and priests, for the quarrels are generally begun by the former, and it was therefore only natural that the parishioners of this southern suburb should refer to his lordship a grievance which they found almost too heavy to be borne. Clearly does their conduct illustrate the truth of the saying that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and we cannot help thinking that the sound common sense which fell from the Bishop's lips combining so thoroughly the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, must have caused the irascible local Bumbles to wish that they had settled their squabbles at home instead of venturing within the portals of Winchester House, but to Cæsar they elected to go, and to Cæsar they went, and we can only express our earnest hope that they were satisfied with the result.

In order to give a fair idea of the facts of the case which, from the strong expression of opinion it evoked from the Bishop, has more than a local interest, it will be well first to call attention to the state of the church in the neighbourhood. Here, as in the majority of the South London parishes, vestrydom has until recently been the chief power. The mere mention of chanting the psalms has been sufficient to raise a storm in a tea cup on which local orators, who are in the habit of talking themselves hoarse until the small hours of the morning, have dilated with enthusiasm, while the introduction of a surpliced choir in the place of the mixed body of ladies and gentlemen who occupy the organ loft, has been regarded with that intense horror which can only be accepted as the proof of an extremely ill regulated mind, and of a chronic state of colour-blindness. Anything in the way of ritual has, in the sunny south, been a thing unheard of except in a few notable instances. The vestments have, it is true, been numerous, but the chief variations permitted have been in the shape of the testimonial black gowns presented at correct intervals to favourite pastors, by the ladies of their flocks. In the arrangement of the buildings equally strange customs prevail, and we have heard of four churches within a short distance of each other in which the chancel, or the apology for it, is placed respectively at the four points of the compass. The architecture is, as a rule, decidedly "nondescript," or to adopt a happy phrase from a recent publication, "Ebenezeresque." Proprietary chapels, over the buying and selling of which there is occasionally no slight tumult, are to be seen dotted about in this favoured neighbourhood, while there is scarcely a church which is not well fitted with the Bishop of Winchester's abomination—"galleries." In the supply of that erratic class of ecclesiastical functionaries—vergers—there is the utmost liberality; while the fashion and flowing nature of their robes sometimes puts to shame the less ample folds of the preacher. In parish clerks, again, the district is rich; and we venture to predict that if these estimable functionaries could be gathered together in one room and ordered to repeat the Athanasian Creed, each remembering that he is (or is considered to be) the mouthpiece of the congregation, the result would be a general demand for monotonic recitation. The musical arrangements are scarcely less quaint. *Kyries* are sung to the most extraordinary specimens of so-called Church music, with variegated accompaniments; while in one church in Lambeth this favourite opportunity for musical display is only taken advantage of after the tenth Commandment, the petition after the others being relegated to the ordinary mumble. In attitudes, the aspect of some of the congregations would present a study worthy of a Hogarth; while if there is another point in which the South is unequalled, it is in the dismal character of its solitary church bells.

From such a choice *locale*, with all the furrowed lines characteristic of the "use of the last three hundred years" stamped unmistakably on the brow of each member of the deputation, did the Camberwell magnates go forth last week on their pilgrimage to Winchester House. Accustomed for the past thirty years to regard their diocesan as a far-off star in the ecclesiastical firmament, the worthy men suddenly awoke to the fact that the wearer of lawn sleeves is at times capable of descending to the common ground and of talking to men like a man. Thus, when they poured forth their woes into the Episcopal ear, drawing touching pictures of the agony of being compelled to drop their offerings in a bag instead of placing them in a plate, enlarging on the evils of "intoning," and condemning the use of the surplice, the Bishop met them at once in the most soothing manner by assuring them that he saw that it was a fear for the future more than an objection to the present mode of conducting the service which had excited their anxiety. His Lordship then proceeded to defend the practice of intoning where the clergyman is capable of a musical recitation, and he explained, in the most distinct manner, the advantages arising from it, viz.—that the voice can be more easily heard, and that it marks the distinction between the utterance of the clergyman when he is acting as the mouthpiece of the people in praying to or praising God and when he is addressing his own words to men. The question of Bags *versus* Plates is one which does not fall within our province; but it may be well to add that the Bishop spoke very pointedly in favour of the Weekly Offertory. Thus ended the two hoursand a half which the aggrieved parishioners of St. Giles's, Camberwell, spent with their Ordinary.

On the importance of the Bishop's outspoken defence of the choral service especially when its rarity in the district is remembered, we need hardly say a word; it was simply what might have been naturally expected; but, if we may point a moral to adorn our tale, it is to express our hearty thanks to his lordship for having so emphatically taken the bull by the horns, and removed by a little explanation the cause of the grievance under which these persons were suffering, thus suggesting how many similar troubles might be overcome by a corresponding course of action on the part of other members of the Episcopal bench. Ignorance and misconception are the great evils against which we have to contend, and well will it be for the English Church when each one of her Bishops devotes himself to their removal after the manner of the Bishop of Winchester.

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Shuber Silber across "Chilperic."

If a house "crowded to suffocation" be a sign of success, nothing could be more successful than M. Hervé's *Chilpéric* on Saturday at the Lyceum Theatre. At what time the performance terminated we are not in a position to say. At twelve o'clock the house was still crowded, the "suffocating" point still maintained, and still an act to come. Several songs and dances had been encored; but if the work had been performed without interruption, the representation, notwithstanding the vivacity of M. Hervé, would still have been intolerably long. *Chilpéric* is just one of those pieces which could only see the light in France, where a people, accused of restlessness and levity, submit to a despotic government, a rigid system of administration, five-act tragedies in verse and five-act farces in prose. *Chilpéric* is only a three-act farce; but it is set to music; and the music, dances, and endless talk make up a whole seldom equalled for wearisomeness. *Chilpéric* may be compared to human life—"of which," says Bossuet, in his letter to Father Caffaro on dramatic performances, "inexorable wearisomeness constitutes the very substantial." It is the "inexorable wearisomeness" which left to itself might drive us all to religion, that dramatist and actor, with diabolical perversity, seek to dispel; for which reason dramatist and actor are accursed; though to this rule, there are, of course, exceptions. Bossuet would never have held that the three gentlemen who adapted *Chilpéric* to the English stage had lost all hope of salvation. Indeed, by reason of the "inexorable wearisomeness" which, instead of dispelling, they promote, he would have looked upon them as already numbered among the blessed. Hervé, like Wagner, writes his own opera books; nothing, we fancy—not even the interposition of his translators—could save him from the anathema of the Church. He absolutely succeeds from time to time in dispelling the wearisomeness of his own piece.

Chilpéric is not only a three-act farce but a three-act historical farce;

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and not only a three-act historical farce but a three-act historical farce of a period beyond the sympathy, interest, and knowledge of the majority of English playgoers. Chilpéric, Pharamond, Clovis, are names and nothing more to the majority of English playgoers. If every man who entered the Lyceum on Saturday had been asked by the check-taker—"What was *Chilpéric?*"—nine-tenths would have been unable to give any answer, while of the remaining tenth more than one-half would have replied, "It is a burlesque opera by Hervé."

The work opens, like *Norma*, with a chorus of Druids. Here, all resemblance between Hervé and Bellini comes to an end. No, there is another point of similarity:—Chilpéric, like Pollio, becomes entangled with two women, Frédégonde, a peasant girl, whom he appoints mistress of his wardrobe, and Galsuinda, a Spanish princess, whom he ultimately marries. The duet of recrimination between Frédégonde and Chilpéric, when the separation takes place, reproaches are exchanged, and presents returned, reminds us of a similar duet between Norma and Pollio. It is good all the same, the effect being heightened by the dancing of Chilpéric—advancing, retiring, and gesticulating all the time that Frédégonde upbraids him.

M. Hervé was originally intended for the Church, which adds piquancy to the fun inseparable from his grotesque but expressive gestures, and from the reckless style of his dance-music. The music of *Chilpéric* is throughout as rhythmical as dance-music can possibly be. It is often melodious, and one or two of the concerted pieces (especially the quartet for Chilpéric, Frédégonde, Brunehaut, and Sigebert) are bustling. But it is in the *finale* that M. Hervé (like the great composers of serious and comic opera) loves to strike his blow. The umbrella *finale* of the first act, in which Chilpéric and his courtiers are surprised by a storm, and that of the second when Chilpéric and courtiers dance the *cancan*, are models of the *opera-bouffe*, as cultivated at the Folies Dramatiques. Both were received with enthusiasm, and repeated. We have heard the sestet in the *Lucia* encored, also the last movement in the *Mosè in Egitto;* but never until Saturday did we hear two *finales* encored in the same opera. It must be remembered, however, that in *Lucia* none of the characters dance the *cancan*.

Let us add, to prevent misconception, that this dance, of which so much has been written, and which deserves the ill-repute attached to it, is executed with propriety at the Lyceum. The essence of it here is not indecency, but grotesqueness, heightened by a certain impertinence of gesture. It is not a dance in which a mother would wish her girls to be instructed; but as performed at the Lyceum, there is no reason at all why she should not take them to see it.

M. Hervé made a hit as Chilpéric. He is full of droll humour of a sympathetic kind. M. Marius, who played the peasant Landry, Frédégonde's lover, produced also a favourable impression. His body seems made without bone, and he telegraphs with all his limbs. Native talent, too, was adequately represented, Miss Emily Muir, in particular, achieving a decided success as Frédégonde. Miss Muir is a good singer and acts with much spirit. Orchestra good, ballet good, scenery good, costumes good.

Shaver Silver.

EPICHARMUS THE INVENTOR OF COMEDY.*

The origin, shrouded in the obscurity of the early middle age, of the modern drama has exercised the patience of generation after generation of antiquarians in every country of Europe. It is still uncertain to what extent the Mysteries and Miracles of the fourteenth century were a new invention, or were directly descended from the Roman theatre of the fifth century. There are "convulsionists," in literary history as well as in geology, who like epochs without antecedents. To others nothing begins to be; all is progress and development. "Lord Dundreary" derives in a right line, through *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, from the *Chester Mysteries*. The miracle-plays are but the Christianizing of the popular farces which survived the regular drama on the wreck of the theatres, by the barbarians, in the sixth century. Every larger municipal town had its theatre, in which, to the last, Plautus might be occasionally seen. But Plautus carries us back already to B.C. 200, and to the Greeks, of whom Plautus was confessedly a copyist. Mounting upwards we ascend rapidly through the New, the Middle, and the Old Comedy. But comedy and tragedy—the drama altogether—is exclusively Attic. "If any Greek in a distant part," says Plato, "has written what he thinks a passable tragedy, he posts off with it to Athens. If it succeeds there, he is secure of a reputation wide as Greece." The Attic stage, and the Festivals of Dionysus at Athens, were the nursery of the comic drama of Europe. The nursery only, not the birthplace; for this we must go one stage further back. Doric, not Attic, was the native dialect of comedy. The earliest Attic writers of the "old comedy" drew their inspiration from abroad. Chionides and Magnes professed to build upon the foundation of the Megarian pantomime. It is in Epicharmus, of Doric Megara, that written comedy acknowledges its ancestor and inventor, and the era of its birth accordingly is between 480-500 B.C. Epicharmus had no predecessors, no models. He has been copied and adapted by many followers, but had himself none to copy. Beyond Epicharmus the tradition of the comic stage does not ascend.

What was Epicharmus? How came he to invent comedy? What are his plays like? These are questions of classical scholarship, but also of an interest wide as literature. Of course they are questions only to be answered from the plays themselves. Epicharmus, though not so prolific as M. Scribe, was no less fertile than writers for the stage usually are. But time has engulphed it all—all save about three hundred scattered lines, which have floated like so much wreck to the shore of our modern age. Of these three hundred lines some thirty or forty are suspected as spurious; that is, though found quoted from Epicharmus, are thought not to have been written by him. At least as many more are so corrupt that their meaning is conjectural. For these and other reasons there remain barely two hundred lines out of which the classical palæontologist may attempt to reconstruct a living image of the first comic poet, whose "works," in the Alexandrine recension of them, filled ten volumes.

This desperate undertaking was attempted six years ago by a German philologian, Herr Lorenz.* The three hundred lines require about as many pages for their elucidation. At first sight, we could not help suspecting these proportions of having something to do with professorial book-making. We were, therefore, agreeably surprised to find that very little could fairly be set down to this common sin of monographs. Even the first chapter, on "the Doric Drama," though it did but go over again ground thoroughly beaten by K. O. Müller, forms an indispensable prologue. The *Life of Epicharmus* had been well worked up by Bernhardy in Ersch and Gruber's *Encyclopädie*, but some few gleanings were still left. If Herr Lorenz anywhere indulged in superfluities, it was in the fifth chapter, in which, for want of materials, the growth of comedy was traced hypothetically. On the whole, we close his treatise with a satisfied conviction how much can be inferred from how few data, how certain the process of restoration is, and how clear is the line which, in historical philology, separates sound induction from fanciful suggestion.

Epicharmus was worth pains, for he was a very remarkable man. The inventor of comedy could hardly have been other. Epicharmus was no mere droll who set himself the task of amusing a ribald populace and a luxurious soverign. He had appropriated all the best philosophical thinking of his age—the age of Xenophanes and Heraclitus. He, and probably his father before him, had been taught in the schools of the Pythagoreans, even if he had not known Pythagoras himself. More than this, Epicharmus was himself an original and powerful thinker, though he has not given his name to a particular system of opinion. Ennius entitled a Pythagorean didactic poem, *Epicharmus*, and one Alcimus wrote an essay (not extant) in which he tried to show that Plato's Dialogues had drawn largely from Epicharmus' comedies. So much we may assert of him, even if we do not (like Lover) ascribe to him a philosophical poem, *Of Nature*, on precarious evidence. Though the allusion in Plato is jocular, yet even in that passage (*Theætet*, p. 152) it is not without significance that Homer and Epicharmus, on the one side, are set over against Protagoras, Heraclitus, and Empedocles on the other.

The invention of comedy demands the very highest gifts of mind, and especially this broad and philosophical knowledge of human nature. For the invention of comedy is not merely the invention of intrigue and plot, and its *dénouement*, drawn to a climax through a succession of scenes, of laughable situations, and ridiculous contrasts of character. It is all this, but it is much more. All true jesting, as Jean Paul says, implies depth of character; moral indifference annihilates the distinction between jest and earnest, and in such a soil they cease to be. It is only experience, ripened by reflection, which enables us to see that the follies and errors of mankind have not merely a ridiculous side, but that they are so many indications of a one-sided undeveloped nature—that they spring from mental deformity, the consequence of a cramped education and a defective experience. No comic writer has attained greatness who has not placed himself on this platform. This witty irony which sympathizes with, and pities and understands, its victim, is the very rarest of intellectual gifts. Mockers, scoffers, persifleurs—Aristophanes and Lucian, Swift and Voltaire—belong to another, and an inferior, type. Rabelaisian laughter is compounded of vulgar elements, and all its philosophy consists in referring men's acts to selfish and sensual motives. Its satire is a sneer, and the acmè of its wisdom is to deny the existence of virtue.

True comic genius is the opposite of this. Its sportive laugh is directed, not in bitterness against human nature, but against its foibles. It pays the highest homage to virtue, tending always towards an ideal perfection. It is of the utmost significance, then, that "the first of comic poets," as Plato styles Epicharmus, was a man of thorough philosophic culture. Only such a one was capable of opening the true vein of comedy. Of course the inventor of comedy owed much to suggestions and opportunities. Educated, if not born, in the Sicilian Megara, he was familiar from childhood with the broad forms of popular wit and street chaff. Of all the Doric towns, Megara distinguished itself by its turn for coarse banter and practical joke. Here, from of old, the Bacchus festivals were celebrated with all the wild license of the vintage season, with the personalities, the repartees, the home thrusts for which the Doric race and dialect were famous. The mimes and the murmurs, and the processions of the jolly Comastæ, in their harlequin dresses of many colours, were here at home. The waggon for a stage, the cork-tree bark for a mask, the

* *Leben und Schriften des Koer's Epicharmos, nebst einer Fragmenter sammlung.* Von. Aug. O. Fr. Lorenz. Berlin: 1864.

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adventures of Dionysus the wine-giver for a subject, the song and dance of the peasants for accompaniment—the materials of comedy were all ready to hand. All that was wanting was the master-mind to weave these elements into one whole, to exalt the *charivari* of October to the dignity of poetry. We can easily imagine—certainly we cannot prove—the upward steps by which a genius and a training like that of Epicharmus advanced from rude farce to the true conception of comedy. We can imagine him in his mythological travesties—in *Pyrrha and Prometheus*, or *Hebe's Wedding*—giving the reins to his youthful exuberance, and lashing out on all sides strokes fair and foul upon the civic notabilities, where, as in a small town like Megara, everybody knew everybody. As he became conscious of his powers, he removed to a larger sphere, to Syracuse. This city was then at the moment of its greatest splendour. Under Gelo and Hiero, Syracuse stood at the head of the Greek world. It was the most populous, the most wealthy, and the most civilized city in which the Greek tongue was spoken. If more refined wit and greater caution were here required, at least an audience was obtained capable of appreciating them both. Along with wealth and civilization followed, of course, luxury and vice. The *bourgeois* of Syracuse was notoriously fond of good living and the pleasures of the table. It is to this that we owe the preservation of a large part of the few scraps of Epicharmus which the grammarians have preserved; they contained out-of-the-way words—the names of peculiar Syracusan dishes or cakes. But the Syracusan loved good talk along with his good cheer. The lively, cheerful, chatty temper of the Greek Sicilian was almost proverbial. It did not forsake him even under the worst of tyrannies—that of a debauched Roman Proconsul. "*Nunquam tam male est Siculis, quin aliquid facete et commode dicant*," says Cicero. Under Gelo, provided you did not touch upon home politics, no doubt there was a free career for the dramatic satirist. And Hiero was the munificent patron of genius of every kind, but especially of poets. This was the very sphere for the comic drama, and all that was wanting was the poet. Epicharmus came, and created comedy. To this man was given the eye to see that underneath the rough repartee and rude witticism of the common man there lies a deep principal, which prevades all life; that these are but the ill regulated outbreaks of an ideal necessity, which is ever prompting to place the bad and the imperfect in sharp contrast with the excellent and the perfect. Vice is not the direct object of comedy. Vice is the object of satire; it is not laughable. To have been the first to seize this point of view is to have been the inventor of comedy. This is the invention which is associated for ever with the name of Epicharmus.

WAIFS.

Parisina has failed at Venice by reason of indifferent execution.

Herren Joachim and Rubinstein have been playing in Dresden.

M. Offenbach has gone to Vienna, where he will direct *Vert-Vert*.

Madame Adelina Patti has gained a new triumph at St. Petersburgh in *Linda di Chamouni*.

I Diritti di Autore says there are 927 theatres in Italy, distributed among 690 towns and communes.

The Hague municipal council has voted 15,000 florins as a subvention to the theatre for the present year.

Madame Marie Sass has signed an engagement to sing in St. Petersburgh during October and November next.

The Paris theatres, concert-rooms, &c., received during December 1,914,441 francs.

M. Battu, a violinist of distinction and father of Mdlle. Marie Battu, died last week in Paris.

The Symphony, at the Crystal Palace to-day, is Beethoven's in F (No. 8).

M. Pasdeloup definitely resigns his connection with the Théâtre Lyrique, on February 1st.

Herr Joseph Joachim makes his first appearance for the season to-day, at the Saturday Popular Concerts, in St. James's Hall.

Mr. Leigh Murray, the justly celebrated actor, died suddenly on Monday week in his 49th year.

The reported dismissal of M. Georges Hainl, *chef d'orchestre* at the Grand Opéra, is contradicted. His engagement has, in reality, been renewed.

Mdlle. Luisa Cari (Louisa Carey), the young American contralto, has been engaged by M. Strakosch for the approaching tour in Germany with Rossini's *Messe*.

We are glad to hear that it has been decided to give Mr. Frederic Cowen's symphony in C minor at one of the remaining Crystal Palace concerts this season.

The municipal council of Nantes have refused a subvention to the theatre; but, at the same time, have appointed a commission to examine and report on the matter.

Signor Randegger will conduct a performance of Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* in St. James's Hall, some time during February. Mr. Sims Reeves is engaged.

We (*Fun*) read in a contemporary that it is proposed to give all railway whistles a musical pitch. We are for pitching them overboard altogether.

The best conducted people to be met with anywhere in London are the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, when under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, at Exeter Hall.—*Punch*.

The Empress Eugenie gave a luncheon on Monday week, after which an unpublished work by an unnamed author was performed. This definite news is from *La France Musicale*.

The Birmingham Festival committee have finally decided not to perform the *Prodigal Son*. On this we simply remark that the Birmingham committee appear not to know what is good for themselves.

Mr. Benedict is, we are informed, at present busily engaged with his oratorio, *St. Peter*. The first part is said to be nearly completed. The oratorio, as our readers are aware, is to be given at the Birmingham Festival in the autumn of the present year.

The festival at Bonn, in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth, is to take place in August, and to last three days; during which time the most important of the master's works will be performed.

The last concert of the Paris Conservatoire had in its programme these works:—Choral Symphony, Beethoven; Romance from Symphony (*La Reine*) Haydn; "Ave verum," Halévy; Overture (*Der Freyschütz*, Weber.

M. Pasdeloup's latest programme was this:—Symphony in D major, Mozart; Andante from 5th, and Fugue from 9th quartet, Beethoven; Symphony, *Reformation*, Mendelssohn; Intermezzo, Lachner; Overture, *Flying Dutchman*, Wagner.

Several musicsellers in Strasburg and other French towns on the German frontier, have been prosecuted for selling German editions of French works. They were fined, and rightly served, for the brain labourer is worthy of his hire.

A correspondent writes us word that Miss Geraldine Somers has been most successful in her tour with Miss Kate Gordon. The *Waterford Chronicle* says:—"Miss Geraldine Somers' fine contralto voice was heard with much effect in the opening of 'Ti prego,' and in Handel's recit. and aria, 'Lascia chio pianga,' Miss Somers showed executive powers of a high order."

The Italian Opera is being rather roughly handled in Philadelphia. The papers says it has a miscegenation chorus—that Maretzek has nothing to do with the management of the affair, but that it is "run" by an Italian gentleman of the name of Levy. Can this be so? We (*Watson*) admit that it is possible, for we have heard the name of Levy before.

Miss Rose Hersee has been singing at St. Louis lately with the Parepa-Rosa *troupe*. *St. Louis Times* speaking of the performance of *Fra Diavolo*, thus writes about Miss Hersee:—

"She makes an admirable Zerlina, and while confirming both in vocal and dramatic ability all that has been said about her, evinces even more talent than we expected."

The man who, when a lad, helped to dig the grave of Mozart, and who, in 1852, pointed out that unhonoured receptacle, died lately in Vienna. The following conversation is said to have taken place between him and the driver of the hearse:—"Are there any carriages?" Not one. "Whom have you there, then?" "A chapel-master." "Oh! these musicians, they are poor fellows. I see that I shan't receive a kreutzer." "I believe you, I have not even had a trifle for drink."

Mr. Santley's first Provincial Concert Tour began at Brighton, on Monday evening. Concerts have been given during the week, at Bristol, Bath, Chester, and Warrington. A concert is announced at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, for this evening. Associated with Mr. Santley are Madame Sinico, Miss Annie Edmonds, Signor Foli, Herr Wilhelmj, and Madame Arabella Goddard, with Mr. Sidney Naylor, as pianoforte accompanist. The managing director of the tour is Mr. Edward Murray.

M. Raphael Felix has organized the following company wherewith to give a series of *opéra-bouffe* performances during next season in the United Kingdom:—Mesdames Schneider, Pradal, Monnier, Daguy, Descamps; MM. Carrier, Beckers, Tayau, Desmonts, Petit, Leroux, Bury. *Chef d'orchestre*, M. Vizentini. The repertory includes *La Grande Duchesse*, *Orphée aux Enfers*, *Barbe-Bleue*, *La Périchole*, and *Les Deux Aveugles*.

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MUSIC HATH NOT ALWAYS CHARMS.—M. Gresland, a manufacturer of Paris, is owner of a large piece of land, on which he has established his works and taken up his residence. The City of Paris owns the adjoining plot, and has fixed a school there. The authorities made openings looking upon the other's premises, which he at first paid no attention to, never imagined that they would prove a nuisance: but the three hundred children assembled learn to read by singing altogether a monotonous tune, extremely disagreeable to him. M. Gresland, in consequence, brought an action against the Prefect of the Seine to cause the openings to be closed, and the Civil Tribunal has now given its sanction to that course, and ordered the city to pay a fine of 50f. for each window made.

We read the following in the *Daily News*:—

"Is there a cure for the venom of a snake? Hitherto we know that the bites of venomous snakes have formed the despair of medical science. Reports from Australia, however, assure us that Professor Halford has discovered a remedy in the injection of ammonia. Two instances of success are recorded from Victoria. In one case an hour and a half had elapsed before the application; in the other, thirteen or fourteen hours—yet both ended in rapid recovery. We are so accustomed to hear some infallible cure for hydrophobia, which proves to be no cure at all, that we read this with reserve; yet the reports are so persistent, that they deserve attention."

Why not try injections of ammonia in hydrophaic cases?

A correspondent of the *Gaulois*, speaking of a delay in the first performance of *Froufrou* at Rome, tells us that in the "Eternal City" there is not one censor, but three censors—a censor for politics, a censor for religion, and a censor for costumes and morality! If each of these censors could have his own way, very little of any piece submitted to them would be left. But, fortunately, the political censor thinks the religious censor absurdly strict; the religious censor has no patience with the severity of the political censor; and both object to the excessive prudery manifested by the censor for costume and morality. In short, each of the three censors is controlled by the other two, and *Froufrou* would have passed without correction or protest, and would have been produced without delay but for an accident which obviously concerned the censor for costume: at the last moment the heroine's dresses had not arrived.—*The Graphic.*

The following slashing criticism appears in *Watson*:—

"Mr. Wm. Bergé was the organist and his performance was very mediocre. He treats the instrument as he would a cast-iron piano, and thrashes it unmercifully. Under his hands it has neither grandeur nor sweetness. His extemporaneous performance was unworthy of a dull school-boy. It was without form, totally deficient in imagination, a stringing together of common-place subjects, half Italian *stretti* and half polkas, and none of them amounting to a melody. The beginning had no reference to the end, nor the middle to either. His attempted delineation of a storm was but a tempest in a tea-pot, and could only be recognized as an elemental war through the mechanical appliances, which he uses very badly. His combinations are rarely effective, and never beautiful; his modulations are awkward, and his resources in harmony very limited; his use of the solo stops is generally ineffective, from the fact that sufficient support is not given by the left hand, which is constrained in consequence of the pedals only being used as a double to the little finger and rarely, moving independently. Sometimes, of course, in *points d'orgue*, he trusts himself to an independent bass, but rarely otherwise. It is idle to call this organ-playing, it is time that the public should ask themselves, when they hear such a jumble of pointless crudities,—'What does it mean? Is it music?' And when they hear a tremendous hopping and jumping crash, in which the harmonies are so mixed up that the sequence cannot be distinguished, and the sound gasps instead of rolls, they shall say, 'Is this the grandeur of power, or of a muddle, a row, or a racket?'"

The transplantation of Mr. Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* to the city from which that most cosmopolitan of damsels originally sprang, has recalled an incident which occurred during the rehearsals of his *Puits d'Amour* at the Opéra Comique in 1843. This, by-the-bye, being the only opera by the English composer known to French journalists, is coolly put down by them as being the last he wrote. A Parisian's world is bounded by the boulevards. At the time that the "*puits d'amour*" was being dug, M. Auber was much interested in the career of Madame Anna Thillon, and obtained for her an engagement to play the chief character. The post of honour was the post of danger. The heroine has to leap into the *puits* which gives its name to the piece, and the considerate *maestro* was sorely concerned lest the *prima donna* should break some bones in the "well of love." There were mattresses galore, but M. Auber was not satisfied; he so worried every one concerned, that at last the stage-manager lost all patience, and cried out, "Well, if you are so much interested in Madame Thillon, you had better try it yourself." No sooner said than done. The Director of the Conservatoire was at that time under sixty; with the impetuosity of youth, he leaped into the well, and "came up smiling"—only to meet other smiles, however, which were dangerously significant. Among the scoffers was Madame Thillon's husband, to whom the composer said, I am still not at all convinced about Madame's safety; she is much stouter than I am. Now you are of about the same size: if *you* jump in and are not hurt, there will be no cause for fear." The husband did as he was bid—as husbands always do—and that gay young spark, the author of *Un Rêve d'Amour*, had the laugh on his side after all.—*The Graphic.*

Five times in the course of the twenty-four hours are the faithful Turks summoned to prayer by the (generally blind) Muezzin; the first time a little after sunset, next at nightfall, then at daybreak, further at noon, and, finally, when the sun begins to decline. There are, however, two other calls to prayer besides, during the night, to rouse persons desirous of performing supererogatory acts of devotion. A little after midnight is the time fixed for the first of these two calls, which is therefore called "*Ulah.*" We quote Mr. Deutsch (*Quarterly Review*, Art. "*Islam*," p. 343):—

"May be, some stray reader remembers a certain thrill on waking suddenly in the middle of his first night on Eastern soil—waking, as it were, from dream to dream. For there came a voice, solitary, sweet, sonorous, floating from on high through the moonlight stillness—the voice of the blind Muezzin, singing the Ulah, or first Call to Prayer. At the sound whereof many a white figure would move silently on the low roofs, and not merely, like the palm and cypresses around, bow his head, but prostrate, and bend his knees. And the sounds went and came, 'Allah Akbar. . . . Prayer is better than sleep. . . . There is no God but He. . . . He giveth life, and He dieth not. . . . Oh! Thou Bountiful. . . . Thy mercy ceaseth not. . . . My sins are great, greater is Thy mercy. . . . I extol His perfection. . . . Allahu Akbar!'"

And this reader may have a vague notion of Arabic and Koranic sound, one which he will never forget.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper contains the following eulogistic notice of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, who are now starring in the States:—

"Although both of these artists are of the same race—the dominant Anglo-Saxon—they are nevertheless of different countries, and come from either side of the great herring-pond, denominated, in common parlance, the Atlantic Ocean. Mr. Paul was originally an American, although whether he now calls himself one or not, it would be hard to say, as his reputation was first made, to a large extent, in England. Being naturally of a wandering disposition, and finding himself at a loss to obtain a female partner for life, of a corresponding genius to his own, he set out upon his travels in search of one. Finally he brought up in Great Britain, where, as Fortune would have it, he found the very lady he was in search of—his present spouse. He is frankly to be congratulated upon the good luck that attended his search. Rarely indeed have a husband and wife so admirably suited each other in public, and of course in private life. Admirable actor and actress as each of them are, they have both a rare musical organization, thoroughly adapted to the line of eccentric comedy in which Howard Paul is so perfect a master and his lady so thorough a mistress. Indeed, as a comic vocalist, it would be difficult to name an actor who may be ranked as the gentleman's equal. At the same time, from their mutual assistance they are enabled to present the public with a much wider and larger range of character than any single artist—did he possess four times the versatility of the elder Mathews—could possibly do. Since their former visit to this country they have been 'starring' throughout England, and have now returned here with an added list of theatrical characterizations, which has at once stamped their success in the city where they have lately appeared, and which will very certainly be warmly received in New York, where they have left so agreeable a memory of their vivacity, their talent, and their capability of entertaining an audience, by what may be termed, without flattery, their unrivalled skill in personal eccentric comedy."

There appears to be want of harmony among the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Dumfries. One of the Scotch papers says that Provost Harkness lately resigned his office as conductor of the choir, and Mr. Wright was appointed in his place. On last Sabbath morning Mr. Wright appeared at the precentor's desk; but unfortunately for him there was also present, in the choir-seat, Mr. William Kerr, formerly a member of the choir, along with a number of male and female juveniles, who, it was presumed, were to assist in the singing. The psalmody in St. Mary's Church has hitherto been led by a harmonium, but on Sabbath last the instrument was not used. When the minister gave out the 43rd Psalm verse 3, commencing "Oh send Thy light forth and Thy truth," Mr. Wright gave the key-note and commenced to sing "Invocation," but here Mr. Kerr and his young friends—for reasons best known to themselves—struck up "St. Ann's." The struggle between the two parties is described as having been very distressing. At length, Mr. Wright, seeing he had no chance of competing against such terrible odds, desisted, and the others sang on till the psalm was finished, but at such a pitch that their own voices could not do more than "tip" the higher notes. Several members of the congregation in the meantime picked up their bibles and left the church, and the minister took

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his seat in the pulpit, unable evidently to control his own feelings. It seems a melancholy business altogether, but it is perhaps as well that the minister has a difficulty in controlling his feelings, for possibly he may in a rash moment turn the whole party out of his church, and get on without singing until the rival performers have adjusted their differences outside the sacred edifice.

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Haitzinger, a once celebrated tenor, died lately, at the advanced age of eighty.

BRUSSELS.—A new opera by the Baroness de Maistre will shortly be produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The fair composer superintends the rehearsals herself.

BONN.—The musical library of the late Professor Otto Jahn is offered for sale. The price is fixed at ten thousand thalers.—Great preparations are being made to celebrate, becomingly, Beethoven's centenary, in August.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—The programme for the Forty-Seventh Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, which, as announced in last week's number of the *Musical World*, will take place here at Whitsuntide, under the direction of Herr Franz Lachner, is, at length, definitely settled. It will comprise, on the first day, Beethoven's *Missa solemnis* and *Sinfonia Eroica*; on the second day, the same composer's grand "*Leonore* Overture," and Handel's *Deborah*; and, on the third day, a miscellaneous selection, vocal and instrumental.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller conducted at the fifth concert of the Russian Musical Society. The following was the programme on the occasion:—"Fingal's Cave Overture," Mendelssohn; Violin Concerto, Max Bruch (Herr Auber); Ferdinand Hiller's Overture to Schiller's tragedy of *Demetrius*; Adagio for Violin, Hiller; "Perpetuum mobile," Paganini (Herren F. Hiller and Auber); and Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, Beethoven. Herr Ferdinand Hiller was most warmly received and enthusiastically applauded.—Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was lately produced at the Russian Operahouse, Mdlle. Lawrojsky particularly distinguishing herself as Fides.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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VOL. 48—No. 10. SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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MR. ROBERT BERRINGER will play his Grande Valse de Bravoure during the week at his Recitals of Pianoforte Music at the Crystal Palace.—N.B. Published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS JESSIE ROYD will sing the celebrated ballad by BENEDICT, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at Lewes, on Thursday, March 10th.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing at St. James's Hall, March 17th; and in the "MESSIAH," at Stroud, March 24th. For terms, address, 125, Regent Street, W.

MISS AMY WEDDLE will make her first appearance in London at Miss Berry Greening's Concert, St. James's Hall, on St. Patrick's Eve, Thursday, March 17th, when she will play WILLIE PAPE'S admired fantasia, "IRISH DIAMONDS" (introducing the Airs: "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," and "Garry Owen"). Address, 7, Whitley Villas, Penn Road, Holloway.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him as follows:—Theatre Royal, Glasgow, from March 7th to 26th; Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, March 21st to 26th.

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MR. SIMS REEVES will sing BLUMENTHAL'S popular song, "THE MESSAGE," for the last time previous to his departure for Italy, at his Benefit Concert, at St. James's Hall, March 11th.

MR. ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Baritone) may be engaged for Oratorios and Miscellaneous Concerts. Address—Nelson House, Slough.

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CARL MARIA VON WEBER.*

(*Continued from page* 136.)

For his concert, Weber had his *Jubilee Cantata* studied in its entirety, in addition to the other pieces. Seated in a large arm-chair; wrapped up in furs; and apparently dosing, he listened to what was being done, restricting himself to merely giving a few hints in an under-tone; once only, he seemed to recollect the happy days when he commanded his musicians of Prague and Dresden. "Gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "pray stop! would you holloa like that in Heaven?" Moscheles, Hawes, Smart, and Fürstenau, assumed the whole task of organizing the concert. Weber was unable to undertake it. He was, also, compelled to renounce the idea of conducting; Cramer and Mori considered it an honour to replace him; with regard to the performance, all the great artists in England were proud to take part in it. Yet, despite all these manifestations, so soothing to his heart, the concert did not allow him a minute's repose. "It is to take place in a fortnight," he wrote to his wife. "Would you believe it? My heart beats like a child's. It is the last time that I shall ever give a concert."

The hour fixed for the concert arrived at last.—What a disappointment.—In the first place, it was the day of Epsom Races; then, Beyrez, the singer, had given, in the afternoon, a grand Musical Réunion at the Duke of St. Albans', when all the aristocracy had been present; then, it began raining in torrents; and, lastly, the Lady Patronesses of the Philharmonic Society, not having received a visit from Weber, had not troubled themselves at all about his concert. The consequence was that the Argyll Rooms were almost empty, so that his friends were absolutely ashamed, and dreaded the moment of his entering the orchestra. And, in truth, when he appeared, leaning upon the arm of his friend Smart, his lips were for a moment contracted by a bitter smile.

The *Jubilee Cantata*, which the translator entitled the *Festival of Peace*, was something marvellous. Each artist surpassed himself; then came the turn of the violinist, Riesewetter, whose fine talent was justly applauded; the overture to *Oberon* was next dashed off with great spirit, Mori being the conductor; and the song of *Lalla Rookh*, followed by the overture to *Euryanthe*, completed the programme. It was the last time Weber's fingers touched the keys of the instrument to which he owed his first triumphs.

The success was great, but the receipts were nothing. What a disappointment for the dying master, deeply wounded in his *amour-propre*, his glory, and his material interests. On leaving the concert-room, he fell upon a sofa in the green-room. He said to the friends who came up and grasped his hand, "What do you say now, eh?—— Weber in London!" He was attacked by a vomiting of blood, succeeded by a fainting fit of several minutes. His friends sent off immediately for Dr. Kind, his medical man, who, by a singular coincidence, was a nephew of his old companion, Franz Kind, the faithful colleague of his happy days. Blisters were applied, and Weber passed a quiet night.

The very next day, he began thinking about his benefit which was fixed for the 5th June. He was to conduct *Der Freischütz*, given in its integrity. But he soon abandoned the idea, on account of the great fatigue he had experienced after Miss Paton's benefit. In consequence of some conversations he had with Dr. Kind on the subject, Fürstenau proposed to Weber that he should return direct to Dresden, by the way of Brussels and Cologne, instead of going to Paris and stopping there a few days, as it had been settled he should do. The reader may imagine that Weber joyfully consented; as Fürstenau, too, influenced by a spirit of the profoundest devotion, renounced his own concert, and as the earlier they set out the better, the 6th of June was fixed for the day of their departure.

With what impatience the composer looked forward to that day so ardently desired! But he could scarcely stand, and he experienced such difficulty in breathing that every movement caused him excruciating pain. Kind sent for the patient's intimate friends, and proved to them that the final catastrophe could not possibly be far distant. Fürstenau proposed sleeping in Weber's room, but Weber would not allow him to do so. "My dear fellows," he said, "you make me out worse than I am." He would not consent either to one of Sir George Smart's servants remaining near at hand in the next room, in case he should require anything; they could not even prevail on him to leave off bolting his door inside, as he was accustomed to do.—In consequence of more bad symptoms, Kind applied a blister to the sufferer's chest. This, as he himself writes in his note-book, procured him "a delicious night." The improvement in his condition enabled him to settle his accounts, a task in which he was assisted by Goetschen, a son of one of the musicians in the band at Dresden. He likewise begged this young man to make some purchases for his (Weber's) family.

On the evening of the 4th June, the day before that fixed for his departure, he chatted gaily with Smart, Goetschen, Fürstenau, and Moscheles, about his journey and his plans of repose at his beloved Hosterwitz. His companions listened to him, and were delighted at seeing him in so desirable a frame of mind. But as his voice was evidently growing weaker from the very excitement caused by these dreams of the past, at ten o'clock they advised him to retire. Fürstenau and Smart conducted him to his room. He bade the former good night, but kept Fürstenau, who was the only person whom he would allow to do little odd things for him. Fürstenau helped to undress him, and looked to see that the blister had not shifted from its proper place. Weber, after winding up his watch, said to him: "Now, my old friend, leave me to go to sleep." Fürstenau repeated his offer to have a bed made up in the room, but Weber would not hear of such a thing. He went with his friend as far as the door, which he shut after him, and then locked.

The friends he had left remained together till midnight, talking over the probable incidents of his journey, and seeking to devise some means of dissuading him from it. When they went out, they looked up towards Weber's windows. He had not extinguished his light.

The next morning, early, one of Sir George Smart's servants knocked gently at Weber's door. Receiving no answer, he knocked more loudly, a thing he had never done before, as Weber slept very lightly. He then cried out for his master. The latter, suspecting what had happened, sent at once to fetch Fürstenau, who lived in the neighbourhood. The door was hastily burst open. A terrible silence reigned in the room, where the only sound was the ticking of the watch, which had been placed upon the table. Smart hurriedly pulled open the curtains, and Weber's pale face met his view. A smile played upon his lips. He was leaning on his right hand and appeared to be sleeping. A doctor was sent for instantly, and asked to bleed him. The doctor took Weber's hand. All eyes were fixed upon him. Letting the hand fall again, he said: "It is no use. This person has been dead five hours!"

"He is not dead," said Fürstenau, closing his eyes; "he has returned to his fellows, the genii and the wise!"

The news of Weber's death spread rapidly all over London. Marks of sympathy and regret were manifested everywhere, and the papers were never tired of singing the praises of the master, whose last work had been composed for England.

The Philharmonic Society headed the programme of its concert for the 12th of June with the "Dead March" from Handel's *Saul*, and the words: "As a Tribute to a departed Genius." On the 17th June, the day which had long before been fixed on for Weber's benefit at Covent Garden—the proceeds of which benefit went to swell the composer's estate—Drury Lane Theatre was closed so as not to interfere with the rival establishment. But this act of courtesy availed nothing, for the receipts barely covered the expenses. The public taste had already turned to another idol.

A committee, headed by Smart, Moscheles, and Braham, was formed to manage the funeral. A notice appeared in the papers requesting persons desirous of joining the procession to come in mourning, and send a guinea and a half towards rendering the ceremony as solemn and grand as possible. The burial was at first to have taken place at Westminster, but the deceased composer's religion led to St. Mary's, Moorfields, being chosen, and his remains were consigned to a crypt there. A sub-committee, of which Lablache was chairman, undertook the musical part of the service; all the singers, as well as the members of the bands and choruses at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, responded to the call, and begged to have the honour of lending their assistance to this grand manifestation. But the size of the chapel did not allow the committee to accept all the offers made. Cramer, to whom this detail was confided, found himself, much to his regret, obliged to erase at least two-thirds of the names inscribed in the list.

The 15th June was fixed on for the burial, which resembled, in all respects, that of a person of the highest rank. The procession set out at nine o'clock in the morning. According to the English custom, it had a mediæval appearance, adding still more to the effect such lugubrious processions would otherwise produce. Heralds dressed in mourning, and pages led the way. Then came the hearse, drawn by six horses, and having on it Weber's family arms, and the simple word, "*Resurgam*" in gold letters. It was followed by sixteen mourning

* From the *Guide Musical*.

In its number for the 13th May, 1826, the *Mercure de Londres*, a French review, edited by F. Chatelain, announces a performance for the next day but one, at the French Theatre, at which performance, according to the bills, "devait assister le célèbre auteur de *Der Freschutz*" (*sic*) "Carl Maria von Weber." This performance, again according to the bills, was made up of "*Les deux Cousins, ou l'Ecole du Scandale*, vaudeville en trois actes, imité de la comédie *The School for Scandal*, de Sheridan; *M. Beaufils*, comédie en un acte (de M. de Jouy); CARL MARIA WEBER *en Voyage*, petit àpropos à l'occasion d'un grand compositeur, en un acte mêlé de musique." We have been unable to discover whether Weber went to witness the performance.—*Note by the Ed. of the "Guide Musical."*

coaches, and a countless number of private carriages, containing all the celebrities then residing in London. The clergy, headed by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Westminster, came to receive the body on its entrance into the chapel, and, at the same moment, the grandiose accents of Mozart's *Requiem* :—

"Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine!"

re-echoed beneath the vaulted roof to salute the great master in the name of that art of which he was so illustrious a representative.

Weber's last wish, his ardent desire to repose among those belonging to him, was not fulfilled. Various writers, at various periods, appealed to German patriotism to restore his ashes to their native land; but these isolated appeals met with only a feeble response, when, in 1841, the paper, the *Europa*, published an article, saying that: "It was now time to dig in German soil a tomb for the German bard." The article created a sensation, and, shortly after its publication, a committee was formed in Dresden to carry out the object it advocated. The *Liedertafel* there had the honour of contributing the first *obolus* to the national work, and other societies imitated their example. The subscriptions came in rapidly. Suddenly the Government completely damped the pious zeal of Weber's countrymen, by stating that permission to remove the body would be refused by England. Shortly afterwards, the Committee, having no longer any reason for continuing in existence, was dissolved.

Two years subsequently, Baron Max von Weber,* the composer's eldest son, being in London for the purpose of completing his scientific education, wrote to his mother, saying that, thanks to his influence and his high connections, he hoped to obtain the authorization they so ardently desired. On the receipt of this intelligence, which was confirmed a short time afterwards, a new Committee was formed, having Richard Wagner for chairman. Contributions were forwarded from all quarters to that devoted friend of Weber's family, who then occupied at Dresden the post which the composer of *Der Freischütz* had rendered celebrated. A few weeks later, the Committee declared the subscriptions closed.

On the 25th October, 1844, the "John Bull," bearing the precious remains, was moored at Hamburgh. The remains were solemnly received on reaching the composer's native land. Having been conveyed to Dresden, they were placed on a vessel which was to transport them to the quai opposite the Theatre. The ceremony took place at night. All the bands, all the societies, and all the academies of the place were drawn upon the quai, as were, also, the deputations. The funeral-bark, bearing a catafalco, brilliantly lighted up, moved slowly along upon the river. When this bark reached the quai, the coffin, by means of an ingenious mechanical contrivance, rose of itself from among the torches. It was greeted by the cheers, a thousand times repeated, and by the applause of the immense crowd which lined the quai. The procession, constellated with countless torches, was immediately formed, and set out to the strains of a march composed by Herr Richard Wagner, on motives from *Euryanthe*. At the entrance to the cemetery were all the persons connected with the Theatre. At their head were Mdmes. Schröder-Devrient, Spatzer, and Gentiluomo. A short service was performed in the mortuary chapel, the torches were extinguished and the crowd dispersed. But there still remained, in deep prayer, a poor woman, broken and aged by grief. She was supported by her son, who did not venture to disturb her profound sorrow, which burst forth with fresh intensity by the side of the beloved remains within the coffin.

Early the next day, the crowd returned to the cemetery, and the ceremony of inhumation began. After a majestic chorus by Wagner, and the last benediction, the composer was lowered into the tomb which already contained the body of Alexander, his youngest son, who had died in London a short time previously. Max von Weber threw the first spadeful of earth on the coffin; the persons nearest him imitated his example, and the tomb was filled with laurels and garlands.

Weber, "the German Bard," reposed in German soil.

EDMOND NEUKOMM.

* Herr von Weber—who is an excellent musician, by the way—had the good taste not to embrace an artistic career. He profited by the example of Mozart's sons, who were friends of his father. He studied engineering, and now holds the position of Director-General of the Royal Railways of Saxony. After the Telegraphic Congress of Paris he was created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Among other orders, he is decorated with that of Saxony, which Count Vitzthum vainly endeavoured to procure for his father. He is an excellent writer, and, in addition to the work which serves as a basis to the present biographical sketch, and which is really a monument raised to his father's memory, he is the author of a great many romances and stories, though he is better known by his professional works, which are highly esteemed by his brother-engineers. He has also, published a remarkable book on Algeria, where he endeavoured to found German colonies. His son, Carl Maria, will be an engineer like himself. This young man studied at the Polytechnic School, Dresden.—ED. NEUKOMM.

THE REVOLUTIONARY THEATRE OF FRANCE.

Few subjects can be found more interesting than this. During the French Revolution all kinds of social problems were solved, and among others, that, not previously attempted, of a perfectly free stage was dealt with. In early days of Greece even, the necessity was felt of some form of authority to be exercised over the stage. Writers, of all classes, from Plato downwards, have seen the abuses to which absolute licence in theatrical affairs might lead. In the days of the Athenian comedy, accordingly, and in all days since, with the single exception of a short period during the French Revolution, some form of authority has been exercised. With the fall of the Bastille in Paris the censure ceased. Suard, who was then the censor, still exercised a pretended surveillance, but the discharge of his duties was confined to licensing every piece he had previously rejected. Not long was the experiment allowed to continue. One form of censure replaced another and did not prove less efficient. The tyranny of King Mob proved at least equal to that of King Law, and the voice of the people arrested more summarily the progress of a piece or the indiscretions of an actor than the most active and meddlesome of censors. During the time of the Revolution, however, a licence not before observable was witnessed. The pieces then produced were of a kind not previously or since exhibited, and the entire performances cast a light upon the history of that great movement of which the end is yet far beyond our ken. A history of the theatre during that period is, of course, a history of the changes of thought which attended the progress of the Revolution, and so correct are the indices afforded it would hardly be too much to say that from the plays produced and without aid from any other source, a full and fairly satisfactory and philosophical history of the French Revolution might be compiled.

Under ordinary conditions, the light cast by the stage upon history is very small. A sense of the danger attending any theatrical meddling with politics is generally experienced, and a tolerably complete approach to immunity, for the stage, in other respects, is purchased by its observing rigidly the law of non-interference with religion and politics. Timidly, accordingly, for the most part, the stage follows at some distance the progress of political events, and the fact that a political struggle is referred to in comedy may be accepted as proof that all excitement connected with it at that period was over. During the progress of the French Revolution one period alone is found in which the vast majority of the pieces produced were political. Public opinion became the real censor of the stage. Santerre and his Sans-culottes attended every performance, and if anything was said derogatory from the dignity of his Majesty the People, took care it was immediately expunged. When this tyranny was at its height, when the reign of terror was established in France, when the penalty for any action construable by a refinement of ingenuity into disloyalty was immediate and final, the dramatists, naturally, were panic-stricken. Considerable courage was, indeed, necessary to write a drama in which a heedless line, or one even capable of misinterpretation, consigned to a certainty the author's head to the guillotine. While, accordingly, the terrible *théâtre rouge* was being exhibited in the streets of Paris, those theatres that still opened their doors gave pastoral and operetta. Surely a more curious contrast could scarcely be afforded than that of the grim tragedy without and the prettily warbled love-notes of shepherds and shepherdesses within the theatres. To show how far the public supervision was exercised, a single anecdote will suffice. In a play on a scriptural subject, that of *Susanna*, an objection was made to the elders passing sentence upon her—"*Vous êtes ses accusateurs, vous ne pouvez pas être ses juges.*' In these words the audience saw an allusion to the trial of Louis XVI., then proceeding. A tremendous storm was aroused, and the author was obliged to make ample amends for a line that might (or might not) have been perfectly void of malicious intention.

Very simple works followed the first capture of the Bastille. So sudden was that event that the revolutionary dramatists were scarcely prepared for it. They would otherwise have had pieces ready to commemorate adequately their triumph. Those writers who first produced plays bearing upon the altered state of affairs were as a rule timid, and their efforts were merely tentative. A cheap expression of fraternity between people of unequal station was sometimes the climax of any interest. A nobleman allowing his daughter to marry a workman, or his son to marry a daughter of one of the people, was a not uncommon termination to a drama. Marie Joseph Chenier, brother to André Chenier, the celebrated poet, was the first man to bring upon the stage a work thoroughly impregnated with republican ideas. His *Charles IX.; ou, Le Saint Barthelemy*, a tragedy, to which after its success he added the title, *L'école des Rois*, was sent to Suard, who read it but declined to authorize its production. This was, indeed, not the first time it had come before him. His permission for its performance was timidly withheld, and he was backed in his demand by the commune. But the public in their mood of triumph were not likely to be baulked in their pleasure. They insisted upon its performance, and Suard and the com-

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mune gave in. *Charles IX.* was full of incidents and phrases upon which the populace could seize. In *Charles IX.* monarchy was assailed, and in the cardinal religion. The monarch sat upon the stage and fired upon his defenceless subjects, while the cardinal exhorted the troops to the murder of the Huguenots, and blessed and consecrated the weapons with which their murder was to be accomplished. Though considered, when first played, a work of great boldness, *Charles IX.*, as might be expected, was but tame besides works which were to follow. So long as Marie Antoinette and Louis were alive a species of antagonism was exhibited. Pieces the end of which was unmistakably to incite animosity against the King or the Autrichienne, were played at one theatre, and were followed at another by dramas exhorting to mercy and to the suppression of disorder. Some of the later pieces were exceptionally bold, and were produced at a time when the courage of author and actor must have been well tried.

While the result of the trial of Louis was yet doubtful, Léon de Laya gave at the Théâtre Français his *Amis de Lois*, a piece in which Frenchmen were strongly urged to resist the attempt that was made to lead them into the paths of cruelty and brutality. This piece incurred, of course, the animosity of Santerre, and its performance was after a time prohibited. We are not sure that the pieces in which the crusade against the revolutionary government is maintained are not the most interesting of the epoch. Martainville, and after him Picard and Duval, wrote appropriate sketches upon the law concerning "the suspected." This terrible "loi des suspects," a measure so strong that it frightened the very men by whom it was proposed and carried into effect, was the subject of able ridicule. The piece of Martainville, produced at the Variétés, the 4th Floréal, An. III. (23rd April, 1795), showed how the inhabitants of a village being told to furnish a list of the "suspects," could not understand the phrase, and furnished, for honour and reward, a list of their worthiest citizens. The irony of this piece is strong. In the second piece, *Il faut surveiller les Suspects*, a government agent is introduced smoking a pipe and boasting of his employment. "I am a Jacobin, and am called Graccus Courantin; I am agent of the government, yet the commune is not under arms to receive me. Very well. I will take notice of this village, and amuse myself by destroying it. (Taking his notes.) I am not dissatisfied with myself. In the next township I have arrested fifty people; seventeen women, ten rich farmers, three scholars, and the rest nobles and priests. I have established three prisons on the model of those in Paris. I have drunk delicious wines without paying for them. I have a portfolio full of assignats. I drink the wine of the aristocrats. *Vive le Republique.*" It required courage, amounting almost to heroism, to write or to speak these words in the temper in which France then was.

Before the Republic gave way to the Empire a large production of the plays acted had a bearing upon England. It was a constant dream of the Republicans to cross the Channel, fraternize with the English, who were supposed to be eagerly anticipating their coming, and end by serving George III. as Louis had been served. Some pieces, in which Grey, Fox, and Sheridan, are represented singing the "Ca Ira" in caps of liberty, while George III. is carried through the streets in a cage with other like matters, are very droll.

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Ed. Devrient has resigned his post as Director-General of the Grand-Ducal Theatre. The Grand-Duke has conferred on him the Commander's Cross of the Zähringer Lion, a noble heraldic animal, of which the Grand-Duke is the legitimate metaphorical Van Amburgh.

DESSAU.—There was some talk of getting up a festival to celebrate the fact that, on the 6th inst., half a century will have elapsed since F. Schneider first produced his *Weltgericht* at the Gewandhaus, Leipsic. On the 13th April following it was performed in the University Church of the same city.

BRUSSELS.—"Er liebt mich—liebt mich nicht." "He loves me—loves me not," says Margaret in the garden. "He'll bring it out—he'll not produce it," says the theatre-goer in this capital, as, utterly bewildered by the course pursued by the manager of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, he plucks to pieces, thought by thought, his power of prophecy with reference to Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*. We stated in a late number of the *Musical World* that there were grave doubts as to whether this opera, after having been promised for ever so long, would see the footlights at the above theatre after all. These doubts are still entertained, and bets freely taken that the admirers of Herr Wagner's music (as it is called) will have to borrow the line, "Lob wohl mein, lieber schwann!" ("Farewell, dear swan!") from the first act, and, speaking in their own persons, apply it to the celebrated bird, even before they have seen him. Meanwhile, the management have produced Signor Ricci's opera, *Une Folie à Rome*, but it has not achieved a very decided success. It is true that the artists were far from doing it justice.

ST. THOMAS'S CHORAL SOCIETY.

Usually concerts given by local societies for local objects do not repay attention. This, however, cannot be said of a performance which took place in St. James's Hall, last Thursday week, under the direction of Mr. Randegger, who brought forward a new but well-trained body of voices—the St. Thomas's Choral Society—in connection with a programme of singular interest. The result was an exceptional audience such as is only attracted by exceptional means. A symphony in G minor, the work of Etienne Henri Méhul, opened the proceedings, and was performed for the first time in seventeen years. To the majority certainly the French composer, who held so prominent a place through the stormy years of the Republic and Empire, is barely known by name. The fate has befallen him common to so many excellent masters unfortunate enough to be contemporary with the giants of music. True, English amateurs of the better informed order are more or less acquainted with *Joseph* and with the interesting programme overture to *Une Chasse de Jeune Henri*; but, apart from these, Méhul's forty-two operas are out of sight and mind. As regards his symphonies, orchestral concert-givers seem to have forgotten them. If we may judge by the composer's biography in M. Felix Clément's *Musiciens Célèbres*, they are as little honoured in their native country. M. Clément, while devoting ample space to the "Chant du Départ" and the "Hymne à la Raison," briefly and contemptuously dismisses the symphonies as "*compositions froides qui firent assister le public au déclin pour ainsi dire définitif d'un grand maître.*" It would appear from this that M. Clément knew nothing at all about them; and if so with him, how with the general body of his compatriots? Very few of Thursday's audience, we hope, would style the symphony in G minor a "*composition froide*," because, as a matter of fact, it is distinguished by symmetry, tunefulness, and a masterly working out of ideas only found in the best examples of the school of Haydn and Mozart. We might bring forward portions of each movement in proof; but it will suffice to mention the *andante* and the *menuetto*, which are in the highest degree excellent. Let us hope that, having now heard one of Méhul's symphonies, we shall soon hear others. Music of so good a sort repays not less than it deserves attention. Mr. Randegger's *Medea* followed. This clever and effective *scena* was first performed at Leipsic by Madame Rudersdorff; and next at Norwich by Mdlle. Tietjens, on each occasion successfully. Good luck has now attended it for the third time. In fairness we must credit this last result equally to the music and the singer—Madame Rudersdorff, who has rarely been heard to more advantage. She did her work magnificently, alternating dramatic energy and tender sentiment in a manner beyond reproach. Never was recall more fairly earned. The serenade by Mozart, which attracted some notice at the late Norwich Festival, was another feature of Thursday's concert. We have already said all that is necessary about this trifle; and there only remains to point out that, though a trifle, it ought to be played well, or not at all.

The second part was wholly taken up by Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, in which Mdme. Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Winn appeared as soloists. We are glad to see Mr. Sullivan's work strengthening its hold upon public favour, a result sure to follow performances like that under notice. Mr. Randegger's choristers acquitted themselves so well that it was not once needful to remember the youthfulness of their association. Even "They went astray," and "O that men would therefore praise the Lord," were delivered with almost entire correctness. That the St. Thomas's Choral Society has by no means wasted the first year of its existence is, therefore, tolerably clear. Among the more successful solos were "O that thou hadst hearkened" (Mdme. Rudersdorff); and "Love not the world" (Mdlle. Drasdil). Mr. Byron, who accepted his task at short notice, strengthened the impression made by his recent singing in *The Seasons*; Mr. Winn was hardly less satisfactory. Mr. Randegger conducted throughout with marked ability.

A STRANGE BOUQUET.—As a pretty general rule it may be asserted that the walls in the drawing-rooms, or salons, of celebrated artists are adorned with wreaths, medallions, and other tokens of triumphs achieved. But nothing of the kind is visible in Mad. Alboni's drawing-room. One thing, however, rather astonishes the visitor, and that is a collection, under a glass shade, of tufts, such as are used to ornament the shakos worn by French soldiers. These tufts are arranged in the form of a bouquet, and the following story is connected with them:—On one occasion that Mad. Alboni sang at the Theatre in Metz, she raised the audience to a more than ordinary degree of enthusiasm. The stage was inundated with bouquets, wreaths, and—shako-tufts. The last were flung by the fair artist's martial admirers, who had not flowers or wreaths, any more than money for the purchase thereof, but who, for all that, were quite as ecstatic as the civilian spectators. Mad. Alboni had all the tufts carefully collected, and they were the only tokens she carried away with her of her triumph at Metz

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Respecting the first appearance, this season, of Madame Schumann, at the Monday Popular Concerts, the *Globe* comes across the second trio by Mendelssohn for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and writes as follows:—

"In Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, the two accomplished performers (Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim) appeared together, the party being completed by Herr Daubert. As might have been expected, their performance separately left little to be desired. Of the *ensemble*, however, it is impossible to say as much. Madame Schumann played on one of the most recent specimens of those formidable pianofortes, which, however suited or needed to hold their own against an orchestra of modern magnitude, are altogether out of proportion in intensity with the most sonorous specimens that can be found of the violin class, even in the hands of a Joachim or a Wilhelmj. A wider departure from the intention of a composer than the combination of one of these monstrous instruments with a single violin and violoncello could hardly be made, unless it were substituting a cornet-à-piston for the one or a trombone for the other, supposing for a moment that it were possible to execute the violin and violoncello passages upon them. For a solo, a piano—or rather a *forte*—of this class may or may not be well suited; any inconvenience attending it is confined to him or her who plays upon it. If such instruments, however, are finally admitted into concerted music, it is not difficult to foresee the eventful result—the doubling, trebling, or quadrupling of the concurrent parts: in other words, the annihilation of chamber music. For this, it is to be hoped, the world is not yet prepared, though how soon the preparation may be completed it would be rash to say."

The *Globe* is mysterious, but doubtless has a hidden (esoteric) meaning.

Ash Wednesday and the Theatres.

The following sensible letter from "A London Manager" appeared in Wednesday's *Daily Telegraph*:—

"Sir,—Belonging, as I do, to an overmuch licensed and supervised class, I venture, with great diffidence, to utter a mild protest against the compulsory closing of theatres on Ash Wednesday. To-night the refined and intellectual entertainment which I am in the habit of placing before the public is suspended by an order of the Lord Chamberlain, and my patrons are thrown into the arms of those who provide what I have been taught to regard as a much lower form of amusement. The two hundred and eighty intelligent beings in my employment are, with two exceptions, deprived of this night's work and their night's salary, the exceptions being a young lady with a voice, who will sing at three concerts in the course of the evening, and an active and popular comedian, who will perform at a country theatre about one hundred miles from London. Some of the less fortunate members of my company have asked me why the law compels us to take a holiday in the stormy months of February or March, while the Crystal Palace represents the *opéra bouffe* of *Barbe-Bleue*, and most of the great music halls and casinos remain open. They are scarcely consoled when I tell them, that places licensed by the magistrates have been allowed to break the strict letter of the law with impunity, while theatres licensed by the Lord Chamberlain have been ruled with more unbending severity. The Church has, doubtless, still much to do with these Lenten prohibitions, and yet the Church is not above drawing some portion of its sustenance from the playhouse. I pay about two hundred pounds a year in Church and Rector's rates, and have never even had a prayer offered up for the success of my entertainment."

Herr Raff at the "Palace."

In its notice of last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert the *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks thus of Herr Raff's music:—

"An *adagietto* and *scherzo* from Raff's *Suite* in C were in the programme for the first time. Joachim Raff, who, we are assured, 'has a certain fame on the Continent, and is in every respect a composer of our day'—a doubtful compliment by-the-bye—belongs to the class Mr. Manns delights to patronize. He produces much of an 'advanced' German kind, and varies this occupation by writing in defence of his faith, and of its prophet, Wagner. The wonder is, therefore, that Mr. Manns did not turn the light of Raff upon us long ago. But, judging from the movements played on Saturday, the loss arising from Raff's absence has not been serious. True, there are features in his music of such merit as belongs to occasional tunefulness, and to a picturesque use of the orchestra. But these are neutralized by other features of an opposite sort. Herr Raff seems one of those men who so rarely lay hold of a melody that, having done so, they immediately get all they can out of it by putting it to the 'question.' There is an example in the *adagietto*, where pretty if not original themes are tortured to an insupportable degree. Again, both movements display an almost feverish anxiety to be original, which in the absence of adequate power only leads to 'great cry and little wool.' The ostentatious challenge to attention of the *scherzo*, for example, is to the actual result what the gorgeous 'canwas' of Mr. Magsman's show was to Chops and his fellow-phenomena. Mr. Manns hopes to introduce the whole work; but how far this feeling is shared by others remains very doubtful."

Chevalier Balfe.

Apropos of the honour recently conferred upon Mr. Balfe by the Emperor of the French, the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday said:—

"We have a Sir Michael Costa; we may have, some day, a Sir Jules Benedict; but the *Gazette* has not yet chronicled the creation of Sir Michael Balfe. The genial composer of so many delightful operas, the man of many melodies, the English Auber, has long since passed the meridian of life; he has fought a good fight, and has rendered bright services to the cause of his charming and humanizing art; but, in his own country, away from the ranks of his profession, he is nobody. He is not even an Academician—for Musical Academy, in the proper sense of the term, England has none. The establishment in Tenterden Street is merely a musical school. Yet has Mr. Balfe, quite ignored and unrecognized by authority in his native land, been just raised to the chivalric grade. A telegram informs us that the Emperor Napoleon has conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honour on the author of the *Bohemian Girl*. As Mr. Balfe looks at the glittering bauble, and fastens the ribbon to his button-hole, he may derive additional pleasure from the reflection that he will not be allowed to wear his decoration in England without express permission from the Crown; and that such permission is, as a rule, only granted to members of the military and naval services. Perhaps, if Mr. Balfe had been bandmaster of the 5th Foot, he might be permitted to wear his cross, and might have earned a few war medals besides; but, as it is, he must keep the Legion of Honour for the Tuileries. At St. James's such a sight as the unauthorized badge on the breast of a civilian, and that civilian a musician, would fill the whole of the Lord Chamberlain's department with horror."

—o—

PROPOSED OPERA FOR BOMBAY.

The following letter appeared in the *Times of India*:—

"Sir,—May I venture to enquire whether any steps have lately been taken with reference to a new Operahouse for Bombay? It is unnecessary to say that the present Grant Road Theatre is unworthy of the dignity and importance of this thriving and prosperous city, and the locality is far from being the most choice and convenient.

"In Calcutta, the Opera has become quite an institution of society; and although they boast of no permanent Operahouse, their present structure answers every purpose until such time they can afford to erect a *pucka* building. Is there, then, no public spirit, no energy, no enterprise amongst the musical society of Bombay to make a stir in this matter. Many months ago I was associated with several friends in trying to promote the interests of Signor Steffani in establishing a yearly operatic season here, but our united efforts signally failed. Since then I have had the pleasure of attending several operas in Calcutta, and I now feel all the more convinced that it requires only a certain amount of determination and support to place Bombay on a footing with the sister presidency in this one particular. The residents of Bombay are yearly increasing, and immediately railway communication is established with Calcutta and the North-west, a constant stream of strangers, &c., will be passing through here, and hence a great support may be calculated on from this fact.

"A general description of the Operahouse at Calcutta may perhaps enable us to judge how far it is practicable to erect a similar building here. The structure is only temporary, and built entirely of wood and corrugated iron; its external design has no pretensions whatever, but its interior is carved out in a simple and effective manner. The plan is well arranged, both for seeing and ventilation, and considering it to be only a temporary building, it has a most substantial and genuine appearance when lighted up.

"The Governor having recently paid a visit to the Opera at Calcutta, we may doubtless calculate on his Excellency's support both pecuniarily, and also in providing an appropriate piece of ground in a central locality; and let us hope that no time may be lost in giving effect to what I have suggested, and that arrangements be made with Signor Steffani, of Milan (who so ably conducted the opera here of 1866), to bring out a first-rate company for next season. I would suggest that the building in question should not only be the Operahouse and Theatre, but also a place for holding choral and musical meetings and concerts. The floor might also be constructed so as to admit of being converted into a ball-room where the assemblies, &c., might be held. If these few suggestions are the means of stirring up the Bombayites to do like unto the Calcuttaites, I shall have no occasion to regret signing myself—Yours truly,

W. P."

Darmstadt.—Herr Niemann has been singing here.

Leipsic.—At the concert for the benefit of the Orchestra-Pension-Fund, the programme included, among other things, Sterndale Bennett's Overture to Thomas Moore's *Paradise and the Peri*. It was much applauded. Mdlle. Emma Brandes, from Schwerin, played Beethoven's Piano Concerto in E flat major, besides smaller pieces by Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Heller. Mdme. Peschka-Leutner sang some songs by Mozart and Winter, and the orchestra performed Hector Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture.

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THREATENED.

What is threatened? Only the existence of an ancient Festival; and the credit of a dean and chapter.

Musical readers will, doubtless, remember that just before the Worcester Festival of 1866, Earl Dudley showed a sudden and violent repugnance to its celebration. As far as repugnance goes the noble lord was not alone. Many other good and pious men cannot persuade their consciences to accept musical entertainments in a cathedral. For the most part, however, they are satisfied to hold aloof from the affair. If they are not *for* the Festival, they are not *against* it, in the sense of taking active measures. But passive opposition did not suit the ardent zeal of Lord Dudley. He looked about him for some weapon wherewith to demolish the sacrilegious institution which the lax piety of 150 years has encouraged. Looking about, his eye lighted upon his money-bags and kindled with the satisfaction money-bags can so readily excite. Here was something more formidable than public protests, or private influence, and Lord Dudley lost no time in setting it to work. So an offer was made to give the Charity supported by the Festival, as much cash as the Festival was likely to bring, provided the Cathedral performances were abandoned. Such an offer, coming from such a quarter, at a time when it was needful to conciliate long purses for the sake of Cathedral restoration, was a potent affair, and the Festival's supporters were naturally anxious. As all the world knows, the offer was declined, the Festival took place, and proved a greater success than might have been expected with Lord Dudley and his brethren everywhere praying against it. His first assault beaten off, the noble lord waited his opportunity for another. Meanwhile, he gave liberally to the Restoration Fund. Before the Festival of last year nothing was heard of Lord Dudley, and sanguine folk imagined he had become reconciled to a passive attitude. Not so, however. That great champion of cathedral sanctity has just made a second, and more formidable attack, on a weak point of his enemy's defence. The dean and chapter of Worcester have a noble edifice within £10,000 of complete renovation, and we need not say that, in such a case, the last £10,000 is the most difficult to obtain. Seeing this, Lord Dudley now offers that sum, tied to his old condition—the giving up of the Festival. The bait is a tempting one, and we feel much for the intended victims, because it is put before them in the name of zeal for the House of the Lord, which they are officially bound to respect and encourage. At present the dean and chapter are deliberating, and while they debate the matter, it behoves the friends of the Festival to be up and doing on their side of the question.

Happily, the Festival has friends of a sort which must give Lord Dudley some disquiet. The belted earl put his lance in rest, but when his trumpeters sounded defiance, an answer came from the direction of Westwood Park, and Sir John Pakington is now seen "pricking across the plain" armed, very strongly, with common sense and good feeling. What will be the issue of the fight between the golden earl and the doughty baronet?

As to the side on which public sympathy lies there can be no more doubt than as to the course which interest, as well as duty, suggests to the dean and chapter. If the Cathedral authorities swallow Lord Dudley's bait, it will be said of them, not without good reason, that either they abandoned a good institution for money down; or that for years they supported a bad one from which they could only be induced to separate by bribes.

THADDEUS EGG.

ORGAN NEWS.

Specification of the organ at St. John's Church, Waterloo, Liverpool. Builders, Messrs. Bishop & Starr:—

GREAT ORGAN.—CC to F.

Open Diapason	Flute, 4 ft., tenor C
Dulciana, tenor C	Twelfth
Clarabella ,,	Fifteenth
Stopt, Bass	Sesquialtera
Principal	

SWELL ORGAN.—CC to F.

Double Stopt Diapason, tenor C	Principal
Violin, open	Piccolo
Metallic Flute, tenor C	Oboe, tenor C
Stopt Bass	Cornopean
Lieblich Flute, 4 ft., tenor C	

PEDAL ORGAN.—CCC to E.

Bourdon

COUPLERS.

Swell to Great	Pedal to Great

SWELL.

Three Combinations to Great Organ.

The instrument was opened on the 23rd ult., by Mr. J. J. Monk, who played an admirable selection of music, including Bach's great fugue in G minor; march in C from Ousley's *St. Polycarp;* offertoire in F (Wely), and the march from Costa's *Naaman*. A local paper says:—"The organ is a really splendid instrument, and its manifold beauties were ably displayed."

PROVINCIAL.

BELFAST.—A correspondent writes as below:—

"The Monday Popular Concert at the Ulster Hall was fully equal to anticipation. Madame Thaddeus Wells was in excellent voice. In 'Ye Little Birds' (Bishop), she was encored, as well as in 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.' The flute solos of Mr. Henry Nicholson were a treat, and did more than sustain his reputation, as one of the best performers on that instrument. His solos—Fantasia on Airs from Benedict's Opera, *The Lily of Killarney* and 'Drouet's Variations on 'Rule, Britannia'—were both encored. Mr. Cellier, as usual, displayed the power of an adept on the grand organ. The attendance was not so large as it should have been."

EDINBURGH.—We read in the *Scotsman* of Monday last:—

"At the organ performance on Friday afternoon, in the Music Class-room, Professor Oakeley played the following music, prefaced by a few remarks on some of the pieces:—

"Prelude, and Fugue on the notes BACH, C. P. E. Bach; Air and Chorus, 'The marvellous work' (*Creation*), Haydn; Andante in F, string quartet, No. 2, Mozart; Theme and Five Variations (*Septuor*), Beethoven; Adagio, Scotch Symphony, No. 3, Mendelssohn; Andante, No. 2 of second set of *Organ Pieces*, S. S. Wesley. Choruses by Handel: 'How excellent Thy name, O Lord' (*Saul*), 'May no rash intruder,' Nightingale Chorus (*Solomon*), 'Let their celestial concerts all unite' (*Samson*).

"The theme and variations in Beethoven's septet would, the Professor remarked, be heard on Saturday afternoon at the last of the excellent concerts of chamber music; and the *adagio* in the Scotch Symphony may, to some extent recal the 12th of this month. The second number of Dr. Wesley's *Organ Pieces* consists of a melody in F sharp minor, with a light variation introducing a flute stop with effect. Mr. Oakeley announced that his next lecture on Mediæval Music would be given on Friday."

CANTERBURY.—The following is from a correspondent:—

"The Corn Exchange was completely filled last week at a concert for a local charity. The principal attraction was Mrs. Frances Talfourd, the well-known amateur vocalist, who is never tired of giving her valuable services in aid of the worthiest of causes. The audience, duly appreciating her talent, warmly applauded each of her songs, especially 'The Lover and the Bird,' which they would have willingly heard thrice in succession had the singer been willing."

BRESLAU.—Mdlle. Marie Krebs appeared at the tenth *Soirée* of the Association for Chamber Music, and played various pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Bach, Chopin, and Liszt.—Herr Bernhard Hahn, organist of the Cathedral, died on the 16th ult., aged forty-eight Herr Hahn enjoyed a high reputation in Germany for his playing and compositions.

Lines for Music.

THEN AND NOW.

A shading oak—a slope of green,
A river gliding by;
And coming up the winding path—
Half hidden from the eye—
A maid, in all the bloom of youth,
Resplendent in her grace,
Whom I await, with beating heart,
At our old trysting place.

And there, beneath the spreading tree,
We linger many an hour,
Dreaming sweet dreams of boundless hope,
Love's dreams! (O precious dower!)
Her dear face rests upon my breast,
We speak with murmured breath,
Those golden words, from soul to soul,
Which triumph over death!

I passed the spot not long ago.
The stately Oak stands there!
The river still rolls swiftly on
Beside the green slope fair.
But up the shaded, winding path,
There comes, Ah! never more!
That Form unto our trysting place,
As in the days of yore.

HENRY C. WATSON.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
MORNING PERFORMANCE,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), MARCH 5TH, 1870,
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in D major, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI — *Mozart.*
SONG, "The Garland"—Mr. CUMMINGS — *Mendelssohn.*
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 111, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE — *Beethoven.*
BARCAROLLE and SCHERZO, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM — *Spohr.*
SONG, "O ma maitresse"—Mr. CUMMINGS — *F. David.*
SEPTET, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass—MM. CHARLES HALLE, ROCKSTRO, BARRET, C. HARPER, STRAUS, PRATTEN, and PIATTI — *Hummel.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

THE TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 7TH, 1870,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

FANTASIA and CHORALE for Organ—Master ARTHUR LE JEUNE — *Smart.*
ANDANTE and FUGUE, in E minor (posthumous), for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI — *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "L'Addio"—Miss ENRIQUES — *Mozart.*
FANTASIA CHROMATICA, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE — *Bach.*

PART II.

TRIO, in C minor, Op. 9, No. 3, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI — *Beethoven.*
SONG, "The Linden Tree"—Miss ENRIQUES — *Schubert.*
SONATA, in G major, Op. 96, for Pianoforte and Violin—MM. CHARLES HALLE and JOACHIM — *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

DEATHS.

On the 24th ult., in her 32nd year, ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. HENRY T. SWATTON, Professor of Music, and daughter of Mr. Henry White, Musicseller, Oxford Street.

On the 27th ult., of softening of the brain, BIANCHI JOHN, eldest and much beloved son of JOHN BIANCHI TAYLOR, of Bath.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870.

A WANDERING MUSICIAN.

LAST week it was our duty to have a word with *Le Ménestrel*; now, an English contemporary demands attention, but with regard to a very different matter. The *Musician* has just delivered itself of a long article on "English Musical Criticism," wherein fallacious assumption and error in matters of fact jostle each other to the exclusion of well nigh everything else. The article tries to show that the criticism of our daily press is "insular" and narrow; that it is unable to accept novelty; and that in furtherance of its prejudices it does not hesitate to bluster "progressive music" out of England. Illustrating all this, our contemporary refers to the cases of Gounod and Wagner, the first of whom, we are told, was "kept out of England for ten years," and the second is even now a victim of "arrogant and wanton misrepresentation." It delights us to add that the *Musician* grants the critics to be free from bad faith and sinister motive, because thereby its first gratuitous assumption is made plainer, which assumption is this:—the music of Gounod, of Wagner, and of Schumann (who, by-the-bye, is dragged in), is progressive music. It may surprise the *Musician* to learn that we, ourselves, altogether decline to grant this premiss; and, "bad faith" and "sinister motive" being absent, it follows that the critics of the "dailies" do the same. That which the *Musician* takes for granted is really the point about which battle must be waged. Instead of scolding the critics for blustering progressive music out of England, our contemporary should prove that the music in question *is* progressive. If it succeeds in doing this, we may safely promise that the critics will lay down their weapons, and take all the composers of the future to their arms.

Now let us turn to the *Musician's* errors in matters of fact. First, we are told that concert reports show "a certain air of mutual dependence which always reads to us a little debilitating." Our contemporary should have clearly explained what is to be understood by "a certain air of mutual dependence," and should, moreover, have fortified his position by examples. Our own experience tallies not at all with that of the *Musician*. We detect no mutual "leaning" on the part of the *Times* and the *Post*. The writers for the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* have little in common; while those of the *Standard*, *Globe*, and *Daily Telegraph* each pursues a course entirely its own. Such is our conviction; such, perhaps, may be our mistake. Nevertheless, we hold to it so long as the *Musician* does not condescend to particulars.

Again, the *Musician* is befogged about a matter having a personal bearing, and, therefore, one as to which it should have been specially careful. After alluding to the "double literary life" of some critics, our contemporary goes on to speak of a recent article on Wagner, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and says that the identity of this critic is "easy enough of detection to those acquainted but moderately with the London press." Is it, indeed! Then we, who have, at least, the moderate acquaintance referred to, must be hopelessly blind, for we cannot light upon the smallest clue to the identity our contemporary beholds so plainly. This, however, we do know—that the *Musician* has made a gross mistake, and based upon it a misleading assertion.

Once more, the *Musician* speaks of "a pen which has the run of the two most influential organs of the daily press."—"Such tricks hath strong imagination—that, if it would but apprehend some joy, it comprehends some bringer of that joy." In like manner the *Musician*, wanting to prove its case, imagined this wonderful pen. Do not believe in it, good Reader, for it is but a creature of our contemporary's active fancy. There is no such pen; and the argument growing out of its supposed existence is a delusion and a snare.

Here we leave the *Musician*, having given it enough to meditate upon during the current month. Let us pray that our contemporary may see the evil of mistaking fancies for facts; and of rushing blindly into a discussion about the details of which it knows next to nothing.

AMSTERDAM.—At the first performance of his *Sancta Cecilia*, Herr G. A. Heinze had the order of the Iron Crown conferred on him by the King of Holland.

BONN.—No one having been found to purchase the late Professor Otto Jahn's musical library and collection of music in a lump, they will be sold in separate lots by auction, on the 4th April.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

In our last we announced the merited honour conferred upon Mr. Balfe by Napoleon III. We are now able to give the text of the note in which the Ministre des Beaux-Arts conveyed his Majesty's pleasure to our distinguished composer:—

"Monsieur,—J'ai l'honneur de vous informer que, par décret en date du 18 de ce mois, l'Empereur a bien voulu vous nommer Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur. Je me félicite d'avoir proposé à sa Majesté, pour cette distinction, un compositeur dont les œuvres tiennent depuis longtemps, un rang distingué au répertoire des principales scènes lyriques de l'Europe.—Recevez, etc., M. Richard."

Mr. Balfe must feel that the value of his new distinction is enhanced by the graceful manner of its offering.

A contemporary, who lately made himself conspicuous in defence of Mr. Hugo Pierson's music, and who accused everybody holding an adverse opinion of all sorts of high crimes and misdemeanours, has just turned upon his idol and smashed it. Reviewing a *Te Deum* and *Benedictus* of Mr. Pierson's, our contemporary uses the following expressions:—"The failure is conspicuous;" "we regret that he should ever have attempted to set the words before us;" "passages of the commonest description, without any apparent design or cohesion;" "mere Christy Minstrel music;" "a vulgarity which is simply astounding." Here, truly, is a more wonderful "translation" than that of Bully Bottom! Poor Mr. Pierson, his "Et tu, Brute" has, doubtless, come from the depths of an anguished soul, at receiving this "unkindest cut of all." As regards our contemporary, we shall not draw a parallel between him and certain Africans who are in the habit of thrashing their gods.

Herr Scarlo of the Royal Operahouse, Dresden, can certainly not be accused of idleness in the exercise of his profession. On the 11th February, Saturday, he sang in *Der Freischütz*, and on Sunday in the *Waffenschmid*. On the Monday, he appeared at Breslau as Marcello in *Les Huguenots;* on Tuesday he sang at a concert, and, on Wednesday, he sustained the part of Falstaff in Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber*. Immediately after the performance, he rushed off to the railway station, and was at Dresden, for rehearsal, by nine o'clock on Thursday morning. On Friday, he sang the part of the Burgomaster in *Czaar und Zimmermann*. On Saturday, he sang in *Der Waffenschmid*, and, on Monday, in *Fidelio*. On Wednesday, he was at Gotha, singing Mephisto in *Faust;* on Friday, he appeared at Weimar, as Falstaff, and, on Saturday, in the same town, as the Cardinal in *La Juive*. On the following Monday, he sang at a Court Concert in Meiningen; and on Tuesday, at a concert of the Euterpe Society in Leipsic. On Wednesday and Thursday, he sang again in Breslau; and, lastly, on Friday, in Dresden, and there, as the Bishop said to the Earl of Rochester, we leave him.

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

Although Mr. Wood has withdrawn the orchestra from these concerts, the programmes show a strong infusion of the classical element. Last Saturday, for example, the performance began with Neukomm's once admired *Septuor* for wind instruments, to which Messrs. Rockstro, Crozier, Lazarus, Catchpole, Wotton, Bosworth, and Smith did every justice. With this work was also given (first time in London) a portion of Mozart's serenade for oboes, clarionets, corni di bassetto, bassoons (two of each), four horns, and contra-bassoon. Mr. Crozier was much applauded after a fantasia by Luft for the oboe; and Herr Wilhelmj displayed his truly magnificent great powers as a violinist in Ernst's inimitable "Airs Hongrois," and David's *Fantaisie Russe*. That Herr Wilhelmj is among the greatest violinists of the world there can be little doubt. Mendelssohn's overture for wind instruments concluded the concert, and was well given under Mr. Henry Leslie's direction. The vocalists were Miss Clari Frazer, Mdlle. Palmerini, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Carl Bohrer. Miss Frazer did her work pleasingly; Miss Palmer—we beg her pardon—Mdlle. Palmerini—should study hard for a long time, and then re-appear; as for Herr Bohrer, he was encored in "Non piu Andrai," and thus made an encouraging *début*. Mr. Sims Reeves, sang Balfe's "Lady Hildred" (encored), and "Come into the garden, Maud," with all his customary and exquisite taste. This concert ended the season. We understand, however, that a new series will be commenced when Mr Wood's operatic tourists re-appear in town.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT.

An unusually large audience attended Saturday's concert and heard the following selection:—

Overture, "Les deux Journées"	Cherubini.
Sonata for organ solo in F minor (No. 1)—Mr. F. Archer	Mendelssohn.
Air, "With plaintive notes" (*Samson*)—Madame Sherrington	Handel.
Adagietto and Scherzo from Suite in C	Raff.
Prelude and Fugue (E minor)—Mr. Archer	F. S. Bach.
Oratorio, *Mount of Olives*—Madame Sherrington, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Winn, and the Crystal Palace Choir	Beethoven.

An opportunity of improving acquaintance with the prelude to *Les deux Journées* is seldom afforded, for what reason would be hard to say, unless, as the opera is neglected, it might appear invidious to honour the overture. The overture is worthy of honour, nevertheless, as a masterly work, full of dramatic force, and hardly less distinguished by episodes of Mozart-like grace. It was well played, but coldly received, for the reason, perhaps, that its audience had not discrimination enough to recognize its beauties, and had not heard it often enough to know it by heart. The two movements from Raff's *Suite* also failed to excite enthusiasm, although the *adagietto* is sometimes pretty, and the *scherzo* always so "very original"—we quote "A. M."—as to be curious. Herr Raff's knowledge of the orchestra evidently serves him well, and he is not afraid to go far out of the beaten path after ideas. But good colouring of strange figures does not command instant appreciation, and we wait further experience. Mr. Archer's performance of both the sonata and fugue was very masterly. Using his instrument with surprising facility and unvarying correctness, he added to these qualifications a power of expression rarely brought to bear upon an organ. The *finale* to the sonata, and the whole of the fugue were played in a manner which must have excited the highest admiration among those best acquainted with the difficulties overcome. It is long since the organ has spoken to equal effect, and we care not how soon it speaks again after the same manner. Madame Sherrington's song was well sung but—with all respect to Handel—scarcely worth the singing. We need not say much about the *Mount of Olives*. The music is pretty well known and admired, while the performance was, on the whole, satisfactory. Madame Sherrington, Mr. Perren, and Mr. Winn, did their best, and the chorus were not unworthy of association with them.

PEDAL AND SPOT STROKE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—As I see you take a great interest in, and write a good deal about, the Monday Popular Concerts, may I, as a very old subscriber, beg you to use whatever influence you may have to persuade the director to make one of the famous German pianists play Beethoven's sonata in B flat, Op. 106, which has hitherto only been attempted twice at Mr. Chappell's admirable entertainments, and each time by an English artist, who, of course (being English), is not fit to hold a candle to any of the great German pianists.

The only stipulation I would make is one similar to that upon which amateurs of billiards are used to insist whenever a match is got up for any other billiard player against Mr. Cook, Jun.—viz., that a certain mechanical advantage should be waived. Once on the "spot stroke," there is no getting Mr. Cook off it; and once on the pedal, a famous German pianist adheres to it with equal pertinacity (witness the last movement of one of Beethoven's finest sonatas, a fortnight since). Now, if it was only arranged that the great pedal should be muzzled during the fugued *finale* ("*a tre voce, con alcune licensis*") I think that a most interesting and instructive display would be the result. Pray assist me in this matter, and count upon the gratitude of—Yours, very faithfully,

Lavender Pitt.

Everybody interested in organs and organ-building will be glad to learn that Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. are about publishing, by subscription, a new and considerably augmented edition of "*The Organ; its History and Construction*, by E. J. Hopkins and E. F. Rimbault." The new edition will contain important matter bearing upon recent improvements, as well as show a thorough revision of what has already appeared in print. A large number of diagrams will illustrate the letter-press. The work is to be brought out in one vol., royal 8vo, 700 pp.

The Oratorio Concerts.—Beethoven's great Mass in D is to be performed at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, as we are informed, without alteration or curtailment. The same composer's *Choral Fantasia* is also to be given—the two works, thus combined, forming a programme of singular interest. As his enterprise progresses Mr. Barnby seems to acquire more and more confidence.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mrs. J. Holman Andrews gave a *Soirée musicale* on Tuesday evening, in the Beethoven Rooms, to a large and fashionable audience. The programme included Weber's Mass in G, sung by the ladies and gentlemen of Mrs. J. H. Andrews' choral class. The solos were given by Mrs. J. H. Andrews, Miss A. Smyth, Mrs. Hirschfield (late Miss Anne Jewell), Miss Webb, with Messrs. Bird, Hayes, and the Rev. W. G. Martin, who conducted most efficiently. After the Mass, "God is a Spirit," from Dr. Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* was given, with Henry Smart's charming part song, "Ave Marie," and Coward's "Take thy Banner," which closed the first part. The second part consisted of a miscellaneous selection, commencing with "The Spring;" Signor Ciabatta's excellent rendering of Paladilhe's "Mandolinata" obtained an encore, and the same compliment was given to the artistic singing of Miss H. Edith and Gertrude E. Andrews in Stern's duet, "The Woodlands;" the latter also sang with much taste a song from Weber's *Oberon*. Mrs. Hirschfield was encored in a song by Mrs. J. H. Andrews, called "The Rainbow." Mrs. E. S. Pratten played solos on the guitar, and Mr. J. M. Wehli, his own arrangement for the pianoforte, on airs from *Rigoletto*. Mrs. J. H. Andrews and Miss. M. F. Andrews, with G. S. Minson, accompanied.

The first concert of the fourth season of the Schubert Society took place on Thursday, 24th February, the first part of the programme formed by compositions of Franz Schubert. His celebrated string quartet in A minor ("Hungarian") opened the evening, capitally played by Herren Ludwig, Jung, Eberwein, and Schuberth; the programme included, also, a song, "As o'er the Alps he ranges," sung by Mr. Renwick; "Adieu," Miss Mayfield; "Weary Flowers," Mr. Stedman; and a violoncello solo, the charming "Ave Maria," played with much feeling by Herr Schuberth. The second part was miscellaneous, including a sonata for piano and violin, Mozart, Herr Schrattenholz and Herr Ludwig; solo, pianoforte, *Concertstück* (Weber), Herr Schrattenholz. Miss Barry Eldon made her first appearance, since her return from the Continent, and earned hearty applause for Bishop's "Bid me discourse;" she was joined by Miss Mayfield in a duet from Mr. Macfarren's *She Stoops to Conquer*. The latter lady sang also Randegger's charming song, "Peacefully slumber" (violoncello *obbligato*, Herr Schuberth); and was joined by Mr. Stedman in Nicolai's duet, "One word." Mr. Renwick gave Hatton's "Wreck of the Hesperus." The rooms were crowded, and the concert was a success. The next will be devoted to some of Schumann's instrumental and vocal compositions.

Madame Laura Baxter, the well-known contralto, gave a musical entertainment at Drury Lane Theatre, on Ash Wednesday, to a fair audience. The feature of the programme was Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, in which the solos were assigned to Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Baxter, Mr. R. Larwill, and Herr Stepan. The chorus and band, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt (Mr. J. T. Willy, leader). A selection from Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*, in which Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Baxter, Mr. Renwick, and Mr. Byron, took part (Madame Baxter being encored in "Sleep, it is a gentle thing," and Mr. Byron in "The Harbour Bay"), closed the first part. The second consisted of an *olla podrida*, vocal and instrumental, too long by far for detailed description. Amongst the things most worthy of notice was the part singing of the St. Cecilia Choral Society (under Mr. Hargitt), a brilliant duet for two pianofortes (Mendelssohn and Moscheles) on the March from *Preciosa*, by Miss Emma Barnett and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and the singing of Madame Laura Baxter, in Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor," accompanied by the band. Messrs. L. Sloper, Ganz, F. Mori, and Zerbini were among the various conductors and accompanists.

The Students of the Royal Academy of Music gave a concert, on Thursday evening. The following was the programme, executed in all cases with earnest care, and in some with more than average ability:—

"Allegro Maestoso" and "Largo Pastorale," from Grand Duet in A, for two pianofortes, Moscheles (Miss Bairnsfather and Miss Jessie Ferrari); Glee, "Swiftly from the mountain's brow," Webbe (Miss Pocklington, Miss E. Gardner, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Parry); Aria, "Dalla sua pace," Mozart (Mr. Shakespeare); Six Variations, on Air in F, Op. 34, Pianoforte, Beethoven (Miss Field); Chamber Duet, "Langue geme," Handel (Miss Goode and Miss Marion Severn); Andante, in C, Flute, Mozart (Mr. Cook); Aria, "Cangio d'aspetto" (*Admeto*), Handel (Miss Marion Severn); Sonata, in F, Pianoforte, Mozart (Miss L. Gardner); Romanza, "La dea del Lago," Donizetti (Miss Rebecca Jewell); Capriccio, in E minor, Pianoforte, Mendelssohn, and Arabesque, Pianoforte, Schumann (Miss Taylor); Songs: "To Chloe in Sickness" and "May Dew," W. S. Bennett (Miss Ferrari); Valse, in A flat, Op. 42, Pianoforte, Chopin (Miss Channell); Song, "Zuleika," Mendelssohn (Miss Pocklington); Madrigal, "All creatures now are merry minded," Benet (by all the Students). Among the vocalists, Miss Marion Severn, Miss Rebecca Jewell, and Miss Ferrari, made the "hits" of the evening, Miss Severn in Handel's "Cangio d'aspetto," Miss Jewell in a *Romanza* by Donizetti, and Miss Ferrari in Professor Bennett's "May Dew," all three skilfully accompanied by Miss Jessie Ferrari. Miss Townsend, Mr. Heywood, and Mr. Wingham accompanied the other vocal pieces. Miss L. Gardner deserves a word of praise for her performance of a sonata, by Mozart, and Miss Taylor another for that of Mendelssohn's Capriccio, in E minor.

North-west Amateur Musical Society.—A vocal and instrumental concert was given by this society, at the Eyre Arms, on Thursday evening, Feb. 24, under the direction of Mr. W. Beavan. The singers were Mdme. Florence Lancia, Misses K. Poyntz, J. Royd, Sinclair, and Scott, Messrs. Nottingham and Morant, with the choir of the society. The instrumentalists were Miss Kate Roberts, Messrs. Lazarus, T. H. Wright, Buziau, W. Beavan, Mori, J. Beavan, and Bartle. It would be invidious to select any artists in particular for commendation, inasmuch as everything was applauded, and almost everyone "re-called." The choir evinced good training in Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," the execution of which reflected credit alike on the members and on their conductor, Mr. W. Beavan. Miss Poyntz gave the solo part admirably. The concert was attended by a large and appreciative audience.

MR. JOHN BOOSEY'S ASH WEDNESDAY.

Ash Wednesday was celebrated at St. James's Hall by a "Grand Concert of Sacred and Ballad Music," organised by Mr. John Boosey, the success of whose Ballad Concerts is notorious. The first part of the programme was devoted to music either directly or indirectly of a sacred character. It commenced with Becker's part song, "The Little Church," by the Orpheus Glee Union. This was followed by "O rest in the Lord," sung by Miss Julia Elton; Madame Sainton's "If thou wouldst reap," by Miss Edith Wynne; "In native worth," by Mr. Vernon Rigby; and Monsieur Lemmens' "Legend of the Crossbill," by Madame Lemmens. It is needless to say how well these pieces were sung. The first part ended with a selection from Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, beginning with "Trust in the Lord," sung with much earnestness by Mr. Maybrick; "Love not the world," by Madame Patey; "Come ye Children," by Mr. Vernon Rigby, and "O that thou hadst hearkened," by Miss Wynne, were all excellently rendered, and the last encored.

The characteristic *scena*, "I will arise," was given by the incomparable singer for whom the tenor music of the oratorio was expressly written, and whose admirable delivery of this and other pieces produced so profound an impression on the production of the work at last year's Worcester Musical Festival. Not then, or at any previous period in his career, has Mr. Sims Reeves sung more grandly. In elevation of style, intense and genuine pathos, admirable phrasing, and general refinement, his performance was one of those rare examples of intellectual conception and highly-finished vocal art, for which no amount of praise can be in excess; and so the audience seemed to think, judging from the enthusiastic applause bestowed on the singer, whose first entry, indeed, was greeted with a warmth which proved that the disappointment sometimes manifested when he is too unwell to sing, is really so great because of the estimation in which he is held. The quartet, "The Lord is nigh," by the four singers first named, terminated the selection from Mr. Sullivan's work, which was accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer.

The second part was altogether miscellaneous, including, "Come into the garden, Maud," and "Tom Bowling," by Mr. Reeves, who was again received with acclamations, and had to repeat the first. Other songs, by various singers, madrigals by the glee party, and a pianoforte fantasia brilliantly played by Miss Kate Roberts, made up the remainder of the concert, which attracted a full room. Mr. J. L. Hatton conducted. H. L.

A VISIT TO BEETHOVEN'S TOMB.*

A short time after my arrival at Vienna, in 1835, I engaged as music-master a member of the Burgtheater. He was by no means a virtuoso, but he knew enough for my purpose, and, as he spoke French pretty well, I was always pleased to see him. One day, the conversation turned upon Beethoven. "I have often seen him," said my master. "He was decidedly the most eccentric man you could find on the face of the globe. I should never end were I to tell you all the strange things attributed to him during his lifetime. He was as capricious as a woman. One evening, at a party given by Prince Lich-

* From the *Guide Musical*.

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nowsky, who had invited him solely on account of his talent, for, as a rule, it was impossible to get a word out of him, he persisted in refusing to play anything. Some of the ladies went so far as to go down upon their knees, and yet were unable to prevail on him to approach the piano. He appeared to be continually immersed in thought; his frequent fits of absence of mind have become proverbial, and Kotzebue has borrowed one or two touches of him for one of his little comedies.

"One day that I was dining at the Swan, an inn where Beethoven, too, usually dined, I saw him enter. He took off his hat and top-coat, and, leaning his head upon one hand, remained buried in thought. The waiter went up and enquired what he would like for dinner. He got no answer. Thinking he had not been heard, he repeated his question, but again with no effect. After three-quarters of an hour had elapsed, Beethoven, who had remained perfectly motionless, seemed to rouse up suddenly. He called the waiter and asked how much he had to pay. 'Nothing,' said the man, 'you have not had anything. 'Have not I!' said Beethoven, with an air of great surprise; 'well, never mind.' With these words, he got up, took his hat, and left the place.

"He had some singular caprices. He would remain an entire week without opening a piano; then he would be seized, all of a sudden, with a fury for music, so to speak, and play for whole nights without taking any rest. One day, I behaved very badly to him. It is a long time ago. I was very young, and he, poor fellow, was beginning to suffer the first attacks of the deafness, which rendered his life a torture, and certainly curtailed it. The doctors had recommended him to go and drink the waters at Baden, a little town four leagues off. Beethoven was poor. He hired a room in the house occupied by the mother of my wife. I was then paying my addresses to the latter. As often as my profession would permit, I used to go from Vienna to Baden to see the young lady. One day, I found both her and her mother in great distress. Their room was separated from Beethoven's only by a door, which was kept locked. He had played incessantly the two previous nights, and the poor women had not been able to get a moment's rest. 'I will settle that,' I said to them.

"In the evening, Beethoven retired early, but about ten o'clock he got out of bed, and, putting on a large great coat, which served him as a dressing-gown, came and seated himself at the piano, which was placed with its back close to the door. My eye could follow, through the key-hole, all his movements. He opened the piano. His fingers, thin, but agile and strong, began coursing over the key-board, of which each key seemed to be a human voice. Ah, sir, what chords! and how the performer's eyes flashed in the darkness! I remained two hours without daring to move; I no longer breathed; my thoughts were, so to speak, broken off; and the only fact by which I perceived I was still alive was that tears were inundating my face and hands. I at length recollected, however, my promise, and what I had to do in order to carry it out. I hesitated for a long time; but, having gone so far, I felt ashamed to beat a retreat; besides, I was in love; this is a sentiment which you treat rather lightly in your country, but, with us, it is serious and powerful, rendering us capable of doing anything. It caused me to commit a bad action; yes, an act of impiety, a crime. In the midst of a piece of extempore playing to which the angels might have listened in religious silence, I began playing something in a different key. Beethoven started and instantly left off. I heard him get up, shut the piano, and go to bed. He did this without complaining, without a single impatient word." "Poor Beethoven!" I exclaimed, "How could you act in such a manner? you who are a musician too!"—"Well, sir, as I told you, I was young and in love. What I then did, without understanding all its import, I would not do now for a fortune, and I am poor, as you know.—I can't say whether Beethoven understood my object," he continued, "but his piano was heard no more at night as long as he remained at Baden, where, as you are aware, he did not get cured. A great many years elapsed; he was living obscurely at Vienna; people thought little about the man of genius, obliged to work hard every day to obtain bread for the morrow. It was vaguely known that there resided in one of the suburbs a great musician, named Ludwig van Beethoven, one of whose symphonies was performed now-and-then, but no person thought of extending a helping hand to him, though he was worn out by age, infirmity, and disappointment. At length something happened and attracted public attention to the rival of Haydn and Mozart. I refer, sir, to the news of his death. Those who had done nothing for him during his life, bestirred themselves, when he no longer needed anything. Meetings were held, and a subscription was opened, to erect a monument to him and defray the expenses of his funeral. They had not then found, in an old piece of furniture belonging to him, the sum of 3000 florins, which the poor fellow had put there and forgotten. Like many others, I received an invitation to make one of those who were to accompany him to his last home. I have kept it as a momento. It ran thus:—

"'The world of music lost the celebrated composer, Ludwig van Beethoven, on the 26th March, 1827, about six o'clock in the evening. He died in consequence of an attack of dropsy, at the age of 57. He received the sacraments of the Church. On the 29th March, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the funeral procession will start from the residence of the deceased, situated in the Red House, No. 200, in the Waehringergasse suburb. Those taking part in it will assemble on the glacis of the Scotch Gate.'

"I went, and must own that the procession was numerous and worthy of Beethoven. The corpse was taken to the Church of the Holy Trinity, and thence to the cemetery of Waehring, a little village half a league from Vienna."—"Do you mind going there with me?" I asked the musician. "What day?"—"When you choose"—"Make it to-morrow then. Be at the Scotch Gate at ten punctually. I will meet you." The next day I proceeded to the place of meeting. My music-master had got there before me, and was quietly smoking his pipe till I came. We walked on together across the glacis.—"Look," he said, "you are now on the spot where the procession was formed. All this vast space of ground was occupied by ten thousand persons. In the presence of the man of genius, when he was no more, all distinctions ceased; nobles and plebeians, rich and poor, advanced indiscriminately, with their heads uncovered, and on foot. One thing especially grand and dignified, and which struck me very much, was the imposing and majestic silence which reigned in the serried ranks of the crowd when the coffin appeared. At that moment the ten thousand persons possessed only one heart. You perceive opposite us, a little to the left, a house touching that old church, which has been turned into a warehouse for military stores; that is where Beethoven lived; that is where he composed his last works. Those are his windows on the third floor. How often he must have cast a glance of reproach upon the city which was allowing him to die without a mark of sympathy! What a sad end for an artist like him to see himself thus deserted at his last moments, and to be reduced to doubt the immortality of his fame as he breathed his last! And now, sir, if you please, we will go and see the place where his ashes rest!"

We went down the Waehringergasse suburb, and, passing the Josephine Academy, reached the Waehring Gate, and, shortly afterwards, the village of the same name. We followed the principal street, which traverses its entire length, and we admired the pretty white houses which are painted every year, on the return of the fine weather. Some hundred paces farther on, we perceived the cemetery. It was small, but its charming position, in the midst of the fields, and the delicious view the visitor enjoys from within its precincts, had rendered it fashionable for some years past; every one wanted to be buried there. As I approached, I read the following sentence engraved over the entrance:—"*Deine Auferstehung ist die Stärke unserer Hoffnung.* ("Thy Resurrection is the Strength of our Hope.") We entered the lodge occupied by the porter. He was out, but his wife, who was very busy, informed us that he had gone to invite the doctor and the curate to dinner. "We always ask them twice a year," said the good woman, with truly German *naïveté*. "Quite right," I thought to myself, "the one supplies your husband with his customers, and the other brings them." Not wishing to disturb her in her important occupation, we begged her to give us some idea as to where Beethoven's tomb was situated.—"Oh, yes!" she said, "you mean the musician's tomb, don't you? There, go down that path, and keep looking to the left; you can't fail to find it. It is a singular thing," she added, "we have a host of nobles in magnificent tombs, but no one goes to visit them, while every one wants to see Herr van Beethoven's, who, after all, was only a musician." We did as she told us, and soon came near the monument for which we were in search. There was nothing ostentatious about it, but it was noble and appropriate. It is a small pyramid cut off short at the base, with no ornament except a lyre and a butterfly placed in the middle of a circle formed by a serpent with its tail in its mouth. The lyre, is the lyre of Beethoven; the butterfly is the soul, the *Psyche* of the Ancients; and the serpent is immortality, a graceful emblem of the Greeks, an emblem borrowed by our religion from Paganism. Those who erected the mausoleum, have given proof of their good taste and their sense, for it bears no inscription but the single word:

BEETHOVEN.

It is there, not far from another artist, young Schubert, who was following in his footsteps, and whose graceful ballads were beginning to be generally known—it is there, under a modest tomb in a country cemetery that the greatest musician of our age reposes. A shrub, still young, but full of strength and life—I think it is a medlar—had grown up by chance at the head of the monument, and was beginning to shade it with its thick foliage. The Ancients, whose ideas were always so full of poetry, would not have failed to invest this tree with a sacred character; they would have said that Beethoven's genius had taken refuge under its bark, and become mixed up with its life-giving

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sap. We, who are men of a positive nature, or represent ourselves as such, merely see in this case a tree like any other. Yet who knows whether the opinion of the Greeks is not worth as much as ours! The mysteries of Nature are secret and veiled; who has ever penetrated them—who will ever probe them?

I respectfully plucked a small branch of Beethoven's medlar; I have had it carefully framed, and for nothing in the world would I exchange this relic of the author of *Fidelio*.

ALFRED GROS.

WAIFS.

Signor Perucchini, a composer, and an old friend of Rossini, has just died at Venice, aged eighty-six.

A correspondent of *La France Musicale* says that Gounod's *La Colombe* will be produced at the Lyceum after *Le Petit Faust*.

Madame Patti is expected to arrive in Paris on the 10th or 12th inst. She will make her *rentrée* at the Italiens on the 15th.

M. François Bazin has received from the King of Prussia the order of the Royal Crown.

Signor Luca Fumagalli has been named Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

Signor A. Biaggi, of Milan, has just finished a memoir of Rossini, five hundred pages long.

The revival of *Robert* at the Grand Opéra has been postponed consequent upon the illness of Madame Carvalho.

Mdlle. Schneider is to make her first appearance in Dublin on March 14th.

Mdme. Patti has had her *angine* at St. Petersburgh; and Mdme. Lucca has had her *angine* at Berlin. Mdlle. Nilsson sojourns nearer the equator.

The inauguration concert which was to have taken place on Monday night at Dr. Hayne's new music hall, at Eton College, was unavoidably postponed in consequence of the death of one of the Eton boys.

The *Scotsman* (who ought to know) says that the perfection of Mdlle. Tietjen's Scotch accent and pronunciation is truly marvellous for one not born and brought up to the north of the Tweed.

The fête given by M. Offenbach to the artists of the Bouffes-Parisiens and Variétés was a success. None of the guests went home till morning.

No fewer than 937 persons are connected in some capacity or other with the Munich Operahouse. The Chapel Royal supports two *maitres* and 101 subordinates.

Nine examples of German nobility are engaged at the Berlin Court Theatre, among them a princess (Marie Taglioni), a countess (Ernhardt), two baronesses (Lucca and Mallinger), and two barons (Wilhelm and Kruger).

It is notified that on the first of March will appear the first number of a new daily financial paper, entitled the *Financier*, and conducted by the gentleman who, after holding the City editorship of the London *Daily News* for nearly twenty years, has just resigned it.

Mdlle. Nilsson will take a benefit at the Grand Opéra before leaving for London; the proceeds of which she has, beforehand, devoted to the Associations for the relief of musical and dramatic artists. Says *Le Ménéstrel*: "Christine Nilsson a autant de cœur que de talent." So she has.

The Parisians regret the loss of Mdlle. Réboux, one of the most promising of the Grand Opéra *troupe*. She is engaged by Mr. Gye, and leaves immediately for London. The artists of the Porte Saint-Martin, who make part of the company engaged for a series of performances in London, have received notice to be in readiness for departure.

Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and (for the first time in this country), Cherubini's Grand Mass, No. 2, will be performed, at the Catholic Church, St. John's Wood, on Sunday, March 13th and April 17th (Easter Sunday), with a full orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Mr. Charles J. Hargitt.

A musical contemporary made two curious mistakes in his last number. First, he spoke of Prince Poniatowski as a royal person; and, next, announced that M. Auber had received "The Grand Cross, the most honourable of Turkish orders." Our contemporary should know that the "Grand Cross" is not an order at all, but a grade of the Osmanli.

From America we learn of the production of a new burlesque, entitled *Seven*, at the Tammany, New York, and of the immediately forthcoming representation of a spectacle, entitled *The Twelve Temptations*, at the Grand Operahouse, and a version of *Frou-Frou*, at the Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Howard Paul has obtained a great success at the French Theatre in the *Grand Duchess*.

In the present dearth of good singers, and especially of good tenors, the news from Italy about Signor Perotti, whose performances at Turin, Rome, and Florence (now, during the "Carnival") are unanimously extolled, will be received with general satisfaction. What we hear induces us to believe that Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, on one hand, or Mr. Wood, on the other, would do well to look after Sig. Perotti.

The new theatre in the Strand has finally received the name of "The Vaudeville." It is to be opened at Easter, under the management of Messrs. Montague, Thorne, and James. Engagements have already been made with Messrs. George Honey, W. H. Stevens, and Henry Irving; Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Amy Fawsitt, Miss Nelly Power, &c.

A short comic opera by Mr. Ferdinand Wallerstein—entitled *Quick March*—now serves to prepare the minds of the audience at the Queen's for the reception of a graver entertainment afforded by Mr. Tom Taylor's new play. It is of the school which delighted our fathers in the days when a drama, interspersed with a few ballads, and, perhaps, a duet or so, was deemed operatic, and the decline of which is sometimes lamented by living Nestors.

Miss Amy Weddle, of whom report speaks highly, as an interpreter of pianoforte music, belonging to the so-called "romantic school," is to make her appearance at St. James's Hall on St. Patrick's Eve, in a fantasia, by Mr. Willie Pape (her instructor), entitled "Irish Diamond." "Miss Weddle," writes the *Portsmouth Times*, "our musical readers may remember, played at the Portland Hall, as a child, and delighted all who heard her."

According to the French newspapers the Viceroy of Egypt has launched out so extravagantly that he is now unable to be munificent in mere luxuries. The directors of the opera at Alexandria, MM. Pisani and Parmeggiani, have resigned on account of the small sum given to them to cover the losses of their lesseeship. It is added that the celebrated *impresario*, M. Carvalho, has left Paris to offer his services to the Viceroy.

The following will be the programme of the Berlioz Festival, to be given at the Grand Opéra on the 8th inst:—Overture (*Egmont*), Beethoven; air (*La Captive*), Berlioz; duet (*L'Enfance du Christ*), Berlioz march (*Harold en Italie*), Berlioz; quintet and septet (*Les Troyens*), Berlioz; finale (*Romeo et Juliet*), Berlioz; overture (*Le Carnavale Romain*), Berlioz; air (*Alceste*), Gluck; air (*La Damnation de Faust*), Berlioz; duet (*Beatrice et Bénédict*), Berlioz; finale (*La Vestale*), Spontini.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* writes as follows:—"I am sure that all musical England and Ireland will be glad to hear that, on account of the great success of the *Bohemian Girl*, Mr. Balfe received yesterday from the Emperor the decoration of the Legion of Honour. I am happy to say that the last created chevalier is better; but even yet he does not go out, and he has indeed had a very trying time during this Russian winter.

We read the following in the *Sydney Empire*, of December 31:—

"Intelligence was received by the mail steamer, 'Geelong,' of the death of Mr. Frank Howson, vocalist, brother of Madame Albertazzi, and father of the Misses Emma and Clelia, and Messrs. Frank A. and J. Jerome Howson, who composed the Howson opera *troupe*. Deceased, who was fifty-two years of age, came to Australia in 1842, and was for twenty years a member of the musical profession in these colonies, associated with Miss Catherine Hayes, Madame Anna Bishop, and Lady Don, in the performance of operas and operettas. Three years ago he sailed with his family for California. While in San Francisco, he was attacked by illness, and while proceeding to New York, to obtain medical advice, he died at Omaha, Idaho county."

The late Mr. John Dryden ("Glorious John") is said to have addressed the following epigram to the director of the Monday Popular Concerts, before the director of the Monday Popular Concerts was born—which last fact may account for his (Glorious John's) mistaking German for French:—

"We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like them?—they are French.
Therefore, some go with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding;
Each lady striving to, &c.
To make it seem they understand, &c.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us English where to clap the play."

The real fact is that the Germans, not the French, are showing us "what's what."

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The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* gives us the subjoined brief and graphic narration:—

"We are in full carnival, and entertainments of every kind are compelling all classes to turn night into day. A thoroughly original fête was held last night by M. Offenbach, who thus fittingly signalized his return to Paris. He gave a ball and supper to the actors and actresses of Les Bouffes Parisiens, and Les Variétés, where pieces of his are now played. I will not describe what took place within M. Offenbach's rooms; but as the entertainment was in the Grand Hôtel, it is allowable to note the scene in the court-yard of that much-visited establishment. The supper was ordered for one o'clock, when all the orderly people in the hotel were, or ought to have been, in bed. A good many men, however, assembled under the glass roof; for it had been noised that the prettiest actresses in Paris were to be M. Offenbach's guests and that the king had ordered his fair subjects to come in fancy dress. Accordingly, as carriage after carriage drove up, out came pair after pair of dainty feet; and tight little figures, all opera-cloak and legs, ran bewildered about the court-yard. Some of the ladies were not unknown to some of the men, and these ill-bred youths amused themselves by misdirecting the innocent damsels, eventually making them run the gauntlet of a double file of active eyes and jesting tongues. The male guests being in ordinary evening dress escaped remark, but the celebrities of the hour—Mdlle. Blanche d'Antigny, Mdlle. Devéria, Mdlle. Schneider *e tutte quante*—came in for at least as much *badinage* as the young ladies in their *ballet* costume. The confusion became worse confounded when wonderful uniforms, and marvellous costumes, returned from the Tuileries ball—*not* to go to M. Offenbach's. An odd scene—*mais que voulez vous?* Is it not Carnival time?"

An interesting pamphlet, on the relations existing between French composers and the operahouses subsidized by the State, has just been published at Paris, from the pen of M. Guy de Charnacé. After enlarging on the importance of music as an agent in promoting civilization and national advancement, the greater facilities for its cultivation placing it within reach of the masses who are debarred from the enjoyment of the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, M. Charnacé pleads for an increased supply of funds from the public purse, but, at the same time, urges the necessity for greater care in the expenditure and a more definite searching for results. Thus he would impose upon the directors of the theatres a more serious code of instructions as to the execution and production of new works, in order that the tax-payers should obtain some idea of the utility of their contributions, and of the manner in which their money is spent. The programmes of the Conservatoire Concerts and of the Opéra Comique he would divide equally between music of the past and present. The Théâtre Lyrique he would devote specially to the performance of the works of new composers. The Théâtre Italien he would make a cosmopolitan arena for foreign operas, or for those of French authors specially composed for it. He further recommends the appointment of a committee for the examination of new lyric works, its members to be men unconnected with the theatrical establishments; and he advises the application of 100,000 francs annually to the performance and publication of new works by French composers. The scheme thus placed before the French Parliament at the time when, in voting supplies, these subjects will naturally be considered, is exciting some attention in Paris, and we shall, doubtless, hear of it again ere long. Already M. de Charnacé has been invited by the Minister of Fine Arts to discuss with him the suggestions contained in his pamphlet.—*Choir*.

We are apt to think that London monopolizes the good music heard in England, save when London goes to the country to hold high festival. This idea is far from correct. Some provincial towns are equal to the metropolis as regards activity and the facilities for gratifying an artistic taste. What Mr. Hallé has done at Manchester everybody knows, but we wish to illustrate our remarks more particularly by reference to Liverpool. In this great seaport music is chiefly represented by a Philharmonic Society, of which Mr. Benedict is conductor. This society gives twelve concerts yearly—concerts of high character as regards the selections. What music pleases the Liverpudlians, and how much they get, may be seen from the following catalogue of works performed during the last two years:—

"Oratorios, Masses, and Sacred Cantatas.—Handel: *Messiah* (twice), *Judas Maccabæus*, and Coronation Anthem (Zadok the Priest). Haydn: *Creation* and the *Seasons* (Spring and Autumn). Mendelssohn: *Elijah*, 95th Psalm, and 'Hear my Prayer.' Beethoven: Mass in C. W. Sterndale Bennett: *The Woman of Samaria*. Gounod: *Messe de Sainte Cecile*. Rossini: *Messe Solennelle* and *Stabat* (twice). Cantatas and choral works, with orchestral accompaniments.—Mendelssohn: *Midsummer Night's Dream; Finale* and choruses from *Loreley*. J. F. Barnett: *Ancient Mariner*. Benedict: *Richard Cœur de Lion*. Symphonies.—Beethoven: No. 8, *Eroica*; No. 4, B flat; No. 5, C minor; No. 6, *Pastoral*; No. 7, A major. Haydn: No. 8, E flat; and No. 10, E flat. Mendelssohn: *Reformation* (twice), and No. 4, A major (Italian). Mozart: E flat and G minor. Spohr: No. 5, in C Minor. Overtures.—Auber: *Exhibition*, *Fiancée*, *Gustave*, *Masaniello*, *Les Diamants*, *Leocadie*, *Le Serment*, *Zanetta*. Beethoven: *Egmont* and *Men of Prometheus*. Benedict: *Prinz von Homburg*. Boieldieu: *La Dame Blanche*. Cherubini: *Les Abencerrages* and *Medea*. Hérold: *Zampa*. Lindpaintner: *Faust*. Mendelssohn: *Athalie*, *Midsummer Night's Dream* (twice), and *Ruy Blas*. Meyerbeer: *Camp of Silesia*, *l'Etoile du Nord*, and *Struensée*. Méhul: *Joseph* and *Chasse du Jeune Henri*. Mozart: *Cosi fan tutte*, *Seraglio*, and *Zauberflöte*. Nicolai: *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Onslow: *Le Colporteur*. Rossini: *Italiens in Algeri*, *Gazza Ladra*, *Semiramide*, and *Guillaume Tell*. Spohr: *Der Berygeist* and *Last Judgment*. Weber: *Ruler of Spirits*, *Euryanthe*, and *Preciosa*. Wagner: *Tannhäuser*. Concertos and solos with orchestral accompaniments.—Violin: Beethoven's Concerto, Ernst's fantasia, *Otello*, E. W. Thomas's *Barcarolle* and *Tarantelle*. Violoncello: Carl Eckert's *Concertstück*, B. Romberg's *Adagio* and *Rondo* from *Concert Suisse*. Pianoforte: Mendelssohn's *Rondo* in B minor (twice), Mozart's Concerto for two pianofortes in E flat; Chopin's *Adante Spianato* and *Polonaise*."

For comprehensiveness and quantity this list surpasses any that could be furnished by either of the metropolitan associations. We are glad therefore to direct attention to it. A little of the stimulus imparted by an unfavourable contrast with what was never suspected to have a chance of rivalry may do great good.

NEW MUSIC.

Twilight Fancies. Twelve Pieces for the Pianoforte. Composed by Edmund T. Chipp, (Op. 12.) [London: Samson & Co.]

Only by courtesy can these compositions be placed under the head of new music, because they were really first published some years ago by another firm. However, they deserve a second notice in virtue of more than common excellence. Mr. Chipp has written throughout with more or less of facility and grace; but some of his "Fancies" claim precedence over the rest. We may mention as examples, No. 2, "And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind;" No. 4, descriptive of the gentle whispering of young leaves; and No. 8, "The Chase." In these, and others, the melody and its accompaniment show a fine poetic feeling, and considerable imaginative power. It was perhaps, a foregone conclusion that Mr. Chipp would to some extent imitate the Mendelssohn *Lieder*, but no one could have anticipated his No. 5, which in key, form, and mode of accompaniment, is the counterpart of the *Lied* in C minor, Book 3, No. 2. The resemblance here is so great that Mr. Chipp can only escape the Scylla of plagiarism by the Charybdis of ignorance.

What do the Angels dream of, Mother? Semi-sacred Song. Melody of Charles Gounod. [London: Metzler & Co.]

A very simple and, withal, a pleasing melody is this of M. Gounod's. It suits the character of the words admirably, by reason of the tender feeling expressed. The song is in all respects easy, and may count upon public favour.

Heandsheandco Waltz. For the Pianoforte. By J. F. Borschitzky. [London: Augener & Co.]

This is an odd production. It purports to be a waltz, while, at the same time, it assumes to illustrate an "argument" which takes an entire page of close print to set forth in words. The introduction, five figures, and *finale* are so many acts of a drama much too long for discussion here. Let it suffice that the story is very amusing, and not less so the manner in which the music and narrative fit each other. Looking at the waltz as a waltz,—but nobody is ever likely to do such a thing, and why should we?

Appoggiatura versus *Acciaccatura Polka.* For the Pianoforte. By J. F. Borschitzky. [London: Augener & Co.]

The object of this polka, which otherwise has no special merit, is to enforce the difference between the graces mentioned in its title. So far it is certain to be useful, especially to young people, who, assuredly, would never forget the lesson.

La Spaniola. Arranged as a Solo for the Harp. By F. Gladstanes. [London: Gladstanes.]

This arrangement of an attractive melody is easy, and in all respects adapted to the capacity of amateurs. There is not too much harp-music of the sort available.

The Wee Pet Mazurka. For the Pianoforte. Composed by Louise Wiese. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

There are mazurkas and mazurkas,—this belongs to the better sort. Excellent as to rhythm, melody, and variety; useful, moreover, from the comparative absence of difficulty, this piece will everywhere be in favour with the lovers of its kind.

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MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"Four Hymns," set to music by E. Stourton Flint.
H. HENSHAW.—"Impediments of Speech, &c., their Causes and Cure." By Abbotts Smith, M.D.
ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"The band at a distance," by J. Pridham. "Les Chamois," by F. V. Kornatzki. "O say not woman's heart is bought," by Adam Wright. "The Northern Star," and "Tell him I love him yet"—songs by Alfred Scott Gatty.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—Madame Arabella Goddard will play W. Sterndale Bennett's Chamber Trio, on March 14th, with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti.
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THIS EVENING.

SATURDAY BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall. Director, Mr. John Boosey. SATURDAY, March 12th. Artists—Madame Sherrington, Miss Blanche Cole, Madame Patey, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and Mr. W. H. Cummings. Pianoforte, Chevalier Antoine de Kontski (Pianist to the King of Prussia). Violin, M. Sainton. The Orpheus Glee Union, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Fielding. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s. and 2s.; Area, 2s.; Orchestra and Gallery, 1s. Tickets to be had at St. James's Hall; of Boosey & Co., Holles Street; and the usual Musicsellers.

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MADAME BILLINIE PORTER, of Birkenhead, will sing "I'M ALONE," at Miss Berry Greening's Concert, at St. James's Hall, on the 17th instant.

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MR. SIMS REEVES will sing Blumenthal's popular song, "THE MESSAGE," for the last time previous to his departure for Italy, at his Benefit Concert, at St. James's Hall, March 18th.

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Einen Reif.
Seinem starken Zauber
Zittern wir staunend;
Mit ihm zwingt er uns Alle
Der Nibelungen mächtiges Heer."*

The whole drama turns upon this ring and on the curse launched by Alberich at Wotan, when the latter steals it from him by stratagem. The two giants, Fafner and Fasolt, have built Wotan his *Götterburg*, or fortress of the gods, Walhalla, and demand, as their recompense, Freia, the Goddess of Youth. She is delivered up to them; but, as the gods, on account of youth leaving them, begin themselves to grow old, Wotan ransoms the lovely goddess with the treasure of the Nibelungen, and, in consequence of the urgent warning of the wise Erda, even gives the ring which is synonymous with the empire of the world, but the real worth of which the giants do not know. The fearful spell, however, caused by the curse attached to the ring is immediately made manifest. When the two giants are dividing the treasure, Fafner kills his colleague Fasolt, because the latter will not include the ring in his share. Thus far did the prelude go. In the first part of the drama we make the acquaintance of Siegmund, who, wearied and worn out, reaches Hunding's hut, and to whom Sieglinde, Hunding's wife, attends. On his return from hunting, Hunding is not greatly edified at finding his visitor, and declares enmity for the morrow against him. In the night, however, Sieglinde visits the unwelcome guest, and betrays to him the secret connected with a magic weapon which has been driven up to the hilt by Wotan himself into the trunk of an ash in the hut, and which no hero in existence has been able to pull out, though Wotan says:—

"Dem sollte der Stahl geziemen der aus dem Stamm ihn zög." †

Siegmund, with a powerful effort, tears the sword, "Nothung" out of the trunk, and reveals himself to his sister. Both are sprung from the same stock, both are Wälsungen, and a fearful doom drives brother and sister to plunge into a horrible and unnatural love, into glowing passion, which proves the destruction of both. With the words:

"Braut und Schwester
Bist du dem Bruder.
So blühe denn Wälsungen Blut" ‡

the first act is brought to a close. In the second, Fricka, the protectress of marriage, exasperated by the unnatural union, begs her husband, Wotan, to allow Siegmund, who is related to him, and of whom he is very fond, to fall in the encounter with Hunding. Wotan promises compliance. But Brünhilde, his best-cherished Walkyre, resolves, despite Wotan's express prohibition, that she will do battle for Siegmund. She is thwarted, however, at the decisive moment, by Wotan, for the mortal blow aimed at Hunding with the terrible sword, Nothung, glides off from the spear held out by Wotan, and the sword is shivered to pieces. Siegmund falls beneath Hunding's blows. The third act pourtrays the punishment which the offended God, Wotan, inflicts upon Brünhilde, the Walkyre, who, defying his express order, has not only protected Siegmund, but has, also, saved Sieglinde, who already bears in her womb Siegfried, the fruit of her sinful union, and the real hero of the drama. He drives her out of the Walhalla. She is no longer the free maiden, charged to bear his shield, but the object of his curse:—

"In festen Schlaf versehliess ich Dich;
Wer so die Wehrlose weckt, dem wird sie, erwacht sie, zum Weib!"§

It is only at her earnest supplication not to let her become "the booty of the greatest coward" that he consents to surround, with a fiery spell, the hill on which she is to sleep her long sleep:—

"Flammende Gluth
Umgliihe den Fels;
Mit zehrenden Schreck
Der Feige fliehe
Brünhilden's Fels:—
Denn Einer nur freihe die Braut,
Der freier als ich, der freier als ich, der Gott!"*

This concludes *Die Walküre*, the first part of the great drama. In the second part, Siegfried, the youthful hero, the offspring of the fearful union between brother and sister, whom it ruined, rescues the Walkyre Brünhilde, who has been sleeping in the midst of the spell of fire, while, in the third part, which is entitled *Götterdämmerung*, Siegfried, through the instrumentality of Hagen, falls a victim to the curse accompanying the unfortunate ring, by means of which he has won for Günther the Walkyre Brünhilde, who has become mortal.

The overthrow of the Northern Gods, whose fate was bound up with the ring of the Nibelungen, is simultaneous with the ruin of Siegfried. —*Die Walküre*, like Herr R. Wagner's other opera books, presents immense practical scenic difficulties. The ride of the Walkyres, and the representation of the burning rock, especially, are something which a few years ago any machinist would have said could never be carried out on the stage. The following, for instance, are the directions of the composer himself at the commencement of the third act:—"To the right, the stage is bounded by a pine forest; to the left is the entrance of a rocky cavern, forming a natural hall. Above it towers the rock up to its summit. The prospect at the back is perfectly open; rocks of different heights form the edge of what is supposed to be a precipitous abyss. Detached clouds, as though driven by the storm, scud along over the edge of the rocks. In one of these passing clouds there is suddenly a flash of lightning, and a Walkyre on horseback becomes visible; over her saddle hangs a warrior who has been slain."

ANOTHER PARISIAN REVOLT.

The directors of some of the Paris theatres have risen against the *droit des pauvres*, and absolutely shut their doors in the obnoxious collector's face. How far they are entitled to sympathy will appear from the following article, printed in the Paris correspondence of the *Daily Telegraph* last Tuesday week:—

"We have another revolt here. The law is again outraged, authority again defied. The rebellion is the more formidable inasmuch as the insurgent chiefs are men who mix in the best society, wear the most delicate pearl-grey gloves, and sometimes have large balances at their banker's, and occasionally, though rarely, acquire immense fortunes. It is not the *ouvriers* who now refuse to pay taxes, but the managers of theatres. Only a few weeks ago I drew attention to the serious exactions to which French managers are compelled to submit in the *droit des pauvres*, the tithes on their receipts seized in behalf of charity. The *impresarj* seem at last determined to oppose the tax. It has hitherto been customary for some official nominated by the city to attend at every theatre, and take the authorized proportion of the money paid at the doors. Some days ago, however, several directors, without giving previous notice, flatly refused to give up a sou, and since then a conflict has been going on with varying results. At one theatre the manager declined to acknowledge the commissaire unless he wore his scarf of office; but when he had complied with this formality he found only 60 francs of money paid for seats taken in advance and 100 francs which belonged to the woman who presides at the bureau. At the Variétés 500 francs were paid, but the account-books were not shown. At the Vaudeville the receivers took the cash-box, out of which they helped themselves to their tithes of 500 francs. At the Gaîété, Cirque, and Palais Royal, every farthing was refused. At the Ambigu the officials found only 10 francs of receipts; but they took possession of the change belonging to the woman clerk. The manager of one theatre was so enraged that, in order to lessen the tax, he is said to have let in for nothing the people who in the evening were unprovided with tickets—a new and ingenious method of cutting off his nose to spite his face. All this seems very childish, as illogical and unreasonable as the Quaker's old habit of letting his clock be seized every half-year and buying it back again by way of protest against the iniquity of church-rates. But it will have the effect of bringing public opinion to bear upon the

* "By deep cunning Alberich obtained a yellow ring out of the Rhine gold. We tremble in amazement at its great magic power; with it, he overcomes all of us in the mighty host of the Nibelungen."

† "The steel would become him who pulled it out of the trunk."

‡ "Bride and sister art thou to thy brother. So, then, let Wälsungen blood bloom on."

§ "I plunge you into a deep sleep. If anyone rouses you, in your defenceless state, his wife shall you be, when you awake."

* "Let glowing flame, terrible and all-consuming, surround the rock. Let the coward flee Brünhilde's rock; for let only one woo (free) the bride, namely, one who is freer than I, who am a god." The word "freien" means "to free, deliver," as well as "to woo."

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question, and it may provoke a discussion in the Chamber. The directors appear to persuade themselves that the tax is not legal because it has not, they maintain, been decreed by the Legislature—a bold doctrine for so young a constitutional Government as that of the France of to-day. As a matter of fact, the law dates from the time of the first Republic, it having been decreed on the 7th of Frimaire in the year 5—in other words, on the 27th of November, 1796—that the spectators at theatres, balls, concerts, races, &c., should pay an additional décime on every franc in the prices of admission for the good of the poor. This has been re-enacted in the budget of every succeeding year, and I do not see that the managers have any legal *locus standi* in their refusal to conform to the requirements of the law. They accepted management subject to a certain drawback, and they should not now complain of being hardly used. You will observe that neither of the five subventionized theatres has actively protested. They have entered, it is maintained, into a bargain with the State, and they cannot repudiate their share of the liability. There was more excuse for the continuance of the exaction in the old times, when each theatre had, to some extent, a property in a particular class of dramatic performances. But now that anything may be played at any theatre the managers have no monopolistic *quid* for their charitable *quo*. The question of legal right came before the Tribunal of Commerce yesterday, and it was arranged by the Court that things should remain *in statu quo* until Wednesday, when a definitive judgment should be pronounced. Meanwhile the directors are not to pay the poor-rate, on condition that they give an account of their receipts for each evening. Will not this *ad interim* decision seem strange to English lawyers? So long as the tax is allowed by law it surely ought to be levied, and a practice of eighty years' standing ought not to be set aside even for a day without reasons of overwhelming importance.

The entire tendency of modern legislation is to do away with taxes which press on any one particular class of the community. There is no more reason why a manager should give away a tenth of his receipts in charity than a news-agent, or an hotel keeper, or a railway company, or an insurance office. The tax, I must repeat, is levied on the receipts, not the profits. So that when a piece has cost a great deal of money to bring out, the house may be crammed every night for weeks, and the gain to the hospitals may be prodigious, while the manager is being ruined. I must confess, however, that if any one class more than another can afford to be specially taxed it must be the managerial community. It is next to impossible to get inside a well-placed theatre at this time of the year without making elaborate preparations in the early morning. The old-fashioned delight of calling for the *entr'acte* after a pleasant dinner, and consulting what theatre you shall go to, is no longer procurable. Go to the Bareau, and the sternly-civil woman will probably hiss through her tightly-compressed lips, 'Messieurs, il n'y a plus rien.' Or else a dirty, raffish looking fellow outside will offer you the ticket for a *strapontin*, 'que je vous laisse pour quinze francs, va!'—its proper price being five. To go to the theatre in comfort it is necessary to pay an high price at one of those *agences* which seem to be doing a famous trade—why has one never been started in London?—give several days' notice, dine early in the morning, take a portable generator of oxygen to counteract carbonic acid gas, engage a friend to pinch you into constant wakefulness, arm yourself with padding against your neighbour's knees, make your will, and go through sundry other small formalities. Attend carefully to all these instructions, and you are pretty well certain, wherever you go, to enjoy yourself heartily."

TENORS AND BASSES.

The tenor I take to be the happiest man in the world, or, at least, he ought to be. He is the individual whom all the operatic Elviras love. He loves them, also. He has all the serenades to sing. He alone can indulge in the *ut de poitrine*. Almost invariably, he is allowed to die for the heroine, when he isn't permitted to marry her, and always has a *fortissimo* death-song given to him, which, like the swan's, is the sweetest. What little stage business there is, in the way of kneeling at the feet of the *inamoratas*, kissing of hands, and embracing of languishing Leonoras, belongs exclusively to him. He also can be the melancholy man, and drown susceptible damsels with tears, over his chalky grief and cork-lined wrinkles of woe. The women dote upon the tenor, send him little billets, look at him through the lorgnettes, and adore him in secret, as Heine's pine adored the palm. He finds bouquets upon his mantel, and little perfumed notes upon his dressing-table. If he be a *tenor di grasia*, lovely woman will sigh for him; if a *tenor robusto*, lovely woman will die for him, or wish that heaven had made her such a man. The amateur tenor enjoys the same advantages as the operatic tenor, on a small scale. He is privileged to sing all the pretty things, and he may sing them as badly as may be, if he is only interesting. He is the idol before which female bread-and-butterhood bends, both Grecian and otherwise. He is usually fragile, *spirituel*, and delicate. He sleeps on the underside of a rose-leaf, drinks Angelica, eats caramels, and catches butterflies. He carries his voice in a lace pocket-handkerchief, when in the open air, and does it up in amber when he retires to sleep upon the rose-leaves. He alone is permitted to wear white kids and vest, and otherwise array himself after the manner of the festive hotel waiter. He knows the secret of immortal youth, and never grows old. All tuneful lays set to the tinkling of flutes, guitars, and harps belong to him. He alone can sing to the moon and address the stars. In his *répertoire* are all the interesting brigands, the high-born cavaliers, the romantic lovers, and the melancholy artists.

And he has nice legs, or, if he hasn't, he had better degenerate into a baritone, and have done with it.

A tenor without nice legs is worse off than a soprano who can't sing "With verdure clad," if there be such a *rara avis*, or an alto who has to do Siebel and Matteo Orsini with elephantine ankles, and there never was an alto in the world with whom I wouldn't measure feet, and give them the odds of one or two numbers.

The tenor lives in clover, chin deep, and never gets stung by the bees. Sometimes he forgets to wrap up his voice in the handkerchief when he goes out, or he sleeps in the direct line of a current of air, which comes in under the door, and the result is an indisposition. When he has an indisposition, he goes off hunting ducks at Calumet, instead of dears in the audience, and the manager forgives him and the audience pity him. He doesn't die like other singers, but gradually fades away like the rose, and disappears in a little cloud of perfume.

The basso, on the other hand, is the personification of vocal misery, and he knows it. He feels that he is not interesting at all. He knows that the women don't adore him, and he takes a fiendish delight in bellowing at them. He never has an opportunity to languish on the stage, or to go round kneeling and sighing and kissing of hands. He is never a lover. If a brigand, he is a dirty cut-throat. If a cavalier, he is some dilapidated old duke, with a young and pretty wife, just packing up preparatory to elopement with the tenor, and requesting him not to interfere with her little arrangements. If a sailor, he is a swaggering pirate. If an uncle, he is a miser. If a mayor, he is a simpleton. If a father, he is a fool. The composers never give him but one aria in opera, and that is always written an octave higher than he can sing, or an octave lower than his boot heel. He is always in trouble with the orchestra. He knows he can squelch the first fiddles and reeds, and come out even with the bassoons and double basses, but the man with the trombone is his mortal enemy, and the man with the kettle-drums his skeleton. He feels in his heart of hearts that the one can blow him into ribbons, and the other pound him to a jelly, and what is more, he knows they are never happy, except when they are engaged in that pulverizing process. What little singing he has to do is devoted to panegyrics upon beer, dissertations upon cookery, and lugubrious screeds upon the infidelity of woman and his own ponderous wretchedness. When he is not confined to this, he is set up for a laughing stock in *buffo* work. He has no runs and thrills, and sky-rockets with which to dazzle people. He knows that one of his long arias is like a long sermon. He usually has so much voice in his copper-lined and brass-riveted throat, that it invariably gets the better of him, either running like molasses in cold weather, or coming out by fits and starts, and leaking all round the edges. He must inevitably sing false, and it makes him unhappy. He is not at all delicate, being usually doubly blessed in chest and stomach, and the result is, he can't get sick if he tries. The blessed indisposition which so often gets into the velvet throat of the tenor, rarely gets into his, consequently his opportunities for duck-hunting at the Calumet are very limited. All of these afflictions make him misanthropical, and he goes through the world with his little *répertoire* of "The Calf of Gold," "Infelice," "O mio Palermo," "The Last Man," and "The Wanderer," a very Ishmael of wretchedness, and a howling Dervish of despair. He drinks beer, and all sorts of fiery damnations, eats sausage and kraut with impunity, and smokes villainous tobacco in short clay pipes. He despises the razor, and eschews the little weakness of kids and patent leathers. The tenor is the nightingale; he is the crow. The tenor is the beloved of women, but for him no serenade, no face in the lattice shaming the moon with its brightness and beauty. I pray, therefore, all gentlefolk to deal kindly with the basso, and make his rough road as smooth as possible, for it is inevitable as fate that he will live to a hundred years of age, and sing every blessed day of the century, and will finally be gathered to his fathers, singing as he goes.—*Letters of Peregrine Pickle.*

MILAN.—Prince Poniatowsky has been made an honorary member of the Conservatory.

MESSINA.—A new *diva*, a star of the first magnitude, is said to have made her appearance here. The lady's name is Signora Albani. If she only resembles her great predecessor, Madame Alboni, as nearly in her voice as in her name, the musical public will have good reason for being content. Recollecting, however, the very numerous occasions on, which *prime donne* who were to surprise the world have falsified the favourable prophecies so recklessly promulgated about them, we have some slight misgivings that Signora Albani may turn out a second Madame Alboni, with *a* difference.

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BELLOWS-BOYS.

I have had considerable to do with them in my time, and know pretty well their idiosyncrasies—the chief of which is an inconceivable ingenuity of invention and execution of mischievous pranks and capers, that in due time flower into positive *diabolism*. Of course, they are always smart: lithe as eels, venturous as monkeys, unconscious of reverence, defiant of decorum, oblivious of rules, aspiring and ambitious after a sort, they are the larvæ of scamps, the embryo of dare-devils. Always boys, they never reach adolescence in that sphere, but emerge, I suspect, from their organ-loft chrysalis into first-class acrobats, gymnasts, and flying-trapeze men. There is great *vraisemblance* in the race: its instincts ingrain, and usually similar in their out-cropping, possibly a little more pronounced in individuals. They all belong to the Flibbertigibbet family, the portrait of one of whose members Sir Walter Scott has so very well limned. Victor Hugo has not happened to mention it, but it is quite certain Gavroche must at some time have done duty in the organ-loft of Notre-Dame or the Madeleine. As a class, they have strong pictorial tendencies, and the white walls of their sanctum bear graphic witness to their skill in caricature and the grotesque—most often, ridiculous portraits of minister, organist, or members of the choir. Nor do they disdain exploits in sculpture and engraving; and when so opulent as to possess a jack-knife, they make their mark upon door-panels and window-sills, and especially delight to adorn the smooth surfaces of the sub-bass pipes with relievos and intaglios, worthy a Cellini or a Flaxman.

Music, too, after their kind, is an intuitive fine art with them. They know every negro melody and every popular jingle that ever was written, and add to them rich variations of their own. But in a higher realm, too, they are proficient. Their imitative powers are often simply marvellous, but too often are they a little indiscreet in the display of their abilities. An undergraduate of mine had a "Vox humana" stop of his own, that he pulled out at will with telling effect; but unfortunately we did not always agree as to the appropriate passages for his part of the performance, and as I had no register to his larynx, the amateur had it all his own way till we dissolved the connection. Another was inimitable in an *obbligato* tremolo that he improvized, quite eclipsing the flutter of the French valve. There was too much organ in him, and we had to part.

They have original and abstruse ideas of mechanics. They scorn the prosaic bellows-lever, moved by manual force, and often operate by striding the fulcrum, and, adroitly shifting their poise, manage inflation in a way not wholly orthodox. Of gregarious taste, your true bellows-boy has ever a crop of "*attachés*," juvenile aspirants for his place, who are delighted to perform his functions in an unskilled, spasmodic way, while the oligarch employs his elegant leisure in carving, pencilling, or practising "*poses*" on his head.

One specimen I had, the consummate flower of all the vagaries, all the possibilities of his class. Skim-milk eyes, hair ruddiest of the ruddy, face mottled and freckled like a rich turtle-soup, limbs lank and angular as a gibbet, who could have looked for aught but tamest prose in him? Yet he was the very incarnation of mad-cap antics, the Alexander of unthought of exploits. If the Apostle Paul was ever an organist, such a boy might have been his thorn. He was a spike, a crowbar, in my flesh. Upon one occasion he installed an acolyte at the "*pump*," while he sought recreation in dizzy heights and a wider prospect. I knew by the *jerky* pulsation that a neophyte was operating, and my wrath fast gathered head, as gasp after gasp told me at any time my instrumental breath might fail, when happening to glance upwards, I beheld, in close proximity to the ceiling, two protuberant chalky orbs, in a halo of foxy locks, calmly surveying the external world—the appertaining head resting right over the central sixteen-feet C. Oh! how I wished that great pipe had been charged with some fierce explosive, that, as by a petard, I might send that head flying into space! That wish was vain. I could only use it as an air-gun, and, quick as thought, I struck pedal and key of the pipe beneath that *couchant* ear. It told. One ghastly roll of the milky eyes, a meteoric gleam of red hair, and then a *thud*, deep in the bowels of the organ, told me something had dropped.

For once Flibbertigibbet lost his *sang froid* and precarious footing, and fell three fathoms and into disgrace, and never again appeared on that field of his *faux pas*.

Henceforth, for motive power give me steam, or galvanism, or anything *not* in the shape of an ordinary bellows-boy.

IBRAHIM.

FLORENCE.—Signor Carlo Ducci, the pianist, has erected a large concert-room, which is to be called the Sala Rossini, and be devoted exclusively to classical music. It was to be opened this month with a grand concert, at which Herr Hans von Bülow promised to perform. The second concert in the room is to be a popular concert, *à la* Pasdeloup, when Herr and Mdme. Jaell will appear as the soloists.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

DR. BENNETT'S SYMPHONY (G MINOR).

With reference to last Saturday's performance of this work at the Crystal Palace, the *Pall Mall Gazette* said:—

"The symphony was that written by Dr. Sterndale Bennett for the Philharmonic Society, and first heard at a concert given in June, 1864. Mr. Manns, as he himself assures us, introduced 'this beautiful work' with great satisfaction; but we certainly do not find in his assurance any explanation of the reason why it has not been played before. That such a symphony 'by the most distinguished living English composer' has lain neglected, while inferior works by Volkmann, Raff, Gade, Reinecke, and others, have had a hearing, may well require explanation. Is it that even the first of English composers ranks in Mr. Manns's opinion after the last of his German brethren? or is it that the Philharmonic Society desires to monopolize the advantages of its own property? Of the two, we prefer to believe the latter, especially while the effect made by Dr. Bennett's beautiful composition is fresh. On the occasion of its performance at a Philharmonic concert last year we discussed the merits of the work, and need not repeat now what was said then. Enough that in all which distinguishes music of the highest class—in graceful melody, skilful development, and rich orchestral colour—this symphony may claim a rank next below those of the great masters. Nay, more; we will venture to say that works by some of the great masters might be found which, in strictness, should yield place to it. As far as concerns the pleasure given to an audience, this declaration is amply sustained. Though elegant and refined, Dr. Bennett's music has a charm for everybody; and when on Saturday the graceful *minuetto* was encored, not by a few enthusiasts, but by general desire, the fact was made agreeably plain. A better performance of the work has certainly never been heard."

"ANTIGONE."

The following remarks appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *apropos* of Mr. Henry Leslie's last concert:—

"Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone* is always looked for in the course of Mr. Leslie's season—not often in vain, because the excellent male voices of the choir supply a means for its performance quite unique. In any case, we fancy, somebody would have to give so fine an example of Mendelssohn's genius. The music of this master is invariably characteristic. It cannot escape recognition, no matter under what conditions it appears, because, either from necessity or from choice, Mendelssohn always wrote in the particular style which has become identified with his name, and has exerted so marked an influence over his successors. We are disposed to think the result one of necessity—not, however, of a necessity dictated by powerlessness, but by that serious view of art in which the composer notoriously indulged. Whatever he did was done with a reverence which permitted no affectation. Hence the naturalness of his utterances; hence, also, their obvious resemblance to each other. Under such circumstances, it is curious to note differences which spring from the most subtle developments of art—differences to be felt rather than described—and not even to be felt by everybody. How palpably the same hand appears in the *Walpurgis Night* and in *Antigone*, a dozen points of resemblance go to prove. Yet there is between them dissimilarity as happy in result as refined in character. The music of *Antigone*, for example, is tinged with a local colouring very different from that of the *Walpurgis Night*. The one we can see used as an adjunct to the Greek drama not only without pain but with the pleasure arising from a sense of harmony; the other is equally applicable to the scenes and events with which it has to do. As wide asunder as Thebes and Gaul in some respects, therefore, are works that in others lie close together. Here we have a proof of the true genius which need not to go out of its way after variety, and which can afford to employ the same forms, because able to animate them with a different spirit. For the reason suggested by these remarks—that is to say, because *Antigone* presents to us a phase of Mendelssohn's genius only seen in it and *Œdipus**—Mr. Leslie's performances of the work are always welcome."

After expressing unqualified approval of the execution of Beethoven's trio in E flat (Op. 70), by Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, the *Choir* (March 8), proceeds to say:—

"But we cannot express the same unqualified satisfaction at the lady's performance of Bach's Prelude in B minor. Unmarked variations of the time, and the liberal use of the open pedal, which characterized her performance, are not, in our opinion, a good exchange for the quietude and conscientious strictness, combined with point, which we have been accustomed to regard as the characteristic method of interpreting the older masters."

BEETHOVEN'S GRAND MASS.

In a lengthy notice of this work as performed on Wednesday, the *Daily News* says:—

"In comparing it with Beethoven's one other work of the kind, the Mass in C, Op. 86 (composed in 1807), we have a striking exemplification of that wondrous progression from clear symmetrical beauty and harmonious propor-

* *Athalie?*—ED. *M. W.*

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tion to the vast sublimity and gigantic idealism of those aspirations towards the heavenly and the infinite, which were the tendencies of the composer's matured thought and feeling. The *Missa Solennis* in sacred music, and the Choral Symphony in secular composition, stand apart, both in form and treatment, from all other works, even by their author. They are indeed, not to say it irreverently, revelations through the medium of music of a god-like purity and nobility of thought, fused into a practicable language with a power and felicity of expression that would seem to be beyond human attainment. An author's judgment of his own productions is notoriously not always a just one; but it is impossible not to attach importance to the long period of time and the earnest devotion bestowed on this Mass by Beethoven, and his recorded opinion that it was his 'grosstes und gelungenstes werk.' Admirable, and sometimes even sublime, as is his first Mass, its clear beauty and refined human sentiment are replaced in the later work by a vast idealism and an awful grandeur that are no more subjects for criticism than is the setting sun in all its greatest splendour. It is to be regretted that some critics, in certain strictures on portions of this gigantic Mass, did not bear in mind the axiom—

. . la parole est toujours reprimée,
Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.

It is painful to think that it was during the composition of the *Missa Solennis* that Beethoven suffered some of his greatest privations and annoyances—as gathered from his own journal, and recorded by Schindler. Constant disputes with servants are entered in his diary; besides sundry 'bad days,' four of which (in August, 1820) are explained by his biographer as having been 'when, quite destitute of money, he was obliged to make his dinner of a few biscuits and a glass of beer, as I have heard from his own lips.' The confusion in his household affairs may be judged from the narrow escape from destruction of the score of the first movement of this very Mass—the *Kyrie*. 'The large sheets, which looked just like waste paper, seemed to the old housekeeper the very thing for wrapping up boots, shoes, and kitchen utensils, for which purpose she had torn most of them in half.' Perhaps, however, without such worldly annoyances, Beethoven might not have soared into those aspirations in which he sought a refuge, and of which he has left such glorious permanent transcripts."

—o—

MISS SUSAN GALTON.

This young artist was married on the 17th ult. to Mr. Alfred Kelleher, at the Catholic Cathedral, Philadelphia. A lively writer on religious topics, in the *Sunday Mercury*, thus records the event:—

"The Duke of Clarence was senteńced to capital punishment. He was permitted to choose the instrumentality of his death. He had a natural aversion to the scaffold. As he could see no romance in hanging, he chose to ebb out his life by drowning in a butt of Malmsey wine. Duke Clarence was a connoisseur in the various vintages of that period. His favourite 'wariety' was 'Malmsey'—a wine as little known at the present day as *lachryma christi*, Falernian, or 'genuine old crusted port.' In a butt of this liquid the executioners immersed him. He suffered *capital* capital punishment. We narrowly escaped a kindred fate last Thursday morning. The means, however, were somewhat different. We escaped being crushed to death by good-looking women at the Cathedral, on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Alfred Kelleher to Miss Susan Galton, *prima donna* of the comic opera *troupe*. Miss Galton embraced the Catholic faith a few months since. She was baptised in St. Joseph's Church, New Orleans, during her last engagement in that city. She had been under religious instruction about two years previously, or from the time the *troupe* first came to this city, and opened their memorable and triumphant season at the Seventh Street Operahouse. The church was completely filled, principally by ladies, including numerous dramatic and musical celebrities. At a quarter to 10 o'clock, the bridal party entered. It included Mr. Kelleher, the Bride, Mr. Thomas Whiffin, and Miss Blanche Galton, his wife. The bride wore a handsome pearl-coloured silk, with pannier skirt. Her hair, without any ornament whatever, hung loosely down her back; she wore a hat of the same colour as the dress. Mrs. Whiffin was attired in walking costume. The groom was fashionably attired in black coat and light pants, and blue necktie. As the party entered the church the organ pealed forth the grand Coronation March from *Atilla*. After being seated awhile in front of the altar, the party advanced to it, and the marriage service was performed by Rev. Father O'Neill, assisted by Rev. Father Morris, of the new Theological Seminary. During the celebration of the Mass, Miss Welsh, the soprano of the choir, sung in admirable style the solos, 'Veni Sancti,' by Barnby; 'Alma Virgo,' by Hummel; and 'Laudate Dominum,' by Vogler. Several amateurs were present and assisted the choir. Mr. Michael H. Cross presided at the organ. At the opening of the church he played 'Hark! 'tis the Marriage Bell,' and at the conclusion of the ceremonies, Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.' The wedding ceremonies being concluded, and the Mass finished, the pair passed down the centre aisle of the church to the carriages waiting at the door. They drove to Petry's, at Broad and Walnut Streets, where the reception took place. The couple then repaired to the bride's residence, Fifteenth Street, below Locust, where the necessary preparations for travel were completed; after which they drove to the New York depôt, at Thirty-first and Market Streets, taking passage in the 1·20 train for New York."

TO THE WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR OF WORCESTER.

We, the undersigned, beg to request you to convene a Public Meeting, to give the inhabitants of the County and City of Worcester an opportunity of adopting a Memorial to the Dean and Chapter, urging them not to allow any influence to lead them to withdraw their consent to the use of the Cathedral for the Triennial Musical Festivals, which have been celebrated with so much benefit to the cause of charity for nearly one hundred and fifty years.

T. Rowley Hill, High Sheriff of Worcestershire; Henry Willis, Sheriff of Worcester; Francis Woodward, ex-Mayor of Worcester; Lord Sandys, Ombersley Court; J. S. Pakington, Westwood Park; R Paul Amphlett, Wychbold Hall; G. W. Hastings, Barnard's Green; Whittington Landon, Mayor of Bewdley; Richard Padmore, Henwick Hall; Thomas L. Wheeler, Rector of St. Martin's, Worcester; William Meredith, College Street, Worcester; J. Stone, High Street, Worcester; J. Waldegrave Stone, Bath Road; J. R. Davey, Avenue House, Worcester; J. Jones, Solicitor, Worcester; J. H. L. Jones, Worcester; John Paul, Rector of St. Helen's, Worcester; W. C. West, Malvern; John Holyoake, Droitwich; George Hill Clifton, Ripple Rectory; W. Stallard, Copenhagen Street; Robert Woodward, Arley Castle; Robert Woodward, Jun., Arley Castle; Samuel Rawlins, Bevere; Edward Wheeler, Kyrewood House; Richard Nash, Hallow; John Pearson, Suckley; J. G. Watkins, Woodfield, Ombersley; John Parker, Worcester; Alexander Inglis, Worcester; W. Price Hughes, Worcester; Ernest Lavie, Bevere; G. Hyde, Worcester; William Strange, M.D., Worcester; Stanley Baldwin, Stourport; Henry Allsopp, Hindlip Hall; H. F. Vernon, Hanbury Hall; T. C. Norbury, Sherridge; Henry Hudson, Pershore; J. Slaney Pakington, King's End; James Nash, M.D., Worcester; Edward Winnington, Stanford; George Clarke, Worcester; J. F. Gillam, Worcester; Richard P. Hill, Worcester; R. V. Baker, Worcester; William Wilkes Cawley, Great Malvern; R. W. Johnson, Bricklehampton Hall; General Colvile, Kempsey House; H. J. Vernon, Eckington Vicarage; W. Ward Jackson, Great Malvern; H. B. Marsh, Upton-on-Severn; Frederick Maze Gregory, Upton-on-Severn; A. H. Royds, Great Malvern; Anthony Martin, Evesham; William Todd White, Kempsey; S. S. Rodeu, M.D., Droitwich; R. Middlemore, Thorngrove; Thomas W. Walsh, Worcester; David Everett, Worcester; C. Foley Pidcock, Worcester; T. J. Baldwin, Stourport; J. C. Rogers, Stourport; Benjamin Danks, Stourport; William Woodward, M.D., Worcester; William Barkley, Worcester; R. A. Douglas Gresley, High Park, Droitwich; H. D. Carden. Worcester; Charles E. Hardyman, Worcester; G. A. Sheppard, Worcester; H. W. Budd, Worcester; Thomas Barneby, Worcester; Robert Berkeley, Jun., Wolverton; R. S. Bartleet, Redditch; T. L. Wheeler, Jun., Worcester; Colonel Johnstone, Worcester; Thomas King, M.A., Malvern Link; Samuel Tombs, Solicitor, Droitwich; William Barber, Grimley; William Coventry, Powick; Edward Woodhouse, Worcester; Edmund Wadams, Malvern; John Watson, Waresley; H. G. Goldingham, Worcester; Martindale E. Vale, Mathon Court; A. J. Douglas, Mathon Vicarage; G. G. Brown, Stourport; W. T. Adcock, Worcester; Richard Griffithes, Worcester; Charles Sidebottom, Worcester; R. T. Rea, Worcester; George Chamberlain, Battenhall; Joseph Wood, Lansdowne Villa; Frederick Corbett, Worcester; Josiah Stallard, The Blanquettes; Peter Hardy, The Grange; E. Leader Williams, Diglis House; G. W. Bentley, Worcester; F. W. Coates, M.D., Malvern; G. J. Sylvester, Worcester; F. Ion Bennett, M.D., Droitwich; Alfred Kendall, Worcester.

In compliance with the foregoing requisition, I hereby convene a Public Meeting, to be held at the Guildhall, in the City of Worcester, on Saturday, the 5th day of March next, at three o'clock in the afternoon. R. E. Barnett, Mayor.

Guildhall, Worcester, 25th Feb., 1870.

Modena.—Sig. Alberto Giovannini has produced a new opera entitled *Irene*. It was successful.

Piacenca.—*Francesca da Rimini*, a new opera by Sig. Marcarini, has been successfully produced.

Naples.—Rossini's opera, *La Gazza Ladra*, was recently produced at the San Carlo, when it proved a—complete failure! *Altri tempi, altri costumi, ed altri sistemi!*

Brussels.—The rehearsals of *Lohengrin* have, at length, really commenced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, under the conductorship of that fervent disciple of the Future, Herr H. Richter, to whom M. Singelée has ceded his *bâton* for the occasion. M. Vachot, the manager, has engaged M. Blum, the tenor, for two months. M. Blum is to receive six thousand eight hundred francs for eighteen performances. Eighteen performances of *Lohengrin!*

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PROVINCIAL.

HASTINGS.—A correspondent writes:—

"Two concerts were given here on February 24th, in aid of the Choir Benevolent Fund, which were patronized by a large and fashionable audience. The morning performance included several anthems by English composers, rendered by a choir of twenty select voices from Her Majesty's Chapels Royal, St. James's and Windsor, St. Paul's, Eton, &c. Misses Blanche Reeves and L. Franklin, Messrs. Mason, Dyson, O. Christian, Distin, and Briggs, were the soloists. In the evening a miscellaneous selection of glees, songs, madrigals, &c., was given. Mr. Shoubridge was conductor. Solo pianoforte, Mr. W. H. Thomas."

READING.—Our correspondent informs us that:—

"The Choral Union gave a performance of Mr. W. H. Birch's two operettas, in the Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday, February 23rd. Misses Sykes and F. Danielson, Messrs. Mellor and O. Christian were the principals; the band and chorus of eighty were under the direction of Mr. Birch. *The Merrie Men of Sherwood Forest* is just the thing for choral societies, and *Katrine, the Pride of Killarney*, abounds in pretty ballads and lively tripping choruses. There was a large audience, and the performance was a great success."

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Horton C. Allison, formerly pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, and *premier prix* of the Leipsic Conservatory of Music, is now established here, and the *Manchester Courier* thus writes about a recent pianoforte recital given by the young artist:—

"A Manchester audience lately showed its appreciation of this style of entertainment, which is more refined than popular, by attending in large numbers at the Town Hall, King Street, to hear Mr. Allison's performances on the pianoforte. It is, of course, always difficult for one artist to retain the attention of his audience unaided, but this Mr. Allison with great skill as a pianist, and considerable judgment in the selection of his programme, was enabled to do. The programme included several pieces of classical and acknowledged beauty. Some well recognized compositions of Mendelssohn, Handel, and Beethoven, were given with great effect, and notably the Prelude and Fugue by Mendelssohn; *Presto*, by Handel, which is one of the good old school; the *Marcia Funèbre*, by Beethoven; and the Fantasia on *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Liszt. But the applause of the audience seemed especially reserved for Mr. Allison's own compositions—*Tarantella*, two fugues, *Impromptu*, and *Valse*, which showed Mr. Allison to be an accomplished composer as well as a skilful artist. Some of these were encored, and the highest tribute was paid to the power and ability of the executant."

CHELTENHAM.—St. David's Day was kept in this town by the annual concert of Welsh music, of which the *Examiner* speaks as follows:—

"These annual concerts have come to be looked upon as one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the year. The occasion, indeed, was this year made one of peculiar interest, inasmuch as it was chosen for presenting to Mr. Henry Davies, to whose liberality the town is mainly indebted for these celebrations, a very handsome testimonial, which had been subscribed for chiefly among resident natives of the Principality. The testimonial consisted of a fine salver and tea and coffee service of solid silver, value £170. The programme was somewhat long, and was made longer by encores. When we state that it was taken part in by Miss Edith Wynne, ever a great favourite at these concerts; by Mrs. Matthison Wynne, by Mr. W. H. Cummings, and by Mr. Lewis Thomas, it need scarcely be said that success did not wholly depend on the rationality of the audience. Then there were the valuable contributions made by Mr. J. Thomas (harpist), and a young lady with a Welsh name, who sang two or three songs in costume very sweetly indeed. The reception obtained by Miss Wynne was particularly enthusiastic, and on no occasion was she allowed to leave the platform without an encore. It was nearly eleven before the presentation took place. Then the Rev. H. T. Price said he had the pleasure to offer Mr. Henry Davies a slight recognition of kindnesses extended to many of those he was addressing during a long series of years. But before he did so he wished to say that they never felt more proud in these honourings of St. David's Day than they did when their English neighbours and friends shared their welcome, and gave the approval of their smiles. For their dear friend and fellow-countryman they did not need the eloquence of the tongue to find expression and grace to the outspoken feelings of their hearts, and so, shortly and simply, he would congratulate Mr. Davies on the testimony it was his (the speaker's) pleasure to present to him in recognition of the generosity and patriotism which had guided him. He had great pleasure in presenting the testimonial and also a book containing the names of the contributors. Mr. Davies, on coming forward to reply, was received with much cheering, and much cheering followed the conclusion of Mr. Davies' acknowledgment. Then the programme was brought to a close, the audience rising *en masse* to sing the chorus of the stirring song by Mr. Davies, 'St. David's Day.' At a late hour the company dispersed, a select few adjourning however, to the ante-room, where an elegant supper had been prepared for their entertainment.—W. G."

EARL DUDLEY AND THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

(From the "Birmingham Daily Post.")

There are some conscientious scruples which it is not easy to understand, and that of Lord Dudley, in reference to the performance of sacred music in sacred edifices, is one of them. In this case, perhaps, it is not so much the scruple as the individual professing it, which excites our surprise—for, although his lordship has given substantial evidence ere now of his interest in ecclesiastical architecture, by his munificent contributions to the Restoration Fund of Worcester Cathedral, his reputation as a musical patron and connoisseur is indentified more with the music of opera and ballet than with that of the Church. Stranger than either the scruple or the quarter whence it comes, however, is the manner in which it has recently been pressed. We can quite understand and respect a sincere, even though mistaken opposition to the performance of Festival music in a Cathedral, as a supposed desecration or, at least, diversion of the building from its appointed purpose; but we must confess that it is quite beyond us to appreciate the casuistry which can lead a super-sensitive conscience to take advantage of the need of the Church itself, to constrain its activity, and seek to buy its acquiescence by means of a golden bribe. Yet this is substantially what the Earl of Dudley has permitted himself to descend to in his latest endeavour to close the doors of Worcester Cathedral against the periodical celebrations of "the Three Choirs." The strangeness of this hostility to the Festival is made only the plainer by Lord Dudley's antecedent relations with it. For many years the Worcester music meetings had no warmer supporter than his lordship, whose territorial position and cultivated musical tastes, seemed to point them out as their natural patron and guiding spirit. A couple of Festivals ago, however, Lord Dudley, for some unexplained reason, was suddenly seized with doubts of the propriety of performing Handel, Haydn, and Mozart in a Cathedral, and finding the Dean and Chapter of Worcester slow to share his scruples, he withdrew from the committee, and used his influence in opposition to the Festival. Happily this extreme course produced quite the contrary effect to that intended. The Worcester people, who had hitherto been rather lukewarm in supporting the institution, were now roused to renewed efforts in its behalf, and the Festival, which had almost invariably been a failure, commercially speaking, began now, for good and all, to yield a substantial profit. Thus matters have been going on since 1866—The Festival growing in fame and profit year by year, and Lord Dudley, like Achilles sulking in his tent, becoming apparently more and more implacable in his opposition to it. Within the last month or two this passive antagonism on the part of his lordship has been exchanged for a piece of active diplomacy, which if not quite unimpeachable on the score of good feeling and taste, is certainly creditable to the noble Earl's ingenuity. Failing to extinguish the Festival by direct hostilities, Lord Dudley now attempts to buy over the authorities of the Cathedral with the offer of a handsome contribution to the Restoration Fund. The edifice, it seems, is still incomplete, and the funds raised, first by the Dean and Chapter, and afterwards by two public appeals to the liberality of the diocese are quite exhausted. In this strait the Restoration Committee, consisting of the Bishop, Dean, and Chapter, together with certain noblemen and gentlemen in the diocese, were recently gladdened by an offer of £10,000 from the Earl of Dudley, towards the cost of completing the building, but their joy was speedily turned to disappointment and indignation when they found the offer saddled with the condition that the Musical Festivals hitherto held in the Cathedral shall be discontinued. The answer so far as the committee are concerned, was of course a direct negative, but the ultimate decision rests with the Dean and Chapter, who have not yet officially spoken. The temptation to these dignitaries is unquestionably a great one, but from the firmness and independence they have hitherto shown on the Festival question, we have no doubt their answer will be in full accord with that of the Restoration Committee and of public opinion. Already the townspeople are moving in the business, and the resolution passed at the Worcester Town Council on Tuesday can hardly fail to have a beneficial influence on the result. We trust that Lord Dudley's new attack upon the Festival may be as successful as his former one, in enlisting public support in favour of the threatened institution.

VIENNA.—*Die Meistersinger* has been successfully produced at the Imperial Theatre. The applause was, however, diluted with a good deal of hissing. We are informed that the performance lasted *only* four hours, seventeen pages having been mercilessly cut out of the libretto.

CAIRO.—Great activity is displayed by the manager of the Italian Operahouse. In the short period of not quite ten weeks, he has produced nine operas: *Il Barbiere*, *L'Elisire*, *La Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, *Ernani*, *Il Trovatore*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Lucia*, and *Faust*, together with two ballets: *Gisela*, and *La Fille mal-gardée*.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
MORNING PERFORMANCE,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), MARCH 12TH, 1870,
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 163, for two Violins, Viola, and two Violoncellos (by desire)—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, DAUSERT, and PIATTI .. .. *Schubert.*
SONG, "Swedish Winter Song"—Miss ANNIE EDMONDS .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
FANTASIA DRAMATICA, in C major, for Pianoforte alone (First time in Public)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD .. *W. Friedemann Bach.*
SONG, "O fair dove, O fond dove"—Miss ANNIE EDMONDS .. *Sullivan.*
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 14TH, 1870,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in G major, Op. 77, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (First time at the Monday Popular Concerts) —MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. .. *Haydn.*
SONG, "Weep not, dear mother"—Mdlle. CAROLA .. .. *Costa.*
THREE STUDIES (posthumous), for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

CHAMBER TRIO, in A major, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI .. .. *W. S. Bennett.*
SONG, "Gretchen am Spinnrade"—Mdlle. CAROLA .. .. *Schubert.*
QUARTET, in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 26, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

EXTRA CONCERTS
WILL BE GIVEN ON
Saturday Mornings, March 19th, 26th; April 2nd, 9th; Monday Evenings, March 21st, 28th; April, 4th, 11th.
On Monday, April 4th, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will take her Annual Benefit at these Concerts.
Madame SCHUMANN will appear on Monday Evening, March 21st, and on Saturday Afternoon, March 19th.

Grande Matinée Musicale et Dramatique, à l'Hôtel du Roy Florentios de Madame de La Reille Gaiazk, Mlle de Rosnlois, Rempercur de Constantinople, par Jean Mauvais, dit le Petit Orguein. A portrait copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for FIFTY GUINEAS.
Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NOTICE.
It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1870.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

MESSRS. GYE AND MAPLESON issued their prospectus for the coming season on Thursday. It is a business-like document, altogether free from trumpet flourishes, and comes at once to the point. Let us imitate so good an example.

As to engagements, four absolute first appearances are announced. The singers in question are Mdlle. Ohma, Mdlle. Cari (Miss Carey, an American contralto), Mdlle. Madigan, and Mdlle. Sessi. Respecting the first and third we know nothing; the second is well reported of; the fourth, as our readers know, enjoys a Parisian reputation. Apart from Mdlle. Sessi, who may or may not be equal to her fame, the directors will have to depend upon the *prime donne* of former seasons, the chiefs of whom—Mdme. Adelina Patti and Mdme. Pauline Lucca—are announced. Mdlle. Tietjens, moreover, will assist the management with her long experience and indomitable energy. The other ladies promised are Mdlles. Vanzini, Locatelli, Scalchi, Bauermeister, and Dell'-Anese. These are all well known, and the extent of their attraction can be estimated. We come, now, to the gentlemen, who are, without exception, more or less familiar to London opera-goers. The tenors include MM. Wachtel, Della Rocca, Naudin, Gunz, Marino, and Mario; the baritones and basses are MM. Cotogni, Bagagiolo, Petit, Capponi, Fallar, Tagliafico, Ciampi, Caravoglia, Rossi, and Graziani. The directors have thought a simple mention of these names sufficient, and there is no doubt they are quite right. Last year's system of duality is kept up with regard to conducting, and Signor Vianesi will alternate with Signor Bevignani, who comes to his post fresh from a course of training in the provinces. We infer, of necessity, that duality in conducting has been found to have advantages. Signor Tito Mattei assumes the post of *Maestro al Piano*, and Mr. Augustus Harris, as heretofore, takes the place of stage-manager.

In the department of works promised we look, first of all, for novelties, and find two—Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*, and Verdi's *Macbeth*. The latter will be interesting, when it comes; of the former we know no more than that it has had success at St. Petersburg. But whatever its merit, we shall, at least, witness Mdme. Patti's assumption of a new part. Among the known operas which are cast are some we feel bound to welcome. *Medea*, *Fidelio*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Guglielmo Tell*, *Der Freischütz*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, give a classical tinge to the prospectus which will gratify a large section of music lovers. Among works less exalted we notice *Le Domino Noir* (Mdme. Lucca as Angela), *I Puritani* (Mdme. Patti as Elvira), *Lucia* (Mdlle. Sessi as Lucia), and *La Figlia del Reggimento* (Mdlle. Sessi as Maria). If we refrain from naming others it is because there is nothing in the arrangements concerning them to call for particular notice.

Thus, then, we know what Messrs. Gye and Mapleson mean to do. Comments are unnecessary, and comparison is impossible, because Mr. Wood has not yet shown his hand. The next move rests with Drury Lane.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE musical critic of the *Daily News* has just illustrated the danger attending a rash use of terms. He is among those who admire Robert Schumann's music, and, very properly, he loses no chance of furthering its success. Thus far, the critic does no more than the duty which every honest man feels to be binding. But our friend has no right to impute motives where he discovers opinions different from his own. In a recent notice of Schumann's pianoforte concerto he spoke of those who are "pledged" to decry it and all other things by the same composer. If the *Daily News* critic knows anything of English he must be aware that the term we have quoted, when used in reference to those in a position similar to his own, is a very ugly one. A "pledge" implies a binding engagement. Will the *Daily News* critic inform us, at his earliest convenience, with whom those who do not admire Schumann have entered into such a contract? If not, he must admit that the word was used with a want of caution such as a public writer ought carefully to guard against.

IN another column we give a report of the meeting held at Worcester last Saturday, with reference to Lord Dudley's attempt

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upon the Three Choir Festivals. Our readers will be glad that local public opinion is thoroughly roused upon the question, and that an ancient and praiseworthy institution is not doomed to be smothered by bribed guardians without a struggle. The decision of the Dean and Chapter will be anticipated with great interest; but, meanwhile, everything should be done to influence it in the right direction. In our opinion little can be gained by arguing the legality of performances in a church. Discussion about this has gone on for years with no result, because the matter is one with which men's prejudices are mixed up. The friends of the Festival should, therefore, abandon this ground, and urge upon the Dean and Chapter the inevitable consequence of accepting Lord Dudley's offer. In what a very undesirable position those reverend men will stand, should they yield to temptation, we need not say. Either the Festivals, as now conducted, are right or wrong. If right, ought they to be bribed away? If wrong, why have the Dean and Chapter waited for a bribe? With this dilemma before them, we leave the capitular body to its deliberations.

Upon one point connected with the very admirable performance of Beethoven's Mass in St. James's Hall, we ask for information; not, however, in a cavilling mood, but to have a doubt cleared away. The full score, published by Breitkopf & Härtel, gives all the "Sanctus" (to the end of "Osanna in excelsis") to the quartet. On Wednesday the quartet was employed only in the first brief division of the movement. Mr. Barnby had, doubtless, good reasons for this change other than the gain in effect—a gain we cheerfully acknowledge.

We understand that the Birmingham contingent of the Festival choir rehearsed the opening choruses of Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter*, on Monday last, under the composer's personal direction. Report says that the music, so far, is both elaborate and masterly; and that the work will appear as a grand oratorio strikingly dramatic in outline and details. *St. Peter* will be welcome as coming from a musician of acknowledged great ability, and as, therefore, certain to add another to the treasures of sacred art.

The clever musical critic of the *Globe* enjoyed an unexpected treat on Wednesday evening. Having lately fulminated against monster pianos, the sight of a "semi-grand" on the platform of St. James's Hall must have gladdened his eyes. Whether it gladdened his ears, also, is more than we can tell; but, for our own part, we trust its appearance was the last, as well as the first, result of the kind arising out of the pitch muddle. The *Globe* critic must have been influenced by some recent performances, when he preached a crusade against Messrs. Broadwood's splendid instruments. He should have reflected that there are players and players,—some who wrestle with the piano, as Milo did with the bull, till it thunders in wrath; and some, in whose hands it can be gentle as a child not less easily than powerful as a giant.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The following programme was that of last Monday week:—

Part 1.—Quintet, in C major, for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, Daubert, and Piatti—Schubert. Air, "A te fra tanti affanni," Mr. Byron—Mozart. Prelude, in B minor, Madame Schumann—Bach. Canon, in A flat major, Madame Schumann—Schumann. Impromptu, in F minor, for pianoforte alone, Madame Schumann—Schubert.

Part 2.—Trio, in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Madame Schumann, MM. Joachim, and Piatti—Beethoven. Song, "Good Night," Mr. Byron—Schubert. Concerto, in D minor, for two violins, with accompaniment of double string quartet—MM. Joachim and Sainton, accompanied by MM. L. Ries, Pollitzer, Ludwig, Zerbini, Straus, Zerbini, jun., Daubert, Pratten, and Piatti—J. S. Bach.

Schubert's quintet was new to most of the audience, whose patience it must have tried by the very great length to which it ran. The work, written in the last year of its composer's life, resembles his last symphony in diffuseness, and, also, let us say, in the prodigal beauties with which it abounds. There are beauties everywhere in it, and the more they are met with, the greater must regret be that the splendid genius from whom they emanated was not, also, a master of his craft in the sense of knowing how best to use them. Herr Joachim and his *collaborateurs* played the quintet remarkably well, and proportionately increased the effect to be made, in any case, by such music. Beethoven's trio need not detain us. "One of the most original and beautiful pieces in existence" has already been discussed sufficiently. There only remains to enjoy it as Monday's audience did. When the Bach concerto was first played last season we devoted much attention to it. Not to repeat what was said then, we now simply mention that its performance interested everybody. The two solo violins were admirably played, and there was little to desire in the accompaniments. Our readers have already detected the strange combination of names and keys in Madame Schumann's solo. Its effect resembled that of eating ice cream after a hot "joint." From Bach to Schumann, and from the one in B minor to the other in A flat major! What a leap was there! The music, however, was capitally played, with an absence of fuss, a neatness of execution, and a high intelligence not often—as regards the first two qualities—observable in the artist. This time Madame Schumann earned, as well as obtained, boisterous applause. Mr. Byron should have made a better choice of songs. Excellent in themselves, they suited his voice by no means well, and a loss of effect resulted.

At the concert on Saturday afternoon, Mozart's string quintet in D was given (another imperishable masterpiece); Mr Hallé played the last sonata of Beethoven (C minor, Op. 111); Herr Joachim played the well-known *barcarolle* and *scherzo* from Spohr's *Salon-Duettinen* (accompanied on the piano), and, being encored, substituted the prelude from Bach's E major sonata (solo); Mr. Cummings sang the "Garland" of Mendelssohn, and F. David's "O ma maitresse;" and the brilliant septet of Hummel (Mr. Hallé at the piano) wound up the whole. Mr. Benedict was the accompanist.

At the concert of Monday last, a posthumous *capriccio* for string quartet, written by Mendelssohn, at Leipsic, in 1843, was played for the first time. It is in two movements (key E, minor), the first being a short *andante*, strongly resembling more than one of the *Lieder ohne Worte*. This is followed by a masterly fugue, built upon a capital subject, and worked out with exceeding ingenuity. The whole was played in very spirited fashion, and encored. After this novelty absolute came a novelty comparative, in the shape of Bach's *Fantasia Cromatica*, which Mr. Charles Hallé played with all needful distinctness and precision. Other features of the concert were Master Arthur Le Jeune's performance of Henry Smart's capital organ fantasia in G minor (which, being encored, the young performer substituted one of Bach's great pedal fugues), Beethoven's trio in C minor (Op 9), and his sonata for piano and violin (Op. 96). The vocalist was Miss Enriques, whose good contralto voice and cultivated style were shown to advantage.

Madame Arabella Goddard, whose appearances at St. James's Hall are becoming more and more rare, is to play at the concert of to-day and that of Monday.

Thaddeus Egg.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT.

There was a very interesting selection at the concert of last Saturday afternoon—so interesting that we subjoin it *in extenso*:—

Overture, *Preciosa*	Weber.
Romance, "Unter blühenden Mandelbäumen."	Weber.
Symphony in G minor...	W. Sterndale Bennett.
Aria, "Qui la voce"	Bellini.
Pianoforte Concerto	R. Schumann.
Romance, "Un pauvre petit Savoyard" ...	Cherubini.
Ballad, "Good night, sweet mother"... ...	N. Diodonato.
Song, "Thou whom I vowed to love" ...	Schubert.
Overture, "La Circassienne"	Auber.

The feature of the programme was Professor Bennett's orchestral symphony in G minor, composed for the Philharmonic Society, and first produced at their concerts in 1864. This should long ago have found its way to the Crystal Palace. But better late than never. That it was not too late was significantly demonstrated by the applause which greeted the symphony, and the unanimous encore awarded to the minuet and trio. Of the work itself, its origin and history, its design and its merits, we have spoken more than once; and it will now

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suffice to say that every new hearing of it discloses fresh beauties. With its performance, under the direction of Mr. Manns, scarcely a fault could be found; the orchestra played it *con amore*, and the conductor, judging by the pains he took, seemed to share the feelings of those who acted under him. We have so seldom the chance of hearing, still more of legitimately applauding, a composition of such importance as a symphony from the pen of an English musician, that when the chance does come it is a rare satisfaction to have to record it. In the programme, Mr. Manns prefaced the analytical description prepared for the Philharmonic Society, by the subjoined note:—

"It is with great satisfaction that I place in the programme of a Crystal Palace Saturday Concert this beautiful work by the most distinguished living English composer. Would that the appearance of a great orchestral work from his pen were not so rare an event."

The complete and genuine success of the symphony must have convinced those in authority at the Crystal Palace that they might with safety have brought it forward earlier.

The next striking incident of Saturday's concert was the performance of Schumann's pianoforte concerto (with orchestral accompaniments) in A, by Madame Schumann, who, while she plays every author with enthusiasm, is never, in our opinion, heard to such advantage as in the music of her late husband, which she has not merely in her head and in her fingers but in her heart. Of the concerto itself we have nothing new to say; nor can we add a word to what we have written again and again about Madame Schumann's execution of it—an execution not more admirable for its vigour and brilliancy than for the deep sympathy it evinces with every phrase and passage. That she was unanimously called back at the end it is almost superfluous to add. How Madame Schumann gave the *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* in E major and minor of Mendelssohn (her second piece) need not be told.

The overtures were both welcome. That to *Preciosa* is one of Weber's most genial inspirations, and simple as is the workmanship (look, for example, at the theme of the quick movement—a phrase of four bars repeated four times over), it is in its way a masterpiece. That of Auber, if not among his best dramatic preludes, is (like so many other orchestral preludes fom his fertile pen) sparkling from one end to the other.

The vocal music was attractive. Mr. Arthur Byron, who has so good a tenor voice that he ought to make more of it, showed good judgment in selecting such pieces as the expressive romance from Weber's *Euryanthe* and the characteristic *chanson*, the prominent trait in which is so conspicuous in Cherubini's undeservedly neglected comic opera, *Les deux Journées*. But Schubert's song is not within his present means. Madame Florence Lancia, a vocalist of ripe experience, sang "Qui la voce" (*I Puritani*), remarkably well, and the ballad by "N. Diodonato" with unaffected feeling.

At the concert to-day the symphony is the No. 4 of Beethoven (in B flat); the overtures are Herr Niel Gade's *Michael Angelo* (first time), and Mendelssohn's *Melusine;* Madame Norman-Neruda plays; Mdlle. Enequist and Miss Enriques sing.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The programme of Mr. Aguilar's last recital of pianoforte music was as follows:—Sonata in C, Aguilar; "Oft in the stilly night," Aguilar; Polacca brillante, Weber; Nocturne in E flat, Impromptu in A flat, Chopin (Miss Mina Bourchier, pupil of Mr. Aguilar); Sonata in C, Beethoven; *Lieder ohne Worte*, Mendelssohn; Fantasia on two Russian airs, Thalberg (Miss Mina Bourchier); "Esmeralda" (morceau caractéristique), Aguilar; Pensée fugitive, Mazurka, Aguilar. Miss Mina Bourchier played exceedingly well, and Mr. Aguilar may be congratulated on so clever a young pupil.

Miss Edwards gave an "*après midi*" at her residence in Ebury Street, when the following music was performed and much appreciated:—

Vocal duet, "La Dove prende," Miss Edwards and Mr. F. Penna; song, "The Diver," and "O Lisbona," Mr. F. Penna; solos, violin, Signora de Bono and Signor de Bono; song, "Sleeping Queen," and "La mia Letizia," Mrs. H. Gordon; duet, "Dis moi un Mot," ("One Word"—Nicolai), Mrs. H. Gordon and Miss Edwards; pianoforte solo, "Alice," (Ascher), Miss Edwards; song, "Connais tu le pays" (*Mignon*), Miss Edwards; song, "Sweet and low" (Grazia), Miss Edwards.

MR. JOHN BOOSEY'S BALLAD CONCERTS.

The fourth entertainment in St. James's Hall, on Saturday evening, was the most fully attended of the series. Programmes, dedicated wholly or in part to one composer, one school, or one nation, are more attractive than liberally diversified bills of fare; and it may therefore be assumed that the large audience was due to the fact that half the concert was composed of Scottish songs. The Chevalier Antoine de Kontski's pianoforte performances appeared to afford satisfaction. His *Souvenir de Don Giovanni* served to show the ambidexterous qualities of the Chevalier's style. Later in the concert, another display of his peculiar powers was received with equal if not greater favour. Madame Sherrington resisted the call which followed her rendering of a new song by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, "Village Chimes;" but when urged to repeat "The Portrait," she substituted an Irish song. Miss Edith Wynne threw great pathos into "Auld Robin Gray;" and she, too, was encored in this and in a new song by Madame Sainton-Dolby, "Marjorie's Almanack;" later her talents were shown to advantage in a couple of Mendelssohn's duets, which she sang with Madame Patey. Mr. Vernon Rigby, set down for two songs, practically sang four; and, in short, if every call upon the ability and good nature of the singers had been obeyed, there is no saying at what hour on Sunday morning the concert would have ended. Mr. Theodore Distin, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Chaplin Henry assisted in the part-songs of the Orpheus Glee Union, under Mr. Fielding's direction. Mr. Hatton was conductor.

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MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The second concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's season took place in St. James's Hall on Thursday, and presented much of excellence, if nothing of novelty. Mr. Leslie is the only concert-giver to whom we can look for a performance of Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone*, and he is kind enough to be careful that we do not look in vain. How many excellent renderings that music has had at his concerts our readers do not need telling. The number received an addition on Thursday night; and, once more, it was made evident with what masterly skill and *vraisemblance* the German composer could illustrate Greek drama. The male voices of Mr. Leslie's choir were, as usual, admirable; and, also as usual, encores were awarded to the quartet, "O Eros," and the "Hymn to Bacchus." Mr. Chaplin Henry was an efficient bass-soloist. The reader was Mr. Phillips. The dialogue was much and judiciously abridged. Beethoven's violin concerto followed *Antigone*, and was played by Herr Joachim in his usual style. What that is we need not explain. Enough that the great violinist did justice to his noble subject, and was enthusiastically applauded after each movement, besides obtaining a "recall" at the end. Miss Stephens, a young *débutante*, sang "With verdure clad" so as to obtain a great and legitimate success. She has a good, pure, soprano voice, she phrases well, and we doubt not that after a little more experience she will attain the expressive power needed to complement these excellencies. Already she is far on the road to excellence. The characteristic Dervish chorus and Turkish march from the *Ruins of Athens* brought the concert to a close.

Hanover.—Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger* has been successfully produced.

Bonn.—There is a report that the supreme direction of the festival to be given next August in honour of Beethoven will be confided to Herr R. Wagner.

St. Petersburgh.—The opera of *Halka*, by St. Moniuszko, was produced at the Russian Operahouse for the benefit of Mdlle. Platonoff. It met with a most favourable reception. The composer witnessed the performance, and was called for several times.—At the Italian Operahouse, Mdme. Adelina Patti appeared as Martha, in Flotow's opera of that name, on the occasion of H. Graziani's benefit. On the same evening, there was a Musical Soirée at the Marble Palace of the Grand Princess Constantine. Among the works performed was a *Stabat Mater*, by Alexis Lwoff.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller has completed his engagement, and left this capital, but not till he had secured the respect and esteem of all who came in contact with him, either in his professional or his private capacity.

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THE FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.

In compliance with a requisition to the Mayor of Worcester, a public meeting was held on Saturday afternoon to memorialise the Dean and Chapter of Worcester in reference to the offer by the Earl of Dudley of a sum of 10,000*l.* to complete the restoration of the Cathedral, conditionally on the discontinuance of the use of the Cathedral for the Triennial Musical Festivals. The Mayor presided.

The Right Hon. Sir J. S. Pakington, in moving for a memorial to the Dean and Chapter, praying them to decline Earl Dudley's proposal, said, in the many years that he had addressed public meetings in Worcestershire, he had never felt more deeply sorry than that occasion should have arisen for him to address them that day. He stated that he had received letters from Lord Leigh, Lord Sandys, Earl Coventry, and Lady Emily Foley, who were unable to attend the meeting, but who authorized him to attach their signatures to the proposed memorial to the Dean and Chapter. As to the objection which had been raised to the continuance of the Festivals in the Cathedral some of them were too trivial to require notice. As to the objection that for a certain period before and after the Festival workmen must be employed in the Cathedral to make the necessary preparations, he answered—if it was right to hold the Festivals there at all it could not be wrong to make the preparations for it. But then remained this objection,—that the performance within consecrated walls of these sacred compositions amounted to desecration. He could only say that he could not understand the feeling of those who had held such an objection. He would say that this was the proper place for these songs of prayer and praise to be played and sung, as they were the grandest emanations of human genius. The question of the acceptance of the 10,000*l.* rested with the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral, to whom its care was entrusted, but for nearly a century and a half successive deans and chapters had sanctioned its use for the Festival, and he saw no reason why they should refuse it now. Public opinion was decidedly in favour of continuing the Festival as before. In 1866 Lord Dudley made a similar offer, which was declined, a memorial to the Chapter, signed by 300 or 400 persons, being presented. He (Sir John) declared as a Christian man that he approved of the continuance of the old plan, and, as a conscientious man, he hoped the custom would never be discontinued. He believed Lord Dudley acted from sincere motives, and had he been present (a voice, "He is in the town") he would have appealed to him directly that this being a question of opinion, and the public declaring overwhelmingly against him, was it for any man—however good his motives might be, or however elevated his position—to endeavour to force his own views of a question of opinion in violation of the opinion entertained by the great bulk of his neighbours around him. Of course if Lord Dudley did not like to attend these Festivals, he was perfectly welcome to stay at home. On the last occasion he abstained from attending; but—and he said it with no disrespect to Lord Dudley—the Festival went off perfectly well without him. (Hear, hear.) Lord Dudley was a good neighbour, and a man of justice and good nature, but it really would not do in this country for any man to say that because I think so and so, I will try and make every one else think the same. He trusted for the sake of the Widows and Orphans' Charity, for the sake of their glorious Festivals, he might almost say for the sake of their own character, that the Dean and Chapter would not part with this Charity for money. Let the matter be settled on its merits, but do not let it be a matter of bargain and sale.

The High Sheriff of the county (Mr. J. R. Hill, a Nonconformist), seconded the motion.

Hyla Holden, Esq., then moved, and Rev. W. Rayson, minor canon of the Cathedral, seconded an amendment, affirming that the use of the Cathedral for other than devotional or strictly ecclesiastical purposes was objectionable.

On being put to the meeting, however, the amendment was lost, and the original motion was carried by an overwhelming majority.

BIRMINGHAM.

The last concert of the Festival Choral Society was in all respects the most noteworthy of the season, inasmuch as it comprised two important works, one an entire and the other a quasi-novelty to the Birmingham public. The first was Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, originally produced, with unanimous approval, at the Worcester Festival in September last, and subsequently received with high favour at the Crystal Palace, and wherever else it has been given. That very great interest should be manifested in the latest and most ambitious work of a composer who had already shown such great promise in his earlier effort (*Kenilworth*) at Birmingham some six years past, will be readily understood, and the Town Hall was filled, long before the hour of commencement, with an eager and expectant audience. Some surprise was felt that the conductor's *bâton* was not held by the composer, but possibly the etiquette of the Society does not permit Mr. Stockley (who took the utmost pains to secure a good performance) to resign his office, even temporarily, into the hands of another. The choruses, with one or two exceptions, went remarkably well, although greater delicacy, and more attention to light and shade would, in more than one instance have been desirable. With still greater force will the same remarks apply to the band, whose playing (usually lacking refinement, and at times unsteady) showed a decided need for improvement, more particularly in the accompaniments to the solos, which were invariably too loud. Allowance however must be made for the difficulty of getting together, in a provincial town, a complete orchestra for practice regular and sufficient to ensure a really perfect effect for compositions of such magnitude.

The quartet of principal singers included Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Herr Carl Stepan. Despite the very severe indisposition under which the first-named lady was evidently labouring, the soprano music was sung throughout with the skill and intelligence always exhibited by that practised and experienced artist, the impressive air, "O that thou hadst hearkened," particularly calling forth the warm approval of the hearers. Madame Patey (whose progress the last few years clearly indicates that an English successor has been found to take the place so long and honourably filled by Madame Sainton-Dolby) sang the contralto part in a manner that literally left nothing to be desired, the tender admonishing air, "Love not the world," one of the especial gems of the oratorio, naturally coming in for the largest share of applause. In the tenor music, Mr. Vernon Rigby exerted himself creditably, and Herr Stepan displayed a good voice in the bass solos.

Having spoken generally of the performance, which on the whole was as fairly satisfactory as could be expected considering that there had been but one full rehearsal, I have only to add that the impression made by the work on the audience was unmistakable, the conventional restrictions as to applause being utterly disregarded, number after number eliciting the heartiest approval; while at the end of the oratorio cries for the composer burst forth from every part of the hall, and when, after considerable delay, Mr. Sullivan appeared, the shouts of "bravo," from all quarters were loud and continuous. It is to be hoped that next season the society may be induced to repeat a composition which has made so genuine and deserved a success.

I spoke of the second work in the programme as a "quasi" novelty. It will be scarcely credited that, in a musical town like Birmingham, whose Festivals alone have given it such a world-wide reputation, that Rossini's *Stabat Mater* has not been heard for a period of some say 26, some 24 years, but, to split the difference, put it at a quarter of a century! Yet such appears to be the fact. The soloists were the same as before, and with the exception of the bass, who at times seemed all abroad (notably in the "Pro peccatis"), acquitted themselves honourably throughout. The remarks already made as to band and chorus will equally apply in this case.

Sir Michael Costa being in Birmingham on Festival business, was present at the concert. The principal Festival engagements at present concluded are with Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley. Our famous English tenor is announced to play in ballad opera at the Theatre on the 12th, 14th, and 15th of this month, of which more anon.

BUTTON OF BIRMINGHAM.

DRESDEN.—Herr Friedrich Grützmacher has just returned from a successful tour through the South of Germany and Switzerland. The critics of the various towns through which he passed unanimously pronounce him a first-class violoncellist.

MUNICH.—Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre* is to be produced before the end of the present month. Such is the command of his Bavarian Majesty. The preparations are being carried on most actively day and night. As our readers are aware, *Die Walküre* forms the first part of the grand musical drama, *Der Ring der Nibelungen*, of which the *Rheingold* was the prologue or introduction. Though the practical difficulties in the *Walküre* are not so great as were those in the *Rheingold*, they are still sufficient to drive nearly distracted stage-manager and master-carpenters, together with all their numerous subordinates. Most of these difficulties have, however, at present, been overcome, it appears, or, at any rate, are in a fair way to be so. The greatest was the task of representing—during a long piece of music—nine "Walkyres" on horseback, having on their saddle-bows the corpses of the heroes they have killed, and riding through the clouds to the Walhalla. As the fair vocalists of the Royal Operahouse refused, not unnaturally, to transform themselves into mythic female Mazeppas, so to speak, the youngest and best-looking of the grooms in the Royal stables will act as substitutes for them, much to the disgust of Herr R. Wagner, however, who at first insisted that the ladies themselves should perform the equestrian feat. Another great difficulty for the carpenters was the gradual conflagration spreading round Brunhilde's rock.—Herr R. Wagner will have completed *Höllendämmerung*, which is the third part of the *Nibelungen*, by the end of the present year. He will then proceed to write the music of his *Buddha*, and *Parzival*, the librettos of which are already finished. He hopes they will be completed in four years, after which he will lay down the pen as a composer, and devote himself entirely to superintending the production of his works. What a treat in store for the opera-goers of the Future.

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WAIFS.

At the Saturday Popular Concert, to-day, Madame Goddard is to play for the first time in public, another work by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, which has hitherto only existed in manuscript, but which is now published by Duncan Davison & Co., as No 2 of "Revivals." At the concert on Monday night, Madame Goddard is to play Mendelssohn's three "Posthumous Studies," and (with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti) Sterndale Bennett's "Chamber Trio, in A major."

A son of Madame Sontag's has appeared at a concert in Rome, according to Roman journals, with success.

An opera by Signor Bottesini, entitled *Vincignerra*, has been successfully produced at Monaco.

There is no chance of *Lohengrin* at the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie this season. It has, already, driven the scenic artists and machinists to despair.

The following works were played at M. Pasdeloup's concert last Sunday:—Gade's Symphony in B flat; Beethoven's "Pastoral;" and Herr Wagner's *Faust* overture.

The Salisbury Diocesan Choral Festival will be held by permission of the Dean and Chapter in Salisbury Cathedral on the 1st of June next.—*Choir.*

Signor Perotti, whose recent success in the principal theatres of Italy has been so marked, will appear at Drury Lane during the approaching season.

Among the engagements made by Mr. Wood for Drury Lane is that of Mdlle. Saverthal, an artists from whom the highest things are expected.

A full choral service took place on Ash Wednesday evening in the Temple Church; it is remarkable as being the first evening service known to have been held in that venerable building.

La Ménéstrel says that when Herr Wagner has finished his *Nibelungen*, his career as a composer will also be terminated. Not earlier, O Prophet! not a little earlier?

A new theatre, to accommodate 600 persons, with a winter garden, club, and restaurant attached, is announced to be built, if a capital of £150,000 in £5 shares can be raised. The site selected is that formerly occupied by Saville House, Leicester Square, and the theatre is to be named the Denmark Theatre.

Abbé Liszt has just completed his oratorio, *Le Roi Etienne*, and will soon direct its performance at Pesth. Some years ago the Hungarians buried St. Stephen's crown lest it should fall into the hands of foreigners. Is there a chance of their doing the same with——but, no; foreigners are not likely to contest possession of the St. Stephen's oratorio.

The art aspects of Munich are apt to take a ridiculous turn, even where Herr Wagner's musical eccentricities play no part. Last year another touch was added to the public decoration of the capital. A gilded bronze statue of Goethe, on the Karlsplatz, after provoking curiosity for days as a veiled prophet under tacking, was uncovered and celebrated with speech-making, electric light, and other jubilations. The ignorant public was puzzled whether the statue were meant for "Apollo" or "Goethe's mother,"—the poet himself seemed *too* improbable! This *reductio ad absurdam* of the national hero is excused on score that the sculptor is paid very little for his work; not an uncommon fact in Germany, where failures are less expensive than with us!

At the re-opening of Womenswould Church, one of the most chaste examples of the English architecture of the thirteenth century, the sermon was preached by the Rev. G. P. Pownall, vicar of Hoxton, and formerly Dean of Perth, Western Australia. After remarking on the contrast which the beautified edifice presented to the dreary expanse of whitewashed walls, with damp and mouldy corners, which he remembered to have seen in days gone by, when he was a frequent worshipper there,—the preacher noticed the scarcely less remarkable change in the character of the services in the majority of the churches throughout the country:—"You remember the minister and the clerk reciting to each other, the one, we will hope, for the edification of the other, I fear far more frequently for the amusement of the audience. No glad response of any kind. No song of praise. No chanted canticle. The *Gloria*, the *Te Deum*, the *Jubilate*, all alike, a dreary repetition. Two staves of Tate and Brady, to the melancholy accompaniment of the bassoon, were supposed to represent the praises of a people 'singing and making melody in their hearts unto the Lord.' And people were content with such a state of things. They said, 'Let it be, let it be; it is our way; we want no change.' But God, who has given us the Sabbath for a delight, and who desires His people to be joyful in the house of prayer, has not suffered, and could not suffer such a state of things to be. It is His work amongst us, this great change, this grand revival, and to Him be all the praise and all the glory. Moreover, under His guidance, and by the leadings of His ever-present Spirit, we are learning, I trust, from year to year, how to make still more joyous and frequent use of our renovated churches. What happy gatherings within their walls are frequent now, which were never so much as heard of then: the meetings of neighbouring choirs on some bright summer's day—the happy procession to God's House commencing the village school festival—the throng of young and old, rich and poor, to harvest thanksgivings—or the intense delight now felt in the comely decorations of the church at Christmas time, at Easter, or at Whitsuntide. All these are marks of happy progress in the same direction—all are leading onwards. Whither? There is the anxious question which is now so continually asked, and which receives such divers answering. Some bid us be upon our guard. They are for ever raising an alarm. If we restore a church, they cry 'take care;' if we remodel our choir, it is 'take care;' or if you chant a psalm which before was read, again it is 'take care;' and all for fear of the scare of Ritualism. Take care of what? Of the danger of doing what is obviously right? Take care of the risk of manifest improvement? Take care of what the better doing of our best work may lead to? No, indeed; I will not be careful of the consequence. God will take care of all that. What it will lead to is not my concern, nor yours. It is His. And have you such poor faithless hearts as to fear that progress so manifestly guided and overruled for good—progress from worse to better, from confusion to order, and from darkness to light—is the high road back to the follies of long discarded superstition? It cannot be. I verily believe that for us this wonderful work of church restoration throughout our land has a different message, a different meaning altogether."—*Choir.*

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AMERICAN CRITICISM.

The following admirable examples of "gush" come to us from across the Atlantic. The subject is Carlotta Patti:—

"The star of the evening, the beautiful Carlotta, was then led forward by Mr. Colby. The princess of song was greeted by a burst of hearty applause. A cavatina, from *Linda di Chamouni*, had been chosen as her opening piece. This cavatina in question contains many passages which call for erratic, elaborate, and fantastic salutatory vocalization. Carlotta was equal to the emergency; she soared aloft and tackled the high notes, she ducked down and scooped up the low notes. She succeeded admirably in getting her pretty rosebud of a mouth chuck full of the sweetest notes of all sorts and kinds of tones, and then blew them out through the pearly gates of the aforesaid rosebud mouth so gracefully that everybody was amazedly delighted, wonderingly enraptured. This reporter, as he gazed and listened, felt as though Odd Fellows' Hall was crowded with a multitude of bright-plumed, cheery little birds, that kept flying hither and thither, around and about, piping and singing, trilling and warbling, caroling joyously their dainty little bird songs, while they darted every way, dazzling the eyes, entrancing the senses."

"The appearance of Mdlle. Patti, even before she opened her sweet, rosebud lips, excited the interest and admiration of every one before her. She is slightly above medium height, and more than medium in other proportions; she has a slight limp, which was exercised very generously last night in response to frequent encores. This was acquired by an accident in childhood, and links a bit of sentimental sympathy with universal praise. She was dressed in a rich rose-coloured satin dress, with court train, cut so as to display to advantage her superb shoulders and arms, with point-lace overskirt, looped at the sides with bows to correspond with the dress. Her hair was dressed low on her broad, classic brow, as it appears in her latest portraits, and she wore a small, exquisite set of diamond jewelry. Every lady in the house, as far as heard from, whispered: 'Oh, *isn't* she lovely?' And true, she is a very queen of grace, and beauty, and song."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

WEEKES & Co.—"Sweet Summer Gales," by Wellington Guernsey; "Ruth," by Joseph R. Duggan.

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"Christ being raised from the dead," anthem by William Spark.

CRAMER & Co.—"Reine d'amour," romance by Lancelot.

BINFIELD (READING).—"Blythe as a bird," song by Hannah R. Binfield.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THE Directors of the Royal Italian Opera have the honour to announce that the Season of 1870 will commence

ON TUESDAY, MARCH 29TH.

The Directors respectfully submit the following arrangements for the Season, which will be adhered to as nearly as circumstances will permit:—

ENGAGEMENTS:—

Madame ADELINA PATTI, Mdlle. OLMA (her First Appearance in England), Mdlle. VANZINI, Mdlle. CARI (her First Appearance in England), Mdlle. MADIGAN (her First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera), Madame DELL' ANESE, and Mdlle. SESSI (her First Appearance in England),

ALSO,

Madame PAULINE LUCCA (her First Appearance these Two Years), Mdlle. LOCATELLI, Mdlle. SCALCHI, Mdlle. BAUERMEISTER,

AND

Mdlle. TIETJENS.

Herr WACHTEL (his First Appearance these Four Years), Signor LAROCCA, Signor NAUDIN, Dr. GUNZ (his First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera), Signor MARINO, and Signor MARIO (his First Appearance these Two Years).

Signor COTOGNI, Signor BAGAGIOLO, Monsieur PETIT (his First Appearance these Two Years), Signor CAPPONI (his First Appearance these Two Years), Signor FALLAR, Signor TAGLIAFICO, Signor CIAMPI, Signor CARAVOGLIA (his First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera), Signor CASSABONI, Signor ROSSI, and Signor GRAZIANI.

CONDUCTORS.—Signor VIANESI, Director of the Music at the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburgh (his First Engagement at the Royal Italian Opera), and Signor BEVIGNANI.

Principal Danseuses:—

Mdlle. BLANCHE RICOIS, and Mdlle. WASEN (of the Imperial Conservatoire, St. Petersburgh).

Maestro al Piano	Signor TITO MATTEI.
Leader of the Military Band (Coldstream)	Mr. F. GODFREY.
Organist	Mr. PITTMAN.
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Suggeritori	Signor LAGO, and Signor RIALP.
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Hamlet.—The Directors also possess the exclusive right of representation of this Opera in England, It will be given towards the end of April. The part of Ophelia by Mdlle. Sessi. Hamlet by Signor Cotogni, &c.

Medea.—(Frist time at the Royal Italian Opera). Jason, Dr. Gunz; Creonte, Signor Bagagiolo; Neris, Mdlle. Scalchi; Lamia, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Clyte, Mdlle. Madigan; Dirce, Mdlle. Vanzini; and Medea, Mdlle. Tietjens.

Le Domino Noir.—Will be produced soon after the arrival of Madame Pauline Lucca. Orazio, Signor Naudin; Giuliano, Signor Larocca; Gil Perez, Signor Ciampi; Lord Elfort, Signor Tagliafico; and Angela, Madame Pauline Lucca (her first appearance in that character).

I Puritani.—Elvira, Madame Adelina Patti (her first appearance in that character in England); Riccardo, Signor Graziani; Giorgio, Signor Bagagiolo; and Arturo, Signor Mario.

Lucia di Lammermoor.—The character of Lucia by Madame Sessi and Madame Adelina Patti.

Fidelio.—Florestano, Dr. Gunz; Don Pizarro, M. Petit; Rocco, Signor Bagagiolo; Marcellina, Mdlle. Vanzini; and Fidelio, Mdlle. Tietjens.

L'Etoile du Nord.—(For the first time these four years).—Peter the Great, M. Petit; Danilowitz, Signor Naudin; Gritzendka, Signor Ciampi; Prascovia, Mdlle. Vanzini; and Caterina, Madame Adelina Patti (her fourth appearance in that character)

Macbeth.—This Opera, held by many to be the *Chef-d'œuvre* of Signor Verdi will be produced for the first time in England, the chief characters being performed by Signor Graziani and Mdlle. Tietjens.

La Figlia del Reggimento.—Tonio, Signor Larocca; Sulpizio, Signor Ciampi. The character of Maria by Mdlle. Sessi and Madame Adelina Patti.

Les Huguenots.—Raoul, Herr Wachtel; De Nevers, Signor Cotogni; St. Bris, M. Petit; Marcel, Signor Bagagiolo; Urbano, Mdlle. Cari; Margherita, Mdlle. Vanzini; and Valentina, Mdlle. Tietjens and by Madame Pauline Lucca.

Il Flauto Magico.—Tamino, Dr. Gunz; Papageno, Signor Cotogni; Sarastro, Signor Bagagiolo; Regina della Notte, Mdlle. Sessi; Papagena, Mdlle. Olma; and Pamina, Mdlle. Tietjens.

L'Africaine.—Selika, Madame Pauline Lucca; Inez, Mdlle. Vanzini; Nelusko, Signor Graziani; Don Pedro, Signor Bagagiolo; Don Diego, Signor Capponi; and Vasco di Gama, Signor Naudin, also by Herr Wachtel.

Dinorah.—Dinorah, Madame Adelina Patti; Corentino, Signor Naudin; and Hoel, Signor Graziani.

Guglielmo Tell.—Guglielmo Tell, Signor Graziani; Un Pescatore, Signor Larocca; Gessler, Signor Tagliafico; Walter, Signor Bagagiolo; Arnold, Herr Wachtel; Eduige, Mdlle. Scalchi; and Matilde, Mdlle. Vanzini.

Freischutz.—Rodolfo, Dr. Gunz; Caspar, M. Petit; Hermit, Signor Bagagiolo; Killiano, Signor Tagliafico; Kuno, Signor Capponi; Annetta, Mdlle. Vanzini; Bridesmaid, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Agata, Mdlle. Tietjens.

Il Barbiere di Siviglia.—Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; Bartolo, Signor Ciampi; Basilio, Signor Tagliafico; and Almaviva, Signor Mario.

Don Giovanni.—Zerlina, Madame Adelina Patti; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Vanzini; Don Ottavio, Herr Wachtel; Don Giovanni, Signor Cotogni; Masetto, Signor Tagliafico; Commendatore, Signor Capponi; and Donna Anna, Mdlle. Tietjens.

La Favorita.—Fernando, Signor Mario; Alfonso, Signor Graziani; Baldassare, Signor Bagagioli; and Leonora, Madame Pauline Lucca.

Faust e Margherita.—Faust, Signor Mario; Valentino, Signor Cotogni; Mefistofele, M. Petit; Siebel, Mdlle. Cari (her first appearance); and Margherita, by Madame Adelina Patti and Madame Pauline Lucca.

Le Nozze di Figaro.—Susannah, Mdlle. Sessi; Cherubino, Madame Pauline Lucca; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Tietjens, &c.. &c., &c.

La Traviata.—Alfredo, Signor Mario; Germont, Signor Graziani; and Violetta, Madame Adelina Patti.

Martha.—Lionello, Signor Mario; Plunketto, Signor Graziani; Lord Tristano, Signor Ciampi; Nancy, Mdlle. Scalchi; and Lady Enrichetta (Martha), Madame Adelina Patti.

Roberto Il Diavolo.—Alice, Mdlle. Tietjens; Isabella, Mdlle. Sessi; Bertram, Signor Bagagiolo; and Roberto, Signor Naudin.

L'Elisir d'Amore.—Nemorino, Signor Mario; Dulcamara, Signor Ciampi; and Adina, Madame Adelina Patti.

Fra Diavolo.—Zerlina, Madame Pauline Lucca; Beppo, Signor Tagliafico; Giacomo, Signor Capponi; Lorenzo, Signor Larocca; Lord Koburg, Signor Ciampi; and Fra Diavolo, Signor Naudin.

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[*See next page.*

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN—*continued.*

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL CONSIST OF FORTY NIGHTS,

But as there will (after the first week) be regularly Four Nights in each week, viz., MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, Subscribers will, by making known their wishes at the commencement of the Season, have the choice of selecting either two of the four nights. Subscribers of last Season are also respectfully requested, if they wish to retain their Boxes or Stalls, to notify the same *at once* to Mr. EDWARD HALL, at the box office.

TERMS FOR THE FORTY NIGHTS.

Boxes on the Second Tier (for four persons), 100 guineas; Ditto First Tier ditto, 200 guineas; Ditto Grand Tier ditto, 240 guineas; Ditto Pit Tier ditto, 220 guineas; Orchestra Stalls, each 35 guineas; Amphitheatre Stalls, first and second rows, each 18 guineas.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

Applications for Boxes and Stalls to be made to Mr. EDWARD HALL, at the box-office, under the portico of the Theatre; also of Mr. MITCHELL, Mr. BUBB, Messrs. LACON & OLLIER, Messrs. CHAPPELL, Bond Street; Mr. A. HAYS, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN,
March, 1870.

CRYSTAL PALACE SHILLING OPERAS.—The enthusiastic reception of, and large attendances at last week's performances of BENEDICT'S "LILY OF KILLARNEY," has induced its repetition on MONDAY and TUESDAY next, under the direction of Mr. GEORGE PERREN. Characters by Madame Florence-Lancia, Miss A. Goodall, Miss Emmeline Cole; Messrs. G. Perren, E. Cotte, G. Fox, R. Temple, and Aynsley Cook. Scenery by Mr. F. Fenton. Full Orchestra and Chorus. Conductor, Mr. MANNS. On Thursday will be performed "LA SONNAMBULA;" Amina, Miss Blanche Cole. Admission, as usual to Palace and Theatre, One Shilling.

CHAMBER CONCERTS OF MODERN MUSIC.
MARCH 22nd.

MR. WILLEM COENEN'S FIRST EVENING CONCERT, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square. Programme:—Trio, No. 2, Op. 112, Raff; Songs, "A Flood," "The Post," Schubert; Quartet, E major, Max Bruch; Songs, "Evening song," Rubinstein, "Orpheus with his lute," Sullivan; Quartet, in C, Op. 66, Rubinstein. Executants, Messrs. Coenen, Wiener, Jacoby, Zerbini, and Daubert. Vocalist, Miss Sinclair. Stalls, 5s.; Admission, 2s.; at Novello, Ewer, & Co.'s, and at the Hanover Square Rooms.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY Next, March 25th, BEETHOVEN'S GRAND MASS in D. Subscription Concert. Principal vocalists: Mdlle. Enequist, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Patey. Violin obbligato, Mr. Sainton. Band and Chorus on the usual complete scale of the Society's performances, will consist of 700 performers. Commence (on this occasion) at Eight o'clock. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and Stalls 10s. 6d., at No, 6, Exeter Hall.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERT, THURSDAY Next, March 24th, Eight o'clock.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Soloist, Herr Joachim. Programme:—Part I. Overture, "Zauberflöte," Mozart; Motet for double choir, "I wrestle and pray," Bach—Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir; Concerto for the Violin, Mendelssohn—Herr Joachim. Part II. Symphony in C minor, Beethoven; Motet, for an Eight-part Choir, "Judge me, O God," Mendelssohn—Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir; Solo, for Violin, "Adagio from the Ninth Concerto for the Violin," Spohr—Herr Joachim; Part Song, "The Hunt's up" (May Day), Macfarren. The Band includes the most distinguished Metropolitan instrumentalists. Conductor, Mr. HENRY LESLIE. Tickets, 6s., 3s., 2s., 1s., at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly, and all Music Publishers.

THIS EVENING.
LAST CONCERT OF THE PRESENT SEASON.

SATURDAY BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL. Director, Mr. JOHN BOOSEY. THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, MARCH 19th. The last concert of the Present Season. Artists—Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Blanche Cole, Mrs. Henry Barnby, Madame Anna Jewell, and Madame Patey; Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and Mr. Byron. Pianoforte, Chevalier Antoine de Kontski (Pianist to the King of Prussia.) Clarionet, Mr. Lazarus. A Duet, for Pianoforte, on Weber's "OBERON," will be played by Mr. J. L. Hatton and Master G. F. Hatton. The Orpheus Glee Union, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Fielding. Conductor, Mr. J. L. HATTON. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Orchestra and Gallery, 1s. Tickets to be had at St. James's Hall; of Boosey & Co., Holles Street; and the usual Musicsellers.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W. President, Mr. BENEDICT. Director, Herr SCHUBERTH. FOURTH SEASON, 1870. The Second Concert of the present Season will take place on Thursday, 24th inst. The first part of the Programme formed of R. Schumann's Vocal and Instrumental compositions. The few remaining Unreserved Tickets may be had at Messrs. D. DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, in Town or Country. For terms, address 125, Regent Street.

MR. ARTHUR BYRON will sing BLUMENTHAL'S admired song, "THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE," at the Saturday Concerts, St. James's Hall, This Evening, Saturday, March 19th.

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.—To ORGANISTS.—The Committee of the Liverpool School for the Indigent Blind desire to obtain the services of a thoroughly qualified ORGANIST and TEACHER of MUSIC and SINGING. He will be required to attend the school every week-day morning, and conduct the service in the chapel on Sundays. Full particulars may be ascertained on inquiry from the superintendent at the school. Salary £100.—Applications, accompanied, with copies of testimonials, which will not be returned, to be addressed to the treasurer, School for the Blind, Hardman Street, Liverpool.

A NEW SONG,

"BLYTHE AS A BIRD."

By HANNAH R. BINFIELD.

Post free for 18 stamps.

BINFIELD'S MUSIC WAREHOUSE, READING.

Published This Day,

'MEMORY" (words by GEORGE E. NEWTON) ... ... 3s.
'GEM OF MY HEART" (words by W. HITCHMAN, Esq., M.D.) ... ... 3s.
'COME BACK AGAIN, DARLING" (words by WILLIAM NEWTON) ... 3s.

Composed by WILLIAM NEWTON.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

FOR A CHURCH CHOIR, in the neighbourhood of Clapham, TWO SOPRANO VOICES. Apply, by letter only, with Testimonials to qualification and character, and stating terms, to C., Post Office, Loughboro' Place, Brixton Road, S.W. None need apply whose character will not bear the strictest investigation.

MISS HELENA WALKER.—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., must be forwarded to Miss Helena Walker, 6, Westbank Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

MISS GRACE AGUILAR will play SEMLER'S "VALSE IMPETUEUSE" (dedicated to Miss Aguilar) at Mr. Aguilar's Matinée of Pianoforte Music, March 31st.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The Nineteenth Season of these Grand Instrumental and Vocal Concerts will commence with the Public Rehearsal on March 21st. Prospectuses are now ready.

Just Published,

"REVIVALS,"

EDITED BY

J. W. DAVISON.

No. 1. GRAND FANTASIA
(IN E AND A MINOR AND MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

No. 2. DRAMATIC FANTASIA
(IN C MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

Price 6s. each.

*** Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

N.B. "REVIVALS" will consist of Pieces hitherto only existing in Manuscript, or which have been long out of Print. Selected from the Works of Eminent Masters.

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BEETHOVENIANA.—No. VII.*

(*Continued from page* 147.)

IX.—Dots and Strokes—*Continued.*

And first for the players. Clementi's "Introduction" appeared in the year 1801, and in it he says notes which are marked with strokes or dots must be sharply struck ("pointer ou piquer") the latter less forcibly than the former. In 1820 appeared the *Wiener Pianoforte-Schule*, by Frederick Starke, a work the appendix to which contains five little pieces, with fingering by Beethoven, which were subsequently published by the composer with six others, under the title "Nouvelles bagatelles," Op. 112 and 119. The book also contained two movements out of the sonata, Op. 28, with some of the fingering marked by Beethoven himself. In this work there are three kinds of staccatos ("Stossen oder staccato"). First, the short, sharp staccato, noted by a stroke; in which each note should be held for only the fourth of its real value. Secondly, the half-staccato, designated by a dot, where the note should be held for half its value; and thirdly the dragging staccato (*appogiato*) denoted by dots under or over a slur, and where each note is held for three-quarters of its value. The same thing, though in different words, is said by Czerny, who had many communications with Beethoven in 1801 on musical subjects. It is not necessary to make any quotation from his *Pianoforte School.*

So far the players on keyed instruments, with whom the value of dot or stroke is confined to the mere period during which the note is held. The players on stringed instruments for the most part take them to denote a certain way of bowing; and the wind instrument players consider them as intended to denote a method of tongueing, with less relation to the time of duration of the note. Thus, for instance, in Johann Adam Hiller's *Anweisung zum Violinspielen* (1793, p. 41), we find:—

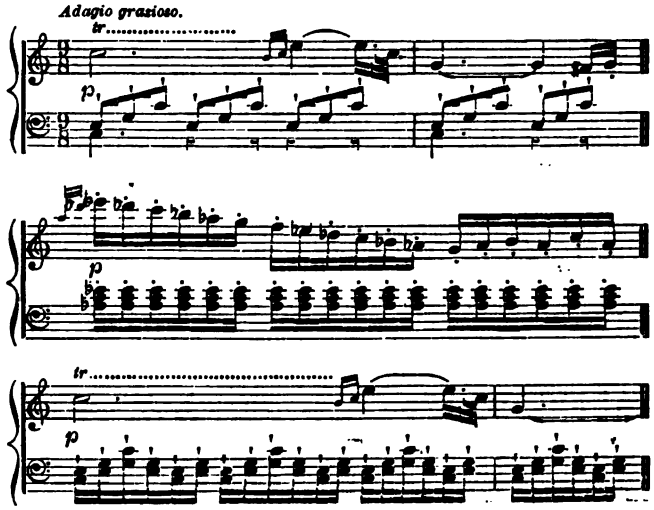
"If the accent is to be given quicker, with a more decisive stroke of the bow, it is denoted by a stroke (') over the note, or by the word *staccato.* Where the notes are marked with a dot, the expression is different, and it is denoted by the word *punto d'arco.* Several notes so marked may be taken by a single bow, and brought out sharply by a stroke of the bow. When a slur is found over the dots, it signifies that the notes are to be more united, with a firmer bow, and a slight accent only upon each."

In the same manner, though not in the same words, we find these signs explained in almost all other instruction books, as for instance in the *Violin-Schule* of Leopold Mozart (1770, p. 39), and in Quantz's *Versuch einer Anweisung die Flöte traversiere zu spielen* (p. 64 and 193). Some doubt however is thrown on these explanations by the fact that the methods of playing have altered in the last eighty years, and that there was probably never a perfect agreement between the different schools of players. Thus, in the Leipzig *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* for 1804, we find a remark (p. 730) to the effect that the staccato was formerly effected with the side of the bow, while at that time the middle of the bow was used. According to the Vienna tradition, however, Beethoven marked his strokes and dots whether for stringed or wind instruments without reference to the bowing or tongueing, but simply as showing the amount of duration of the tone; the stroke denoting a sharp and short accent, and the dot a less short one; and this tradition seems to have two considerations in its favour—first, that Beethoven probably never blew a wind instrument in his life, and did not trouble himself about tongueing; and next that he knew little or nothing about violin playing, and at the performance of his last quartets gave himself very little concern how the players bowed or struck. And this is corroborated by an extract from the great Violin School of Rode, Kreutzer, and Baillot, published by Diabelli, of Vienna, which says that strokes and dots both denote that the note should be played staccato, the strokes requiring a sharper accent than the dots. This is without doubt the manner in which they should be interpreted in Beethoven's music.

Whether such a distinction can be applied to all his works, or whether a time can be fixed at which he began to make ostensible difference between the two, are questions which would require a longer space for their examination than we can afford to give them.

No edition of his works can be depended upon to give them exactly as he would have wished. In the meantime we give some examples of original marks taken either from the autographs or from the original editions.

No. 1. From the Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 31, No. 1.



No. 2. From the *Sonata Apassionata*, Op. 57.

No. 3. From the 32 Variations in C minor.

No. 4. From the String Quartet, Op. 59, No. 1.

No. 5. From the String Quartet, Op. 59, No. 2.

* From the German of Herr Nottebohm.

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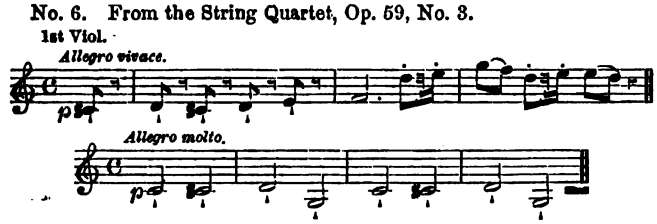
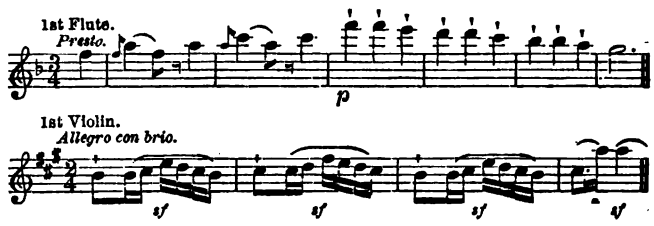
No. 6. From the String Quartet, Op. 59, No. 3.



No. 7. From the Eroica Symphony.

No. 8. From the Symphony No. 7.



X.—A Mistake of Schindler's.

Schindler, in the third edition of his biography (Vol. I., p. 192), speaking of the second movement of the Symphony No. 7, says a word or two on the original designation of this movement as *Andante*: "In the printed parts the *Andante* was exchanged for *Allegretto*, which seems to have led to a universal misunderstanding of the character of the movement. At a later time the composer restored the original *tempo*."

The statement that the piece was first marked *Allegretto* in the printed parts is not correct, for in the manuscript parts mentioned in the preceding article, which are older than the printed ones, and were used at the first performance of the Symphony, under Beethoven's direction, on the 8th and 12th December, 1813, we find the single word *Allegretto* at the head of the second movement. There are in all 24 of these manuscript parts, six of which are "violoncello and basso." One of the parts is dated "Wien, 12 December, 1813." [G.]

—o—

PARADISE AND THE PERI AT MANCHESTER.

(*From the Correspondent of the "Choir."*)

The disciples of Robert Schumann in Manchester, at the last of Mr Hallé's concerts, had the unusual opportunity of hearing a work which occupied the entire programme on the occasion of the performance for the first time in Manchester of *Paradise and the Peri*. Apart altogether from our estimate of the merits of the work, there can be no doubt that Mr. Hallé is highly to be applauded for producing novelties with the liberality which he has shown this season. We would gladly hail a little more of this spirit, for it is a just reproach against English audiences generally, that they are so fascinated with their favourite authors, as to be careless to extend their knowledge, or to judge fairly of the merits of the writings of other authors. This conservatism in music is undoubtedly injurious to our modern writers, as their productions have either no chance of being heard, or, if heard, are passed by without a due consideration of their merits. Of Robert Schumann's works this cannot be said: on the contrary, of late years almost all his important compositions have been performed, and that, too, in a style worthy of the best works of the greatest masters. Indeed, his admirers attempt to place him on a level with Mendelssohn; but, if a comparison of the writings of the two masters must be made, the verdict naturally comes in favour of Mendelssohn. Schumann's symphonies, indeed, exhibit almost endless scholarly devices, but in addition to a great lack of melody, there is a want of freshness of idea, and lack of simplicity of treatment, while too often eccentricities and uncouthness crop up where animation is aimed at; affectation where tenderness and pathos might be looked for. Of his pianoforte music it has been tersely said, that the only fancy it contains is confined to the titles of the pieces.

Of the several cantatas which Schumann has left behind, *Paradise and the Peri* is, we believe, the only one that has been publicly performed in England. It is the longest, but perhaps not the most pleasing work of the author. Founded upon an episode in Moore's well-known poem, the words have suffered much from translation, and the re-translated English is certainly far from being an improvement upon the original. The music is, for the most part, characterized by all the peculiarities of the composer. Schumann's want of melody is here, as ever, by no means hidden, and wholly unatoned for by the constant changes of the rhythm, unexpected progressions of harmony, and strange cadences which never fail to betray his handiwork. This want of continuity is least felt in the light and pleasing chorus, "Des genies du Nil," (with its not very original subject) in the couplets, "Au bord du lac," in the soothing "Dors noble couple," which concludes the second part; and in the clever and very charming "Chœur des Houris"—"Faites tomber de nouvelles fleurs." This last-mentioned chorus is written in four parts for female voices, the trebles being employed in "Canon" with the same ease and mastery displayed by the author in many of his works; and noticeably in the opening of his cantata, *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*. Unlike most of Schumann's cantatas the first part of it is complete in itself, and would always please as a detached *morceau*. Any attempt, however, to describe the cantata from an inspection of the score, must, of necessity, be imperfect; it is only in the performance that Schumann's devices can be fairly understood. It is impossible, however, to rise from a first hearing of a work like that under notice with

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anything like satisfaction. There seems to be little or nothing to attract the attention, and the constant exhibition of unusual effect by no means atones for such an absence of melody, and eventually wearies the most attentive listener. There is a lumbering dreariness in points where the composer might naturally be expected to be heroic. The death of the lovers, for instance, is a situation capable of very fine dramatic expression; but Schumann at this point is not only not dramatic, but is positively tiresome and mysterious. The work was performed with all possible care, and the entire absence of enthusiasm from a very large audience can be more easily accounted for by the fact that the music has nothing of the popular element in it than from a lack of interest. This was the last of Mr. Hallé's choral concerts for the season.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

We are requested to publish the following letter addressed by Sir E. A. H. Lechmere, Bart., to the High Sheriff of the county (T. R. Hill, Esq.):—

"*London, Feb.* 28, 1870.

"DEAR MR. HIGH SHERIFF.—As I shall be absent from England when the discussion about the music meetings takes place, I venture to trouble you with my views, and to ask you to lay them before the meeting I am conscious of more than one very serious objection to the musical festivals as at present conducted, and am therefore in favour of the acceptance of Lord Dudley's proposal, and have already expressed myself to that effect at the recent meeting of the Cathedral Restoration Committee. At the same time I should be very sorry that the original object of the triennial music meeting, namely, "the meetings of the three choirs" of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, with a view to aid the Clergy Widows and Orphans' Charity should be discontinued.

"It is possible, indeed very probable, that the sum collected under such circumstances, that is the meetings of the three choirs for a great choral festival in the Cathedral, without the aid of public singers, would fall short of the amount which has, for some years past, been allotted to the Worcester Clergy Widows and Orphans' Society, but I cannot but think that means might readily be found by which the subscriptions to that charity might be very considerably increased so as to prevent any permanent loss of income. At present, the number of subscribers to the Charity is comparatively limited, and consists mainly of the clergy themselves.

"As the long existence of the present mode of conducting the meetings of the three choirs has been mentioned as a strong plea for its continuance, I would venture to remind you that for many years after their institution these meetings consisted of choral services in the Cathedral on two days with a sermon, and a collection in aid of the Clergy Widows and Orphans' Charity.* Two evening concerts † were subsequently added, at which oratorios were performed until the year 1759, when, at Hereford, the *Messiah* was peformed in the Cathedral on the third morning, the two services remaining as before. ‡

"The choral services were continued until 1784, when, at Gloucester one service was dropped, and oratorios were performed in the Cathedral on two mornings.

"This will, I think, prove that for many years the original objects of these festivals as ‖ 'tending to the furtherance of God's glory, in the exaltation of His holy worship, to the improvement of our choirs' was strictly carried out. How far the present mode of conducting the musical Festivals tends to promote these most noble aims, the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral are the best judges; but it would seem to many that the original idea of solemn acts of choral worship in aid of charity has been lost sight of, and that the part taken in our Festivals by the three choirs themselves is not of the prominent nature, (evidently with a view to their encouragement and improvements) which was originally intended; indeed in the early days of its institution the lay members of the choirs participated in the benefits of the charity. §

"I will not trouble you further with objections which I share with many others, and which I have no doubt will be fully and ably explained at the meeting, but I would, in conclusion, refer to one which I believe is very seriously felt by the Dean and Chapter themselves, and that is the triennial interruption of the services of the Cathedral, in their usual and proper place, preparatory to the musical Festivals. This need not be the case if the idea of reverting to the original meetings of the three choirs were adopted. When the Cathedral is completely restored, and the nave fitted up with seats and (as it is temporarily at present) used for service, especially on Sundays, the interruptions of the services will be still more marked and objectionable.—I am, dear Mr. High Sheriff, yours very faithfully,

"*The High Sheriff.* EDMUND A. H. LECHMERE."

In reply to an amendment proposed at the meeting reported by us last week, Sir John Pakington said:—

"When I rose to address you before I really felt I had something to say to you. Now I rise because I am rather requested to do so by my friends near me, who think it desirable I should offer a few words after what has fallen from Mr. Rayson. I do not mean the slightest disrespect either to Mr. Holden or Mr. Rayson when I say that I really have not heard in their addresses anything which I think is likely for a single moment to influence the judgment of this great meeting upon the question at issue. (Applause.) In fact when Mr. Hyla Holden first read his resolution it struck me there was some mistake. I thought he was going to support my views. I have been endeavouring to impress upon you the essentially devotional nature of the performances, and the first words of Mr. Holden's motion are that the Cathedral should only be used for devotional purposes. I have contended that it is used for devotional purposes. (Applause.) I say that this is the best, the truest justification of the Festivals. I am now only repeating in substance what I have already said to you. I have referred to some few of those wonderful compositions to which we have all listened with admiration, and, I believe, with increased feelings of devotion. I might go on for an hour to recite the compositions of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, those great composers who devoted their genius to the composition of sacred songs, thereby to encourage, by the elevated delight of listening to such glorious music, the devotional and religious feelings of the people. (Applause.) The seconder of the amendment has alluded to parish churches. Do we not constantly assemble in churches for the very purpose of hearing sacred music? In this diocese I have myself attended in parish churches, and there met the Rev. W. Rayson—(applause)—where numbers have been brought together in order to study sacred music. I would allude to the well-known case of one of the largest parish churches in the diocese. I refer to St. Philip's Church at Birmingham. For a long series of years the Birmingham Festivals were held in that church; I have myself attended them there again and again. And why were they removed? Because this church, although it is a great one, could not hold the crowds who came to hear that sacred music. (Applause.) The church was obliged to be given up, and that beautiful hall was built in which the Festivals are now heard. I would appeal to any man who has heard the *Messiah* in that hall and heard it again in Worcester Cathedral whether the devotional effect was not infinitely greater within the sacred building than it was or ever could be within the hall. Upon the suggestion of my friends, I thought it desirable to say these few words. I could not further detain you without going again over the ground already trod, and I believe it is wholly unnecessary I should do so—because—I conclude these few remarks by saying that with which I commenced—I heard nothing in the addresses of either of those respectable gentlemen which I believe will for a moment influence the judgment of this great meeting."

* Lyson's *History of the Meetings of the Three Choirs*, p. 130.
† *Ibid*, p. 135. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 189. ‖ *Ibid*, p. 129. § *Ibid*, p. 130.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—The local journals write in eulogistic terms of the Messrs. Mackenzie and Adlington's classical chamber concerts just terminated. The following was the programme at the last:—

Song, "Ave Maria," Miss Stephen—Cherubini; Solo pianoforte, Romanza (Op. 32), Schumann; Polonaise (No. 1, Op. 26), Chopin; Etude, F sharp major, Henselt; Song, "Where the Bee sucks," Miss Stephen—Sullivan; Solo violin, Andante and Finale (from violin concerto), Herr Kuchler—Max Bruch; Song, "The Fishermaiden," Miss Stephen—Meyerbeer; Solo violoncello, *Lied ohne Worte* (posthumous), Herr Daubert—Mendelssohn; Otetto, in F (Op. 166), for two violins, viola, violoncello, contrabasso, horn, clarionet, and bassoon, Schubert.

The executants in the concerted pieces were Messrs. Mackenzie, Niecks, Daubert, Wallace, Handley, Tyler, and Haverson. Herr Kuchler was solo violinist; Mr. W. Adlington, pianist; Miss Stephens, vocalist; and Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, accompanist.

"We cannot conclude our notice," writes the *Scotsman*, "without expressing how deeply the lovers of music are indebted to Messrs. Mackenzie and Adlington for establishing musical performances which, both as to the works selected and the character of the performance, are superior to anything we ever had here before. The public support these concerts have received, though considerable, has been by no means proportionate to their merits; and this may have partly arisen from the absence of anything like fuss or pretension, having kept many in ignorance of their sterling excellence. We trust, however, they have not been financially such a failure as to discourage the *impresarii* from continuing them next year; were this the case, we would be inclined to despair for music in the Scottish capital."

The *Evening Courant* speaks thus of a performance of *Der Freyschütz* by the Gye-Mapleson *troupe*:—

"In the first act, where Rudolph, disappointed in the shooting match, is the central figure, alternately jeered at by the successful Killian, consoled by Kuno, the father of Agathe, and tempted by Caspar, Signor Della Rocca was fairly equal to the part. His 'Per i boschi' was smoothly sung and well received. Herr Formes' drinking song, 'Quaggiu' in questa ral di pene,' received a re demand, and 'Taci taci' was delivered by him with an appreciation of its agitated and sinister character. Although the great basso's high notes are not as they once were, he still retains great sonority in the lower part of his range, and last night he appeared to more advantage than last year, his acting of Caspar being admirable. Mdlle. Liebhart has a pleasant voice, and sang and acted with much vivacity.

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The great *scena* consisting of the prayer, recitative, and *vivace con fuoco* (the latter forming a prominent portion of the overture), which is so associated with Mdlle. Tietjens, was grandly sung, and loudly applauded. The incantation scene was well put on the stage, and the orchestra did their best to add to the effect. The last act opens with the fine air, 'E se la nube,' beautifully sung by Agatha, followed by Mdlle. Liebhart's best performance, 'Nonna mia sogno.' The acting here was very praiseworthy. The popular bridesmaids' and huntsmen's choruses were successful. The *finale* brought the performance to a worthy termination. Signor Tagliafico as the Hermit, Casaboni as Killian, and the representatives of Ottocar and Kuno did good service in their respective parts."

We read as thus, in the *Scotsman* of the 11th inst.:—

"Professor Oakeley played yesterday afternoon on the organ, in the Music Class-room, the following selection, prefaced by remarks on the various pieces:—

"Air, 'Where'er you walk' (*Semele*), Handel; March from *Scipio*, Handel; Andante and Menuetto (Symphony in E flat), Mozart; Andantino (stringed Quartett), Spohr; Andante (Organ Fantasia, Op. 5), Merkel; Entr'acte (*Rosamunde* music, No. 5), Schubert; Ave Maria, Henselt; Prelude and Fugue in G minor, Bach.

"The Professor, in conclusion, stated that, owing to the kindness and munificence of a great benefactor to the University, he had been enabled almost to complete the case for the organ, which it so much needed. The curtain in the centre is merely temporarily placed there, but he hoped that at the next organ performance another curtain of velvet would have taken the place of this one. For this handsome donation, added Mr. Oakeley, I understand that I shall be indebted to the kindness of some of my fair hearers who have honoured organ performances here on various occasions with their bright and welcome presence."

Glasgow.—Mdlle. Madigan, who is announced to appear at the Royal Italian Opera, sang the music of Ophelia's mad scene recently, and elicited the following remarks from the local critics:—

"Those of our readers who were present at Mdlle. Nilsson's concert in December last will remember the impression she produced in the scene from *Hamlet*—and we hoped that on this occasion it would have been produced in its integrity—that Ophelia, instead of sinking into the arms of the shepherds, would have floated down the stream with the refrain of her lover's song upon her lips, the chorus of the peasants sung with closed lips, forming her requiem. This, however, was dispensed with. In the fête with which the scene opens Mdlle. Ricois proved herself a graceful and accomplished *danseuse*, and was well supported by the *corps de ballet;* and Mdlle. Madigan, by her expressive singing and action, did all she could to interest her hearers, but with little apparent effect, as a considerable portion of the audience left the theatre before the curtain fell—a mark of discourtesy to the artist which ought not to have been offered.

"After the wonderfully gifted Swedish artist, the original representative of this part, any other singer of course appears to great disadvantage. Mdlle. Madigan, a member of the company whom we have not before seen, is young, and has a very sweet voice; she sings carefully and with a correct intonation, and with ease and volubility in her upper register, which is particularly good. She sang her part remarkably well, going up without effort to the high D, the orchestra being, however, a little too loud for her. But she made absolutely no attempt to act, which would, indeed, have been impossible in the circumstances, as the whole proper scenery was wanting. The choruses were left out, but we had a ballet; and instead of the proper *dénouement* of floating down the stream, Ophelia fainted away in the arms of the peasants, and was borne off by them in triumph.

"The concluding performance in the Theatre Royal for this season of the Covent Garden Italian Opera Company has taken place. The opera was the *Nozze di Figaro*, and the occasion the benefit of Mdlle. Tietjens. The *bénéficiaire* assumed the part of the Countess, Herr Formes that of Figaro, and Mdlle. Vanzini, that of Cherubino. Signor Tagliafico was announced to play the Count, but being prevented by indisposition from appearing, his place was taken by Signor Garcia. The sparkling music of Mozart's great work was rendered very effectively by these artists, the solos and duets particularly so. Herr Formes acted Figaro with a spirit and vivacity which probably at present cannot be equalled. At the close of the performance Mdlle. Tietjens was called before the curtain and greeted with the plaudits of a most enthusiastic audience."

Leeds.—The *Leeds Mercury* informs us that the Madrigal and Motet Society have given the *Creation* in a creditable manner:—

"Miss Anna Hiles, Mr. Henry Riley, and Mr. C. Lovatt were the vocalists; Mr. Geo. Haddock had the direction of the band; Dr. Spark was at the organ; and Mr. R. S. Burton conducted. Miss Hiles gave 'The marvellous work,' 'With verdure clad,' and 'On mighty pens,' brilliantly. Mr. Riley, 'the new tenor,' possesses a voice of excellent quality, although lacking power. His 'In native worth' called forth an encore. The bass music was given by Mr. Lovatt, from the Manchester Cathedral. As a rule, the choruses went well. 'The Heavens are telling' came with special power, and 'Praise the Lord' was a worthy termination to the performances. Although including only string instruments, the band did its work ably; being assisted throughout by the instrument over which Dr. Spark so worthily presides. Mr. Burton conducted with energy."

Birmingham.—Our own correspondent from this place writes as follows:—

"Rarely has the Theatre Royal here shown such crowded houses as upon the recent engagement of Mr. Sims Reeves, whose popularity, far from abating, seems to be greater than ever. Nor is this to be wondered at, for the attractions in Mr. Reeves are manifold, and whether in the loftiest works of art, the sublime creations of such master-spirits as Bach, Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, or the simple and homely ballads of Dibdin and other racy melodists, he is equally at home, and confers grace and lustre upon all. The great secret of Mr. Reeves's long and successful career is that he is always in earnest in whatever he undertakes, throwing his whole soul into the work before him, and making his audience comprehend the force and meaning of the subject as he himself feels it. Who, for instance, has ever sung the heartrending 'Passion-music' of the *Messiah* like Mr. Reeves? Who can give such deep significance to 'Watchman, will the night soon pass?' from the *Lobgesang*? Who can warble like Reeves that most exquisite of love songs, 'Adelaide'? Who has ever sung the tenor part in Bach's *Passion of St. Matthew* like him? Who brings tears to the eye with the manly songs of Dibdin like our illustrious English tenor? And when to all this is added the further charm, that everything is done with the most perfect ease and entire absence of even the faintest appearance of effort, and that while the legitimate resources of art are brought to bear, all seems spontaneous and flowing, the *ars celare artem*, so difficult of attainment, is throughout manifested in the highest perfection. It is nearly three years since Mr. Reeves last appeared on the stage of this town, and the reception he met with on making his entry, as Henry Bertram in *Guy Mannering*, showed that the theatre-going public had a vivid remembrance of pleasure past, and no less eager expectation of enjoyment to come. The first notes of the 'Echo' duet (sung behind the scenes) showed that the hero of the evening was in excellent voice; and although the songs introduced in the dramatized version of Sir Walter Scott's interesting novel are *àpropos* of nothing particular, and have not the slightest connection with the play, 'My Pretty Jane,' 'Tom Bowling,' and the 'Pilgrim of Love' were so charmingly sang that their irrelevance was forgotten, the delight of the audience knew no bounds, and the unanimous and persistent applause for the last-named air at length produced the much desired repetition. As Julia Mannering Miss Ada Jackson displayed a voice of agreeable quality, although not powerful, her most successful effort, 'Tell me, my Heart,' showing that she had been well and carefully taught, while her ladylike bearing and unconstrained style of acting created a decidedly favourable impression, which was amply confirmed on her subsequent appearances as Polly Peachum in the *Beggars' Opera*. If anything could galvanize a passing interest in the deeds, or rather misdeeds of highwaymen, it would be Mr. Reeves's impersonation of Captain Macheath, in which the highest compliment that can be paid to his acting is to say that it is equally as good as his singing; but despite the occasionally really good music there is in it, the piece is altogether of a character unsuited to the present day, and can only be regarded as a musical and dramatic curiosity. That Mr. Reeves was enthusiastically called for at the end was only to be expected; and when he came forward, leading on Miss Jackson to share the honours, the applause was deafening. Yet even this did not appear to satisfy the multitude (some 2,400 persons), who continued their vociferations for a space of twenty-five minutes, and did not desist until the next piece had for some time been played in dumb show. For his benefit and last appearance, Mr. Reeves repeated the *Beggars' Opera*, followed by the *Waterman*, in which the well-known songs were given with all their wonted effect, to the unbounded satisfaction of a house again crammed in every part. It will be a long time ere the impression of these farewell performances will be effaced from the minds of the Birmingham musical public. Button of Birmingham.

Cairo.—Signora Sarolta has abandoned Italian for French opera. She is announced to appear "at the especial desire of the Viceroy," as Mephisto, in M. Hervé's *Petit Faust*.

Königsberg.—The stringed quartet-playing of Herren Ahna, spenhan, Richter, and Müller, from Berlin, has given great satisfaction to the lovers of sterling music, in these northern latitudes.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Two works were conspicuous in the scheme of Saturday's Popular Concert; one, Schubert's quintet for violins, viola, and two violoncellos (Op. 163); the other, a "a dramatic fantasia" for pianoforte, by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach. Schubert's work was lately revived by Mr. Chappell, and met with so much favour as to secure the honour of Saturday's repetition. The result might have been foreseen, although enormous length stood in the way. So far, the quintet is comparable to its author's ninth symphony, which, as everybody knows, makes equal demand upon one's admiration and one's time. No composer less fertile than Schubert in beautiful ideas, and not more endowed with ability to use for the best such as he may have, could write at equal length without material loss. But the quintet proves, what, indeed, the ninth symphony proved long ago, that Schubert is the "Ancient Mariner" of his order. His story may be very long, but there is no getting away from him. Instead of discussing Op. 163 in detail, we will simply mention that it displays both the characteristic beauties and defects of a man who, not free from the latter, abounded in the former. The work was played to perfection by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Daubert, and Piatti.

W. F. Bach's fantasia is one of a series of "Revivals," now publishing, and will therefore come under notice at a future time. We may, however, say at once that in certain respects it equals, in others surpasses the work by the same author which was brought forward not long ago. Each movement shows clearness of design, attractive melody, and pleasant artlessness of treatment; while the dramatic character given by the use of recitative is alike novel and interesting. As usual, when new things are produced at these concerts, Madame Arabella Goddard was the pianist. Friedemann Bach's music made but little demand upon her great executive power, but it enabled her to show once more with what ability she can read a work, and lay its meaning as well as its design before her audience. The accomplished lady was recalled after retiring from the platform; and richly deserved the honour. Beethoven's favourite sonata for piano and violin in C minor (Op. 36) ended the concert; in its performance Madame Goddard was associated with Herr Joachim, the result being simply perfect. Miss Edmonds sang two songs after a fashion as unpretending as it was charming.

The concert on Monday was one of the most brilliant of the season. Madame Arabella Goddard played Mendelssohn's three magnificent "Posthumous Studies" magnificently, and was encored in the second (in F) and third (in A minor). The "encore" to the third was too emphatic to be disregarded, and the Study was accordingly repeated. Equally remarkable was Madame Goddard's performance of Sterndale Bennett's exquisite "Chamber Trio" in A, with violin and violoncello—Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti. A more perfect execution of a work full of delicacy, and while, at times, just as marked by vigour and brilliancy, has rarely been listened to. The charming Serenade which forms the middle movement, with its piquant accompaniment for violin and violoncello, "*pizzicato*," was enthusiastically encored and repeated. The success of the Trio in A was so decided that, as we understand, it is to be given again at the Monday Popular Concerts, April 4th, on the occasion of Madame Goddard's annual "benefit." The quartets at the concert on Monday last were Beethoven, No. 4, Op. 18 (in C minor), and one by Haydn in G (first time). Both were played by Herr Joachim, Herr Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti, in perfection. The singer was Mdlle. Carola. Mr. Benedict was the accompanist.

KIEL.—The Musical Festival of Lower Saxony is to be held here on the last two days of next July.

MUNICH.—Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was revived lately, with new scenery and decorations, and *without* the cuts and mutilations which so disfigured it in this musical capital of the Future, where the wielders of the pruning-knife respected only the works of Herr R. Wagner. The celebrated garden-scene of the second act, a scene mercilessly cut out by these truculent individuals, has been restored, and is now played in its integrity, greatly to the delight of those still benighted enough to believe that Herr R. Wagner is not the sole—or, even the most illustrious—representative of musical art.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

HERR LOUIS LEE'S concert, at Westbourne Hall, last week, notwithstanding some "disappointments," gave satisfaction. Herr Lee, who played Thalberg's *Mosé in Egitto*, M. de Kontski's *Reveil du Lion*, and Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, obtained marked applause. Mr. F. D. Lee was also applauded for his violin solo (De Beriot's "6me *Air Varié*"). Madame Piegzonka and Miss Emma Vernon were the lady singers. The former gave "Ah! non credea" and "Die Post," the latter the "Lover and the bird." The gentlemen singers were Mr. Charles Stanton, who sang "Maid of Athens" (R. H. Allen), and Mr. Leonard Walker, who gave "The Valiant Knight" and "Miei Rampoli." The two, assisted by Madame Piegzonka, also pleased greatly in Signor Randegger's trio, "I Naviganti" (The Mariners).

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* was given on Friday week, conducted by Sir Michael Costa. The performance was throughout very impressive, the grand choruses being given with great power, "Mourn, ye afflicted children," "Hear us, O Lord," "Fallen is the foe," and other choral movements were, as usual, among the prominent effects. The solos were distributed among Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Dalmaine, Miss Julia Elton (in lieu of Madame Sainton-Dolby, indisposed), Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. M. Smith, and Mr. Patey. The first-named lady was successful in all her airs, especially in "From mighty kings." Miss Dalmaine won approbation, particularly in "Pious orgies." In "Father of Heaven," "Hail, Judea," "O never bow we down," and "O lovely peace," Miss Elton sang with considerable effect. Mr. Rigby gave "Call forth thy powers," and "Sound an alarm," with such power as to elicit loud applause. Mr. Patey, always careful and efficient, came in for a fair share of approbation, particularly in "Arm, arm, ye brave." The hall was well filled.—*Daily News* (*abridged*).

NEW MUSIC.

The Cambrian War Song. Words by E. GILBERTSON. Music by BRINLEY RICHARDS. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

A PATRIOTIC appeal to Welshmen by a Welshman—so far this song might have been used by the bards of Cambria in the days of Longshanks. But there is nothing national about the music. Mr. Richards has employed the resources of modern art to enforce his theme; and we are bound to say with excellent effect. The first verse is set to a stirring theme in B minor, which is marked by very bold progressions. Following the sentiment of the words a happy change is then made to the key of E major, and to graceful *legato* phrases. The third verse brings back the minor key, and displays skill as well as knowledge of effect. Altogether, the song is one of Mr. Richards' most vigorous efforts, and might have been written under the inspiration of one of the men of Harlech.

Reine d'Amour. Romance. Words by F. T. PALGRAVE. Music by LANCELOT. [London: Cramer & Co.]

IN this simple and pretty song we fancy the handiwork of an experienced composer may be recognized. The melody is pleasing, and the accompaniments, while modest in character, are written with correctness and facility. The words which first appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, are excellent, and the song, as a whole, deserves attention.

Go, Gentle Breeze. Song. Words by the Rev. H. W. PULLEN. Music by EDMUND ROGERS. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

A BALLAD which makes very high demands upon singer and accompanist. It is so written as to suit all voices more or less; but contraltos, who, like contraltos in general, love music full of tender sentiment, will find themselves best suited by it.

Christ being raised from the Dead. Anthem. By WILLIAM SPARK. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

THE first movement of this anthem is a bit of plain and unremarkable counterpoint. The second, a soprano solo and chorus, begins with a phrase for the former, responded to by the latter which need not have been thrice repeated, even though slightly varied. Certain passages, however, are effective. The last chorus and fugue are well worked, and end the anthem imposingly.

BONN.—The erection of the great hall for the Beethoven Festival next August, was commenced on the 3rd inst.

LEIPSIC.—The eighteenth Gewandhaus Concert introduced two novelties, the "Kyrie" and "Gloria" from a *Missa Solemnis*, by E. F. Richter, and a *Suite in Cannon-Form*, by Julius V. Grimm, both works being performed under the personal direction of their respective composers, and both being, also, well received.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
MORNING PERFORMANCE,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), MARCH 19TH, 1870,
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 12, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "Quando a te lieta"—Miss EDITH WYNNE .. .. .. *Gounod.*
ROMANCE, D minor, Op. 32 .. } for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. *Schumann.*
ROMANCE, F sharp minor, Op. 28 .. } for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. *Schumann.*
NOVELETTE, D major, Op. 21 .. } for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. *Schumann.*
SONATA, in A major, for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Signor PIATTI .. .. *Boccherini.*
SONG, "A Winter's Walk"—Miss EDITH WYNNE .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in A major, Op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame SCHUMANN and Herr JOACHIM .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 21ST, 1870,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 131, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Toi, qui reçus ma foi"—Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in A minor, Op. 42, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. .. *Schubert.*

PART II.

ANDANTE, E major, SCHERZO, A minor (Posthumous), for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "I dream of thee"—Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS.. .. .. *Smart.*
TRIO, in C minor, Op. 9, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (repeated by desire)—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

EXTRA CONCERTS
WILL BE GIVEN ON

Saturday Mornings, March 26th, April 2nd, 9th; Monday Evenings, March 21st, 28th; April, 4th, 11th.

On Monday, April 4th, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will take her Annual Benefit at these Concerts.

Madame SCHUMANN will appear on Saturday Afternoon, March 26th, and on Monday Evening, March 28th.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

IN consequence of its brilliant reception when performed by Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, at the Monday Popular Concert, of January 14th, Professor W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S CHAMBER TRIO, in A, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, will be repeated on Monday, April 4th, on the occasion of Madame Goddard's Benefit.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

MR. WOOD'S prospectus is out, and if (of which we have little doubt) all the things prospected come to pass, the season which opens on the 16th of next month, will be well worth remembering. Let us group the most attractive of them within a small compass.

First, as to new artists, and artists not new, but unfamiliar. *Place aux dames*, of course. Madame Volpini comes from St Petersburgh; Mdlle. Lewitzky will show us the latest achievement of M. Wartel; Mdlle. Savertal brings the dramatic and vocal art which has gained her Italian fame; Mdlle. Reboux will suggest reminiscences of the Paris Grand Opéra; and Madame Monbelli is bent upon conquering the opera stage as she has already conquered the concert platform. Among the gentlemen, Signor Perotti comes with good Italian credentials, so, also, do Signor Rinaldini and Signor Raguer. Last, but not least, appear Signor Verger and M. Faure. Add to this list the established names of Mesdames Nilsson, Sinico, Di Muraka, Trebelli; MM. Mongini, Bettini, Gardoni, Santley, Gassier, and Foli; and it will be seen with what a formidable array Mr. Wood enters on his first campaign. If it be true that Providence favours "big battalions," Drury Lane certainly will not want for super-human help. Practical men, however, may depend less on this, than on the fact that Signor Arditi is appointed sole "composer, conductor, and director of the music."

Now for the promised operas. The novelties are *Mignon* (Mdlle. Nilsson as the heroine); *Der Fliegender Holländer* (Mr. Santley as the Dutchman); *L'Oca del Cairo* (Mdlle. Lewitzky as Isabel); *Abu Hassan* (Mdme. Monbelli as Fatima); *Les deux Journeés* (Mr. Santley as the Water-carrier); *Tancredi* (Mdme. Trebelli in the title-rôle); *Macbeth* (Mdlle. Savertal as Lady Macbeth); and Signor Schira's *Silvaggia*, in which Mdme. Volpini appears. Is not this enough?

Behold, then, the attractions of Drury Lane; but not all. Last, not least, Mr. Jarrett is acting manager—a guarantee that real business is intended. For further information, *vide* the prospectus itself—a document such as rarely appears, and one entailing obligations on the issuer, which, if Mr. Wood but nearly fulfil, he will earn both name and fame.

THE DIAPASON NORMAL.

MR. BARNBY has addressed the subjoined letter to a contemporary:—

"*To the Editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette.'*

"SIR—In a paragraph in your last evening's impression it is stated that I have resolved to abandon the use of the 'Diapason Normal.' Permit me to say such is not the case. Despite the difficulties I have encountered, the advantages have so far preponderated as to confirm my appreciation of its value. May I also say that I fail in following your course of reasoning when you say that those who are instrumental in keeping up the present 'intolerably high' pitch are not to be blamed for altering Beethoven's score? Did it never occur to them that a return to something like Beethoven's pitch would be the more legitimate proceeding?—Yours faithfully,

"*March* 12. J. BARNBY."

Doubtless, it *has* occurred to them; and it has also occurred to them that, unless Mr. Barnby be as wealthy as Cresus, as determined and as strong as Hercules, he will never be able to carry out his idea in this country. Singers are, generally, indifferent to the change; players upon instruments are, for the most part, opposed to it—while Sir Michael Costa is imperatively antagonistic to any innovation whatever. Who and what is Sir Michael Costa, we need hardly remind Mr. Barnby. The "paragraph" referred to by Mr. Barnby was an "Occasional Note" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 11, which we here reproduce:—

"That the 'Diapason Normal' is a failure in England may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Barnby, who introduced it into this country, has (we are informed) made up his mind to abandon it. At his concert on Wednesday night, when the *Choral Fantasia* and the Second Mass of Beethoven were given, the pianoforte part in the fantasia was played by Mdme. Arabella Goddard, upon a so-called 'semi-grand'—no grand concert pianoforte tuned to the lower pitch being in the possession of Messrs. Broadwood. Scarcely one pianist out of one hundred would have had the courage to brave such an ordeal, the pianoforte upon which Mdme. Goddard had to perform being not even a

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'solo instrument,' but one used for accompaniments at concerts in the suburbs, brought up in a hurry for the occasion. To say truth, except by universal consent among musicians, the idea of modifying the pitch generally accepted in England, though intolerably high, both for voices and instruments, is out of the question; and now that Sir Michael Costa has, it is said, decided upon that pitch for the great organ at Kensington, the chance of amelioration is further off than ever. Nevertheless, although Mr. Barnby has spent a good deal of time, pains, and money (for new instruments from Paris) in vain, those who heard Beethoven's colossal Second Mass on Wednesday most probably heard it as Beethoven wrote and intended it *for the last time*, and have, therefore, good cause to remember the occasion. With our pitch, the Mass in D is simply impracticable; and no one can fairly blame Sir Michael Costa, under the circumstances, for making certain alterations in the vocal score. How it will fare with John Sebastian Bach's *Passions-Musik* —to be given shortly by Mr. Barnby's Choir in Exeter Hall—remains to be proved."

Now, we can vouch for the fact that what the *Pall Mall Gazette* said was on trustworthy authority. Several of the artists engaged on the occasion referred to were heard to declare positively that this concert was to be *the last* with the pitch of the "Diapason Normal." Among other reasons stated, were—first, that Mr. Sims Reeves himself would no longer sing with that pitch; secondly, that Mr. Santley had refused, under any conditions, to sing with that pitch at the Oratorio Concerts; and lastly, that the members of the orchestra were against it almost to a man. We, like Mr. Barnby, may think them all in the wrong; but if Mr. Barnby imagines that a "Utopia" in musical affairs can be reached by the magic of his name alone, he is likely to be as wrong as the rest of them. If this clever and highly spirited professor fancies that he is already a Hercules, powerful enough to cleanse the Augæan stable, let him set about it at once; we bid him "God speed." He cannot, however, we apprehend, alter the nature of things, though—like Porson, he may reasonably say "Confound them!"

—o—

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Mr. J. Marsden, of Higher Broughton, Manchester, sends us some particulars respecting his pianoforte recitals. He appears to claim for them the merit of novelty, basing his claim on the fact that, instead of giving his audience classical music, he presents them with Kuhe's "Ireland," and such like. We regret our inability to assure Mr. Marsden of our sympathies. In the first place, drawing-room music wants no public expositors. It is already a bore. In the next place, we like to assist those who cry "Forward." Mr. Marsden would take the public back to the days of musical childhood. He must, therefore, "gang his ain gate," unassisted by us.

Let us honour an honourable effort in the cause of good music. Our readers know of the most useful concerts given from time to time by Mr. Henry Holmes, under the title of "Musical Evenings." A glance at the programme for Tuesday last will prove their usefulness. First, comes Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 132; next his Sonata in F for piano and violoncello; next, Heller's Caprice on Schubert's "La Truite," and next, Mr Holmes' own Quintet (for strings) in E major. The last deserves a more elaborate notice than we can give it here. But our present object is simply to call attention to its production, as the work of a clever English musician who is labouring zealously in a good cause. Besides the foregoing, the programme contained a short selection of songs. When we add that everything was confided to good artists, we have said enough.

With reference to our query as regards portions of the "Sanctus," in Beethoven's Second Mass, Mr. Joseph Barnby has kindly sent us the following:—

"In reply to your query in last week's *Musical World*, I have to say that had I not been firmly convinced I was carrying out Beethoven's intentions in causing the "Pleni sunt cœli" and "Osanna" to be sung in chorus, instead of *soli*, nothing would have induced me to make that arrangement. And I venture to think that very few musicians could be found who, after a careful examination of the score, would arrive at any other than the conclusion above mentioned.

"Gratefully acknowledging the kindly tone of your query, believe me, faithfully yours, J. Barnby."

We are fully assured that Mr. Barnby acted conscientiously in the matter, and we agree with him that the conclusion to which he came is one likely to be shared by every student of the score. It must be remembered, however, that Beethoven was a man *sui generis*, and by no means—especially when writing the *Missa Solennis*—amenable to ordinary rules. Moreover, a chance look into Schindler has proved that Mr Barnby's judgment led him astray. The biographer says:—"When we corrected the subscribers' copies, I pointed out to the illustrious author that these two movements (the 'Pleni sunt' and 'Osanna') executed by the choir, would have a grand effect, supporting my opinion by saying that the choir had very little to do in the 'Sanctus' and 'Benedictus,' and was reduced to be a simple auditor. Beethoven replied with loftiness and asperity, 'That must be for solo voices.'" Schindler's opinion as to how the music should be given remained unaltered, and so, doubtless, will that of Mr Barnby. But, henceforth, there can be no disputing Beethoven's intention.

The enemies of Prussian rule at Hesse-Cassel have lately been setting up a howl about the good old times—"all times when old are good"—and declaring that even the Theatre has been ruined by the blue-coated invaders, and is now no longer in the reign of the Elector what it was. To this charge, the Prussians and their adherents reply by saying that they own the Theatre is certainly not what it was, but for the simple reason that it is much better. In support of their assertion, they appeal to statistics. From these, it appears tha in 1863, 1864, 1865, there were 62 classical dramas and 41 classical operas performed. In 1866, 1867, 1869, on the other hand, the number of classical dramas performed was 121, and of classical operas, 87. Of the 41 operatic performances given during the Electoral rule, 28 were supplied by Mozart, 3 by Beethoven, and 7 by Weber, while under the Prussian sway, Mozart's name figured 39 times in the bills, Beethoven's, 9, and Weber's, 22,—that is to say, the ration was as one to two. Facts are the *Zündnadelgewehr* (needle-gun) of argument, and the Prussians are in the present instance, as well provided with the former as they were well supplied with the latter at Sadowa.

A correspondent writing from Vienna to the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, *apropos* of Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger*, says:—"I have just come from the Theatre. There was quite a disturbance at the production of *Die Meistersinger*. Even the overture was followed by hisses. This was the case with the first act also. The second was nearly not being finished. Immediately on Beckmesser's appearance, to sing the lute-serenade, there arose a most tremendous uproar, not to be appeased. The *finale* could not be heard at all for the noise. There was a struggle of several minutes between Wagnerites and Anti-Wagnerites. The former succeeded in getting up a number of calls, to which the artists responded every time the curtain was dropped. It was the third act, however, which really saved the opera. . . . There is a great deal, a very great deal, that is dreary in this work."

Philharmonic Concerts.—The first concert for the present season took place, in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. The novel feature of the programme was Cherubini's Symphony in D, composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society. The hall was crowded. Full particulars in our next.

The annual concert of the Military Band of Messrs. John Broadwood & Sons' manufactory took place on Friday evening, the 11th inst., at the Pimlico Rooms, and was attended by a crowded audience. Besides the performances of the band, conducted by Mr. H. Sibold, which were much applauded, the following artists took part in the programme:—Miss Jessie Royd, Miss Helen Barron and Miss Pocklington; Messrs. Joseph Parry, Oxley, and George Buckland; Mr. Wiener (violin), the Masters Dove (cornet), and Messrs. C. S. Cook, Twyford, Taylor, and F. D. Smither (pianoforte). Encores were bestowed upon Miss Jessie Royd, Miss Pocklington, and Mr. George Buckland.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Gade's "Michael Angelo."

The *Daily News* speaks as follows of Gade's overture, *Michael Angelo*, as played at the Crystal Palace last Saturday :—

"It is more than a quarter of a century since the first symphony of the young Danish composer, Niels Wilhelm Gade (who has now produced seven such works) attracted the attention and interest of Mendelssohn, then conducting the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic. His high opinion of the work, and the hopes entertained of its author, may be gathered from the great composer's published letters to Gade, dated January and March, 1842, containing, among other encomiums, this passage—'Whoever wrote the last half of this *scherzo* is an admirable genius, and we have a right to expect the most grand and glorious works from him.' The gifted and genial Schumann formed high anticipations of Gade's future, taking it as a favourable omen that the letters of his name correspond with those which indicate the four strings of the violin. Although these predictions have scarcely been fulfilled, Herr Gade has produced much music agreeable to hear as the result of earnest thought and cultivated skill, besides having a certain northern tone which distinguishes it from the mass of modern imitative productions. The overture played on Saturday for the first time in England was written for concert performance, and is furnished with a distinctive title in accordance with a fashion that has largely prevailed since the glorious examples set by Mendelssohn, in his *Midsummer's Night Dream*, *Meerestille*, *Hebriden*, and *Schöne Melusine* overtures. If Herr Gade's work falls far short of such precedents and of the suggestiveness of its subject, it yet contains much of the merit already claimed for its composer's productions, and this, with its effective instrumentation, heard in Saturday's performance, sufficed to procure for it a favourable reception."

Music in Church.

The *Choir*, in the course of an article on the letter recently addressed by his parishioners to the Vicar of St. George's, Hanover Square, says :—

"Whatever may be the upshot of the discussion which is resulting from the action already taken, we heartily rejoice that what may fairly be termed 'a congregational cry for the choral service has been uttered, and that too from amongst those high pews and closely barred seats which are the very stronghold of the 'respectable Christianity' of the age. The collar has been worn long enough, and at last it is being felt to be slightly irksome. A fine building, with capabilities far exceeding those of most London churches, is proved to be utterly failing to do its work; and, as it seems to us, Sir Robert Phillimore and his fellow-memorialists have pointed to the true cause for the empty seats, the absence of Church life, and the consequent lack of funds. In those parishes where a rich endowment secures to the clergy an ample income, it may be possible to continue the dismal ceremonial and the parson and clerk duet; but experience is proving every day that where the people have the power of showing their taste, they invariably choose the hearty service and the order and decency which are happily becoming the rule amongst us. Not only are long, unmusical services prejudical to the growth of religion and a hindrance to the popularization of the Church system among the masses, but they are a financial failure; and although we by no means wish to advocate the adoption of that which 'pays' solely because it does pay, still, as the memorialists wisely put it: 'We have abundant evidence that people in this great and rich country will give freely where their hearts are touched and their devotional feelings called forth, where the service is full of life, where it does not repel by its length nor weary by its monotony the average class of congregations, and thus, at all events, the experimental introduction of such services will be worth the trial, inasmuch as the failure of the present system is admitted to be complete.' This is common sense, and gives a forcible illustration of the remarks contained in our recent leading article, '*In Statu Quo*' That the effort will succeed, we sincerely trust; and we may also add a hope that in other London parishes, where the Lion and Unicorn type of service prevails, a similar movement will be made."

J. S. B. and F. M. B.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 14, has the following interesting remarks about two novelties, in the "fugued" style, introduced at the Monday Popular Concert of the Monday previous :—

"Two novelties, both fugues with preludes, and both of singular merit, were in the last Monday Popular programme. One was Bach's *Fantasia Cromatica* in D minor for pianoforte; the other, Mendelssohn's *Capriccio* in E minor (Op. 81), for a quartet of strings. Wide asunder in point of time, and the second written by an enthusiastic admirer of him who composed the first, their chance coming together gave each an aditional interest. This result was caused more by unlikeness than resemblance. Of course resemblance made itself obvious, because what were the canons of art to Bach bound Mendelssohn equally. Hence, as far as mere outline goes, the fugue in E minor might be the work of the older master, and the fugue in D minor that of his successor. But, quite as obvious as this unity, which illustrated the unchangeable basis of art, was a variety which displayed the advance made from merely scientific music to that music combining science and sentiment. In this respect a tyro among the audience could not easily have mistaken the authorship of the works he heard. Bach's fugue had the effect of a mental exercise, that appealed to everyone in proportion as his mind had been cultivated with regard to it. It was, so to speak, a problem in mathematics worked out with passionless accuracy, every step in the demonstration of which some could follow with absorbing interest, while others saw nothing but figures chalked upon a black board. So, more or less, with all the scientific works of the older masters. But the power and end of music has been more fully revealed since their time; and even scholastic art is not what it once was. In fact, we have seen it less and less tolerated, till there is danger of going to an opposite extreme, and, in the race after 'ideality' upsetting all rule and order. Under such circumstances, examples of how the rigid forms of art can be made instinct with feeling are doubly valuable. One of these examples we have in Mendelssohn's fugue. Its construction is almost pedantic as respects conformity to regulation; but, at the same time, it is so full of life, and of life with obvious sympathies and aims, that he who cannot understand it can feel it. There were, doubtless, among Mendelssohn's audience those to whom 'counterpoint in canon,' 'counterpoint inverted,' and 'theme direct' are meaningless terms, yet who joined in encoring music which spoke, through such devices, with intelligence and power. When another Mendelssohn shall arise, he will carry on the lesson thus taught—a lesson certain, by that time, to be sorely needed, if, indeed, the reign of chaos have not begun. The respective preludes of Bach and Mendelssohn supplement those proofs of change upon which we have dwelt. In one there is pure fancy, a display of virtuosity in musical thought, intended to exhibit virtuosity in executive power, and, at that, stopping short. In the other we see everything to call forth emotion and suggest ideas. The introductory *andante con moto* (for example) is a genuine 'Song without words.' The performance of both compositions especially harmonized with their character. Herr Joachim led the quartet in almost passionate style; while, on the other hand, Mr. Hallé played Bach's music in a manner as sure and as emotionless as fate. Before quitting the subject, it may be well to mention that the *Capriccio* forms one of a series of pieces known as No. 9 of Mendelssohn's Posthumous Works; and was written at Leipsic in 1843."

Beethoven's Mass in D.

About the recent performance of Beethoven's Second Mass, at the Oratorio Concerts of Mr. Barnby, and about the Mass itself, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following observations :—

"After years of silence, Beethoven's Mass in D major was heard in St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening. Its performance was very natural and very laudable—natural because a new conductor and a young society sought distinction; laudable because every work by Beethoven, and such a work above all, deserves regard. Seldom, however, does even the boldest of aspiring conductors fly at such high game as, in this instance, did Mr. Joseph Barnby. Producing the Mass which stands among sacred compositions where the *Choral Symphony* stands among works of its class, involves such an amount of patient labour and executive skill, and has such a small chance of adequate reward, that only now and then is the attempt ventured. All the greater honour, therefore, belongs to Mr. Barnby, who both attempted and succeeded well nigh as far as success is possible when difficulties are insurmountable. It would be idle to encourage a belief that an absolute conquest of the Mass can ever be made. Music written with such cruel disregard of the limits of vocal power, both natural and acquired—music so little adapted to kindle the enthusiasm of more than a few, and which treats the human organ as an orchestral instrument without giving the ability to play upon it—must bear the inevitable result. Mr. Barnby may labour, as he has laboured, and his choir may support him with unflagging zeal as they have supported him; but in such a work there is no commanding other than partial success. To reach thus far may well content the workers. We are not going to discuss the details of Beethoven's extraordinary music; because every musician, professional or amateur, has studied it more or less, and upon any body else time and space would be wasted. For nearly half a century the Mass has remained, what it was at the beginning, a sealed book to the majority; to the minority, either a disappointment, or an idol only to be ignorantly worshipped at the best. About the first class we need not trouble ourselves; but the disappointed people make themselves heard and must be regarded. One such, representing many we doubt not, has piteously begged for help in the columns of a contemporary. Impressed by the great name of Beethoven and the renown of the music, he went to hear, and came away to ask, 'Is this what I am expected to admire?' The querist is evidently prepared to do his duty as a man and an amateur, but needs assurance that a tremendous effort will not be thrown away. For such assurance we would refer him to those Beethoven worshippers who believe their god most grandly displayed when shrouded in clouds and darkness. Even then the inquirer will need faith. The devotees will show things before which, if gifted with average discernment, he must stand wonderingly—masterstrokes of art that 'strike like a thunderbolt.' They will also utter phrases full of catch-words like 'idealty,' and 'abstract sublimity,' which the neophyte must accept as the evidence of things not seen by him, and but vaguely pointed out by his guides. A work so strange and mysterious is better left to make its own impression upon individual minds. Interference may only worse confound confusion."

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The writer in our contemporary (alone among our musical reporters) has also the fairness to say a word about a great English artist, whose performance, at the same concert, of the pianoforte part of Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia," *without rehearsal*, and upon an instrument obtained at haphazard and at the last moment, from somewhere in the suburbs, was by no means the least remarkable feature of the evening:—

"Under what circumstances Mdme. Arabella Goddard played in the *Choral Fantasia* at this concert was mentioned by us last week. We did not then say, however, that her brilliant execution made all possible amends for a defective instrument."

We have not too many genuine musical artists in England; but those we can boast of are entitled at least to some show of consideration (if not of courtesy).

English Orchestras.

Apropos of Leslie's last concert the *Athenæum* says:—

"But the orchestra was imperfect, as usual. It lacked refinement, and fell a long way short of precision. For this we do not blame Mr. Leslie, who secured the best available men; neither do we blame the men, who worked conscientiously at their task. Both suffered from a system which makes the general run of concert-giving in England a farce. The rule is to have no orchestral rehearsals if any excuse can be found for doing without them; if not, then one scramble through the music, amid impatient glances at the clock, suffices. Herein lies the reason why English orchestras, with excellent materials, produce unsatisfactory results. An orchestra is a delicate machine, the parts of which, no matter how perfect in themselves, must well fit together before its object can be best attained. An average English orchestra is a machine loosely riveted which goes grinding on with jerkings and creakings; perhaps under the nominal control of a man ignorant of its defects and helpless to amend them. How far all this is a necessity we cannot tell. If it be a necessity, more's the pity; if not, more's the shame."

The Mass in D.

One of the audience went home from Mr. Barnby's concert and wrote to the editor of the *Sunday Times* in the character of a representative man. He said:—

"Sir,—From a constant persual of your musical notices, both as to the works performed and the performances themselves, I find that occasionally, though you might speak of a work as being well received and relished by an audience, yet, at the same time, you may deprecate the piece performed as not being conducive of the love of true art, and as not raising the minds of those who hear it. Now, as not disagreeing with you in the least as to the justness of your censure in such cases, ought you not, as critics, to judge very closely the productions of those composers who are generally looked up to as models of excellence for the young musicians to reverence and emulate? On Wednesday, as almost in duty bound, I took myself off to St. James Hall to hear Beethoven's Mass in D. I went with a full purpose of liking it if I could, though I felt somewhat dubious, having purchased the score a day or two before; well what did I hear? I heard many beauties, of course. How could Beethoven compose anything without beauties? but much of it was to me quite painful especially the loud *finales* of the 'Gloria' and 'Credo.' I should think in the case of either of these pieces, for fifteen mortal minutes, voices were screaming out notes that their voices were never meant for, and then running after each other in close imitation—all, no doubt, according to the rules of counterpoint and fugue, trumpets were blowing, drums were beating, *sans* intermission, and confusion seemed worse counfounded, and all this time not a gleam of melody to awaken human interest. Am I expected as one of the public to like this music? is this the sort of thing that the public after hearing much of is expected to like? and ought I, not liking it, to be looked upon as one not having proper taste?—I remain yours, &c., Perhaps a Stupid Fellow."

The Monday "Pops."

Some recent novelties at these concerts are discussed in the *Athenæum* as thus:—

"Two novelties were brought forward at the Popular Concert of Monday—Mendelssohn's posthumous *Capriccio* in E minor (Op. 81), and J. S. Bach's *Fantasia Cromatica* in D minor. The former is written for two violins, viola, and violoncello; and opens with a short *andante* of the *Lieder ohne Worte* type. So far there is nothing either new or striking. The case is different with the spirited and masterly fugue which follows. Built upon an admirable diatonic subject, this movement passes through a series of elaborate developments to one of the most original climaxes the art can show. Though Mendelssohn has not here exhausted fugal device, he has employed some of its most effective forms to singularly good purpose. We might instance, for example, the counterpoint in canon which waits upon the 'answers,' and gives such striking unity to the work. We might instance, also, the masterly inversion of both counterpoint and theme, and a *pedale* as closely knit as any to be found out of Bach; adding that the fugue runs from end to end with a freedom which is the best test of a master in this branch of art. The entire work was encored, and repeated; appearing, therefore, to suffer nothing by the rapid pace at which it was played. Yet we think that pace a fault. The speed of a fugue should be inversely as its intricacy. As soon as the design becomes indistinct, so also does the meaning. Bach's *Fantasia Cromatica* was played by Mr. Charles Hallé with remarkable neatness and precision. Not a note was wanting, not a note was superfluous, and not a note was out of place. Bearing in mind the difficulty of the music this is great praise; but the able artist might have earned greater had he chosen,—had he, for example, united some degree of feeling to perfect mechanism. Even fugues require more than rigid accuracy; and there is a consciousness of waste when a great artist like Mr. Hallé does what might be as well done by machinery. Nevertheless—perhaps we should say all the more—the structure of Bach's music was laid bare in a manner admirably clear, and Mr. Hallé was loudly applauded."

Dr. Bennett's Symphony in G Minor.

The *Athenæum* remarks about a recent performance of this work:—

"Dr. Sterndale Bennett's admirable Symphony in G minor was played at the Crystal Palace Concert of Saturday, for the first time. Seeing that it is now six years old, surprise may be felt at this tardy production. But let us in fairness to Mr. Manns remember that the symphony is unpublished, and that the MS. belongs to a society which manages property of the sort upon strictly conservative principles. It is easier to believe in Mr. Manns' difficulty as to copies than in his reluctance to produce the work. As a matter of fact, reluctance with regard to such music is incredible. Dr. Bennett has written in a style so engaging, has crowded his symphony with such charming themes, and so thrown over all the classic refinement which marks the production of a master, that he not only deserves, but commands, admiration. This was ungrudgingly conceded by the Crystal Palace audience, who applauded every movement (encoring the *minuetto*) as heartily as though the work had borne a foreign name. The performance was excellent, more particularly that of the delicate 'Romanza per le Viole,' wherein twelve instruments played the theme as one, and with almost perfect taste."

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WAIFS.

M. Waldeck, baritone, from Paris, has arrived in London.

A new musical journal, *L'Opera Espagnola*, has been started at Madrid.

Signor Alexandre Biaggi, of Milan, has just completed a voluminous memoir of Rossini.

An organist's appointment is vacant at the School for the Blind, Liverpool. The salary is £100 per annum.

The Californian legislature has abolished the law prohibiting operatic and theatrical performances on Sundays.

Mr. Benedict conducted the first chorus rehearsal of his new oratorio, *St. Peter*, at Birmingham, on Monday week.

A burlesque symphony, called *La Promenade du Bœuf Gras*, by M. Adolphe Blanc, is talked of in Paris. What next?

The MS. musical works in the Royal Library, Berlin, have suffered much damage through the bursting of a water-pipe. The accident took place at night, and was not discovered till after hours of mischief.

Herr Reichardt is in Paris. He lately sang his popular *Lied*, "Thou art so near," under the title of "O belle êtoile," and was applauded with unanimity.

Madame Artot-Padilla (Mdlle. Desirée Artot) and her husband have been playing in Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, at Moscow, with great success. They are at present at Warsaw.

The great Dictionary of Music left unfinished by Professor Barbieri has been handed over for completion to Professor Beretta, of Bologna, with whom is associated M. Charles Moloesi.

The French papers announce the death (on the 9th inst.), of M. Théodore Labarre, the well-known harpist and composer for that once fashionable instrument. M. Labarre was composer of several comic operas, and was once *chef d'attaque* (conductor) at the Opera Comique.

Signor Smechia, proprietor of the Odéon Theatre, at Valparaiso, has arrived in Lima to arrange for the erection of a theatre capable of holding 2,000 persons, and in which he intends to hold performances of his opera company.

We understand it is not unlikely that Mr. Arthur Sullivan will be requested to write an important work for the Birmingham Festival of 1873. Nevertheless, his *Prodigal Son* should be in the programme of 1870.

Herr Wagner, so it is stated, will conduct the Bonn Festival in honour of Beethoven's hundredth birthday. Are we to understand that Germany accepts him as her representative man at that important solemnity?

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At the Crystal Palace Concert, to-day, besides a Symphony in C by Haydn (first time), the overture called *Les Francs Juges*, by Berlioz, and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* are in the programme.

Le Figaro says that "Madame Parker," wife of the English Ambassador at the court of Japan, is now giving lessons on the piano to the "Mikadette." His Majesty of Austria presented an instrument to the Mikado, and the immediate result, says *Le Figaro*, was "Madame Parker's" engagement.

We take M. J. B. Wekerlin to be the most prolific composer of our day. He has just informed *Le Télégraphe* that in his portfolio there are no fewer than twenty-five dramatic works. Such industry and such perseverance in the teeth of an unappreciating world deserve to be noted.

A Paris contemporary rebukes those gossips who are for ever discussing in the public papers the marriage prospects of Mdlle. Nilsson. "Outside the theatre," says *La France Musicale*, "Mdlle. Nilsson belongs no more to the newsmonger than to the critic. We hope the journals to whom this advice is addressed will take due note of it." Our contemporary may rest assured they will do nothing of the kind.

Whether Fraülein Laura walks the rope at Holborn Amphitheatre safely or not, it is some comfort to hear of the withdrawal of the child whose life she used to risk with her own. Dr. Lush asked a question in the House of Commons, and was told that the result of the Home Secretary's inquiry had been that the child was no longer carried, and that the other portion of the exhibition had been rendered "as little dangerous as possible." We are at a loss to know what is meant by this. It would infer an absolute necessity that the public should be entertained with Fraülein Laura's performances at all hazards. If they can be conducted without risk, good; if not, they must be rendered "as little dangerous as possible." It appears to us there is no need of performances which involve danger to the performers. Of course the performers are always ready to incur danger; but if it is undesirable they should do so, they can only be prevented by authority in the form of prohibition.

By mail from America we are informed of the style in which Miss Lydia Thompson cowhides an editor, backed in the game by two of our compatriots, furnished with whip and revolver. A few months ago, Miss Thompson and her *troupe*—"the *Blonde Troupe*"—exercised the Transatlantic press almost as much as Mr. Boucicault our own with *Formosa*. The critics were divided; to one the breakdowns, puns, &c., were importations to be received with applause and bouquets; the opposition followed Matthew Prynne in his "*Histriomastix*," and scourged the performances with a ferocity that Stephen Gosson might envy. They went so far as to challenge the *bona fides* of Miss Thompson's chignon, and suggested that the "waterfall of gold," could be put on and off at will. The actress came forward in defence of her hair, and on that point baffled her assailants. What Mr. Storey did to bring down the vengeance of the "*Blonde* company," we can only conjecture. Miss Thompson was assisted by a Miss Markham, of the London stage, and a knout had been provided for Miss Weathersly, who did not, however, come to the scratch. In the *School for Tigers*, and the jockey pieces, whips are "your only wear," and the fashion of using them may, under certain influences, have developed into their being carried about as weapons. We do not know the particulars of the quarrel, but are not sorry that differences of opinion between actresses and critics can be settled without the cowhide in an "effete country." Imagine a critic hunted by *blonde* actresses in Rotten Row, the ladies armed with gutta-percha canes, and the manager supporting them with a revolver, while the literary gentleman feels in his pocket for his own six-shooter!

Herr Ignaz Moscheles, the celebrated pianist and composer, died suddenly, at an early hour, on the 10th inst. He was born at Prague in 1794, and was consequently in his 76th year. He had recovered, as it was supposed, only a short time, from a long illness, and was believed to be completely out of danger, when an unexpected relapse carried him off. He had been attached, as professor, to the Conservatory here ever since 1846.

Weimar.—Herr Raff has completed a new opera entitled *Dame Kobold*. It is to be produced in April.

Ghent.—A new comic opera, *La Saint-Lucas*, by M. Miry, has been successfully produced.

Milan.—Señor Gomez's *Guarany* is in rehearsal at the Scala.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Bachelen-Deflorenne (London and Paris).—"The music master," a practical course for pianoforte players, Nos. 1 and 2.

Duncan Davison & Co.—"Go, gentle breeze," song by Edmund Rogers; "The Cambrian War Song," by Brinley Richards; "Come back again, darling," "Gem of my heart," and "Memory," songs by William Newton.

Advertisements.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—It is proposed to perpetuate the memory of the late Mr. CHARLES LUCAS, and the valuable services he rendered to the above Institution, in his various offices of Principal, Conductor, Professor of Composition and Violoncello, by instituting a Prize of a GOLD MEDAL, to be given annually to the best Student in Composition. The following subscriptions have been received in addition to those already announced:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Armytage, Miss F.	0	10	6	Hemming, Joseph, Esq.	0	10	6
Bunnett, Dr. (Norwich)	1	1	0	Hoskins, Miss (Poole)	0	5	0
Baumer, H., Esq.	1	1	0	Kinkel, Miss	0	10	6
Barnby, Joseph, Esq	1	1	0	Lewin, Miss Mary	0	10	0
Blagrove, H., Esq	0	10	6	Monk, W. H., Esq.	1	1	0
Cronin, Miss	1	1	0	Mann, T. E., Esq	0	10	6
Coote, Charles, Esq	1	1	0	Newman, Miss	0	5	0
Coote, C., junr., Esq.	0	10	6	Nunn, J. H., Esq. (Penzance)	1	1	0
Dawson, W. H., Esq. (Newcastle-on-Tyne)	1	1	0	Pollard, J. H., Esq. (Ramsgate)	1	1	0
Forster, S. A., Esq.	1	1	0	Reeve, D., Esq. (Douglas)	0	10	6
Grunelsen, C. L., Esq	1	1	0	Ridgway, J., Esq. (Southampton)	0	6	0
Gibbons, Miss (Rochester)	0	10	6	Vera, Signor	0	10	6
Hopkins, E. J., Esq	1	1	0	Weekes, S., Esq. (Plymouth)	1	1	0
				White, Miss	0	10	6

Subscribers' Names received by Mr. Lamborn Cock, 63, New Bond Street, W., and Mr. H. R. Eyers, at the Institution, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MR. ROBERT BERRINGER will play his Grande Valse de Bravoure during the week at his Recitals of Pianoforte Music at the Crystal Palace.—N.B. Published, price 4s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing in the "MESSIAH," at Stroud, March 24th. For terms, address, 125, Regent Street, W.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, March 21st to 26th; Prince's Theatre, Manchester, 28th.

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Mr. SANTLEY, Signor VERGER (from the Italian Opera, Paris),
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Dinorah (Meyerbeer).—Hoel, Mr. Santley; Corentin, Signor Gardoni; Un Capraja, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Dinorah, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, &c.

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VOL. 48—No. 13. SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Madame Rudersdorff and Madame Patey. Solo Violin, Herr Franz Ries. Symphony, "Approach of Spring" (Hiller), first time; Overtures, "Jubilee" (Weber); and "Leonora," No. 1 (Beethoven). Adagio and Rondo for Violin and Orchestra (F. Ries), first time. Conductor, Mr. MANNS.

Admission, 2s. 6d.; guinea season tickets free; reserved stalls, 2s. 6d., now ready.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—MR. PERREN'S OPERA COMPANY will perform "SONNAMBULA" on Tuesday next (Amina, Miss Blanche Cole), and "THE LILY OF KILLARNEY" on Wednesday and Thursday (The Colleen Bawn, Madame Florence Lancia).

Stalls 2s. 6d., for either date, ready after the Concert to-day.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of CHOPIN and HENSELT, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

President—THE EARL OF DUDLEY.
Principal—PROFESSOR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on THURSDAY Evening next, March 31st, commencing at Eight o'clock.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing (by desire) ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Matilda Baxter's Evening Concert, May 6th.

"MEDEA."—MADAME RUDERSDORFF will sing RANDEGGER'S Scena, "MEDEA," at the Crystal Palace Concert, This Day, Saturday, March 26th.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME OURY'S WALTZ," composed by CHOPIN, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—Guildford, April 21st; Bishop Stortford, May 5th; Miss Amy Perry's, Hanover Square Rooms, 14th; Store Street, June 4th, July 16th; Hanover Square, June 25th. Communications, Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss Matilda Baxter's Concert, May 6th.

MISS AMY PERREN will perform ASCHER'S popular Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS MATILDA BAXTER will perform ASCHER'S brilliant Fantasia, "ALICE," at her Concert, May 6th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular Serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MR. FREDERICK CHILDERSTON will sing at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, May 14th, the popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MADAME D'ÉLISE will sing the popular Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS HELENA WALKER.—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., must be forwarded to Miss Helena Walker, 6, Westbank Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

MISS GRACE AGUILAR will play SEMLER'S "VALSE IMPETUEUSE" (dedicated to Miss Aguilar) at Mr. Aguilar's Matinée of Pianoforte Music, March 31st.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, in Town or Country. For terms, address 125, Regent Street.

MR. ROBERT BERRINGER will play his Grande Valse de Bravoure during the week at his Recitals of Pianoforte Music at the Crystal Palace.—N.B. Published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, March 28th.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S QUARTETT PARTY.—Violins—Herr Josef Ludwig, Herr Jung. Viola—Herr Eberwein; Violoncello—Herr Schuberth. May be engaged for Concerts, Soirées, &c., in Town or Country. For terms apply to FRANK ROMER, Jun., Hon. Sec. Schubert Society, Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street, W.

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(IN C MAJOR),
FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY
WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

Price 6s. each.

*** Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

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Composed by WILLIAM NEWTON.
London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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Moscheles.

Another link in the chain which binds us to the last generation of musicians has just been broken. Herr Ignaz Moscheles, or as he is better known to many hundreds of his friends and acquaintances in England—Mr. Moscheles—died on Thursday week, the 10th March, at his house at Leipsic, at the ripe age of seventy-six. The genial good old man, who had been intimate with Schubert and Beethoven, Spohr and Cherubini, the valued friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann, Ernst and Paganini, and who was so fond of telling the recollections of these great men, has passed away to join his old friends and can never be consulted by any of us again.

Moscheles cannot be said to have been born on the further side of the French Revolution, but he came into the world on the eve of a movement not less important to music than that was to the politics and the life of Europe generally. He was born on the 30th May, 1794, when Beethoven was only sixteen, six years before the appearance of the first of those nine symphonies which achieved such a revolution in the art. His parents were Israelites (his real family name was Moses), and he was born in Prague, where he received his first instruction, and where, before he was twelve years old, his playing had achieved an immense reputation.

Vienna was at that time the metropolis of music, and it was natural that Moscheles should be sent to the city from which Haydn had just departed, and where Beethoven and Schubert were in the full vigour of their powers. He arrived there about the year 1810, and immediately put himself under the guidance of Albrechtsberger and Salieri; he was also a pupil of Beethoven, and lived with him in great intimacy, and I have myself heard him mention how often he had seen him, conversed with him, and heard him play. In fact it is impossible that a young musician of the ardour and enthusiasm which Moscheles possessed to the day of his death, could have lived in Vienna without getting more or less intimate with the great master of his art. On that great day for music, the 18th December, 1813, when Beethoven's seventh symphony was first produced in the University Hall, for the benefit of the Austrian soldiers wounded at Hanau, Moscheles was amongst the throng of artists who pressed forward to assist their chief, and he played the cymbals by the side of Meyerbeer and Hummel who had the drums. Although, as may be imagined from the instructors under whom he placed himself, he paid great attention to composition, yet pianoforte playing was at that time and always the immediate object of his life. He then laid the foundation of that extraordinary reputation as a player which attended him for so many years.

In 1816, Moscheles visited the north of Germany, but shortly returned to his practice in Vienna. In 1820 he took a longer flight, and after a lengthened stay in Paris, where his playing created the greatest enthusiasm, he arrived, in 1824, in London, bringing with him his wife, Miss Embden of Hamburgh, whom he had married in the preceding year. Thenceforward, for 22 years, London became his home, where he lived surrounded by a very large circle of admiring and affectionate friends and pupils. He very soon became Professor at the Royal Academy, Director of the Philharmonic Society, and was listened to with delight at all the concerts of the day. Mendelssohn was his regular pupil,* and one of his greatest friends; it was at his house that the young genius lived during his first visits to London, and many of Mendelssohn's most brilliant, most comical, most affectionate, and most admirable letters, embellished with sketches and drollery which would make the fortune of a caricaturist, were among the treasures of his album, which the good old man delighted to show to his visitors at Leipsic. "Many remembrances from the Moscheles," says he in one of his charming letters. "They are excellent people; and after so long an interval it is truly delightful to meet an artist who is not a victim to envy or jealousy or miserable egotism. He makes continued and steady progress in his Art."

At the pianoforte concerts, or as they would now be called, "Recitals,"† which Moscheles gave on his own account, the programmes were distinguished for their great research, and for the admirable tact and knowledge which he displayed in bringing forward the works of ancient masters. Many fine and curious compositions of Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Mozart, Clementi, Woelfl, and Beethoven (at that time as little known as any of them), were first heard at Mr. Moscheles' concerts.* He was also celebrated for his powers of improvization, the recollection of which is sufficient to warm into enthusiasm even a critic so little liable to excitement as Monsieur Fétis:—

"His extempore playing was the result of a great natural gift developed by labour and thought. The number of his ideas was so prodigious, and the contrivances with which he developed them so clever and so happy that it was difficult to believe that his improvizations were not prepared beforehand; but no one who was in the habit of hearing them could have any doubt that they were really extemporaneous. Doubtless the general form into which he cast his spontaneous thoughts was the result of study, just as is the case with an extempore speech. When a subject is given to an artist who possesses this talent, he sees in a moment the resources which it contains, and subordinates one part to another in a regular gradation; and what distinguishes an extempore performance from a written composition, is the frequent and unexpected sallies which diversify and adorn the regular form of the piece. This precious talent is possessed by a few, and probably no one ever employed it to a higher degree than Moscheles. I was at a concert at Brussels in the year 1835, when three themes were offered him for improvization. Not content with choosing one out of three, he first of all treated each in succession, and then united the three in the most exquisite manner, giving them alternately in each hand, and making each accompany the others, and all without the least hesitation, or a moment's failure in the progress of the interest. The applause at the end of this extraordinary performance was something prodigious, and I confess that if I had not heard it, I could not have believed in the possibility of such a feat." †

In October, 1846, on the foundation of the Conservatoire of Music at Leipsic, Mendelssohn induced Moscheles to transfer his abode to that city, and take the post of professor of the piano at the new institution; and there he remained, esteemed and beloved by all who knew him, until the day of his death.

His compositions are principally for the piano, and are very numerous, embracing some of the best music for that instrument. The list contains six sonatas for piano solo, six pieces for four hands, twenty-two fantasias and rondos, thirteen divertissements and polonaises, three books of studies which will never be superseded, eight concertos for piano and orchestra, the well-known "*Souvenirs d'Irelande*," a trio, a septuor, and other concerted pieces. In addition to these, he composed for the orchestra a symphony and several overtures, and he conferred a great benefit on the literature of music by translating Schindler's biography of Beethoven, with many additions by himself and extracts from Beethoven's correspondence. This, it is true, has been since partially superseded by Schindler's second and third editions, but the book remains the only approach to a life of Beethoven that we possess in English.

An English musician, one of his most favourite and most distinguished pupils, writes to me as follows:—

"Amongst his many good and endearing qualities, nothing was more striking than the encouragement and help he gave to young artists. By advice, or by using the influence which his position naturally gave him, he gladly assisted those who were beginning the steep ascent which he had himself climbed so brilliantly and successfully. The almost fatherly interest he displayed in his pupils whilst they were under him, and the delight with which he afterwards watched them successfully working out their artistic career, are pleasant recollections to those whose good fortune it was to have been amongst the number. There are many of his old pupils in England now, who can testify to this, and who will always bear his kindness to them in grateful and affectionate remembrance." ‡ [G.]

* Mendelssohn was nothing of the kind.—Ed. *M. W.*

† The name was invented by Liszt.—Ed.

* Really very few.—Ed.

† Fétis had probably never heard Mendelssohn or even Hummel.—Ed.

‡ All of which must be taken *cum grano salis*.—Ed.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Friedemann Bach's "Dramatic Fantasia."

The *Sunday Times*, of March 20, has the following about Madame Goddard's recent performance of this new and very interesting "Revival":—

"A novelty was introduced at this concert by Madame Arabella Goddard which deserves attention. The work alluded to was a *Fantasia Drammatica* by Friedemann Bach, just published for the first time as one of Duncan Davison & Co.'s 'Revivals.' The fantasia consists of several movements, varied in style, full of melody, masterly as to treatment, and easy to play. An interesting feature is the connection of several parts by means of recitative, which gives to the work a genuine dramatic character. After saying thus much it will be assumed that we attach importance to the publication, not merely for the sake of the thing published, but also for the sake of the composer, who has scarcely been treated according to his deserts. Madame Goddard played the fantasia with her customary perfection of style and manipulative skill. She has so often brought forward novelties that there will be nothing fresh in the remark that she read the music as though it had been an old acquaintance."

Sims Reeves.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* (March 21st) gives the following account of our greatest singer's temporary "farewell" concert in St. James's Hall:—

"Mr. Sims Reeves, being on the point of a journey to Italy, took a public farewell of his friends in St. James's Hall on Friday evening. His friends responded in such numbers that the place was far too strait for them; and, it is said, many hundreds were turned from the doors. The disappointed ones lost more than a leave-taking, for their favourite tenor was in excellent voice, as well as in a mood to humour encores; besides which, the concert generally turned out an excellent thing of its kind. Mr. Reeves sang nothing but songs he has made emphatically his own. 'Deeper and deeper still,' 'Adelaide,' 'My Pretty Jane,' and 'Tom Bowling,' are now associated with the vocalist who succeeded to the honours of Braham, and so they are likely to remain while he keeps before the public. Mr. Reeves' title to them was never clearer than on Friday evening. The pathos of his singing in Handel's recitative and air, the classic purity with which he rendered Beethoven's love-music, the exquisite delicacy manifested in Bishop's song, and the truthful sentiment infused into Dibdin's ballad, were each, perhaps, unapproachable, certainly unapproached. With regard to the two more important airs, Mr. Reeves was fortunate in his accompaniments; those to 'Deeper and deeper still' being played by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and those to 'Adelaide' by Mdme. Arabella Goddard, whose services had been cordially volunteered. Need it be said that the audience applauded furiously, or that they demanded everything twice? It may, however, be necessary to state that the singer yielded twice to their importunities. * * * * The concert was a thorough success, materially as well as artistically."

Bennett and Mendelssohn.

The same paper in its very interesting and comprehensive article on "concerts," of Monday, thus refers to the "Chamber Trio" of our countryman, Sterndale Bennett, and the "Posthumous Studies" of our quasi-countryman, Felix Mendelssohn, both performed at the Monday Popular Concert of March 14th:—

"Dr. Sterndale Bennett's trio in A major for piano, violin, violoncello, so long a stranger to these concerts, must have proved welcome to everybody. The official analyst declares the trio 'one of the most familiar of Dr. Bennett's instrumental works, having been included in the programmes of almost all our chamber concerts.' We are glad to receive this assurance for the sake of a gifted composer and of music as charming as the most exacting taste could wish. Every movement is thoroughly characteristic. Dr. Bennett has a style of his own, not to be confounded with that of any other; but most distinctive of all in this trio is a 'serenade' wherein the pianoforte sings a theme to a *pizzicato* accompaniment for the strings. The working out of this original idea is marked by exquisite delicacy, and by an effect satisfactory to cultivated and uncultivated alike. Monday's audience were fairly the captives of its beauty, and the movement was encored with what more nearly resembled enthusiasm than any feeling usually evoked by an Englishman's music. In justice let us say that this may have been partly due to a performance of rare and striking merit—merit not surpassable, perhaps, by any combination of talent. When such artists as Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti are engaged upon a work we may well despair of its falling into better hands. Mendelssohn's three 'Posthumous Studies' furnished the pianoforte solo. Our remarks upon these works when played last year by Herr Pauer, need no addition; but it is necessary to say that Madame Goddard gave each study in so faultless a manner that difficulties seemed to disappear altogether, and only by resisting the illusion could the full merit of her performance be made obvious. A finer display of executive skill in combination with artistic taste it would be vain to expect. The last study was encored and repeated."

The *Athenæum* (March 19th) speaks as follows of the same pieces:—

"Dr. Bennett's 'Chamber Trio' in A major, for piano, violin, and violoncello, is a good example of our English composer. Written throughout with delicacy and grace, the work has most reason to boast of a serenade in which those qualities are very conspicuous. With its theme given to the piano, accompanied *pizzicato* by the other instruments, novel effect is added to music a great master might own with pride. This movement was encored, not without adequate cause, and the whole trio was played faultlessly by Madame Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti. It is no light thing to say that each artist proved worthy of the other two. Mendelssohn's three Posthumous Studies for pianoforte made up the solo of the evening, and afforded Madame Goddard all needful scope for her executive powers. How those powers were manifested those who know the difficult music and the accomplished pianist may imagine. Enough if we say that the artist had to repeat one study at the command of an audience quite disposed to rehear the whole."

The same paper chronicles as below the first performance of another unknown fantasia, by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach:—

"In Saturday's Popular Concert programme there was one novelty of mark—a 'Dramatic Fantasia' for pianoforte, by W. Friedemann Bach, now first published. The great John Sebastian's gifted son is brought one step nearer due recognition by this event. He certainly appears to advantage, both in the matter of original form and attractive details. Starting with an *allegro* (a genuine fantasia), the work successively introduces a melodious and graceful *vivace* of regular construction, and a 'dramatic scene,' in which several distinct movements, admirably varied as to character, are connected by recitatives. The development of this scene is highly interesting, and the fantasia, as a whole, deserves more than passing notice. It was played by Madame Arabella Goddard (whose mission is to search after hidden treasure) with great taste and with a carefulness which overlooked not a single point. Schubert's quintet (Op. 163), and Beethoven's sonata (Op. 30), were also in the programme, together with two songs which Miss Annie Edmonds sang very sweetly."

The Philharmonic Concert.

On two points of interest connected with the Philharmonic Concert of Wednesday week, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—

"Wednesday's concert began with a symphony written for the society by Cherubini, and performed for the first time on the 24th April, 1815. Its success with the Philharmonic audience of that day does not seem to have been great, for the work was shelved and forgotten till 1864. We do not feel disposed to quarrel with the taste of half a century ago on this matter. It was wrong, no doubt, to forget Cherubini's symphony, because every important work, by so great a master, must have uses, and consequently value. But we think, nevertheless, that the music puts substantial obstacles in the way of its own success. It wants individuality to a much greater extent than usual with Cherubini; it is often dry and laboured; and generally conveys the idea of having been written to order. From these remarks we must, however, except the minuet and trio, which fully sustain the composer's reputation. That Madame Norman-Neruda is an artist of exceptional ability nobody disputes. It is also beyond question that much violin music, written to be played with masculine vigour and breadth of style, lies outside her proper repertory. Among this must be classed the first and third movements of Mendelssohn's concerto, in which, passages here and there excepted, the lady by no means satisfies critical ears. When dealing with music demanding sentiment and delicacy—such as, for example, the slow movement in Mendelssohn's work—Madame Neruda leaves hardly anything to desire; and it would be well, therefore, if some discrimination were exercised in the choice of works for her use. To these remarks we must add that the Philharmonic audience seemed equally delighted with everything she did, and applauded the *finale* which was faulty, just as much as the *andante*, which was perfect. No doubt a genuine artist like Madame Neruda appreciates such gallantry at its true worth."

The Mass in D.

The remarks of the *Athenæum* upon this work and its recent performance in St. James's Hall are subjoined:—

"Mr. Joseph Barnby's performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* showed that the work still remains impracticable. The attempt to conquer its difficulties was, however a gallant one. An excellent choir spared neither time nor labour; a quartet of principal voices made fewer mistakes than usual, and the band, we are told, actually enjoyed the advantage of two rehearsals. Yet the performance, relatively one of merit, was absolutely one of faults. For this let us not blame the executants. A dozen careful repetitions would, of course, have surmounted all but insurmountable obstacles; but talk of what is practically out of the question may be spared. Mr. Barnby and his subordinates

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were bound to fail; it is creditable to them that they failed with honour. The audience, it may be assumed, received various impressions. Nevertheless, let us hope that all recognized the genius which spoke with such astonishing power. We need not go through the work, and show the great ideas abounding in it; ideas that create, even in the most appreciative minds a sense of yet undiscovered grandeur. These are known—though, at most, inadequately—to all musicians; and it is these that make not a few less tolerant of what seem purposeless difficulties. Practical men ask why power so obvious in comparative simplicity should hide itself at any time where discovery is only possible after sore exertion. They ask whether music so unvocal, so elaborate, and so hard to be understood, is necessary to the utterance of the highest thought. These questions, however, are scarcely consistent, because only a greater than Beethoven could answer them. Enough that an unequalled genius, at a time when his powers were ripest, brought forth the Mass, and declared it his most perfect work. All that remains to be done is to conquer such difficulties as are conquerable, having faith in ultimate reward. But there are idealists whom the Mass never troubles. Beethoven is their god, and they are prepared to trust him where they cannot trace him. Hence, just as Robert Irving used to bow his head in adoration at the sound of the 'unknown tongues,' these people listen reverently to Beethoven's obscurest utterances. Superstition is sometimes respectable, and here is a case in point; all the same, however: discerning conviction is better than blind faith. We shall be glad to have the Mass oftener performed on this account. For the most part, it has been kept in seclusion, and spoken of as vaguely as a Thibetian might speak of the Grand Llama. True the cost and labour demanded by even an ordinary production are enough to check enthusiasm. But Art needs martyrs; and the heavier the cross the brighter the crown. This, doubtless, is Mr. Barnby's compensation."

Berlioz and Haydn.

The conjunction of *Les Francs Juges* and Haydn's "Letter R" at the Crystal Palace, led to the following remarks in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"Berlioz's overture, *Les Francs Juges*, was a great—we will not say an attractive—feature of Saturday's concert at the Crystal Palace. It used often to be heard by the patrons of the late M. Jullien; and probably stood as high in their estimation as the 'Row Polka.' But at the Crystal Palace it appeared for other and better reasons than excessive noise. The overture is an example, according to Berlioz, of the 'programme music' which some in these latter days, consider the fullest development of art. As such we can understand its claims upon Mr. Manns' consideration. The excellent conductor has analyzed it with becoming gravity; labouring, however, under the slight disadvantage of not knowing what programme his 'programme music' was meant to illustrate. 'The hearer may construct for himself,' says Mr. Manns,' * * * incidents and drama of the most tremendous nature, if he has a turn for so doing.' Of course, out of compliment to M. Berlioz, the hearer will base his fancy upon what he knows of the terrible Vehmgerichte. Otherwise he might consider the overture as depicting an earthquake, a bombardment, or an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which it does in each case quite as forcibly as it illustrates the doings of a secret tribunal. Concluding his remarks, Mr. Manns observes that the overture 'cannot fail to afford pleasure to all, and instruction to young composers,' &c. As regards the latter we quite agree with Mr. Manns—it teaches young composers what to avoid. For this reason, and because the public should know whither modern music tends, we were glad to see *Les Francs Juges* in the programme. Mr. Manns should next bring forward *King Lear*. If, as some might think, M. Berlioz supplied the bane, the antidote was furnished by Haydn, whose charming symphony in C (letter R) followed, and was heard for the first time at these concerts. After the din and confusion of the modern Frenchman, the tuneful themes and orderly construction of the old German came as a pleasant relief. Never, we imagine, did they produce a greater effect; but, under much less favourable circumstances, Haydn's music would be heard with pleasure, more especially the *andante*, which is an unbroken stream of delicious tune. The entire work was played to perfection, Messrs. Wells (flute) and Crozier (oboe) distinguishing themselves greatly in the solo passages given to their respective instruments."

Coblenz.—At the sixth and last Sinfonie-Soirée for the season, the new Symphony in D minor, by Herr R. Wüerst, was greatly admired.

Halle.—The members of the Singacademie, assisted by Herr Wiedemann, from Leipsic, and Herr Hasselbeck, from Munich, lately performed Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, before a most numerous and appreciative audience. Herr Vorolzch was the conductor.

Hamburgh.—Weber's *Oberon* has been revived, after a lapse of several years. It is exceedingly well put upon the stage.—At the eighth Philharmonic Concert, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller conducted a new orchestral work entitled *Symphonische Fantasie*. He then performed Mozart's Concerto, in D minor, and a Gavotte and Impromptu, the latter, like the *Fantasie*, being from his own pen. He was most heartily applauded.

CRYSTAL PALACE OPERAS.

Mr. George Perren and his English Opera Company have resumed their performances in the new Crystal Palace Theatre. It is satisfactory to observe that increased efforts are being made to do what is attempted in a fashion worthy the place. Mr. Perren has made an admirable selection of an opening work. Benedict's *Lily of Killarney* may certainly claim to rank among the best of English operas. Throughout tuneful and masterly, it pleases alike the cultivated and uncultivated ear. A serious and successful effort has been made to produce the work effectively, so far as appointments go. The scenery is picturesque, and the general mounting of the opera must be accounted much in advance of anything yet done on the same stage. Mr. Manns' orchestra, of course remains as usual, for the excellent reason that it could not be improved. Mr. Perren has gathered round him a tolerably strong company. It would be idle to pretend that there is not room for improvement, as idle, in point of fact, as to expect that, with so few opportunities for gaining experience, English lyric artists can ever be thoroughly satisfactory. Nevertheless the *Lily of Killarney* goes well; better, perhaps, in the musical than in the dramatic department. Madame Florence Lancia is an agreeable Eily O'Connor, and sings with both fluency and expression. In "My Wild Mountain Valley," she makes a specially good effect by legitimate means. The Mrs. Cregan of Miss Annie Goodall is another satisfactory feature; and as Anne Chute Miss Emmeline Cole finds plenty of admirers. Mr. Perren, we need hardly say, assumes the part of Hardress Cregan, and devotes all the energy and intelligence which has marked his previous impersonations. The director-artist is evidently in favour with his audience; and who shall say that favour is undeserved? Certainly not ourselves. The other male characters are taken by Mr. Edward Cotte (Myles), Mr. G. Fox (Mr. Corrigan), Mr. R. Temple (Father Tom), Mr. W. H. Hiller (O'Moore), and Mr. Aynsley Cooke (Danny Mann), whose good singing and long experience of stage business distinguish him greatly, and make him a most important accession to Mr. Perren's company. The revival of Mr. Benedict's opera is a success; and we are not surprised at so natural a result.

—o—

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The programme on Saturday, the 19th inst., was rich in attraction, a fact which simply quoting it will prove:—

Overture, "Les Francs Juges"	Berlioz.
Aria, Vedrò mentr'io sospiro" (*Figaro*)—Mr. L. Thomas ...	Mozart.
Symphony in C	Haydn.
"Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage"...	Beethoven.
Song, "O Araby" (*Oberon*)—Miss Elton	Weber.
Recit and air, "Costanza" (*Seraglio*)—Mr. Cummings ...	Mozart.
"The First Walpurgis Night"	Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Semiramide"	Rossini.

The overture in which Berlioz has expressed his ideas about the terrible "Vehimgerichte" is an extraordinary thing. We set aside altogether its pretensions as "programme music" for the reason Mr. Manns gives us in his analysis:—

"No two hearers can agree as to the meaning of a single bar, unless by pure chance."

Programme music which may mean anything is obviously absurd. Looking at the overture as music, we find here and there a pleasing or masterly passage; but, for the most part, it suggests the breaking loose of some musical "Bedlam," or a civil war among the elements of cacophony. From *Les Francs Juges* to Haydn's symphony was like passing from the whistling circumference of a cyclone to the centre, where all is peace. The old master's delightful music, with its pure melody, and its symmetrical form, never was more welcome, perhaps never more enjoyed. We cannot now discuss the work at length, even if discussion were necessary. But Haydn is always Haydn, and his name calls up ideas which need no enforcement. Beethoven's *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage* (for chorus and orchestra) suffered by a bad performance. The choir sang much out of tune. The *Walpurgis Night* was heard to more advantage, the chorus being efficient, and the soloists well up to their work. Miss Elton sang "Know ye

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not a deed so daring" well; Mr. Cummings did entire justice to "Now May again;" while the more important music of the Druid priest was given by Mr. Lewis Thomas with conscientious care and appropriate dignity of style. The miscellaneous vocal pieces were well chosen.

MR. SIMS REEVES'S CONCERT.

The hold which the greatest of English tenors (or, for that matter, the greatest of tenors) still has upon public regard was conclusively shown on Friday evening week, in St. James's Hall, on the occasion of his benefit concert. Mr. Sims Reeves being about to quit England for a while, a public leave-taking was a very natural, and, as the result proved, a very satisfactory procedure. The audience crowded the hall in every part, and such an anxiety to be present was manifested that hundreds were turned away from the doors. This was well, because showing how thoroughly a great artist is appreciated even when circumstances compel him, as they often do Mr. Reeves, to disappoint his admirers.

The favourite tenor sang four songs, and accepted two encores. It will be assumed that, doing so, he was in good voice, and that the audience enjoyed a rare treat. In "Deeper and deeper still" Mr. Reeves (accompanied by Mr. Arthur Sullivan), touched every heart by the intense feeling he threw into Handel's pathetic music. But a yet greater success was obtained in "Adelaide." Sung to absolute perfection, and equally well accompanied by Madame Arabella Goddard (whose services for that purpose were gracefully proffered), the audience heard Beethoven's matchless love song according to Beethoven's ideal. We say this confidently, because it is not possible to imagine anything better. It may be asserted with less confidence that the audience heard it as they will never hear it again, unless under similar circumstances. Mr. Reeves's third song, Bishop's "My pretty Jane," was encored, and its last verse repeated. The fourth, "Tom Bowling" (the very perfection of ballad writing, helped out by the very perfection of ballad singing), was also demanded again; but, for it, J. L. Hatton's "Goodbye, Sweetheart" was substituted, to the obvious delight of all present. It is quite needless to say that the audience kept enthusiasm up to a high pitch all the evening.

Apart from Mr. Reeves, a good deal was done of an interesting sort, at which, however, we can only glance. Mr. Leslie's Choir sang a selection of part-music with great success; Madame Carola and Miss Stephens each gave two songs; Mr. Coenen played two pianoforte solos (one, Bach's *Fantasia Cromatica*); and Madame Norman-Neruda gave the slow movement from one of Spohr's concertos, and Vieuxtemps' *Air Varié* in D. Mr. Henry Leslie conducted with his accustomed care and intelligence. Messrs. Calcott and Sydney Naylor accompanied certain vocal pieces.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The nineteenth season commenced on Wednesday night at St. James's Hall—this being the second year of their removal from St. George's Hall, Langham Place, to which new building they were transferred from the former locality in 1867. The concerts, directed and conducted by Dr. Wylde, have long been distinguished by the excellence of the orchestra, the importance of the works performed, and the appearance of some of the greatest of the opera singers. All these attractive features are again put forward. The following programme will show what a good commencement of the new season has been made:—

PART I.

Overture, "Rosamunnde"	Schubert.
Cavatina, "Della Rosa" (*Bianca e Faliero*)	Rossini.
Concerto, violin, No. 7	Spohr.
Aria, "In vano il fato" (*Roberto*)	Meyerbeer.
Symphony in F	Beethoven.

PART II.

Concerto in C minor, pianoforte	Beethoven.
Duo, "A figlia" (*Maria Padilla*)	Donizetti.
Solo, violin, "Le Trille du Diable"	Tartini.
Overture, "Les Abencérrages"...	Cherubini.

Schubert's overture charmed, as it almost must, by its bright genial beauty. The last but one of Beethoven's symphonies was capitally played by the splendid orchestra over which Dr. Wylde presides with great enthusiasm—and the same may be said of both overtures. The *Allegretto Scherzando* of the symphonies was encored as usual. Spohr's seventh concerto is one of the finest of more than twenty such works. Like the pianoforte concertos of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; and violin concertos of the two last-named, those by Sophr have the importance of symphonies in design and treatment, while allowing ample scope for the display of expression and execution by the solo player. That the concerto referred to was played to perfection may be inferred from the name of the player—Herr Joachim, who was received with enthusiastic applause, the graceful slow movement calling forth a special demonstration. The fantastic piece which the great violinist of the last century is said to have heard in a dream, gave an opportunity for Herr Joachim to exhibit his facility in vanishing "impossibilities," as its difficulties were long considered to be. Beethoven's third concerto, worthy precursor of that in G and the unparalleled "Emperor" in E flat, the energy and rhythmical power of the player were displayed with his usual success. Vehement applause followed each movement, and especially the last. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was heard to advantage in the airs of Rossini and Meyerbeer, with which she and the public are so familiar; and Donizetti's duet was effectively given by the same singer and Miss José Sherrington.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second of the *Soirées musicales* given by the New Philharmonic Society took place on Thursday week, in St. George's Hall. The programme contained two novelties, viz.:—a violin quartet by a lady composer, Alice Mary Smith, and a solo for the violoncello, written and executed by M. Paque. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Quartet in A	Alice Mary Smith.
Song, "Sognai"	Schira.
Solo, violoncello	Paque.
Duet, "A Mirarti"	Handel.
Cantata, "Hear my prayer"	Mendelssohn.
Song, air "Des Bijoux"	Gounod.
Trio in G—pianoforte, Miss Grace Sherrington; violin, M. Pollitzer; violoncello, M. Paque.	Hummel.

PART II.

Quintet in C	Kalkbrenner.
Song, "He's gone"	Macfarren.
Solo, pianoforte—Miss Sherrington	Heller—Bach.
Part song, by the Choir	Mendelssohn.
Duet, two pianofortes—Miss Kingdon and Miss C. Kingdon	Mendelssohn and Moscheles

The quartet is a work of merit. The subjects are well contrasted, melodious, and graceful, and are wrought with the hand of a musician. The work was listened to with much interest. The interpretation owed much to M. Pollitzer, one of the best violinists of the day, and his able coadjutors, Messrs. Wiener, Hann, and Paque.

The solo for the violoncello is one of the many pieces which M. Paque has written for his instrument. In touch, style, and expressive delivery of phrases, Miss Sherrington is accomplished. Her performance was altogether highly successful. Dr. Barth also showed his command over the pianoforte.

The charming voice of Miss Katherine Poyntz was heard to advantage in Signor Schira's "Sognai." The duet singing of Miss Sinclair and Miss Emma Forbes told with good effect. Miss Forbes was encored in Macfarren's song. The choir performed Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," with excellent effect, Miss Poyntz singing the solos. Mr. W. Beavan conducted the choir.

The *soirée* concluded with the grand duet for two pianofortes arranged by Mendelssohn and Moscheles. It served to display the fine pianoforte playing of the Misses Kingdon, whose performances were much applauded. The vocal music was accompanied by Herr Ganz with his usual ability. Mr. T. H. Wright was the director of the evening.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—After singing at upwards of thirty concerts in England, Scotland, and Ireland, Herr Stockhausen will shortly sing in this capital at three historical concerts.

BRUSSELS.—*Les Roussalkas*, an original two-act opera, founded upon a Russian legend, has been successfully produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The audience on the first night were in the most amiable of humours, applauding everything—music, libretto, scenery, actors, and orchestra; and, when the stage-manager announced the name of the fair author, at the conclusion of the piece, greeting it enthusiastically, as though they were taken by surprise, and had not been previously aware that the novelty was composed by the Baroness de Maistre.

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PROVINCIAL.

LEWES.—A correspondent writes from this town as below:—

"Mrs. John Macfarren gave one of her popular pianoforte and vocal recitals on Thursday, March 10th, at the New Lecture Hall in West Street. There was a large attendance, and Mrs. Macfarren's playing of a sonata of Beethoven, and several brilliant pieces by Dussek, Weber, Thalberg, Litolff, &c., was warmly appreciated. She was much applauded throughout the evening, and repeated a portion of Brissac's fantasia, 'Scotia.' Miss Jessie Royd gave several songs, in three of which she was encored."

BRIGHTON.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The concert at the Royal Pavilion, under the conductorship of Mr. C. J. Bond, in aid of the Boys' Brigade and Night School, was more successful in a musical than in a pecuniary point of view. A number of amateurs and a few professional singers gave their assistance. Among them was a daughter of Mr. Thomas Harper, the eminent trumpet player, who made her first appearance. She has a good voice, and sings extremely well. The Brighton Glee and Madrigal Union sang part-songs. Mr. Bond played pianoforte solos, including his own fantasia on "God Save the Queen;" Mr. Harper, the "Ave Maria" of Schubert; and "The Soldier tired," on the trumpet. Messrs. Potts & Co. kindly gave the use of a grand pianoforte, and superintended the general arrangements.

EDINBURGH.—The annual concert of the University Musical Society was held in the Music Hall on Friday week. There was, as on former occasions, a chorus of past and present students, numbering about sixty; and the orchestra, amounting to about fifty, consisted of amateurs, chiefly from the St. Cecilia Society, with an infusion of the professional element—and of wind instruments from the band of the 17th Lancers, the conductor being Mr. Adam Hamilton. There was a large attendance, and the hall looked its best, being decorated with evergreens and busts of distinguished musicians.

LEEDS.—The following is from a correspondent:—

'The Gye-Mapleson *troupe* put in an appearance here last Friday and Saturday, on their way from Edinburgh, and gave *Il Trovatore* on the first evening, and *Don Giovanni* the second evening. Notwithstanding the season of Lent, and the number of our upper thousand who object to support "amusements" during the forty days and forty nights, there was on each occasion a very large and brilliant assemblage. Enthusiasm prevailed each evening—especially with the *Trovatore*. Herr Wachtel was Manrico; Mdlle. Tietjens, Leonora; Mdme. Scalchi, Azucena. Signor Bevignani was the conductor. In *Don Giovanni* the Leporello was Herr Formes.—On Thursday, the 17th, Mr. Hallé, Herr Joachim, Sig. Piatti, and Miss Edith Wynne gave a concert at the Town Hall, which was moderately well attended. The King of Violinists carried all before him, his playing exciting the audience to enthusiasm. Mr. Hallé's concerts have not paid in Leeds this season, and the local papers state that Mr. Walker Joy's long purse has been drawn upon for the deficiency so much, that the concerts are to be abandoned. Still, it would appear that Mr. Archibald Ramsden, the musicseller, is willing to risk *his* money in trying Hallé and his band once more; and, from what I can gather, there will be other orchestral concerts given by local musical celebrities, who will contest the position with Messrs. Hallé and Ramsden. Messrs. Spark and Burton are giving some Lent oratorios at the Town Hall on Saturday evening. The *Creation* led the way, and, on the whole, was exceedingly well given. I hear that *Elijah* is the next on the list. With the choruses sung by the Madrigal and Motet Society, and some good principals, there is every reason to hope that this sublime work will be performed in a manner worthy of the music, and of the town in which it is to be produced.—G. T."

BIRMINGHAM.—The *Midland Counties Herald* contains the following notice of a recent concert:—

"The last of those pleasant musical meetings got up by Mr. Anderton under the title of the 'Birmingham Subscription Orchestral Concerts,' was given at the new Masonic Hall, on the afternoon of Saturday last, and, notwithstanding the non-appearance of Miss Edith Wynne, went off very satisfactorily. Mr. Anderton, on the receipt of the telegram communicating the impossibility of Miss Wynne's appearance, immediately took steps to remedy the mishap, and succeeded in securing the services of Mr. Horace Insull, a young musician of rising talent, who has recently returned from foreign study. The performances commenced with Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*. In place of Schubert's song, 'The mighty trees bend,' Mr. Insull sang Mozart's 'In diesen heiligen Hallen" from *Zauberflöte*, and gave it in a manner that indicated much promise. This gentleman afterwards gave 'The Mill Wheel,' and also a German air, new to us, concluding with Gounod's 'Nazareth.' Mr. Insull appears likely to become a welcome addition to our local vocalists. Mr. U. J. Duchemin played a concerto by Beethoven so finely as to make us regret that he does not appear more often. Haydn's symphony, jocosely termed 'The departure,' from the way in which the members of the orchestra leave their places by degrees as the last movement is being closed, caused more merriment than perhaps was intended by the composer. Nicolai's overture, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, opened the second part. The piece on the whole was well played. Mr. F. Ward, jun., a young native violinist of much promise, then gave a *Notturno*, with orchestral accompaniments, by Wallace, with more genuine execution than obtrusiveness of manner. We are glad to observe—thanks to Herr Joachim and Madame Neruda—that the ultra-demonstrative style of playing is on the wane; and that difficulties are no longer considered as of necessity to be wriggled out and produced under contortion. Mr. Ward was, as he deserved to be, well received. The performance was concluded by a selection from *Mosé in Egitto*, arranged by Mr. Humphreys, with that tact for giving solos for the best points of his best players which appears to be his peculiar forte; and advantage was well taken of the circumstance by Messrs. Gilmer, Bell, Roxbee, and others. Mr. Anderton conducted with his usual skill."

EARL DUDLEY'S OFFER.

To the Editor of "Berrow's Worcester Journal."

DEAR SIR,—Although I agree with you and the press generally as to the importance and decisive character of the public meeting held at the Guildhall, on Saturday, the 5th inst., and rejoice that the county and city representatives there assembled expressed themselves so emphatically in favour of continuing the Festivals as heretofore, yet I cannot help thinking that it did not go far enough; inasmuch as it offered the Dean and Chapter no assistance touching the money difficulty, nor any suggestion as to how these glorious meetings could be positively secured to us for the future.

It is said that the noble Earl who has offered the £10,000 will, if Worcester reject it, make the same offer to Gloucester and Hereford. Now, as it appears to me that it would be equally fatal to our Festivals should the Dean and Chapter of either of the Cathedrals accept the gift, I would respectfully suggest that a conference of the several Deans and Chapters take place, and that they give a guarantee to each other to refuse the amount offered; and should Gloucester or Hereford fail to give this guarantee, I should certainly accept the £10,000 on behalf of Worcester. Some may object to this as savouring somewhat of coercion. This, however, I cannot admit, looking to the fact that the interests of the three counties are identical in this matter, and that the money is offered by a nobleman of our own county. Let us consider for a moment how pitiable will be our position supposing we refuse the noble gift of £10,000 to save our Festival meetings, and then Hereford or Gloucester accept the money, and be the means of breaking up that which we were anxious to consolidate, and enrich themselves with the amount which we might have had, without bringing about a more fatal result!

Had the Town Council listened to Mr. Alderman Webb's remarks at their last meeting, I should then have offered this suggestion. I could not, however, venture to do so after their peremptory decision upon the subject. Will you, therefore, kindly allow me to satisfy my conscience by using your columns, as I should be exceedingly sorry to lose both the music and the money.

Sincerely hoping that these grand old Festivals will be continued to us in all their power and beauty, I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, CITIZEN.

Worcester, March 17th.

["Citizen" should have signed himself "Pettifogger."—ED. *M. W.*]

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.

We read in an American paper, *The Press*, of February 28th, the following account of this popular vocalist:—

"The Parepa-Rosa Opera Company will appear in this city, at the Academy of Music, March 8 and 9. *Martha* and Von Weber's *Oberon*, will be given. *Oberon* is an opera we believe totally unknown, except through the pianoforte score, to the American public. It will be produced in Philadelphia for the first time in America. It is one of Weber's three great operas, the others being *Euryanthe* and the universally popular *Der Freischütz*. Mr. Rosa, now one of the best of orchestra directors, is to wield the *bâton*. We shall look forward with most agreeable anticipation to the production of *Oberon*, which really promises to make an epoch in our artistic history. While prudently conciliating all tastes, the Rosas have, from the very commencement of their managerial career, exhibited a most laudable desire to do honour to the highest order of musical art. Thus, besides such ephemeral productions as *Martha*, the *Bohemian Girl*, &c., they have already given two monumental works—one in the classic, and the other in the romantic school, namely, Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and Weber's *Der Freischütz*, each a masterpiece in its way, the former being, moreover, a quasi novelty to the American public. The splendid success which has attended the performances of these undying efforts of genius all over the States has doubtless encouraged the Rosas to proceed still further in the right direction."

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MORNING PERFORMANCE,

THIS DAY (SATURDAY), MARCH 26TH, 1870,

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 76, No. 3 (Variations on "God preserve the Emperor"), for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Haydn.*
SONG, "Die abgeblühte Linde"—Madame ROLT .. .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA PASTORALE, in D major, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. .. *Beethoven.*
PRELUDE, LOURE, MINUETS, and GAVOTTE, in E major, for Violin alone—Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Bach.*
SONG, "On wings my fancy ranges"—Madame ROLT .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
TRIO, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI .. .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

THE TWENTY-NINTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 28TH, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 47, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Schumann.*
SONG—Miss ANNIE SINCLAIR .. .. *Schubert.*
VARIATIONS, in C minor, Op. 36, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SERENADE TRIO, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (by desire)—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG—Miss ANNIE SINCLAIR .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
DOUBLE QUARTET, in E minor, for four Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, POLLITZER, WIENER, STRAUS, ZERBINI, PAQUE, and PIATTI.. .. .. *Spohr.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

EXTRA CONCERTS

WILL BE GIVEN ON

Saturday Mornings, April 2nd, 9th; Monday Evenings, April, 4th, 11th.
On Monday, April 4th, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will take her Annual Benefit at these Concerts.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

IN consequence of its brilliant reception when performed by Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, at the Monday Popular Concert, of January 14th, Professor W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S CHAMBER TRIO, in A, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, will be repeated on Monday, April 4th, on the occasion of Madame Goddard's Benefit.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Canon" asks what hymn book is used at Her Majesty's private chapel, and Whippingham Church. Perhaps some of our readers can answer the question.

DEATH.

On 20th inst., after much suffering, THEODORE MAINE GIUBILEI, Esq.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870.

MOSCHELES.*

ANOTHER of the great musical celebrities whom Leipsic proudly called her own has passed from among us, and the loss will be deeply felt, not only here but everywhere else. On the morning of the 10th March, the sad news ran through the town with the speed of lightning, that, at a quarter past 2 A.M., Professor Ignatius Moscheles had gently and quietly expired.

Though he was very old—having nearly completed his 76th year—and had been ailing the entire winter, the noble-minded master seemed to have happily got over the last serious attack. A few days previous to his decease, he was seen in the concert-room and in the theatre, where the production of new works always greatly interested him, for the warmest sympathy with all artists and all matters connected with art, was one of the many amiable and rare qualities which distinguished him, even at his advanced age. But a sudden relapse again flung him on a bed of sickness, and, a few days later, a pulmonary attack put an end to his existence.—Let us cast a hasty retrospective glance on the career, so fertile in beneficial results, a career which the honoured master pursued with undiminished intellectual power to the very last—a career of fame, prosperity, and peace.

Ignatius Moscheles was born on the 30th March, 1794, at Prague, where his father was an Israelitish tradesman. His musical talent manifested itself at so early an age, that his father, a careful man, soon made him take lessons, first from Zahbradka, a Bohemian, and then from Hozelsky. When the boy was ten, he was fit for the Prague Conservatory, of which the celebrated director, Dionys Weber, instructed him from 1804 to 1808, with such good results that the young phenomenon was able to appear in public by 1806, exciting universal astonishment, both by his virtuoso-like, fiery pianoforte-playing, and his successful essays in composition. It was determined that he should be sent to Vienna (1808), in order that he might there complete his musical education.

As a boy of fourteen, Moscheles enjoyed the advantage of instruction, at Vienna, first from Albrechtsberger and afterwards from Salieri. The result was most astounding. The very next year (1809) he played at a concert in Vienna with great success. Salieri took a warm interest in him, and afterwards appointed him his deputy for three years at the Kärnthnerthor-Theater, thus exempting him at the same time from the military conscription. The young virtuoso's talent developed itself so quickly and brilliantly that he soon became one of the favourites of the Vienna public, and the centre of all matters connected with concerts, though Hummel (who left Vienna in 1816) was then shining as a star of the first magnitude, and young Meyerbeer exciting great sensation as a pianist. But it was this very rivalry which impelled Moscheles to keep raising himself higher and higher. At the age of two-and-twenty he was the most popular pianoforte teacher and virtuoso, besides displaying indefatigable industry as a composer; his extemporaneous performances on the piano were celebrated even then. "The public," Hanslick tells us, in Moscheles's own words, "rushed forward, with open arms, to receive and welcome the virtuoso; for *bravura* pieces at that period were something new." During the Congress of Vienna (1815), Moscheles played, for the first time, his most brilliant effort as a virtuoso, namely, his "Variations, with Orchestra, on Alexander's March," a piece that afterwards became so celebrated. In 1817 he gave concerts with the very popular guitarist, Giuliani, and, in 1818, with Mayseder, both these artists having previously played with Hummel. Moscheles earned no less applause and honour than his celebrated predecessor.

As far back as 1816 Moscheles made his first professional tour through Germany, everywhere exciting admiration by his eminent virtuosity, as well as by the elegance and dash of his style. During another tour, undertaken in 1820, he visited Holland, France, and

* From the Leipsic *Signale*.

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England, meeting with so brilliant a reception that, in 1821, he settled in London. It is from the time of his sojourn in England that his European celebrity commenced. It was in England, too, that he entered upon the full maturity of his productive powers, powers which soon obtained for him a name as celebrated in the character of a composer for the piano as in that of a performer on it. He did not return to Germany before 1823. He visited his birthplace, as well as Munich, Dresden, Leipsic, Berlin, Hamburgh, etc., and in Vienna achieved even greater triumphs than ever. He came forth the decided conqueror from a contest with Kalkbrenner. The public acknowledged, unhesitatingly, that there was a profounder purport in Moscheles's compositions, and something more imposing in his style; with all his smoothness and *bravura*, Kalkbrenner was superficial. Moscheles's extemporaneous performances, too, performances in which he displayed such unusual brilliancy, far surpassed those of Kalkbrenner. Moscheles and Hummel were, at that period, acknowledged unconditionally as the most effective composers for the piano, and the most sterling virtuosoes since the time of Mozart and Beethoven; with them there began a new period of pianoforte playing.

After his return to London (1824), Moscheles received all the honours which the English love to bestow upon their favourites. He was appointed Professor at the Royal Academy of Music (1825), and a Director of the Philharmonic Concerts; he was the most fashionable master among the aristocracy, and the most popular pianist, while his co-operation was as eagerly sought for the concerts of others, as his own were invariably numerously attended. For the cultivation and propagation of classical music, as well as for the elevation of musical taste generally, Moscheles did a great deal in England, for he did not confine his efforts to London alone, but visited the provincial towns, as well as Scotland and Ireland.

It was at this period that young Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, during his tour through England, studied under Moscheles, who soon became his most intimate friend. Mendelssohn's letters mention this in a most charming manner. The fact of Mendelssohn's removing to Leipsic was the primary cause of Moscheles coming here on a visit, and, among other things, giving a concert with Mendelssohn, when the two masters played Moscheles's "Hommage à Handel," together, an event of which Schumann wrote so enthusiastic an account.

This bond of friendship between the two artists assumed great and lasting significance when Mendelssohn, after the establishment of the Leipsic Conservatory, prevailed on Moscheles to migrate to Leipsic, and accept the post of first professor of the piano. This was in 1846, and must have been of all the greater importance for the prosperity and reputation of the newly founded institution, from the fact that Mendelssohn was unfortunately taken from us the very next year. Moscheles's celebrated name attracted a large number of pupils from far and near, especially from England and America. The noble-minded master was indefatigable in precept and example; in the encouragement of young students of talent; and in the never varying kindliness with which he gave his opinion on their productions; he was a model of punctuality and unflagging zeal in the discharge of his professional duties, while his mental freshness and bodily vigour were so rare that he continued to figure successfully as a virtuoso and composer up to a very advanced period of his life. While, on the one hand, he knew how to maintain, with undiminished strength, the classical traditions of the grand period to which his youth belonged, he advanced, on the other, in a most extraordinary manner, with his own times, taking an interest in everything new and important, and being always kind and just in his opinion of others.

It was not alone as a pianist and a teacher, but as a composer likewise, that Moscheles rendered lasting service to art. As virtuosity with him, was not the final object, but simply the artistic means, his compositions bear the sterling stamp of classical form and artistic earnestness, and, even in the higher solo style, always exhibit delicate and interesting touches. His *Etudes* are justly considered classical models of indisputable value. Of his eight "Concertos for the Piano and Orchestra," that in G minor is the most celebrated. From the long list of his other works (the Opus No. of those published goes up to 142), we would especially select the "Sonate mélancolique;" the Trio, Op. 84; the Sextet, Op. 35; the Septet, Op. 88; the "Hommage à Handel," for two Pianos; the "Sonata for four Hands," Op. 47; and the "Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello," Op. 121. Moscheles wrote for the orchestra several symphonies and two overtures, (those to *The Jungfrau von Orleans*, and to the ballet, *Die Porträts*). As an author, too, he proved his cleverness; he wrote, among other things, an English biography of Beethoven, in which he alluded to his own connection with that master, who entertained a high personal regard for him as the interpreter of his works. Moscheles added, moreover, a collection of original letters.

It is said that Moscheles has written an autobiography, which will most certainly be published. The deceased master was in the laudable habit of keeping a very exact diary, and this will doubtless furnish a rich store of materials for the special history of music.—His name will live honourably in the history of art; his portrait will never be effaced from the memory of any one who knew him. P. R.

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MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has made arrangements for a tour in Germany, to begin next August and to last till May, 1871—so that, after the present season, she may not be heard in England for a very long time. The season following she contemplates a similar tour in France. Happily, we shall have no lack of pianists while Herr Hallé, Herr Pauer, Frau Schumann, Herr Coenen, Herr Kuhe, Fraulein Zimmermann, and other distinguished German artists, are within call. We are encouraged by what we hear to believe that Madame Goddard, who, as Miss Arabella Goddard, years since, was so cordially welcomed, all over Germany, will meet with a reception no less hearty than before. All the great societies of the Continent are eager to avail themselves of her services. England will lose a pianist; Germany and France will gain one.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

In another part of this impression will be found some specimens of the cloud of stories which always herald Madame Patti's return from St. Petersburgh to Western Europe. In one she is made to receive presents of fabulous value; in another to find a wonderful echo of herself in the shape of a little girl, who, of course, is sent to the Conservatoire (the inventor should be careful; this tale was told long ago of Madame Alboni); and, in another, to narrowly escape death in the railway train. We suppose that flying kites of this sort serve the flier's purpose; but the kites themselves deceive nobody blessed with perceptive powers. As regards the St. Petersburgh presents, our wonder is that Madame Patti ever tears herself away from the northern Golconda, in order to sojourn in our own sterile regions, where there are no diamonds and pearls given away, where the orchestra cannot afford to subscribe golden crowns, and where three "*rappels*" are all that the most demonstrative audience can find the heart, or the hands, or the lungs, to bestow.

We have received from America a mad paper called *The Train Extra*, evidently edited in a lunatic asylum, and certainly full of George Francis Train. G. F. T. (who failed to make tramways in London, but succeeded in penetrating an Irish jail), is now raving all over the States against England, crying "Havoc" and "Let slip the dogs of war" (terms, a clear half the net proceeds—*vide* advertisement). Let him rave, but let him not trouble us with his diatribes. We have enough to do with Herr Wagner; and cannot afford to meddle with George Francis Train.

Vance the Great, gave a concert in St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, assisted by the *élite* of his peculiar profession, and by several grooms who sold programmes. The place was crammed to suffocation by all sorts of people, from dignified folk, who

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never smiled, to folk undignified who joined in the choruses. What went they out to see and hear? Buffoonery of the lowest order; singing (Heaven save the mark!) than which as good might be heard in the street any day; comic men without an atom of humour; and women who made an exhibition of themselves which we forbear to characterize. The whole affair was inexpressibly saddening; to those who believe in an improved public taste, inexpressibly disappointing.

YOUNG Germany had an innings on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of Herr Coenen. Seldom does Young Germany get such a chance in uncongenial old England. True, it flourishes a little under the glass roof at Sydenham, but the process there is a forcing one, like that which goes on under glass roofs generally. On Tuesday, Young Germany had a fair field and no favour. With what results? Weariness in the first place; further than which we need not go. Herr Raff's trio in G wearied; Herr Max Bruch's quartet wearied; and Herr Grädner's quintet wearied. There may have been degrees of badness, but all were bad—a very Sahara of musical sterility, "a dry and thirsty land, wherein was no water." And this is Young Germany! From it may Heaven protect us.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Alberto Randegger we are enabled to quote as follows from a letter written by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, *àpropos* of the approaching Beethoven *fête* at Bonn:—

"Maintenant je vous dirai encore que la notice sur Wagner, quant au Beethoven Festival, est complétement fausse. J'ai été élu unanimement pour le diriger, et j'ai accepté, quoique cela me force de revenir de suite apres Birmingham. La fête aura lieu (avec les répétitions), depuis le 9 jusqu'au 14 Septembre."

This settles, authoratively, certain doubtful questions.

WE respectfully salute the Dean and Chapter of Hereford. Earl Dudley has made known to the world that, should the Dean and Chapter of Worcester decline his £10,000 (with the conditions attached), he will make a like offer to the dignitaries of Gloucester and Hereford. The pious Earl need not trouble Hereford, if we may judge by the fact that, not content with permitting the Festival of 1870 to be held in their Cathedral, the Dean and Chapter have permitted the use of the building for a sacred evening concert on the opening day. Once more we respectfully salute the Dean and Chapter.

HERR R. WAGNER will not, after all, direct the Beethoven Festival, at Bonn; so, once more, have Virgil's celebrated lines, beginning, "Fama, malum quo, non aliud velocius ullum," been triumphantly verified. The report, so industriously circulated, that the Committee had selected the chief Prophet of the Future to preside over the festival about to be got up in honour of the great composer of *Fidelio*, turns out to be nothing more than a delusion, a mockery, and a snare. The Committee have unanimously selected Herr Ferdinand Hiller to the important post. Dr. Hiller will be assisted by the Town-Musical-Director, Herr von Wasilewski.

MOSCHELES's funeral took place at Leipsic on the 13th inst., and was attended by an extraordinary number of his friends, admirers, and pupils. It was preceded by a service in the house of mourning. The Revs. Herren Ahlfeld and Valentiner delivered impressive discourses in memory of the Deceased, while the students of the Conservatory, under the direction of Herr Reinecke, sang two choruses by Mendelssohn, and a *Requiem* by Herr Levi, conductor at Carlsruhe. On the previous evening, the University Vocal Association of the Pauliner had sung choruses by Mendelssohn and Gallus, round the coffin, which was magnificently decorated with laurels and palms. At the funeral, the Town Council, the Committee of the Gewandhaus, several local Associations, etc., were represented by delegates. All the Professors and Students of the Conservatory, headed by their director, Herr Schleinitz, attended the ceremony. The procession was opened by the pupils of the Deceased carrying two silver laurel-wreaths, presented by the Conservatory and Müller's School of Music, palm-branches, and garlands of flowers. At the grave, the Thomaner Choir sang something appropriate, and the Rev. Herr Ahlfeld pronounced the benediction over the coffin. A separate musical funereal ceremony was shortly to be performed at the Conservatory.

MENDELSSOHN AND STERNDALE BENNETT.

(*From the "Sunday Times," March* 20.)

Mendelssohn's Posthumous Studies were given for the second time at the Monday Popular Concert of the 14th inst., and for the second time their great difficulty was partially hidden by the ease with which Madame Goddard played them. Which she played best would be hard to say, all being given so well. As to which pleased most there can be no doubt. The *moto continuo* of No. 2 (in F) makes it a work of genuine attraction, and it was executed with a brilliancy and precision entirely remarkable. No such playing has been heard in St. James's Hall of late, and the audience, one not disposed to wax enthusiastic about English artists on slight provocation, recalled Madame Goddard that she might play again. Dr. Bennett's trio was heard for the third time at these concerts, but never before, it may safely be said, was the beauty of the work made so clear. The performance by Madame Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, was unique, each artist seeming to feel that association with the other two demanded a special effort. Hence the result. We should like to discuss the music as it deserves, but neither time nor space allows. This must be said, however, that the serenade wherein *pizzicato* strings accompany a beautiful theme for piano, belongs to the highest order of creative art, and alone would demand for the trio the admiration of every connoisseur.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE last Monthly Popular Concert of the season took place at the Angell Town Institution, Brixton, on Thursday, the 12th inst. The quintet in A major, of Mozart, for clarionet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Messrs. Lazarus, Henry Blagrove, F. Ralph, Richard Blagrove, and W. H. Aylward, was well done, and the clarionet *obbligato* by Mr. Lazarus encored. The sonata of Woelfl, *Ne Plus Ultra*, in F major, for pianoforte, and two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* were thoroughly well performed by Mr. R. Prentice. The quintet in E flat, of Schumann, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Messrs. Ridley Prentice, Henry Blagrove, F. Ralph, Richard Blagrove, and W. H. Aylward, brought the concert to a satisfactory conclusion. The vocalists were Miss Poole and Miss Alice Ryall. The crowded audience frequently expressed approval of the excellence of the programme, which reflected credit on the director, Mr. R. Prentice.—On the evening previous the Brixton Amateurs gave their fifth concert, the feature of the programme being Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony.—W. H. P.

MR. GREENHILL's concert at the Beethoven Rooms attracted a fair audience. Mr. Greenhill, with a nice voice and good method, sang two solos, and took part in various concerted pieces (one of them, "Oh! whisper but the gentle word," composed by himself). Mr. Greenhill was well supported (especially in Mozart's "Sento O Dio") by Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Fanny Chutfield, Mr. Bushelle, and Mr. Miles Bennett. Miss Robertine Henderson sang Randegger's "Only for one," and was called upon to repeat it. Miss Maria Severn and Mdme. Emmeline Cole—the former in "Cangio d'aspetto," and the latter in "Non so piu cosa," were also applauded. The concert gave altogether general satisfaction. Signori Randegger and Fiori were the conductors.

THE Barnsbury Choral Association gave a concert at Barnsbury Hall (Islington), on the 18th inst. The members of the association must have felt highly flattered by the attendance of so large a number of their friends, who filled the room, and rewarded the performers with fervent applause, and "encores" innumerable. The programme is too long to mention in detail, but the names of those who took part in it were—Miss Lizzie Horsey, Miss M'Quire, Miss M'Danell, Miss Rosa Ila Shackell, Miss Lundie, Messrs. Deuvall, Raven, M'Danell, Sharpe, Adams, and Master Brown, vocalists; Miss Giles, Miss Geraud, and Miss Saunders, pianists; and Mr. Edward Jeffs, flute. There are a few songs that deserve to be particularly named as being given with more than "amateur" ability; these were Blumenthal's "The Message" (Mr. Deuvall), Molloy's "Clochette" (Miss M'Quire), Signor Mattei's "Non è ver" (Miss Shackell), and Balfe's "'Twas rank and fame" (Mr.

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M'Danell)—all redemanded and repeated. Among the pianoforte solos were Herr Ganz's "Qui Vive Galop," brilliantly played by Miss Giles, and Mr. Bache's "L'Irresistible" by Miss Saunders (encored). A flute solo, played by Mr. Edward Jeffs, was one of the "successes" of the evening. It was an effective arrangement by Mr. Forde of Mr. Rodwell's popular song, "Charming May," and was brilliantly executed by Mr. Jeffs, who possesses a charming tone combined with taste and expression. Mr. Jeffs was called upon to repeat the pieces by the unanimous desire of the audience. The part-singing of the choir was exceedingly good, especially in "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower." Mr. Raven was the conductor, and Mr. Sharpe the accompanist.

The second of Madame Berger-Lascelles' amateur performances took place on Saturday evening at her residence, and attracted a large concourse of friends and pupils. The first part of the programme was selected from the two *Messes Solennelles* of Gounod and Rossini, and *The Prodigal Son*, which were given with admirable effect, Madame Berger's voice telling with much effect in the "Agnus Dei" of Rossini. The second part was a secular selection from the works of Mendelssohn, Wallace, Rossini, Flotow, F. Berger, and Niedermeyer, all of which were given with much effect. Mr. Francesco Berger was the accompanist.

Mr. Aguilar's *Soirée d'invitation* took place, on Thursday last, at 17, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park. The following was the programme:—Solo piano, Caprice in D flat, Aguilar; Song, "Jewel song" (*Faust*), Gounod—Miss Annie Sinclair; Song, "Dieu, que ma voix" (*La Juive*), Halévy—Mr. Trelawny Cobham; Solo piano, Fantasia on two Russian Airs, Thalberg—Miss Mina Bourchier (pupil of Mr. Aguilar); Romanza, "Come placida rugiada," Aguilar—Signor Ciabatta; Duetto, "Da quel dì" (*Linda*), Donizetti—Miss Annie Sinclair and Mr. Trelawny Cobham; Solo violin, Romanza in F, Beethoven—Herr Deichman; Song, "O vago fior," Marras—Miss Goodall; Song, "Apprenticed," Aguilar—Mr. Trelawny Cobham; Solo piano, Esmeralda (*morceau caractéristique*), Aguilar—Mr. Aguilar; Songs, "The Flood," "The Post," Schubert—Miss Annie Sinclair; Duo, violin and piano (*Les Huguenots*), De Beriot and Thalberg—Herr Deichman and Mr. Aguilar; Song, "The Lady of the Lea," Henry Smart—Miss Goodall; Solo piano, Couleur de Rose (*galop brillant*), Aguilar—Mr. Aguilar. Miss Grace Aguilar presided at the pianoforte.

Mr. F. W. Bates (R.A.M.), formerly a pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes and the late Professor Moscheles, gave a concert at the Assembly Rooms, Woodford, on Thursday, February 17th. We append the programme, and congratulate Mr. Bates on the success he obtained for his several performances:—Quartet, Beethoven—Messrs. F. W. Bates, Blagrove, R. Blagrove, and Alyward; Cavatina, "Qui la voce" (*I Puritani*)—Mdlle. Florence Lancia; Andante and Allegro Vivace, violin, Mendelssohn—Mr. Blagrove; Scena, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Hatton—Mr. Harley Vinning; Song, "Birds were telling one another," H. Smart—Miss Julie Sydney; Duet, "Think a Sailor is faithful" (*Geraldine*), Balfe—Mdlle. F. Lancia and Mr. Harley Vinning; Variations on "God save the Emperor," Haydn—Messrs. Blagrove, Gibson, R. Blagrove, and Alyward; Song, "The Vagabond," Molloy—Mr. Harley Vinning; Song, "Good-night, sweet Mother," Diodonato—Mdlle. Florence Lancia; Concerto, C minor, pianoforte (quintet accompaniments), Beethoven—Mr. F. W. Bates; Duet, "The Cousins," S. Glover—Mdlle. F. Lancia and Miss Julie Sydney; Ballad, "Cherry ripe," Horn—Mdlle. Florence Lancia; Minuet and trio, Sestet, Mozart.

An Irish concert on St. Patrick's day may be accounted a success before the event for reasons it is not necessary to state. It will, therefore, be taken for granted that St. James's Hall was crowded on Thursday evening, when Miss Berry-Greening offered the public a long succession of familiar and favourite Irish ballads. Equally, as a matter of course, the audience was demonstrative, and applause the order of the evening. The principal artists, in addition to the concert-giver (a special favourite), were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Angèle, the Sisters Doria, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Winn, Herr Carl Stepan, and Mr. Brinley Richards. No purpose would be served by entering at length into what was done. Enough if we mention that, judging by the applause, everything conferred pleasure. Mr. Richards played a new fantasia on Irish airs composed by himself, and won an encore there was no resisting. A Miss Amy Wheddle also played a pianoforte solo on Irish airs with great brilliancy and a deservedly similar result. Mr. Howard Reynolds gave a cornet solo, and the Concert Glee Union contributed several things from its repertory. Mr. J. L. Hatton was conductor.

A Musical Soirée was given on Wednesday evening at the Norfolk Road Musical Academy, Bayswater, under the direction of Mr. Lansdowne Cottell. The programme consisted of both popular and classical works, vocal and instrumental. Some admirable pieces selected from the compositions of Ascher, Beethoven, Benedict, Weber, &c., were played by the Mesdames J. Searle, Janinska, S. Evans, A. Price, L. Vignette, Mardoni, and C. M. Weber. Miss A. Dwight and Mdlle. Elise in "Giorno d'Orrore" displayed their fresh voices to great advantage; the latter, in "Why breathe that sigh," sang with much feeling; as did Miss E. Langley and Miss M. Christine in "The Nalades" and "Away from dear Erin"; both were loudly applauded. Mr. C. J. Bishenden gave "Dear to my soul thou art," and was encored. He sang it remarkably well. A Mr. J. H. Sutcliffe, who has lately being singing with Lister's operatic *troupe* at the Antipodes, gave a song from *Faust*, with excellent effect. The whole performance gave much satisfaction. Mr. L. Cottell and Mr. C. M. Weber were accompanists.

The last meeting for the season of the Round, Catch and Canon Club was held on Saturday evening, at Willis's Rooms under the able presidency of Mr. Serjeant Sargood. One hundred gentlemen sat down to an excellent banquet, and on the removal of the cloth 110 ladies occupied sofas at the end of the ball-room, to listen to the exquisite selections of glees, &c., provided for their entertainment. On the 5th inst. two prizes, of the value of 10*l.* and 5*l.* were competed for by the professional members, and were awarded to Mr. Winn and Mr. Coates. These compositions were sung again on Saturday, and gave much pleasure to the company. Most of our choicest part-music has been brought into existence through the encouragement of prizes given by the several musical societies, and in this instance five glees, all of great merit, have been produced. The professional members of the club are Mr. Francis, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Birnby, Mr. Coates, Mr. Land, Mr. Walker, Mr. Gear, Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Lawler. Between the first and second parts the ladies sat down to an elegant collation. The toast of "The Officers of the Club: Mr. Bradbury (treasurer), Mr. Baxter (librarian), and Mr. Francis (hon. sec.)," which was acknowledged by the last-named gentleman, concluded a most delightful treat.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard is engaged as solo pianist for the Birmingham Festival of this year.

Herr Stockhausen goes immediately to St. Petersburgh where he is engaged to sing at three historical concerts.

The Paris theatres and concert-rooms paid the poor-rate last month on 1,866,822 francs.

Mignon has just been successfully brought out at Trieste—first time in Italy. Signora Faccio was the heroine.

The Bordeaux theatre has been taken by M. Baugé, who has accepted the reduced subvention (100,000 francs), offered by the municipality.

Madame Patti halted at Liége, on her way from St. Petersburgh to Paris, and gave two representations.

The Baden opera opens on the 15th May, with performances by the *troupe* of M. Bagier. In July, the Palais-Royal Company will appear.

M. Rémusat, once first flute in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, has been concert-giving at Shanghai.

Mr. Barry Sullivan has been performing at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

Frou Frou has been produced at the Brghton Theatre. Mr. H. Wigan and Mdlle. Beatrice have appeared in it.

The munificent donation of 1,000*l.* has been given by "T. R. R." to the Royal Dramatic College.

The death is announced of Signor Vialetti, once a favourite bass at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Herr Rubinstein was presented with a laurel crown of silver on the occasion of the production of his *Tour de Babel*, at Königsberg.

Herr Wilhelmj, the admirable violinist, is now playing at various Philharmonic Societies in France.

Princess Beatrice visited the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, attended by Colonel Liddell. Bellini's opera, *La Sonnambula*, was played, on Thursday, with Miss Blanche Cole as Amina.

The Marseilles Grand Theatre has found a director willing to accept the reduced subvention of 100,000 francs, on condition that he be allowed to fix his own prices of admission.

A writer in *Le Moniteur des Pianistes* describes Schumann as "the idol of the long-haired; the ideal of sensitive young girls, and the god of unintelligible dreamers."

The Beethoven fêtes, which are to take place at Bonn in August, will be under the direction of Herr F. Hiller and M. Wasilewsky; not of Herr Wagner, as some have stated.

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M. Félix Clément has been promoted by the Pope, from the rank of Chevalier to that of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

Le Ménestrel says that Mr. Strange, of the Alhambra, has taken the Paris Folies-Bergères, with a view to reproducing the characteristics of his London establishment in the French capital.

At a late fashionable wedding, the bridal party being a little dilatory, the organist played "Eager to meet thee, love;" and again, the party not coming, he sounded forth "Robin's not here."

We learn that both Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* and the work composed by Herr Hiller for the Birmingham Festival are to be published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

M. Strakosch's recently established musical journal, *Le Télégraphe*, has ceased to appear, pending arrangements for its issue as a daily paper. The experiment is a bold one, to say the least.

Mdlle. Sarolta, whom not a few of our readers will remember, has abandoned the Italian stage, and, now, plays Mephisto in Hervé's *Petit Faust*, at Cairo. Thus Italian opera loses, and *opera bouffe* gains, Mdlle. Sarolta.

Mr. Max Maretzek, having closed his not very successful season of Italian Opera in New York, is coming to Europe as the agent of Mr. James Fisk, jun.

The latest attempt at establishing French opera in New York has failed, and we are told by the *Orpheonist* that its "last expiring kicks and squirms" have afforded great amusement.

It appears that Herr Wagner will *not* lecture at Berlin on "Music and the Drama." The Prophet wrote to the Royal Academy about the matter, and was frigidly told that he would not be opposed. So the Prophet will not have to shake the dust of Berlin from off his feet.

M. Thomas has made some changes in his *Mignon* for the Italian stage of Drury Lane. For example, the *gavotte* hitherto used as an *entr'acte* will be sung by Madame Trebelli in the second act. *Le Ménestrel* promises us a "galante surprise." We shall see.

The Stockholm Royal Academy of Music has just elected Mdlle. Sarah Heinze an honorary member. This distinction is shared by only two other ladies—Mdme. Lind-Goldschmidt and Mdme. Norman-Neruda. Has, then, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson refused it?

Robert le Diable has been produced at the Grand Opéra, and Donizetti's *Regina di Golconda* at the Italiens. Mdlle. Sessi's costume in the latter, designed by Gustave Doré and made by Worth, is said to have cost 5,000 francs.

Le Ménestrel pronounces the story of some recently discovered Proverbs by Haydn to be a pure invention. The pieces are by André, *maître de chapelle* to the Grand Duke of Hesse. *Le Ménestrel*, be it observed, was the first to publish the "invention."

The mania for new theatres in Paris and in London seems to be about the same. A new theatre, it is said, is about to be erected in Paris on the Boulevard Montmartre, on the site formerly occupied by the Café de Mulhouse.

Mr. Shakespeare, R.A.M. (pupil of Mr. F. B. Jewson), is appointed organist to St. Marylebone Church. There were twenty-nine candidates, from whom the Vestry selected six. Two retired, leaving four (Messrs. Saunders, Forbes, Wingham, R.A.M., and Shakespeare) to compete. The Vestry selected the last-named gentleman.

According to *La France Musicale*, Herr Wachtel has much offended his Berlin admirers. Having obtained leave to fulfil an engagement with Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, he is reported to have left before his time, in order to sing at Magdeburg. Even if this story be true, which we doubt, the Berlinese ought to know that a tenor, not less than a *prima donna*, has the liberty of freak.

Herr Wagner's *Meistersinger* was received at Vienna with a tempest of mingled hisses and applause; such a tempest as has not been, we are assured, within living memory. The composer's friends attribute the Jews; just as they set down the *sifflets* which greeted *Tannhäuser* in Paris, to the Jockey Club. It appears there are always some people who object to Future-music.

Cox and Box will be withdrawn at the Gallery of Illustration to-day after having been performed nearly 300 times. The novelty which will take its place on Monday is an adaptation from Offenbach, by F. C. Burnand, with the quaint title of *Beggar my Neighbour; a Blindman's Bouffe*, and in which Mr. German Reed and Mr. Arthur Cecil will appear.

Mr. John S. Clarke, the American comedian, sailed for New York on Saturday. He leaves behind him an excellent name. The parts in which he has appeared are few in number, but they enabled him to display a grotesque humour peculiarly his own; and, perhaps, no other actor for the last twelve months has caused so continuous a flow of mirth. Mr. John S. Clarke in *The Toodles*, like Mr. Sothern in the *American Cousin*, was one of the sights to be seen.

In answer to a correspondent who threw some doubts upon the authenticity of Mozart's forthcoming opera, *L'Oca del Cairo*, the subjoined letter was addressed to (and published in) the *Daily Telegraph* of Thursday, by Mr. Jarrett, acting manager to Mr. George Wood, at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane:—

"Sir,—If 'C. W. C.' refers to Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel's *Chronologisch-thematisches Verzeichniss sammtlicher Tonwerke W. A. Mozart's* (pages 340, 341), and to the late Otto Jahn's famous biography of Mozart (vol. iv.), he will find all he requires to know about *L'Oca del Cairo*. True, the opera was abandoned by the composer, and left unfinished. What was wanting, however—viz., an overture and several pieces—was found to hand in another unfinished opera, *Lo Sposo Deluso*, and from this source the French adapter derived the materials to complete the work. Not a single piece is included in *L'Oca del Cairo*, about to be produced at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, which is not the genuine composition of Mozart. Both *L'Oca* and *Lo Sposo* were composed in 1783, at Salzburg.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. Jarrett.

"*March* 22.

"P.S.—As 'C. W. C.' feels so interested about the *Seraglio*, he might have heard it in German about fifteen years ago (with Herr Formes as Osmin) at Drury Lane Theatre, or in Italian, very recently, at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Mdlle. Tietjens, Herr Rokitansky, &c., in the chief characters."

The Surrey Theatre will witness the production on Easter-Monday, of a drama of a rather startling character. It is written by Mr. Charles H. Ross, editor of *Judy*, and is to astonish the South Londoners by the novelty of its construction, its effective dialogue, and dramatic *mise-en-scène*. The whole will be produced under the immediate supervision of the author.

The usual fabulous stories are told with respect to Madame Patti's benefit at St. Petersburgh. One declares her reception of an enormous pearl surrounded by thirty-one diamonds, the whole worth 70,000 francs. And another demands our belief in a laurel crown of massive gold, presented by the members of the orchestra. What lucky folk must be the members of an orchestra which can afford to give away crowns of masive gold!

Mdlle. Schneider commenced an engagement of twelve nights' duration on Monday night at Dublin, playing the part of the Grand Duchess to a crowded house. Her highness met with an enthusiastic reception and success, Cardinal Cullen's pastoral notwithstanding. A large congregation of students waiting at the stage door were very demonstrative in their approval as Mdlle. Schneider left the theatre.

An entertainment was given by Mr. Thomas at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, on Friday week. The programme included *Perfection; or, The Lady of Munster*, in which Miss Blanche Owen, Mr. R. Pringle, and Mr. St. John Ingram, were commendable; *Done on Both Sides*, the principal characters being sustained by Mrs. Thomas, Miss Clare, Mr. Thomas, and Messrs. Pringle and Ingram. A miscellaneous concert was also given, Miss Owen, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Denvall, Mr. Bristo, Mr. Catchpole, and Mr. Cross, rendering a number of popular songs with taste. Mr. Thomas's "Watkin's Evening Party" was encored. Miss Lucy Thomas presided at the pianoforte.

At one of the latest representations of *Faust*, it is stated by a French journal that at the moment when Madame Patti finished one of her most brilliant *morceaux*, the famous singer heard an echo of wondrous accuracy issuing from the side scenes. Struck with the prefection of the imitation, Madame Patti was anxious to discover who was the singer, when, to her great astonishment, she found herself in the presence of a young girl nine years old, who now fixed longing eyes upon her model. The Marquise de Caux proposed to the parents to have the child instructed, but they refused to part with her, and then Madame Patti obtained her admission to the *Conservatoire de Musique*, at the cost of the State. *Le Nord* says that the little Marie Adler—for such is the name of Madame Patti's echo—will shortly give the people of St. Petersburgh an opportunity of hearing her voice at a concert.

Upon her return journey from St. Petersburgh, Madame Adelina Patti was in great danger of a tragical end. At the Prussian frontier the Marquis de Caux engaged a special saloon carriage, fitted with sleeping compartments, for the use of his party. The Marchioness had retired to rest, when in the middle of the night she was awoke by a sense of suffocation, and upon looking into the saloon of the carriage she found it filled with dense smoke. The stove which warmed the carriage had become overheated and set fire to the flooring. The whole of the party were at once awoke and applied their efforts to extinguish the fire, which had already extended to a sofa in the saloon. Their situation was most alarming, their means of checking the fire being but scanty; the train was an express, and there was no means of communicating with the guard or the engine driver. Happily, within a few minutes of the discovery, the train slackened speed on entering the station of Bromberg, when the danger was made known, and assistance was made to extinguish the fire.

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On Tuesday evening week Mr. C. Dickens brought his readings at St. James's Hall to a close. "The trial from Pickwick" and "The Christmas Carol" were admirably read before a crowded assembly, who cheered long and repeatedly. At the finish Mr. Dickens, with emotion, said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It would be worse than idle—for it would be hypocritical and unfeeling—if I were to disguise that I close this episode in my life with feelings of very considerable pain. For some fifteen years, in this hall and in many kindred places, I have had the honour of presenting my own cherished ideas before you for your recognition, and, in closely observing your reception of them, have enjoyed an amount of artistic delight and instruction which, perhaps, is given to few men to know. In this task, and in every other I have ever undertaken, as a faithful servant of the public, always imbued with a sense of duty to them, and always striving to do his best, I have been uniformly cheered by the readiest response, the most generous sympathy, and the most stimulating support. Nevertheless, I have thought it well, at the full, flood tide of your favour, to retire upon those older associations between us, which date from much further back than these, and henceforth to devote myself exclusively to the art that first brought us together. Ladies and gentlemen, in but two short weeks from this time I hope that you may enter, in your own houses, on a new 'Series of Readings,' at which my assistance will be indispensable; but from these garish lights I vanish now for evermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, and affectionate farewell."

Amidst repeated acclamations, whilst hats and handkerchiefs were waving in every part of the hall, the great novelist retired.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Schumann's E flat Symphony, Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor (Madame Augusta Ausplitz-Kolar); Overtures, "Prometheus" and "Midsummer Night's Dream.'

Admission 2s. 6d., or by Guinea Season Tickets. The April issue, now ready at all agents and entrances, admits this day and generally until March 31, 1871.

EXETER HALL.—THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—BACH'S Sacred Oratorio, "THE PASSION" (St. Matthew), on WEDNESDAY next at Eight. Mdme. Rudersdorff, Mdme. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Increased Band and Chorus. Conductor—Mr. BARNBY. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area and West Gallery (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Admission, 3s., 2s., 1s., at Novello's, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; the principal Musicsellers; and Austin's, St. James's Hall, where, also, Novello's octavo edition of "The Passion" may be had, price 3s.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY next, April 8th, HANDEL'S "SOLOMON." Subscription Concert. Principal vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Vinta, Mdme. Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas. Band and Chorus, on the usual complete scale of the Society's performances, will consist of 700 performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, now ready, at 6, Exeter Hall.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL. Conductor—Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc. The Public Rehearsal of the Second Concert will take place on MONDAY Afternoon, April 4th, at Half past Two o'clock, when will be performed Beethoven's Symphony in A, No. 7, Schubert's Overture, in the Italian style, and other grand orchestral works. Mdme. Norman-Neruda will play a Violin Solo, and Viotti's Violin Concerto, in A minor. Herr Reinecke, Conductor of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic, will play Mozart's Concerto in D minor. Tickets at popular prices, Stalls, 5s., other tickets, 3s., 2s., 1s.; to be had at the Hall, and Music Shops.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN'S EVENING CONCERT, THURSDAY, April 7th, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. Artists—Mdme. Schumann, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Henry Holmes, and Signor Piatti. Conductor—Mr. WALTER MACFARREN. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s. each, at Novello, Ewer, & Co.'s, Berners Street, W.; Hanover Square Rooms; and of Miss Zimmermann, 13, Dorchester Place, Blandford Square, N.W.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, THURSDAY next, April 7th, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—SACRED CONCERT.—Miss Edith Wynne, Mdme. Poole, and Mr. George Perren. Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" and "Hymn of Praise;" Mozart's "Ave Verum;" Schubert's 23rd Psalm; Wesley's "In exitu;" &c. Tickets, 6s., 3s., 2s., and 1s., at Austin's Office, 28, Piccadilly, and all Music Publishers.

MENDELSSOHN'S "JUDGE ME, O GOD." In consequence of the enthusiastic reception of this beautiful work at Mr. Leslie's Concert, on March 24th, and of numerous requests, it will be REPEATED at the SACRED CONCERT of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, on Thursday Evening, April 7th.

MR. ALFRED GILBERT and MADAME GILBERT'S Third Classical Chamber Concert, May 11th, at 9, Conduit Street, W. Tickets, Five Shillings; Family Tickets, Five for One Guinea; of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, The Woodlands, Maiden Vale.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY of MUSICIANS of GREAT BRITAIN (Instituted 1738, Incorporated 1789), for the support of Aged and Indigent Musicians, their Widows and Orphans, 12, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, W.

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The ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will take place on SATURDAY, April 9th, at the FREEMASONS' HALL.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY—

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN, K.G., OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Tickets, One Guinea each, to be had of the Committee, at the Freemasons' Hall, and of the Secretary, 63, New Bond Street, W.

"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN."—New Oratorio.—FIRST PERFORMANCE.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, May 10th. Under the Special Patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Christian.

MR. CUMMINGS will sing W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S song, "THE BETTER LAND," at the Monday Popular Concert, on Monday Evening next, April 4th. Tickets at Lamborn Cock & Co.'s, 63, New BondStreet.

W. S. BENNETT'S CHAMBER TRIO, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, will be again performed (by particular desire) at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT, on Monday, April 4th, by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI. Tickets at Lamborn Cock & Co.'s, 63, New Bond Street.

MADEMOISELLE FLORA CRIVELLI (pupil of Madame Laura Baxter) will sing the principal Soprano Music in MENDELSSOHN'S "LAUDA SION," at the Concert of the St. Cecilia Choral Society, on Monday Next, April 4th, Grafton Hall, Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square, W.C.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing (by desire) ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Matilda Baxter's Evening Concert, May 6th.

MISS MATILDA BAXTER will perform ASCHER'S brilliant Fantasia, "ALICE," at her Concert, May 6th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will (by desire) sing his popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on April 6th, at Haberdashers' Hall, and April 20th at St. James's Hall.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of CHOPIN and HENSELT, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME OURY'S WALTZ," composed by CHOPIN, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

MISS AMY PERRY will perform ASCHER'S popular Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

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THE COUNTESS HARLEY TELEKI.	MRS. HUGH SMITH.
THE BARONESS MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD.	MISS THACKERAY.
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A Course of Twelve Lectures (Illustrated by Part Singing) on the Theory and Practice of Vocal Music, will be delivered, by permission, in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, to commence on Tuesday, the 26th April, at 11 a.m., and be continued at the same hour on every succeeding Friday and Tuesday. Fee for the Course, £1 1s.; with Practice, £1 11s. 6d. Single Lecture tickets, 2s. 6d., without Practice.

Persons wishing to attend are requested to send their names to the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, Treasurer, South Kensington Museum. Tickets can be obtained at the Catalogue Sale Stall.

NEW PIANOFORTE PIECE BY HERMANN EISOLDT,

"BRIDAL BELLS"

(MORCEAU DE SALON),

For the Pianoforte, by Hermann EISOLDT.

We read in the *Dresden Journal*:—"Hermann Eisoldt's 'Bridal Bells' was beautifully performed by the splendid Orchestra of Herr Music-Director Trenkler, and met with great applause. The piece being very melodious is sure to become popular." Published, price 4s., by

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MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—Guildford, April 21st; Bishop Stortford, May 5th; Miss Amy Perry's, Hanover Square Rooms, 14th; Store Street, June 4th, July 16th; Hanover Square, June 25th. Communications, Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss Matilda Baxter's Concert, May 6th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular Serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MR. FREDERICK CHILDERSTON will sing at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, May 14th, the popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MADAME D'ELISE will sing the popular Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS HELENA WALKER.—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., must be forwarded to Miss Helena Walker, 6, Westbank Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, in Town or Country. For terms, address 125, Regent Street.

MR. ROBERT BERRINGER will play his Grande Valse de Bravoure at Sutton, April 5; and Upper Norwood, 11th.—N.B. Published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S QUARTETT PARTY.—Violins—Herr Josef Ludwig, Herr Jung. Viola—Herr Eberwein; Violoncello—Herr Schuberth. May be engaged for Concerts, Soirées, &c., in Town or Country. For terms apply to FRANK ROMER, Jun., Hon. Sec. Schubert Society, Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street, W.

"LITTLE WILLIE," by JULES BENEDICT. This charming new song (by the popular composer of "Rock me to Sleep") is now being sung with distinguished success by Miss EDITH WYNNE. Price 3s., and may be obtained for 19 stamps from the publisher, DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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*** Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

(*From "the Saturday Review."*)

The thirteenth series of Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, now far advanced, has hitherto yielded in variety of interest to none of its predecessors. This we shall endeavour to show in a brief retrospect. Meanwhile, we may observe that the good these concerts have been the means of effecting, and the reputation they have conferred upon the Crystal Palace, as a place in which, during six or seven months in the year, one of the arts, at least, finds serious recognition, and honour in proportion, are generally acknowledged. It, therefore, behoves those in authority to extend every facility to the musical conductor, and to allow no obstacle to interfere with absolute efficiency. Many amateurs are doubtless grieved to see the time and labour of such a thorough disciplinarian as Mr. Manns, and such an admirably trained orchestra as his, employed, during a certain period of the year, in making music to the antics of harlequins and clowns, and, month after month, accompanying mediocre representations of what is politely called "English opera." Why not engage special performers for such entertainments? This would enable Mr. Manns to devote his energies exclusively to the good work which he was the first to originate, and which he has carried on for years with ability and well directed enthusiasm. The worst misfortune that could happen to the Crystal Palace would be the breaking up of an institution which has earned the name of "the Sydenham Philharmonic," and helped more than anything else to win the good opinion of those whose opinion is worth having. But this must sooner or later inevitably happen if the performances deteriorate; and how can they fail to deteriorate when obstacles like those to which we have referred are thrown in their way?

The concerts that preceded Christmas, in so far as related to the instrumental part, were almost uniformly good. As before, and as we trust and have little doubt will continue to be the custom, an orchestral symphony formed the solid attraction of almost every programme. Among the symphonies already familiar to the Crystal Palace, and about which there is little new to be said, were Nos. 1, 2, 5, and 7 of Beethoven (in C, D, C minor, and A); the so-called "Oxford Symphony" of Haydn (in G); Mendelssohn's *Reformation;* and Schumann's in D minor (No. 4—or more correctly speaking, No. 2). The earlier essays of Beethoven in this direction are by no means too frequently brought forward; but the C minor, if laid by for a while would come out again all the more vigorous and fresh. Not only at the concerts of the Crystal Palace but at several of the London orchestral concerts it has been heard of late; and if such a term may possibly apply to anything so noble, it runs the chance of becoming as "hackneyed" as the Kreutzer Sonata and the pianoforte trios of Mendelssohn, which, while few can play them as they should be played, every aspirant attempts. On the other hand the symphony in G—that dear old "Letter Q," as Thackeray would have said—composed for the concert at Oxford, in July, 1791, when the degree of Doctor in Music was conferred upon Haydn, might bear hearing much oftener. In former days this symphony was familiar—at least to those who had the privilege of attending the Philharmonic Concerts, instituted some twenty years later than the event at Oxford, and three years after Haydn's death (at Vienna); but now, while our opportunities are comparatively manifold, the case is different. Yet the Oxford symphony is a masterpiece; and Haydn himself in his happiest moments of inspiration has not surpassed its final *presto*. Of Mendelssohn's *Reformation Symphony*—received with unabated enthusiasm, the charming *allegro vivace*, in B flat and G, being, as usual, encored—so much was written last year that in suggesting that it may brave an annual hearing for a long time to come, we have said all that is requisite. The D minor symphony of Schumann, in form the most original and independent, is in matter of detail the poorest of the four that came from his laboured and ambitious pen. A peculiarity in this symphony is that the various movements — introduction, *allegro*, romance, *scherzo*, and *finale*—run into each other, without finishing; so that the whole forms one continuous piece; while certain themes in the introduction and *allegro* reappear in other movements. A plan like this could only have been made acceptable by genius far above that of Schumann; and we must confess that in listening to his symphony we occasionally long for an interval of repose. Moreover, the leading theme of the *allegro* is so square-cut and uninviting, that its re-employment in the *finale*, in the major key and in connexion with another theme from the *allegro*, becomes in the end more or less of a bore.

Of the eight symphonies played before Christmas only one was new to the Crystal Palace audience. This, composed by Mozart in 1786, for the Winter Concerts at Prague,* is the symphony known to amateurs as the "Symphony in D without a minuet." The first *allegro* is as grandly designed and as elaborate in the working out of its details as any similar orchestral movement by the composer; and the *andante* for sweet and tender melody is unsurpassed. Strange that such a work by one of the masters of masters should now for the first time be introduced to an audience thoroughly familiarized with all the symphonies and overtures of Schumann (not to name other things of more questionable merit). But better late than never. The symphony was admirably played, and must have caused not a few to regret that Mozart receives less consideration at the Crystal Palace than is his fair due. For instance, among nineteen overtures included in the first set of twelve concerts, there was only one by Mozart—that to *Figaro*. There were three overtures by Beethoven—the *Namensfeier*,† *Egmont*, and *Leonora* (the great *Leonora*—No. 3 of the *Fidelio* series); two by Schubert—the *Freunde von Salamanka* and *Rosamunde;* four by Mendelssohn—*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Die Hebriden*, the "Trumpet Overture," and *Ruy Blas;* Weber's *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon;* Schumann's *Genoveva;* Cherubini's *Medea;* Rossini's *Siège de Corinthe*; Adolph Adam's *Giralda;* Herr Reinecke's *König Manfred*; Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *In Memoriam*; and Mr. H. Gadsby's *Golden Legend*. A brief remark about two or three of these is all that is called for—so many of them being old friends. Schumann's *Genoveva*, the orchestral prelude to his only opera, is also one of his best—but, as customary with Schumann, monotonous, gloomy, and overcharged with anti-climax. *Die beiden Freunde von Salamanka* is the overture to an opera by Schubert composed to a libretto by his friend, Mayrhofer (which is lost). The rest of the music is still in manuscript, hidden away in some dark cellar in Vienna, where it is likely to remain until that amiable enthusiast, the Honorary Secretary to the Palestine Fund shall do for it what he did for *Rosamunde* and the symphonies. The overture, fresh and pretty, is one of the master's lightest, and might rank with his two preludes "in the Italian style." Nevertheless, like all that came from his prolific brain (at least all we know of), it contains things too good to be consigned to oblivion. The "Trumpet Overture" of Mendelssohn—a marvel, considering the age at which it was composed (16)‡—admits of hearing again and again; so does the thoughtful and touching *In Memoriam* of our countryman, Mr. Sullivan, the encouragement given to whose music at the Crystal Palace is both advantageous to the concerts, and creditable to Mr. Manns, their director. Schubert's so-called *Rosamunde* (virtually the overture to the three-act operatic melodrama, *Die Zauberharfe*,§ produced at the An der Wien, Vienna, in 1820, the libretto by Hoffmann), is so genial and bright that it can never be unwelcome. At the same time it will hardly be denied that its composer has been allowed somewhat more than his just share of the Crystal Palace programmes. Mr. H. Gadsby's *Golden Legend* possesses unquestionable merit, which is more than can be alleged of Adolph Adam's *Giralda*. Besides these overtures, the splendid *entr'acte* and piquant *air de ballet* from *Rosamunde* (Schubert), some very laboured and meagre dance pieces from that heaviest of heavy operas, M. Gounod's *Reine de Saba;* an *entr'acte*, with ballet-music, from Herr Reinecke's *König Manfred*;

* Where his *Nozze di Figaro*, which had been almost snubbed in Vienna, was afterwards so well received as to induce the great musician to write *Don Giovanni* expressly for the Bohemians.

† Composed for the Nameday Festivities of Francis II.—a sort of companion to the *Weihe des Hauses*, in the same key (C), but an earlier and inferior work.

‡ It was partially re-written seven years later, when produced, under Mendelssohn's own direction, at the Düsseldorf Festival of 1833.

§ This overture was also played to a one-act operetta called variously *Die Verschwornen*, and *Der häusliche Krieg*—in 1823 or 1824.

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and the *adagio* and *scherzo* from Herr Rubinstein's symphony, *Ocean*, were among the orchestral pieces during the first series of twelve concerts. Of the incidental music in *Rosamunde* we have spoken more than once. It is of its composer's very best. Herr Reinecke is dry and pretentious; and the only remarkable feature about his *entr'acte* is that the stringed instruments are *muted*. Take away his mutes and the music would say nothing. Mr. Manns, in the analytical programme, devotes a couple of pages to Herr Rubinstein, whom he designates as—

"from top to toe a son of art of our time, who, driven by an irresistible impulse, works away nobly for a good eighteen hours per day, with his blood at fever heat, and even during the remaining six hours for rest cannot silence *that demon of our age*, the *morbid* desire to accomplish, in matters of art, what no one ever did before. As a *reproductive* artist his powers are truly prodigious, &c."

If this be the case, Herr Rubinstein must be a very extraordinary man—seeing that he can exist without sleep; and the only thing that surprises us, after so glowing a description, is the very small amount of originality to be found in the *adagio* and *scherzo* which thus drove Mr. Manns into rhapsody. "That demon of our age" must have been unpropitious; for certainly the "morbid desire" to do what was never done before is by no means fulfilled in the *Ocean* symphony—which, by the way, we remember hearing some years ago, entire (without being greatly edified), at the Hanover Square Rooms. It may be, as Mr. Manns insists—though with astonishing indiscretion, naming Herr Rubinstein at one and the same time with Beethoven and Mendelssohn—that in his (Herr Rubinstein's) tone-pictures there is "*mehr Empfindung als Malerei;*" but when the "feeling" expresses nothing we might just as well have a little "painting" (as in Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* and Mendelssohn's *Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt*).

Three of the four concerts at which the programme comprised no symphony were devoted to choral works. Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, with Mozart's additional accompaniment, Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* (first time), and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* (first time), each took up a day. *Acis* and the *Prodigal Son* were well enough given, although the Crystal Palace chorus is by no means on a par with its orchestra; but the performance of the *Messe Solennelle* was, on the whole, the least satisfactory since its first introduction in England. Mr. Sullivan's cantata was received—as it has been received everywhere else, since the Worcester Festival of last autumn (for which it was expressly composed)—with unqualified favour; and we are happy to be able to add that its merits entitle it to general recognition. The appearance of a work, from the pen of an English composer, with such solid claims to consideration, is so rare that it should be hailed with satisfaction by every one who looks hopefully at English art.

Among the interesting features of the performances are concertos, &c., for pianoforte, violin, and other instruments, with orchestral accompaniments. With these the first half of the series under notice was in no way behindhand. Beethoven's fifth, last, and greatest pianoforte concerto, the one in E flat, was played by Mr. Charles Hallé; Weber's pianoforte concerto in the same key by Herr Ernst Pauer; and Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brillante*, again in the same key, by Miss Agnes Zimmermann—the most remarkable achievement of the three being decidedly the last. But, like the violin concerto of Mendelssohn, chosen by M. Sainton, these pieces were already known to the Crystal Palace audience. Not so, however, a concerto in B flat, for violoncello, with orchestral accompaniments, the execution of the solo part in which, by Signor Piatti, was nothing short of perfection, while the work itself was scarcely less creditable to him as a composer than the performance of it was creditable to him as a *virtuoso*. This concerto is not only cleverly and effectively written, but in several passages, and more especially in the second movement—a *largo* in the key of E flat minor—exhibits a strong sense of musical fitness and beauty. Still more interesting was the *Caprice* in E major, for pianoforte and orchestra, one of the most graceful, refined, and original works of the most gifted of English musicians. It says little for our own native pianists, and not a great deal for the foreigners who flourish and thrive among us, that the only one who takes pains to master and bring forward constantly in public the music of Sterndale Bennett is Madame Arabella Goddard; but on the other hand the Cambridge Professor may console himself with the fact that probably no other would play it with such enthusiasm or could play it with such polished refinement as that accomplished lady. Such compositions as Professor Bennett's are not to be taken *ad captandum*. They are extremely difficult, and must be assiduously and conscientiously studied. This Madame Goddard invariably does; and hence her success whenever she comes forward with a concerto, or any other piece, from her gifted compatriot's pen.

(*To be continued.*)

A LENTEN CONCERT.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* thus opens to us a Parisian *salon* in Lent:—

"Music again! *Que voulez-vous?* One must live in spite of the well-known judge's cynical objection, and it is an accepted article of faith that during Lent one cannot live in Paris without music. So in all the ministerial mansions the same vast saloons are opened to the same superbly dressed visitors, but instead of dancing to the music, you simply listen to it. On Thursday it was the 'Ministère de la Marine et des Colonies' that opened its hospitable doors to what the French papers will persist in calling 'le high-life.' There are few hotels that have more facilities for grand entertainments than the immense building in the Place de la Concorde, facing the Chamber of Deputies. The mere entrance was as beautiful as it was imposing, for the several flights of the angular stair-case afforded a constant change in the fairy-like *coup d'œil*. So lavish was the profusion of tropical plants surrounding the hall, climbing up the walls, spreading over the balconies, and hanging pendent from the galleries overhead, that the ladies, with their brilliant complexions, flashing jewels, and flowing lace, looked in the midst of all this exuberant foliage like superb animated flowers, or like dazzling birds of paradise that had flown from some Southern clime. The outside gallery overlooking the place was enclosed, and so artfully covered with plants and flowers, so cleverly decorated, and so filled with statues, that it seemed to form an integral portion of the substantial edifice itself. Thus the wide reception rooms, thrown into one long suite, were flanked on each side by *loggie* that harmonized perfectly with the intervening concert-hall. This was exclusively appropriated to ladies, who were all seated, while their gentlemen, even more gorgeous in apparel, though far less grateful to the sight, "circulated" in the adjoining galleries. Even the orchestra, large enough to accommodate the full orchestra of the Conservatoire, looked like a bower—thanks to the mass of foliage by which it was surrounded; and from this end of the room the old comparison of a congregation of ladies to a parterre of flowers was literally realized. The music was excellent, and there was not too much of it. The orchestra played the *scherzo* and *finale* from Beethoven's symphony in D so delicately that I could not help regretting the omission of the heavenly slow movement, and should have enjoyed it still more if the opening *allegro* had also been included in the scheme. The *scherzo* from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music was also tripped off with exquisite lightness. I have never heard Mdlle. Nilsson sing better the *scena* concluding the first act of *La Traviata*. Voice, expression, facility, and, may I add, manner, were alike charming. Mdlle. Krauss, a clever artist, with an ungrateful voice, gave Schubert's 'Ave Maria,' orchestrated by M. Alary. It seemed to please much, and there was nothing to find fault with in the instrumentation, but for my own part I would rather have heard it with pianoforte accompaniment. This may be prejudice, however; the mere result of habit. But there certainly could be no two opinions about the charm that M. Faure's singing gave to a romance from Nicolo's *Joconde*, a *fade* affair, which one must be a Frenchman, I suppose, to appreciate. One of the most enjoyable things of the evening was the trio from the dear old *Matrimonio segreto*, which, *ne'en déplaise à M. Wagner*, will soothe and cheer the unexacting mind until all melody is utterly banished from music. A great charm of the *soirée* consisted in the fact that, although, as you may imagine, the preparations must have been immense, there was a quiet drawing-room air about the way in which the artists rose from among the audience in their appointed order, that gave to the whole affair an idea of spontaneousness. Many people wandered about the endless suites of rooms long after the concert was over, admiring the medallions of celebrated naval men, examining the elaborate Gobelin work of eighty years ago, and talking over the politics of the day; and it must have been long past one in the morning when the last visitor emerged from the hot, close rooms—thus doubly suggestive of a tropic clime—into the bright, cold, starlit night."

LEIPSIC.—The members of Riedel's Verein lately gave a fine performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solennis*, Op. 123. The solos were taken by Madame Otto (soprano), from the Royal Operahouse, Dresden; Madame Krebs-Muhalesi (contralto), Dresden; Herr Rebling (tenor), of the Leipsic Stadttheater; and Herr Von Milde (bass), from Weimar. Herr David played the violin solo in the "Benedictus," and Herr Papier presided at the organ.

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THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From the "Midland Counties Herald."*)

In musical matters, as in other affairs, we rarely notice the rapid flight of time till a beat of his wings announces the return of some event of interest; and then we are seized with astonishment at the scythe-bearer's rapid pace, and begin to make preparations. Our Musical Festival will be held in the autumn of the present year, and will be of such importance, both for a philanthropic purpose, and for the musical *prestige* of our town, that the fact will plead our excuse for calling on all to be up and doing. Every one may give help. We have to make a struggle to hold our own in days when railways bring celebrities from the ends of Europe with magical dispatch. Let us look up home resources, and assure ourselves, as well as the world, that our Festivals stand at the head of all such meetings, at which the musical genius of the day may have a chance. We stand on a par with other places in securing solo vocal art; but it is in her choral strength that Birmingham has been unapproachable. Let us, then, look at our autumn campaign. We have a corps of veterans in the Festival Choral Society; and, thanks to Mr. Stockley, its ranks were never more efficient, notwithstanding the conduct of the committee, in frequently giving them nothing to do on a field day. Then we have volunteers, members of the Birmingham Amateur Harmonic Association, whose services have been accepted. From a report, furnished by Mr. Marrian, we find that during last year the following works have been rehearsed:—Schubert's "Song of Miriam," Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" and "Lord, bow down," Benedict's *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, Spohr's God, Thou art great," Mozart's Mass No. 1 and "Ave, Ave Verum," Haydn's Mass No. 1, Gade's *Erl-King's Daughter*, and H. Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*, besides minor works; and the number of rehearsals has been forty-three, at which the average attendance has been seventy four. These meetings have culminated in three public rehearsals, directed by Mr. Sutton. The instrumental orchestra for the great occasion, we have the satisfaction of knowing, has, together with the general arrangements been put into the hands of Sir Michael Costa, the best musical organizer and conductor at present living; and to him the selection may safely be left. So far, matters look promising; but much remains to be done; and we trust that the Festival Committee, the town authorities, and the public will not let matters rest till too late for good.

ROBERT LE DIABLE IN PARIS.

The following graphic and spirited description of the revival of Meyerbeer's first French opera in Paris is from the Parisian correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"The *salle* of the Grand Opera was worth seeing. Everybody in Paris celebrated for beauty, rank, and talent was there. The display of loveliness was remarkable, Madame de Mercy-Argenteau and Madame Cerdier outshining their sister stars in brilliancy of complexion and toilette. The Prince and Princess Metternich were among the early comers, and M. Auber sat through the performance, passing the *entr'actes* in the *foyer*, walking up and down with the activity of eighteen summers, and letting fall in quick succession the good-natured *mots* which he can utter so well. All the artists not engaged on some stage were in the *salle*. Mdlle. Sessi, whom you are going to hear at Covent Garden in a few weeks, was conspicuous by her abundance of golden hair—her own—and you might have seen Madame Cabel, Mdlle. Bloch, who has at least one requisite for a dramatic singer, a handsome face; Mr. Tom Hohler, who is singing everywhere at concerts; Mdlle. Hisson, another fine-looking person, with fine voice, &c., &c. The Emperor and Empress arrived in the middle of the second act, and went away at the end of the third. The Empress almost hid her features behind the curtains, but the Emperor sat forward close to the stage. You may imagine that it was some new opera which drew all Paris to the theatre. The novelty is not forty years old; but the attraction was Mdlle. Nilsson's first appearance in a new part. You recollect the number of accidents that went far to make *Robert le Diable* a *fiasco* in 1831; or if you have any of your readers so juvenile as not to remember, they will have heard how Dorus Gras was almost smashed by the falling of machinery; how Taglioni, the chief Nun, had to jump prematurely out of her tomb to avoid being crushed by a cloud—clouds are not always made of water, science notwithstanding; how poor Nourrit, Robert, fell down the trap prepared for Bertram; and how everybody said, at the end, that the opera was worth hearing on account only of the ballet. They might almost say as much now. True, that there was but one accident, but it lasted the whole evening, and affected every singer but one—the accident of singing out of tune. I have never heard so many false notes in my life. To begin with Bertram, the most important character—M. Belonl has a loud, hollow voice, which never, except by chance, answers to the singer's intention—striking the ear as with a blow. Then M. Colin's light tenor is ridiculous in the declamation of Robert. If he sings a low-pitched phrase from the chest he opens his mouth, and lo, the passage is finished by a squeak; and then there is nothing of the hero about him. Madame Carvalho has not forgotten her careful training, and warbles *bravura* passages as neatly as a bird; but her thread-like voice is thinned into a filament, shaking as though it was possessed by *delirium tremens*, and generally out of tune. In the *air de grâce* she broke down; and her habit of walking as though her legs were tied together at the knee, does not improve her appearance. The bright spot was Mdlle. Nilsson, who not only sang with absolute correctness, but impersonated Alice, with an ingenious vivacity perfectly delightful. Nothing could be more natural or graceful than her singing of 'Quand je quittais la Normandie;' the *insouciance* of her manner heightening the dramatic effect of her defiance at the cross, braving the demon-tempter. There were fine touches about her performance which will, I dare say, come out more strongly when she plays in London, with a better *entourage*. It is thought treason here to say anything against the orchestra; but it seemed to me a great deal too loud. The scenery was splendid, especially in the third act. In the Convent of Ste. Rosalie we see one side of the cloisters in perspective, with steps leading into the dimly-lighted church, the other sides, with ruined arches and intermediate space, overgrown with brushwood, bathed in the bright cold moonlight. A singular impression of silence and desertion enhances the effect when the nuns, in grave-clothes, rise slowly from the opening tombs. They troop in long lines of 'sheeted dead,' in conventual costume, crosses on breasts and palm-branches in hands. They huddle together and hold silent converse. At the given signal they fling away their vestments and give themselves up to the wildest of operatic orgies. Another point is that when Helena tries to seduce Robert by his love of play, she draws him to a tomb whereon, as in Hogarth's picture of the idle apprentices, except that there is no beadle behind them, two nuns are throwing dice—an improvement on the little table generally thrust forward from the wing. Another improvement is in the last scene, which, although disclosed only for five minutes, represents a superb Byzantine basilica, with altar, nave, and transepts complete—example of lavish magnificence. The opera, played complete, lasts from half past seven till half-past twelve. It is the first time I have ever heard *Robert le Diable* throughout, and will be the last! It is unfair to Meyerbeer to give the work entire. No singers can stand the strain, and no audience. The theatre was half empty before the trio in the last act came on. How much pleasanter if all had been left out except Mdlle. Nilsson's solos and the ballet."

BISHENDEN AT HOME.

Mr. Bishenden favours us with the following:—

"A grand concert took place on Thursday evening se'nnight in the Town Hall, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, under the patronage of the High Bailiff, etc. Some excellent songs and solos were sung by well-known talent engaged from London, the great attraction of the concert being the engagement of Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass. Mr. Bishenden being a great favourite, and native of the town, numbers from the surrounding towns came to hear him, who had heard of his success in London, and show their appreciation of his singing by giving him a very flattering reception. A scene of great confusion and uproar occurred during the concert, owing to the crowded state of the hall (which is a very large one), several ladies fainted, volunteers in uniform secured an opening for the fainting ones to be carried out; in the mean time, outside the hall the noise was deafening, kept up by those disappointed people who could not gain admittance. The whole of the vocal music gave great satisfaction; and a very able and efficient band played selections from Donizetti's opera, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, which was well received."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—Having read a letter, signed M. H., which appeared in the *Musical Times* of February, I fully concur in all that their correspondent says in reference to the study of the violin, and other instruments "at present not in vogue," becoming more general, as well as being pursued by both sexes. Our friend, M. H., omitting to mention a medium by which the diffusion of the study of such instruments might be effected, induces me to take the liberty of laying before you a means which I think would not only tend to the accomplishment of the object in question, but cultivate the musical tastes of all classes of society.

What I propose is, that every town of importance throughout the United Kingdom should have its Public Music School, or Academy, with a staff of competent teachers, where, in addition to the theory of music, in its several departments, vocalism should be taught, and every musical instrument worthy of study, on terms sufficiently moderate to be within the reach of all classes. If this project could be set on foot, its result would be that of abolishing the innumerable class of persons styling themselves teachers, but who in reality make a mockery of the science, giving their pupils distaste for its study, by the erroneous and abortive method of their tuition. Hoping you will think this worthy of a place in your columns,—I am, Sir, yours truly,

Chester, February 14th, 1870. M. E. H.

Hamburgh.—Herr Aug. Kranz, founder of the well-known musical publishing firm here, died on the 14th. ult., at an advanced age.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Sims Reeves.

Apropos of Mr. Reeves' farewell concert we read in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last:—

"Mr. Sims Reeves, being on the point of starting for Italy, took farewell of his friends in St. James's Hall, yesterday week. He had good cause for gratification at the result, because it proved that his friends are as numerous as ever, and as much as ever disposed to believe him the first of tenors. Such an eager and enthusiastic audience has not of late crowded St. James's Hall. The audience had every reason to be satisfied. Mr. Reeves was in fine voice, and sang four of his best songs in his own unequalled style. The four were well chosen. 'Deeper and deeper still' and 'Adelaide' make very different demands upon a singer's powers; while in 'My pretty Jane' and 'Tom Bowling' two distinct classes of ballads are represented. Mr. Reeves, therefore, was called upon for a rare display of versatility; but, as will promptly be assumed, he was equal to the occasion. We can hardly say which song he gave with the truest expression, and in the most artistic style. Enough that each was as perfect as fastidious taste could wish."

Young Germany.

The *Sunday Times* speaks thus of Herr Coenen's recent concert at the Hanover Square Rooms:—

"The concert (one of a series) given in Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday, by Herr W. Coenen, had for its object to familiarize the public with chamber music by modern German composers. We think the object both laudable and useful, not because Herr Coenen is likely to introduce much that is good, but because he is likely to show us much that is bad, and so to put public taste on its guard. We hear a good deal about the 'intellectual' musicians, who are now the objects of faith and adoration to our Teutonic cousins. Herr Coenen lets us hear their music; a painful process it may be, but assuredly a salutary one. It is well to know what to avoid. The programme comprised a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, by Herr Raff; a quartet for strings by Herr Max Bruch; and a similar work by a composer whose name we had never met with before. Our readers must not expect us to discuss these works at length, because it is not probable that they will be heard a second time, and their intrinsic merit would fail to repay such labour. Enough if we observe that nearly every movement is an attempt to say something profound, which turns out to be uninteresting. Why the music goes on when it goes on, and stops when it stops, the hearer neither knows nor cares."

On the same subject the *Athenæum* remarks:—

"Herr Coenen gave a concert of chamber music, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday, selecting his programme from the compositions of modern writers, such as Raff and Max Bruch. The result made it hardly worth while for us to enter into details. Nobody is likely to have a second chance of hearing the works; and those who were present would hardly thank us if we reminded them lengthily of what they endured. So we let the affair pass."

Berlioz *v.* Haydn.

In the course of its article upon the Crystal Palace concert of Saturday week, the *Athenæum* says:—

"There were two novelties in the Crystal Palace programme of Saturday—Berlioz's overture, *Les Francs Juges*, and Haydn's symphony in C, known best, perhaps, as 'letter R.' The overture is one of its composer's prodigious efforts to illustrate events by sounds; or in the words of Mr. Manns, 'to enforce the idea that music must be written upon a definite programme.' Hence, in the intention of Berlioz, the music of *Les Francs Juges* depicts the doings of the mysterious "Vehmgerichte." So far we are sure; further, all is conjecture; and even Mr. Manns grants that 'no two hearers can agree as to the meaning of a single bar unless by pure chance.' This is unfortunate, because when programme-music tells its tale in a manner open to a score of interpretations it can be of little worth. As a matter of fact, however, M. Berlioz, extravagant in everything, has merely illustrated in an extravagant fashion the weakness of programme-music generally. Mr. Manns helped his audience to a meaning very timidly. He pointed out what might be considered 'heart-rending cries of despair,' and an 'appeal for mercy and the justice of Heaven'; but could get no further with any satisfaction to himself. What the audience thought of the terrific noises which assailed their ears is easy to imagine. It possibly occurred to some that had Milton foreseen M. Berlioz's overture, he would have furnished Pandemonium with an orchestra. Haydn's symphony, never played before at the Crystal Palace, satisfied all to whom pure melody and masterly treatment of details appeal. Of course the work is symmetrical, and carried out after a strictly orthodox design; but Haydn never fails to show how, with all this regard for form, it is possible to be free. We know not which movement to select for precedence, and therefore adopt the public verdict given unmistakably in favour of the *andante*. No more tuneful themes were ever written even by the tuneful Haydn than those most applauded by Saturday's audience. For producing the work Mr. Manns deserves credit enough to leave a balance in his favour after deductions on account of *Les Francs Juges*."

Herr Hiller's Symphony.

The *Daily News* expresses its opinion of Herr Hiller's Symphony in E—"*Es muss doch Frühling werden*"—in the following terms:—

"The symphony is the work of one of the most distinguished and prolific of living German composers. A contemporary and friend of Mendelssohn, a man of high musical and general cultivation, and a distinguished pianist, Herr Hiller has produced compositions in the most ambitious forms of the art—all bearing the impress of earnest thought and consummate skill, if not always rising to the height of the intention. The work now referred to was first performed in England in May, 1865, at the second concert of the defunct Musical Society. It was composed in illustration of the motto, "*Es muss doch Frühling werden*," and is supposed to be suggestive of the contest between the lingering winter and the advancing spring. The first movement is perhaps the least successful of the whole, although containing much of beauty and power, the first quality being especially evidenced in the melodious episode, or second subject. The *adagio* is the happiest portion of the symphony, being full of that freshness and ideal fragrance suggested by the return of spring. Highly characteristic and playful is the *scherzo*, relieved by the gentle contrast of the trio, with its *sostenuto* effects for wind instruments; while the *finale* is replete with joy and life, such as attend the full development of spring delights. The orchestral treatment is throughout that of a consummate master of his art; and the entire symphony was listened to with great interest."

Beethoven and Mendelssohn, "Posthumous."

We read in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last:—

"At the last Monday Popular Concert, Beethoven's posthumous quartet in B flat (Op. 131) was, for the fourth time, the wonder and admiration of Mr. Chappell's audience. We refrain from discussing the first movement. It is Beethoven's, and must be played; but, unfortunately, the obligation is not attended with the special power necessary for its comprehension. The rest is intelligible, and can never fail to make a profound impression. Herr Joachim's leading of the *adagio* rose to the level of the music. It was a performance not easily forgotten. Another posthumous work had a great success; the composer, this time, being Mendelssohn. Most amateurs know the *andante* and *scherzo* which are with reason presumed to be portions of an unfinished quartet. They know, also, that the master appears, in these fragments, to great advantage; the ingenious and melodious variations of the *andante*, and the piquant *scherzo* belonging to Mendelssohn's happiest efforts. The latter is 'fairy music' of the sort its composer created, that is to say, 'fairy music' which more nearly approaches the ideal than anything beside. It was encored in a manner imperative enough to bring back Herr Joachim and his companions for the purpose of repetition."

Weimar.—The General Musical Association of Germany (Patron, the Grand-Duke of Weimar) will hold its annual meetings here from the 26th to the 29th May, and, at the same time, give a grand festival in commemoration of Beethoven's hundredth birthday. The Abbate Franz Liszt who will return from Bonn about the beginning of April, will probably contribute a piece composed for the occasion, and entitled *Beethoven*.

Munich.—At whatever hour a train starts, or a theatrical performance begins, there are always a certain number of persons sure to be late. In the case of the train, if they catch it, they do so only at the expense of a cab, or else at considerable damage to their "wind," especially if they are corpulent and not in the full vigour of youth. A person who is late at a theatre, however, suffers, as a rule, no personal inconvenience himself, but he inflicts a great deal upon others. Such, at any rate, is the view taken of the matter by the management of the Theatre Royal here. The consequence is that they have issued a regulation to the effect that no one coming into the Theatre after the commencement of the overture is allowed to enter the pit or the *parquet* until the overture is concluded. Any one, moreover, entering during an act is obliged to stand at the side of the pit or *parquet* till the act is over. The new regulation has been very well received by the public.

Dresden.—Herr Jäger, a tenor from the Schwerin Theatre, has been engaged for the Royal Operahouse. He possesses a very pleasing voice, and an excellent method.—The new Theatre Royal is to be something very magnificent. Professor Semper has completed all the plans. They are drawn out in conformity with those he prepared for the "Festival Theatre" at Munich, that was to be erected according to the principles advocated by Herr R. Wagner. The ground-plan nearly resembles that of the Greek theatre, and Herr R. Wagner's idea of keeping the orchestra out of sight will be a leading feature in it. The new edifice will stand rather further back than the old one, and C. M. von Weber's statue will be removed from where it now stands and be set up in the square before it. It is believed that the Professor's plans will cost more to carry out than the 400,000 thalers voted for the purpose. That, however, is nothing extraordinary. What architect ever sent in an estimate which he did not afterwards greatly exceed?

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RICHARD WAGNER'S *MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG.**

A Historical Explanation.

Wagner's *Meistersinger* will shortly be produced at the Royal Opera-house here, and we take the opportunity, in the following lines, of coming to the assistance of those who are not sufficiently acquainted with the history of this mediæval guild to appreciate fully the realistic manner in which the author has carried out his task. Should the reader desire to obtain further details, or wish to consult the original authorities, he will find full information in J. C. Wagenseil's book, *Von der Meistersinger origine, praestantia, utilitate et institutis* (*Of the Origine, Praestantia, Utilitate et Institutis of the Mastersingers*), an appendix to his *Description of the City of Nuremberg*, Altdorf, 1697,† a work from which Franz Müller, the latest writer on the subject, obtained all the materials for his *Versuch zur Einführung in die gleichnamige Dichtung R. Wagner's* (*An Essay at an Exposition of R. Wagner's Poem of the same name*), Munich, 1869, Kaiser.—After attaining in the 16th century a certain culminating point, and then gradually falling off, the art of the Mastersingers held its ground at Nuremberg till the commencement of the 18th century; at length, however, the schools were so badly attended, that the contributions in the money-box no longer covered the expenses of the meetings (in the Catharinen Kirche). Finally, the meetings were held only once in ten or twelve years, and the last public school was held about 1770.

The Mastersingers exercised their trade, or, if the reader prefers it, their art, according to the *Schulordnung* and the *Tabulatur*. In conformity with the *Schulordnung*, *Singschulen*, or singing classes, were held after afternoon service on Sundays and festivals, and no member was allowed to absent himself without a valid excuse. In Nuremberg, the *Singschulen* were held generally in St. Catherine's Church. A low platform, with a table and a large black desk, was erected near the choir. Benches were ranged round the table, and the platform was closed in with curtains. This platform was assigned to the *Merker*, or marker, the leading member of the governing body, and it was his duty to note, observe, or "mark" the faults of any singer. A small professorial chair was the seat given to any one singing a "master's song." The singing was divided into "*Freisingen*" and "*Hauptsingen*." Any one could take part in the former. The subjects of it consisted of stories from Holy Writ, and "true and honourable profane mundane events, together with good moral maxims." There was no "marking" in free-song. The *Uebersinger* ("Oversinger"), that is, the singer who was acknowledged to be the best, obtained the ornament entitled the "Geheng" ("Pendant"). This was, in Nuremberg, originally a long silver chain, and later a cord, with large silver shillings, gilt, called "King David," because there was a representation of King David with a harp upon the middle shilling. The second prize was a garland of flowers embroidered in silk. Any person wishing to learn the art of master-song, took lessons of a master, who must have carried off the "*Kleinod*" ("Jewel") at least once. If an apprentice desired to be received into the society, the marker subjected him to an examination. The "*Tabulatur*" contained all the rules relating to the practice of the Master-Singers' art. An entire Master-song was called a "*Bar*." This might contain several "*Gesätze*" ("sets"). A "*Gesatz*" consisted of two "*Rollen*" which had to be of the same "*Ton*" (similar in the versification and melody) and equal measure (number of the syllables and arrangement of the rhymes, called "*Gebäude*," *i.e.*, "build"). The two "*Rollen*" were followed by the "*Abgesang*" which was different in "*Ton*" and measure to the "*Rollen*." After the "*Abgesang*" there was sometimes a *finale*. The rhymes were divided into "*stumme*" ("dumb"), rhymes of one syllable, and "*klingende*" ("sounding") rhymes of two syllables. "*Waisen*" ("orphans") were unrhymed lines in the middle, or at the end of a "*Gebäude*." "*Pausen*" ("Pauses") were words of one syllable, forming a verse of themselves, but rhyming with each other. "*Schlagreime*" were similar words of two syllables. No line was allowed to contain more than thirteen syllables, because more could not well be sung at one breath, especially if there was to be a "*zierliche Blume*" ("graceful flower," *i.e.*, cadence) in the verse. The Nuremberg *Tabulatur* permitted thirty-three faults; whoever made more was pronounced to have failed. The songs had to be sung from memory. The "*Ton*," that is, the particular kind of verse and its melody, was more highly esteemed by the Mastersingers than the idea and poetic dash. Wagenseil gives a catalogue of 222 such "*Singweisen*" ("Melodies") from Nuremberg alone, and prints, also, a few "*Gesätze*" with their melodies. The "*Ton*" or the "*Weise*" was entirely independent of the language, so much so that, very frequently, the "*Weise*," was invented first and then the poem. It was not till the "*Ton*" was pronounced faultless, that the author was allowed to compose the words to it, the subject for them being generally given him. The four "*Hauptweisen*" or "*Haupttöne*" were called the "*meisterliche Hort*," and it was necessary that everyone desirous of becoming a master should be able to sing them. If a singer sang his "*Ton*" well and smoothly, he had to give it an honourable and not contemptible name, and beg two persons to stand godfathers to it.

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

† Wagenseil, Joh. Cristoph., born at Nuremberg in 1633, died 1708, was doctor and professor *utriusque juris*, as well as librarian at Altdorf.

II.

It requires a bold fancy to believe that the period of the German *Minnesang* was truly poetical and genuinely artistic, but this is doubly the case as regards the *Meistersang*—or Song of the Master-Singers. German poetry sprang neither from the one nor from the other, but from the German folk's-song, which ran on, quietly and without being remarked, by their side. From the very fact that art had sunk so low, and consisted only in the rude imitation of the old forms, the practice of it became gradually so easy that the number of singers went on increasing and extending among all classes. In opposition to the professional poets, who wandered more especially from the court of one prince to another, and thus represented the Epigoni of the Minnesingers, the Master-Singers took up their position as a new element, separating the more decidedly from the others the more the strolling singers sank in public estimation, and the greater the importance which they, the Master-Singers, attached to moral earnestness in their lives and in their poetry. The Master-Singers established permanent societies in the cities, but we know none of the details of their origin. According to an old legend held in high reverence by the Guild, twelve masters,* including the most celebrated of the 13th century, who, strange to say, were some of those who took part in the Singers' Tournament on the Wartburg, invented Master-Song in the year 962, during the reign of the Emperor Otto I., all doing so at the same time and independently of each other. Having, in their songs, however, scourged the Pope and the clergy for their dissolute lives, they were accused before Pope Leo XVIII. of heresy; at the Pope's request, the Emperor summoned them to Pavia, and afterwards to Paris, where, in the presence of the Emperor, of the Pope's Legate, and of many nobles and scholars, they gave specimens of their art and and freed themselves from the reproach of heresy. Hereupon, they had an act of incorporation granted them by the Emperor, who also conferred on them certain privileges. This tradition is supported by no documentary proofs, and loses all claims on our belief from the fact that singers of the 13th century are named as the inventors of the "*holdselige Kunst*," or "Gentle art." It is, on the other hand, certain, that the lovers of singing assembled for the purpose of practising together at a very early period, and it is not improbable that it was Heinrich Frauenlob, who established the first vocal union of this description in Mayence, though this union could not have possessed the regular form which we find in the subsequent *Singerschulen*, or Schools for Singers. The oldest document relating to the Mastersingers dates from the year 1387; it is a charter of the Emperor, Charles IV., conferring on the *Meisterschulen*, or Master-Schools, the right to assume a coat of arms. After that period, *Meistersingerschulen*, or Schools for Master-Singers, sprang up in most of the large cities of Germany; next to Mayence, which was, as it were, the high school and the rendezvous of the Mastersingers, and where the archives of the fraternity were kept, because the school there was really, or was reputed to be, older than any other, Strassburgh, Kolmar, Nuremberg, Augsburgh, Regensburgh, and Frankfort, were known and celebrated for their flourishing schools.

From the fact that the Mastersingers themselves regarded some of the leading court-poets as the founders of their fraternity, it is evident that *Meistergesang* is really nothing more than a continuation of the *Minnegesang*, and that it was the aim of the schools *to preserve the purity of the art handed down to them*. The sole, but, at the same time, important, difference between the older *Minnegesang* and the subsequent *Meistergesang* consisted in the fact that the former was practised by poets with a courtly education, and generally of noble descent, and the latter by *burghers*, and at a later period, almost by *mechanics*, who cultivated it in addition to their regular calling, while the courtly poets made it the object of their life, and their sole profession; and, also, in the fact that the *Meistersinger* formed an exclusive guild, with fixed

* In an old Master-Song and in other old documents the twelve were: 1. Heinrich Frauenlob, Doctor of Holy Writ, at Mayence; 2. Heinrich Mögeling, Doctor of Holy Writ, at Prague; 3. Nikolaus Klingsohr, Magister of the Free Arts; 4. Poppo the Strong (probably the same as Poppfer), a glass-blower; 5. Walter von der Vogelwaid, a noble from Bohemia; 6. Wolfgang Rohn, or Rahm, a knight; 7. Hans Ludwig Marner, a nobleman; 8. Bartel Regenbogen, a smith; 9. Sigmar the Wise, otherwise called the Roman of Zwickau; 10. Conrad Geiger, or Jäger, of Würzburg, a musician; 11. Cantzler, a fisherman and, 12. Stephan Stoll, or Old Stoll, a ropemaker. According to other authorities, there were only four: Frauenlob, Regenbogen, Marner, and Heinrich von Müglin.

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laws, strictly laying down the way in which their art was to be treated, while the *Minnesinger* treated it freely, and were influenced only by the laws contained in art itself.

(*To be continued.*)

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BROUGH SOUVENIRS.

(*From the "Liverpool Daily Post."*)

The late William Brough's first wife was Miss Annie Romer, a young lady who for a short period created immense enthusiasm in Liverpool, while singing at the old Liver Theatre, as the *prima donna* of an English opera company under the direction of Mr. Howard Glover. Miss Annie Romer was a native of Liverpool, and niece of Mr. Frank Romer, the composer of many songs once highly popular; and of Miss Emma Romer (Mrs. Almond), who for many years rivalled Miss Rainforth as the heroine of Balfe's earlier operas.

When engaged at the Liver Theatre, Miss Annie Romer was about nineteen years of age, attractive in appearance, and gifted with a bright, sympathetic, soprano voice, which had been carefully trained; while as an actress she was full of intensity and genuine dramatic force—though in those days operatic artists were not expected to display any special talent for acting, singing being considered, both on the Italian and English lyric stages, the *sine qua non* of the *prima donna* or *primo tenore*. At the Liver Theatre Miss Romer's greatest successes were achieved in *Sonnambula*, *The Night Dancers* (an admirable opera of Loder's), and *Lucia*. At this time Jenny Lind was in the very zenith of her fame, and critics and amateurs who had seen and admired the famous Swedish *prima donna* were fain to confess that the youthful English vocalist—in *Sonnambula* more especially—was, relatively speaking, but little inferior, except in the quality of voice and the method of using it, which experience and careful tuition had enabled Jenny Lind to bring to perfection. As an actress, however, Miss Annie Romer was far superior to the chilly *Suedoise;* and we have rarely seen on the Italian or English operatic stage anything more stirring, pathetic, and impressive than her passionately dramatic and natural acting in the bed-room scene of *Sonnambula* and the mad scene of *Lucia*. For months and months Miss Romer's extraordinary talents and personal charms attracted crowded audiences to the "little Liver," which in those days held a position very similar to that now occupied by the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Night after night the young artist's brilliant vocalism and dramatic *abandon* evoked an amount of hearty enthusiasm which in these days is chiefly reserved for self-styled "French dancers," who glory in rivalling the shameless indecencies which were once the chief delight of Parisian students and cosmopolitan *roués*. To give the present generation some idea of Annie Romer, we may say that she was then an undeveloped Nilsson—we mean the Nilsson of the present day, who is a very different person from the coldly correct artist who *débuted* at Her Majesty's Theatre some three years ago. Miss Romer had the intelligent and mobile face, the bright smile, the dramatic intensity, and the graceful easy style and manner which gives such a peculiar and nameless charm to every performance of Nilsson, and which make her an artist quite unique. Unhappily "those whom the gods love die young;" and shortly after her marriage to William Brough the young and sympathetic *prima donna*, of whom the Liverpool public were so proud, in whom so many hopes were centered, and whose professional future was so promising, was cut off, just as a long career of fame and happiness dawned before her.

In connection with the marriage of William Brough and Miss Romer, a few words relative to it will doubtless interest many of our readers, while it recalls to the writer—then a youth to whom literary and artistic celebrities were almost demi-gods—one of the happiest and most delightful days of his life. The marriage took place at the house of Mr. Jabez Hogg, the well-known surgeon and *littérateur*, who then resided in Gower Street, London, and who, like several members of the Brough family, was at that time connected with the *Illustrated News*. Amongst the guests were Dickens, Bulwer, Douglas Jerrold, H. Sutherland Edwards, J. V. Bridgeman, B. Webster, Madame Celeste, B. Brough (father of the famous "Brothers," and himself a popular dramatist in his youth), Robert B. Brough, Geo. Hodder, and various other literary and professional persons less known to fame. As might be anticipated, this wedding breakfast was an event to be remembered. There was no stiffness or chilly formality: even the great aristocratic Bulwer—radiant in a shirt front of wonderful and elaborate design, which Jullien would have envied—laughed and joked like an ordinary author of "commoner" clay. Douglas Jerrold fully sustained his reputation as one of the most brilliant wits of the day, and, suitable to the occasion, his *bon mots* were all honey and no vinegar. It was on this occasion that Madame Celeste made her *début* as an orator, and so well did she acquit herself that she not only evoked the hearty applause of her critical audience, but acquired a reputation which has several times since obliged her to "get on her legs." Webster did not shine as an orator at all in comparison with "Madame," whose piquant, epigrammatic style of speaking made her then partner appear to such disadvantage as to provoke from a budding wag present a remark about "Benjamin's mess"—a venerable joke—which nearly extinguished the popular manager, then in the hey-day of his managerial and professional career. The delights of this unique wedding-day culminated in a ball, the recollection of which makes the writer remember that he is now growing rather too old for such active pleasures, and that he is also doubtless getting a trifle prosy. J. H. N.

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PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—Recent notices in the local papers speak favourably of Mr. Wood's new *prima donnas*. The *Daily Courier* says:—

"Mdlle. Reboux assumed the part of the Countess with considerable ability. There was much to admire, her acting being intelligent and her by-play in some of the humorous scenes highly effective; while her singing was generally good, and her efforts were warmly applauded. Madame Monbelli surprised us by her excellent and spirited assumption of the part of Cherubino. 'Voi che sapete' was encored."

We read as thus in the *Daily Post*:—

"Mr. Santley had for his Countess the new soprano, Mdlle. Reboux. She is an impressive stage singer, and may be trusted to take a very emphatic view of everything she undertakes. Her notion of the Countess is by far more strenuous and tragic than is usual—we will not say than the occasion demands, for a lady is entitled to attach what importance she pleases to connubial felicity, an artist with a tragic turn may be forgiven for looking on the Countess in the *Nozze* as a sort of suffering Lady Macbeth. Mdlle. Reboux has undoubtedly great powers. In parts to which action and declamation are germane, Mdlle. Reboux will no doubt achieve legitimate success."

In its notice of *Don Giovanni* as performed by the *troupe* of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, the paper just quoted remarks about Herr Formes's Leporello:—

"Thus Formes, indubitably the best Leporello on the stage, again sustained the part of the roguish servant with all the humour which has distinguished him on previous occasions. There was at times in the upper notes a slight uncertainty, especially in the early part of the work; but this wore off as the evening advanced, and he not only sang very well in the latter part of the first act and the whole of the second, but was very fine in the concerted pieces, especially in the first *finale* and the sextet. In the scenes with Elvira, and the concluding one in the opera, as well as in the invitation to supper, he was particularly good—his fun and terror being equally humorous."

EDINBURGH.—We read in the *Scotsman*, of March 25th:—

"Yesterday afternoon, Professor Oakeley performed on the organ in the Music Class-room the following selection of music, prefaced with explanatory remarks:—

"Organ Preludes on Chorales—'Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme,' A.D. 1590; 'Wir Glauben 'all an einen Gott,' A.D. 1525—Bach. 'Agnus Dei,' First Mass; 'Benedictus,' Requiem—Mozart. Funeral March, from Op. 26; Beethoven. Organ Fantasia, in C minor; Hesse. 'Frühlingslied,' Op. 58, No. 13; 'Abendlied,' Op. 85, No. 12; Schumann. Overture, 'Samson;' Handel.

"Mr. Oakeley remarked that, in addition to some volumes of preludes and fugues for the organ, Sebastian Bach left behind him a large collection of preludes on the melodies of chorales, choral hymns, or, as we should say, psalm tunes; and that these compositions are of the highest interest, and are constructed with masterly skill and consummate art. Both performance and cultivation of this subtle and recondite style of organ composition are almost entirely neglected in Britain. This may be owing in some measure to the fact that it is not the custom, as it is with our Teutonic neighbours, to introduce choral melodies with an organ prelude upon them. In Germany organists frequently show their skill and knowledge of counterpoint by masterly preludes, often extemporaneous, of this kind; indeed some such skill and knowledge would be expected from any candidate for the post of organist. Germany is rich in chorales, and the best psalm tunes in Britain and other countries are those which are modelled on, or in, the same elevated style as these old Lutheran and pre-Lutheran hymns. The great German masters have recognized the excellence of the national chorales by having very frequently made use of them in their cantatas, oratorios, organ compositions, &c. Mendelssohn has introduced them with great effect in his *Lobgesang*, *St. Paul*, *Elijah*, and organ sonatas. In his *St. Paul* he gives us the old melody composed in 1540, known to us as 'To God on high;' also one about a century later, which we recognize as 'To Thee, O Lord, I yield my

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spirit' (which was played from time to time, and with great effect, by the brass bands outside St. Paul's Cathedral at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington); and also the chorale on which the first prelude in this programme is made, namely, 'Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme,' composed in 1590, and introduced by Mendelssohn with such masterly skill in his overture to *St. Paul*, and subsequently in that oratorio as 'Sleepers, wake.' In his treatment of the same subject for organ, Bach commences with an exquisite melody assigned to the right hand merely in single notes, with pedal accompaniment occurring on the principal measures or beats of each bar; a melody entirely distinct and unlike from the chorale which is given to the tenor voice and the left hand, and of this each line or phrase is in turn introduced throughout the prelude, at certain points in the windings of the upper part, or melody, with which the 'Canto fermo,' or chorale, is twined and interwoven by the great master with all his art—each melody, both in right and left hand, continuing its widely different story, wholly independent of, or rather, in vivid contrast to, its *confrère*. The second prelude, on a still older chorale, 'We all believe in one God,' is in an entirely different style. Bach has here chosen the fugal form, and unless the subject of the chorale is well known, it is difficult to trace it. This composition, though fugal, is not, strictly speaking, a fugue, as the bass or pedal part does not take the fugal subject, but one of its own; and here the hand, or rather the tread, of the giant may be noticed. And, in allusion to this gigantic entry of the pedals, this prelude has been erroneously termed and published in England as the 'Giant Fugue.' The Professor, in conclusion, tendered his thanks to the ladies who had kindly presented the curtain in front of the organ."

SHREWSBURY.—The local chronicle says:—

"The presentation of a testimonial to Dr. Sloman took place in the Town Hall, on Monday week. The Mayor, Thomas Bowen, Esq., was voted to the chair; and at once asked the vicar, the Rev. J. E. Hill, on behalf of the subscribers, to present Dr. Sloman with the testimonial. The Rev. J. E. Hill said that he had much pleasure in acceding to the request of the Mayor to present the testimonial, which he saw before him, to Dr. Sloman, on behalf of his friends and late pupils. The testimonial consists of a handsome silver tea and coffee service, and other silver articles. The coffee-pot bears the following inscription:—'Presented to Robert Sloman, Mus. Doc., by some of his friends and pupils on his leaving Welshpool, Christmas, 1869.' The subscribers' list is headed by the Earl of Powis, Countess Powis, Lady Harriet Herbert, Earl and Countess Vane, Lady Edwards, Sir W. W. Wynn, Major Corbett, Archdeacon Clive, Archdeacon Ffoulks, Rev. J. E. Hill, vicar, and Major Pugh."

SUNDERLAND.—We read what follows in the *Durham Advertiser*:—

"On Monday evening last, a grand miscellaneous concert was given in the Athenæum, Sunderland, under distinguished patronage. The programme included two very clever readings by Messrs. Skelton and Middleton, and two pieces for pianoforte and flute, effectively rendered by Messrs. Chambers and Perry. Amongst the vocal pieces were 'Bid me discourse' and 'Thaddy O'Flinn,' by Miss Tunsett, who received a a well-merited encore. The duet, 'Larboard Watch,' by Mr. Wooley, of Darlington, and Mr. Lambert, of Durham Cathedral Choir, was also encored. Mr. Wooley, who possesses a fine tenor voice, and sings well, was encored in 'The Death of Nelson' and 'Maid of Athens,' both of which he repeated. The same compliment was enthusiastically accorded to Mr. Lambert for his songs, 'When time hath bereft thee' and 'The Holy Friar.' The latter is a song peculiarly adapted for a voice of his calibre, the tremendous roll down to double C at the finish, for which he stands unrivalled, created quite a *furore*. He responded with 'Simon the Cellarer' and 'A Cobbler.' Mr. Chambers, of Whitby, accompanied all the pieces on the pianoforte. There was a crowded audience."

DUBLIN.—Respecting the third concert of the Philharmonic Society we read in the *Irish Times* of Tuesday:—

"The first part consisted of Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*. The characters were represented by Miss Fennell (Ursula), Miss Bessie Herbert (Lisbeth), Mr. Peele (Hermann), Mr. Richard Smith (Kranz), and Mr. Grattan Kelly (the Mayor). The orchestral portion was decidedly the best, and we may instance the rendering of the exquisite 'Night Interlude' as the most commendable feature of the performance. Mr. Vernon Rigby made his first appearance at these concerts, and essayed Beethoven's 'Adelaide.' His rendering of this and subsequent soli was very effective, and created a most favourable impression. His singing of Blumenthal's 'Message' was so good that its repetition was re-demanded. Another new comer, Chevalier Antoine De Kontsky, pianist, made his first appearance. This gentleman is considerably beyond the period of life when artists seek for popularity outside their immediate locality; but he is yet a performer of great ability. His execution of Beethoven's concerto in E flat was a performance of the first order, as was also his delivery of his own fantasia on airs from *Faust*. Miss Fennell sang Salamon's 'Oh! if thou wert mine own, love' with her usual effectiveness. The most successful item was the finished rendering of Stevenson's 'When Damon is present' by the members of the Glee and Madrigal Union, which was unanimously encored. The overture to *Euryanthe* commenced the second part, and was well played by the band. Some other glees and solos were given. Mr. Bussell conducted with ability, and accompanied Mr. Rigby on the piano."

NEW MUSIC.

Memory. Song. Words by G. E. NEWTON. Music by WILLIAM NEWTON. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THIS song is graceful and well written above the average. Apart from the melody, which has merits of its own, the accompaniment is important, and adds much to the general effect. The composer evidently has a desire to go out of the beaten path in this matter. The desire is young at present, but, if he nourish it, time will cure the defect.

Come back again, Darling. Song. Words and Music by WILLIAM NEWTON. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

TONIC, subdominant, dominant; tonic, subdominant, dominant—those who like this order strictly adhered to, will like this song. At the same time, we must say that monotony is avoided, or hidden, by the charm of a really pretty melody.

Oh! say not woman's heart is bought. Transcribed for the pianoforte by ADAM WRIGHT. [London: Robert Cocks & Co.]

WE don't see the need for transcribing Whittaker's song, and, at the same time, are conscious that it would be unfair to apply the objection specially to Mr. Wright's work. Where, in point of fact, is the need for any such things? The transcription is tolerably well done, is not elaborate, and may be useful.

Four Hymns. Set to Music by E. STOURTON FLINT, organist of St. John's Dulwich. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

MR. FLINT'S melodies are pleasing, without being undignified, and congregations would take kindly to them. His harmonies are somewhat too free for our notion of what is consistent in church music. In the second tune, for example, we have this full close on the tonic:—

Mr. Flint should set his face like a flint against such a harrowing progression.

Tell him I love him yet. Song. Poetry by W. M. PRAED. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY. [London: Robert Cocks & Co.]

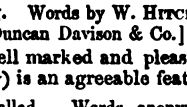
THE words of this song are aptly illustrated by its music. Mr. Gatty has written a good melody, with simple and appropriate accompaniments, and, moreover, has secured originality, to some extent, by the plan of his song, and by an uncommon final cadence.

Gem of my Heart. Song. Words by W. HITCHMAN. Music by WILLIAM NEWTON. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

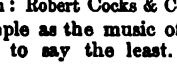
A SIMPLE song, with a well marked and pleasing tune. An episode in the subdominant key (G) is an agreeable feature.

The Northern Star. Ballad. Words anonymous. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY. [London: Robert Cocks & Co.]

THE music here is as simple as the music of a ballad should be; but some of it is doubtful, to say the least. Where is Mr. Gatty's authority for this:—



and this:—



Till we know and are satisfied, we must say, "Fie! Mr. Gatty."

GENOA.—The new opera, *Un Capriccio di Donna*, music by the Cavaliere Antonio Cagnoni, and libretto by Sig. Ghislanzoni, has proved a success.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE BUT ONE

OF THE SEASON,

THIS DAY (SATURDAY), APRIL 2ND, 1870,

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

BEETHOVEN.

In celebration of the Centenary of BEETHOVEN'S BIRTH, which occurs this year, the programme will, on this occasion, be selected entirely from the works of this Master.

Programme.

SONATA, in E major, Op. 109, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Penitence"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Beethoven.*
TRIO, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
ROMANCE, in G, Op. 40, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Know'st thou the land"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Beethoven.*
QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

THE LAST CONCERT BUT ONE OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 4TH, 1870,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in A major, Op. 18, No. 1, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "Medjé" (*Chanson Arabe*)—Mr. CUMMINGS .. .. .. *Gounod.*
FANTASIA SONATA, in G major, Op. 78, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD .. .. *Schubert.*

PART II.

CHAMBER TRIO, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (by desire)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI .. .. *W. S. Bennett.*
SONG, "The better land"—Mr. CUMMINGS .. .. *W. S. Bennett.*
SONATA, in A, Op. 47 (dedicated to Kreutzer), for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM *Beethoven.*

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; B. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

EXTRA CONCERTS

Will be given on Saturday Morning, April 9th; Monday Evening, April, 11th. Monday Evening, April 11th, will be the DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

IN consequence of its brilliant reception when performed by Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, at the Monday Popular Concert, of January 14th, Professor W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S CHAMBER TRIO, in A, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, will be repeated on Monday, April 4th, on the occasion of Madame Goddard's Benefit.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MOMUS.—What the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of April 1868, called a "provocative advertisement" had appeared in the *Times* (advertising columns) on the day previous. It ran thus:—"*Miss Elsworthy requests her theatre-going friends not to admix Mrs. William Ernst Browning (née Miss Elsworthy, at present of the St. James's Theatre) with Miss Elsworthy, recently of the Royal Princess's and Lyceum Theatres.*"

TIDBURY HOWE.—No; bad as is M. Ernest Feydeau's *Fanny*, he has written still more infamous romances, and among the rest *Les Moeurs du Jour*, most infamous of all. Every honest Frenchman ought to ——, and every honest Frenchwoman ought to —— him.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD *subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expedience may suggest.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870.

THE THREATENED FESTIVALS.

THE Right Honourable Earl Dudley and Ward is at it again—this time in a legitimate way. For a long time he has represented Jupiter Mammon, on whose nod ten thousand golden sovereigns wait, ready to be most potent agents, no matter for what work. We cannot argue with Jupiter Mammon; we can only despise, while we appreciate, the full force of the machinery by which he works. In the *rôle* of the Golden God, therefore, Lord Dudley and Ward could

"—— sit in the counting-house
Counting out his money"

—10,000 sovereigns wherewith to bribe a Dean and Chapter—perfectly confident that his proceedings were open to no argument, however much they might deserve censure.

At length Lord Dudley has come to the aid of his money. This golden Count Moltke, who, from his cabinet in Park Lane, could control the movements of an army of sovereigns, has found reason to doubt the result; and, now, seizing his pen he rushes to help his glittering troops. Welcome to the field, O belted Earl!—a field whereon the humblest skirmisher and the greatest captain may meet on something like eqality. We will be courteous to one so unused to paper war, and allow him to strike first. Here is a letter addressed last week to a Worcester journal:—

SIR,—I shall be much obliged to you if you will allow me to trespass on your space with a letter both this week and next, on the subject of the Restoration of the Cathedral and the future holding of the Triennial Festivals there. To-day I will confine myself entirely to the arguments which have been used for their continuance, so that it may not be supposed that they are unanswerable, or even of such weight that an answer to them is difficult.

There are but two which have been put prominently forward: one being the assertion that there is no desecration of the sacred building in holding such meetings (sanctioned as they are by many who would never countenance them if they felt there was such desecration), and the other being the question of the injury which might accrue to the Charity now benefited by the proceeds of the Festivals were they discontinued.

First, then—as to the desecration of the Cathedral itself: let any one who is prepared to judge impartially ask the Chapter, the Cathedral architect, nay the vergers themselves, as to what is and must be the state of things for weeks previous to the holding of a Festival. The daily service in the nave interrupted—this and the Sunday services performed in the Lady Chapel—because all the rest of the building, nave and choir, is wanted for the music meeting.

Those who have followed the history of the Cathedral know that when the service, in which the choirs of the three cathedrals joined, first changed its character, and became a performance of sacred music by hired performers, it was held in the choir, and the service was entirely suspended. Public opinion revolted against this, and the Festivals were then held in the nave. Why? Because the nave was never used, and was thought a fitting place for such purposes. And even now, despite the fact that the nave has been for months used for Divine service, one voice is not ashamed to say that the nave is specially a fitting place for the music meetings, because Protestant worship does not require so large a space. Nay, more than this: the choir is again permitted to be used, on the avowed ground that the Festivals would not pay their expenses if all the available space were not utilized. This is a step backwards to that state of things which

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the better feelings of years ago condemned. To this I will only add one word more, as to the desecration of the building. The Festivals of sacred music are not services in any sense. The meeting of the choirs was so, but the present arrangements are not, and as such, I venture to say, cannot be rightfully held there. In saying this I must guard myself against being supposed to convey any reproach to those who think differently. They are undoubtedly the great majority, and their opinion carries corresponding weight with it; but the present state of things has grown up slowly, has been permitted for years, acquiesced in, and acted upon as a precedent, and cannot therefore be ignored, or supposed capable of any sudden conversion to one diametrically opposite. Though, if only from the "small still voices" which have spoken out this time, I do not in any way despair that the truer feeling as to the Cathedral will obtain in the end.

From the present permission granted by the Chapters of the three dioceses arises the question of whether they have not, by giving it, exceeded their powers as the legal guardians of their cathedrals. On this point I will say no more than beg you to print Dr. Phillimore's opinion, which I send you with this letter.

For myself I cannot understand that, on any pretext, an inhabitant of Worcester should have to pay on any occasion for entering the Cathedral doors when open.

I now come to the question of the Charity. The bread of the widow and orphan is a powerful appeal as it should be, for a greater or more worthy one cannot well be imagined; but will no one subscribe for so holy a cause, unless they have been gratified by hearing an oratorio beautifully performed? Is it only then that they are alive to the claim which the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen of the diocese have upon them? Do those who lay most stress upon this argument know that the Charity has a large sum laid by, the interest of which is available as long as the claim exists, or there are found recipients of it?

If the old service as performed by the united choirs is restored, cannot all give who feel for the position of those for whom their gifts are asked, or am I to believe that on these terms they will not give, though the Charity is made the one plea for continuing to raise money in the Cathedral?

I shall have tired your patience and that of anyone who may read this letter, but I must resume for one moment what I have said in so many words:—First, the Cathedral ought not to be used for the Festival; and secondly, it cannot legally be used for such purposes; thirdly, the Widows' and Orphans' Charity will suffer but slightly, if at all, from the opinion becoming general that the great city church is no longer the fitting place for the performance of oratorios, however glorious they may be in composition, however sacred the words, however perfect the execution.

And now, Sir, with trust that this all important subject will excuse my thus trespassing on your space, I am, your obliged and obedient servant,

DUDLEY.

Dudley House, Park Lane, Thursday, March 24, 1870.

Briefly, Lord Dudley argues thus:—1st, The Cathedral is now desecrated; 2nd, Stop the desecration, and the Charity will not suffer. What Lord Dudley means by "desecration" is not very clearly set forth. From one paragraph we gather that "desecration" means removing the daily service into the Lady Chapel, "because all the rest of the building, nave and choir, is wanted for the music meeting." Here, truly, is a curious notion as to how a sacred building may be unsanctified. By what mysterious ordinance does a service in the Lady Chapel deconsecrate the body of the Cathedral? Let the noble writer explain. Further on we learn that "desecration" means doing anything within the Cathedral which is not a service. This definition, however, is somewhat weakened by an admission that it may be rejected without reproach. But granting its correctness—which we do only for the sake of argument—may we ask Lord Dudley why he confines his energies to the Festivals? He knows very well that English cathedrals are not only churches but show places, wherein the chink of admission money directly precedes and follows the pealing of the organ. Let him be up and doing against this form of "desecration," and we shall have more faith in his consistency.

On the question of possible results to the Charity, Lord Dudley can only prophesy as common men prophesy—that is, without the infallibility of a Divine commission. He looks into the future, and beholds the Charity prospering in the absence of Festivals;—we look into the future and behold it sending round the hat in vain. Our vision is, at least, as substantial as Lord Dudley's. A coronet has not the gift, accredited to ear-rings,—of improving one's eye-sight.

Another matter is spoken of in Lord Dudley's letter—the legality of the Festivals; and the letter itself is accompanied—as a sort of threat, we presume—by an "opinion" emanating from Dr. Phillimore. Here is the document:—

CASE SUBMITTED TO COUNSEL IN 1865.

The See of Worcester is one which, after the dissolution of monasteries by Henry the VIIIth. was refounded by that monarch for a bishop, dean, archdeacon, prebendaries, minor canons, and other members. The Cathedral has become much dilapidated, and recently very liberal contributions towards its restoration have been made by the nobility and gentry resident in the county and the public generally. Many parties entertain a very strong objection to the holding of musical festivals in cathedrals, considering that the charitable objects to which the funds collected at such meetings are devoted do not compensate for what is considered to be a desecration by such performances, and remonstrances have been made to induce the Dean and Chapter of Worcester to refuse to allow the Triennial Festival to be held in their Cathedral. The hours for Divine service in the Cathedral on week-days are at 8 and 10 a.m., and 3 p.m., at which the admission into the Cathedral is free to any person wishing to attend. The musical festivals are held in the nave. The opinion of the Queen's Advocate-General is requested:—

1st.—Whether the Dean and Chapter can legally exclude the public from the Cathedral, unless upon the production of a ticket or paying money for admission, during those hours on week-days ordinarily set apart for the celebration of the Services of the Church.

2nd.—Whether the Dean and Chapter are legally entitled to require, or to depute to third parties, such as the Committee of Musical Festivals, the right to require persons seeking admission to the Cathedral during the hours ordinarily devoted to the celebration of the Services of the Church, or at any other times, to produce a ticket or to pay money as a condition for such admission.

3rd.—Assuming your opinion in answer to either of the above questions to be adverse to the Dean and Chapter, what proceeding, and against whom, and at whose suit, can the right of the public as opposed to the claims of the Committees of Musical Festivals or of the Dean and Chapter, either in person making such claims or authorizing them to be made by the committees, be legally contested?

OPINION.

After much consideration I am unable to understand how it can be legally competent to any Dean and Chapter of the Church of England to allow a musical festival wholly unconnected with the Service of the Church to be celebrated in their Cathedral. I have always thought that the services contained in the Prayer-book, together with the sermon and anthems and hymns which the Prayer-book contemplates as being incorporated with the morning and daily prayer, are the only services which can, according to law, be performed in any consecrated church. Such appears to me to be the clear result of the statutes, the rubrics, the general ecclesiastical law, and, I presume, of the statutes of the Cathedral applicable to this subject.

The consequences which would flow from the adoption of any principl which would vest in the Dean and Chapter the power of allowing other services than those prescribed by law to be celebrated in the Cathedral, appear to me very grave.

One Dean and Chapter may consider that a service exclusively composed of religious music, in which the performers are vocalists distinguished for their talents at the operas or the theatres in London conduces to the spiritual edification of the hearers, and is a lawful means of obtaining money for any religious purpose. Another Dean and Chapter may think that the representation of a religious drama, such as the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton, or the *David* of Mrs. Hannah More, may tend still more to the promotion of religion, and be an equally lawful means of obtaining money for religious objects. The representation of such dramas would of course be rendered as perfect as possible by obtaining the aid of distinguished professional actors. It is difficult to see upon what principle this latter use of the Cathedral can be prohibited, if the former can be permitted by law. Indeed the argument might be pushed still further than this; but I forbear to do so.

It would seem to me to be the duty of the visitor of the Cathedral, who, I presume, is the Bishop of the diocese, upon a proper representation being made to him, to admonish the Dean and Chapter that to allow a musical festival wholly unconnected with, and forming no part of the proper services of the day, to be celebrated at all in the Cathedral, was contrary to law; and if the admonition, which one can scarcely suppose, was disregarded, to visit with proper censures those who had set his authority and that of the law at nought.

Of course if the musical festival were substituted for, or prevented in any

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way, the appointed services of the day, the offence would be of a still graver character.

It may be competent to the Dean and Chapter for good reasons to alter the hours of Divine service; but it is not competent to them to exclude anybody in the diocese from attending Divine service in the Cathedral, which is the mother church of the diocese, or to make the payment of a sum of money the condition, without the fulfilment of which he is not permitted to enter for this purpose the doors of the Cathedral.

October 11, 1865. ROBERT PHILLIMORE.

Our remarks on this need only be brief. Dr. Phillimore's "opinion," as an answer to Lord Dudley's questions, is worth simply nothing. Here is the whole "case," stripped of Lord's and Lawyer's superfluous verbiage:—

Q. Can the Dean and Chapter exclude the public, or make them pay for admission during *ordinary* service hours?

A. They can neither prevent nor charge for attendance on divine service (which they don't attempt) but they can alter the hours of service (which they do).

Q. Can the Dean and Chapter grant to others the power above named?

No answer.

Q. Who may prosecute the Dean and Chapter for permitting the Festivals.

A. The Bishop may admonish, and then censure—if he thinks fit.

Lord Dudley may consider his fee well spent; but to us the lawyer's document seems hardly worth the paper it is written upon; especially inasmuch as it discusses matters outside the questions submitted—with all the one-sidedness of a retained counsel.

Lord Dudley threatens another letter. We are glad of it. The more he writes the better for the Festivals.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE following paragraph appeared in the *Athenæum* of last Saturday:—

"Mdme. Arabella Goddard has been engaged as solo pianist at the Birmingham Festival. She leaves England in the autumn for a lengthened professional tour in Germany and France. Germany has sent us plenty of eminent pianists; we are now able to return the favour in a manner quite satisfactory to our own *amour-propre*."

We feel sure that the opinion of our distinguished contemporary is shared by all to whom native talent, as such, is not a bugbear.

A CORRESPONDENT ("M. R. W.") inquires our opinion as to whether an English composer ever wrote a good organ fugue. The question is wide; but we have no hesitation in saying that one of the best written organ fugues to which we have seen an English name attached is that signed "Henry W. Goodban," in the last number of the *Choir*, March 20, 1870 (a fugue in D minor, in which, at bar 49, a masterly augmentation of the theme will be observed). Henceforth, if Mr. "H. W. G." proceeds in this manner, he may fairly lay claim to the title of the English "J. S. B."

"SOME years ago" (says *Folket's Avis*) "a strolling tumbler used to go about the streets of Stockholm, performing feats of strength for children and servants. His whole scenery consisted in a mat he spread on the pavement, on which, in a pair of threadbare tights, he astonished the spectators, who, like other persons of distinction, paid *entrée à discrétion*. But he was not alone. On the same stage a sweet little girl appeared, who was to be educated as artist in the same line, and performed a graceful *pas-seul* during the *entr'acte* of her father's fatiguing antics. Many had great sympathy for the lovely child when, on raw, autumnal evenings, or in the cold days of winter, clad in thin, miserable finery, she capered in the open air. But, although there was compassion enough among the spectators, it was a long time before anyone with the power to follow his own inclination saw her. But at last her hour of redemption came. Princess Eugénie, sister of Charles XV., heard of all this by some means or other, and took care of her, and, as it proved that she had a fine voice and talent for music, she received instruction of the professor who formerly taught Jenny Lind. All this happened several years since. Her name is Amalia Riego, and, on Monday last she gave a concert in Stockholm."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

That the "Coalition" has come to an end, and that, for this season at any rate, we are to have two Italian Operas, one at Covent Garden, and the other at Drury Lane (as in 1868), is pretty generally known to those among our readers who interest themselves in such matters. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson continue joint directors of the Royal Italian Opera, while the new enterprise, advertised as "Italian Opera, Drury Lane," is the undertaking of Mr. George Wood, a gentleman well known to the musical world. Whatever the risks of the speculating parties on either side, that the opera-going public will profit by the change can hardly admit of a doubt.

Messrs. Gye and Mapleson are first in the field. They opened their theatre on Tuesday night, with a programme sufficiently tempting to draw a crowded and brilliant audience, although the opera selected was what, under any other than exceptional circumstances, might fairly be styled the "hacknoyed" *Lucia di Lammermoor*. But only let some new *prima donna* of capacity be put forward as the heroine, and Donizetti's *Lucia* invariably proves attractive. This was satisfactorily shown on the present occasion, when a young Austrian (or for the matter of that Austro-Italian) singer, her birthplace being Trieste, appeared as Lucia. Mdlle. Sessi has sung in Germany, in Italy, and quite recently in France, where, at the Paris Opéra Italien, she had to fill the place (no grateful task) of Madame Adelina Patti, during the engagement of that wonderfully popular artist at the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburgh. That she should have succeeded in doing this with a certain amount of credit says no little in the favour of one as yet so inexperienced. Like Adelina Patti, however, Mdlle. Sessi—a pupil, we understand, of Herr Maurice Strakosch—has enjoyed uncommon advantages. At any rate, judging from Tuesday night's performance, her first essay before the most difficult, because, perhaps, the most *blasé*, audience in Europe, was one of such promise that we can safely predict for her an honourable career. Let us say at once that Mdlle. Sessi shines far more as a singer than as an actress; but, calling to mind the many notable instances of operatic aspirants who began by singing more or less well, and took long years to master that scarcely less essential accomplishment which leads to undisputed eminence on the lyric stage, we have no reason to doubt that time will bring what is at present wanting to the dramatic side of her art. She has even now both earnestness and intelligence; but more than this is indespensable to make a genuine actress, and it remains with herself to acquire the rest. Mdlle. Sessi is *petite* in stature; nor does her facial physiognomy appear to lend itself readily to mobility of expression. Admitting this, however, together with other physical conditions, apparently drawbacks, there remains an indefinable something which justifies a belief in future progress. A good deal has been said in Parisian circles about Mdlle. Sessi's "*blonde chevelure*," as a peculiar and, indeed, extraordinary characteristic of her individuality, but, while no one could be blind to its profuse abundance, we should be sorry to have to record that, not merely upon this alone, but upon this in particular, the strong impression created, on Tuesday night by the new-comer, in the scene of Lucia's madness—perhaps her most forcible—depended. That it lent a certain picturesque illusion to the dramatic situation is unquestionable; but that it went for anything more we are not disposed to admit.

Mdlle. Sessi's voice is a pure soprano, especially telling in the higher register, and therefore favourable to the effective enunciation of such music as that which Donizetti has put into the mouth of his romantic heroine. This was evident in her very first scene, where the familiar 'Regnava nel silenzio," with its no less familiar "*cabaletta*," would, but for a certain nervousness of delivery, under the circumstances intelligible enough, have left little to desire; and scarcely less so in the duet ("Sulla tomba") with Edgardo. In the first we remarked some

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"*staccato*" passages, with certain embellishments in the second verse of the "*cabaletta*," very much resembling those to which, in her earlier time, Madame Adelina Patti used to accustom us; in the last we were struck by a physical force, which not even the stentorian tones of her partner, Herr Wachtel, the Edgardo of the evening, could overpower. The "Contract Scene"—allowing for a seemingly prevalent want of dramatic perception—had also excellent points, and more especially in the septet with chorus, "Chi mi frena," following immediately upon the unexpected apparition of Edgardo, in which the concluding high notes were given out by Mdlle. Sessi with a force entirely equal to the requirements of that justly famous concerted piece. The mad scene, as we have already hinted, was her most striking display; and we have only to add that some of her passages in the final movement—"Spargi di qualche pianto"—were both new and effective. That Mdlle. Sessi thoroughly satisfied the audience may be gathered from the fact that she was called for enthusiastically at the end of each of her principal scenes. Her future progress will be watched with interest.

Herr Wachtel's Edgardo is precisely what it was when he first played the character with Madame (then Mdlle.) Patti in 1864; the voice as resonant and powerful as ever; the singing as vigorous and original. Of Signor Graziani's Enrico we have spoken so often that it will suffice to say that he has never given the music with more earnestness, or made more strenuous endeavours to impart his idea of dramatic significance to the character. Signor Capponi was very good as Raimondo (Bide-the-Bent); and Signor Marino, who possesses a voice worth cultivating, excellent as Arturo. The chorus (allowing for a single "slip" unnecessary to specify) was efficient; and the admirable manner in which the orchestral accompaniments were played showed that in Signor Vianesi, from St. Petersburgh (who may be remembered in England some ten years ago), the directors of the Royal Italian Opera have secured the services of a really competent conductor.

The opera, which was preceded by the National Anthem (chorus and orchestra), was warmly received throughout.

Lucia was repeated on Thursday; and to-night Mdlle. Tietjens will appear as Valentine in the *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer.

The arrangements for the season having been fully made known in our advertising columns, it is only requisite to call attention to a special feature of the prospectus. Of the varied and extensive repertory, to which the directors refer with pardonable pride, we need say nothing. The operatic public is well acquainted with it, and is doubtless grateful for past recollections. The operas positively to be given in the course of the season include two *bonâ fide* novelties, and one work at least new to Covent Garden. The *bona fide* novelties are Signor Verdi's *Macbeth*, an *opera seria*, though often talked about, never yet heard in England; and Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*, which, if report may be credited, has lately been performed with great success at the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburgh. In the former the chief characters —Macbeth and Lady Macbeth—are assigned to Signor Graziani and Mdlle. Tietjens; in the latter (founded upon M. Victor Hugo's famous historical romance), the part of the heroine is to be sustained by Madame Adelina Patti—who if any singer could make old amateurs of the ballet forget Carlotta Grisi in the same creation, is precisely the one.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The concert this afternoon, for a reason unnecessary to explain to amateurs, is to be devoted exclusively to the works of Beethoven. That on Monday evening is for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard—her last appearance for the season. The programme on Monday is rich in attractions—for particulars of which our advertising columns may be consulted. Not the least attraction is the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven, to be played by our great English pianist, in association with the greatest of living violinists.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—Bach's sacred oratorio, *The Passion*, will be performed, for the fourth time in London, at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening next, April 6th, under the direction of Mr. Barnby. The band and chorus is to be largely increased; and the performance promises to be in every way worthy of this sublime work.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The following was the programme of Saturday's concert:—

Overture, *Leonora*, No. 1	Beethoven.
Scena, *Medea*—Madame Rudersdorff	Randegger.
Symphony, "Approach of Spring"	Hiller.
Arietta, "In Questa Tomba"—Madame Patey	Beethoven.
Adagio and Rondo for violin and orchestra—Herr Franz Ries ...	F. Ries.
Aria, "Dir Danken Wir"—Madame Rudersdorff	Mozart.
Song, "When sorrow sleepeth"—Madame Patey	Land.
Overture, *Jubilee*	Weber.

With reference to the first *Fidelio* overture, "G." remarks:—"It is much to be regretted that so fine a composition, so abounding in beauties, should remain comparatively unknown." "G." is right, undoubtedly; but the fact he laments is not surprising. The great *Leonora* kills its three companions, just as the great Pyramid kills the lesser ones, or as Mont Blanc throws into shade the peaks upon which it looks down. Most of all does this apply to No. 1, because the first of four attempts to accomplish an object is naturally regarded as least successful. Nevertheless, the overture is a charming composition, worthy to prelude the glorious lyric drama after the name of which it is called. We are told that it was "*probably* brought over by Mendelssohn with the great symphony in C of Schubert." The italics are ours, and must be taken to signify that an event so interesting ought to be placed beyond doubt one way or the other. Ferdinand Hiller's symphony, the one dedicated by him to the late Musical Society of London, was a welcome appearance. It deserves an occasional place in orchestral programmes, and can hardly fail to gratify the audience by whom it is heard. Gratification was specially marked on Saturday, for reasons obvious to all. In the first place the music was admirably played. Next, its subject is all the more agreeable when Spring is very near and snow covers the ground. Lastly, its merits came upon the audience as a surprise. It is evident that the subject he sought to illustrate was adapted to Herr Hiller's idiosyncracy. We all know what sentiment—sentiment never mawkish, because controlled by poetic taste—distinguishes this excellent master's works. For this characteristic "The return of Spring" gave full scope, of which every advantage has been taken. In the opening movement the struggle between Winter and Spring is expressed with happy facility, and with a plainness nobody can mistake. After the agitated, we had almost said spasmodic, first theme, the lovely *cantabile* of the second came like bright sunshine after storm and gloom. The next movement expresses transition; and its pervading calm, broken only here and there, is made even more welcome by subjects the pastoral character of which is in the best keeping. Mr. Manns has styled the third movement "a picture of a moonlight night in early Spring, full of grace and beauty,"—an interpretation with which we are far from disposed to quarrel. By many this movement is accounted the best in the work; but, whether the best or not, nobody can dispute that it deserves a very high rank. There is a charm about the music only at the command of a master. In the *finale* we have Spring, uncontested and unclouded; and the idea is put forward in a manner not to be mistaken. To sum up, let us say that Herr Hiller's symphony is a fine and masterly work, honourable to the worker in the highest degree. Herr Franz Ries did not appear to much advantage as a composer; but his playing has merits, of which, however, we must make a final estimate upon closer acquaintance. The young German was recalled. About Weber's *Jubilee* we need not speak. Herr Randegger's fine *scena* had another great success—thanks partly to its indisputable excellence, and partly to the magnificent singing of Madame Rudersdorff. The composer himself conducted, and, with the executant, was recalled amid hearty applause. Mozart's air is, of course, charming, and was admirably delivered. Madame Patey obtained an encore for Land's song, a result due, we should say, to her excellent singing. T. E.

MOSCOW.—M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giuletta* was produced for the benefit of Mad. Artôt-Padilla. The house was crowded, and the fair *bénéficiaire*, overwhelmed with applause and valuable presents, including silver tea-pots, turquoise ear-rings, ruby brooches, and such like. Mad. Artôt-Padilla and her husband are now at Warsaw, where they are engaged for a month.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The second concert of the Schubert Society took place on Thursday, 24th March. Schumann's *Fantasies-tücke* for pianoforte and violin opened the concert, played by Herr Schrattenholz and Herr Jung. The other instrumental pieces were "Des Abends" and "Noveletten" (Miss Lucy M'Manus), and solo violoncello, "Abeurlied," played with much feeling by Herr Schuberth. Mdlle. Bavant sang "Du Ringan meinem Fingu," and Mdlle. Zernial, "Die Grenadiere" and "My Heart's in the Highlands." The second part was miscellaneous, opening with Mozart's charming trio in G (Op. 30), played by Herr Schrattenholz, Herr Jung, and Herr Schuberth. A great feature, earning much applause, was Gounod's Meditation on the first prelude of Bach, played by Herr Schuberth, accompanied on the piano and harmonium. Herr Jung's solo on the violin—Variations on Russian airs—was very well executed. Miss M'Manus and Herr Schrattenholz each played a solo on the pianoforte. The vocal part included an old song by Henry Purcell, "A jewel is my lady fair," sung by Mr. Dawson; "Will he come" (Sullivan), Mdlle. Zernial; and "Orago fire" (Marras), Mdlle. Bavant. Mr. Benedict, Herr Schrattenholz, and Herr Schuberth were the conductors. The third concert, devoted to Spohr, will take place on Thursday, April 28.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert and Madame Gilbert have commenced their fourth season of the "Classics of the Pianoforte," at the Conduit Street Rooms. The second of the present series took place on Wednesday evening, when Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Dussek, Sterndale Bennett, &c., were represented, both instrumentally and vocally, in the programme—Bach by an *aria*, "My heart ever faithful;" Mozart by "Voi che sapete" and "The Violet" (encored); Beethoven by his grand trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in D (Op 70, No. 1); his sonata for piano alone, in E flat (Op. 29, No. 3); his Romance in G (Op. 40), for violin, and his cantata, *Adelaida*; Dussek by "Name the glad day; and Bennett by his Chamber Trio in A (Op. 26), for piano, violin, and violoncello, and his *Sonata duo* in A (Op. 32), for piano and violoncello. The instrumental executants were Mr. Alfred Gilbert (piano), Mr. Henry Holmes (violin), and Signor Pezze (violoncello). The vocalists were Madame Gilbert, Miss Susannah Cole, and Mr. George Perren. Two compositions by modern composers were introduced on the occasion—a vocal *terzetto* by Signor Costa, "Vanne a colei," and an *offertorium* by Mr. Moorat, the latter charmingly sung by Madame Gilbert. Mr. Frank Mori was announced to accompany the vocal music.

St. George's Hall was well attended last Thursday week by an audience interested in listening to the performances of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blagrove. The concertina, in the hands of Mr. Richard Blagrove, seems capable of interpreting music of pretension, and the selection made for these concerts embraces sonatas, trios, quartets, and other chamber compositions, as well as lighter effusions. In the lighter styles of composition the peculiarities of the instrument are charmingly displayed by Mr. Blagrove. The pianoforte playing of Mrs. Richard Blagrove is remarkable. The performances were varied by Mr. Henry Blagrove as violinist, and Mr. Aylward as violoncellist. The vocal music was sung by Madame Talbot-Cherer, Miss Robertine Henderson, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Winn. The fourth concert is announced to take place this month, under the patronage of the Princess Teck.

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MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The second of these admirable entertainments was given in St. James's Hall on Thursday week, and proved to be of more than average attraction. Mozart's overture to *Zauberflöte* headed the programme, as though to tempt an audience, for once, into the exercise of that rare virtue among audiences—punctuality. How the music was played by an excellent orchestra we need not stop to describe. Next came Bach's fine motet for double choir, "I wrestle and pray;" the great ingenuity and power of which could hardly have had a better exemplification. Mr. Leslie's Choir was evidently on its mettle in attacking the great master's work, and fairly conquered every difficulty. Need we say that those among the audience who had learned to appreciate Bach were delighted. Mendelssohn's concerto for violin closed the first part, and—the player being Herr Joachim—closed it brilliantly. Herr Joachim's performance of this fine work, and the work itself, are so well known that we are not called upon for an elaborate notice. Every amateur will understand how grandly the first and third movements were executed, and what a depth of expression was manifested in the lovely *andante*. The second part opened with Beethoven's fifth symphony (C minor), which was given with great vigour and effect. But music so familiar could scarcely be otherwise rendered. Of course it was heard with pleasure from beginning to end. When will the people ever tire of it! The next piece, Mendelssohn's psalm, "Judge me, O God," was doubly welcome. In the first place it belongs to the finest order of sacred music; and, next, it is invariably sung to perfection by Mr. Leslie's Choir. Those who have so heard it can never forget that grand unison which seems due, not to voices, but a voice; such is the precision attained. The psalm was encored as usual, and with the usual good reason. Spohr's favourite *adagio*, from the ninth concerto for violin, was played by Herr Joachim as no one else plays it, many as are the artists who make the movement a stock piece. This, too, was encored, amid hearty and demonstrative applause. The concert ended with "The Hunt's Up," from Macfarren's *May Day*, a piece the excellence of which we have had recent occasion to point out.

T. E.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

At the Students' Concert, on Thursday evening, the following instrumental and vocal pieces were given:—

Fantasie-stück, Pianoforte (Max Bruch); Mr. Douce. Glee, "Thyrsis when he left me" (Callcott); Miss Goode, Miss Etherington, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Parry. Recit. ed Aria, "Bella mia fiamma addio," "Resta o Cara" (Mozart); Miss Pocklington. Largo e Mesto, Minuetto and Rondo-allegro, from Sonata in D, No. 8, Op. 10, Pianoforte (Beethoven); Mr. Beazley. Cradle Song, "Peacefully Slumber" (A. Randegger); Miss Rebecca Jewell. Pas Triste, pas Gai, Pianoforte (W. S. Bennett); Master Walker. Motett, for female voices, "The Lord is my Shepherd" (Hullah); Soli, Miss Rebecca Jewell, Miss Goode, and Miss C. Gardner. Aria, "O Salutaris," *Messe Solennelle* (Rossini); Miss Marion Severn. Sonata, in E minor, Pianoforte and Violin (Mozart); Miss Waite and Master Parker. Trio, "Sun-rise" (H. Smart); Miss Ferrari, Miss Rebecca Jewell, and Miss Marion Severn. Andante and Variations in B flat, two Pianofortes (Schumann); Miss Westmarland, and Miss C. Gardner. Songs, "The Farewell," "The Post-horn" (Schubert); Miss Goode. Etude, in B flat minor, Two Sketches in B flat and G minor, Pianoforte (Mendelssohn); Miss Linda Scates. Madrigal, "Cynthia, thy Song" (Giovanni Croce, 1560).

The accompanists of the vocal music were Miss Channell, Miss Townsend, and Mr. Shakespeare.

The "features" of the concert were Signor Randegger's "Peacefully Slumber," sung with expression by Miss Rebecca Jewell; Professor Bennett's "Pas triste, pas gai," cleverly played by a very young pianist—Master Walker; the "O Salutaris" from Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, well suited to Miss Severn's fine voice; Henry Smart's beautiful trio, "Sun-rise," effectively sung by Misses Ferrari, Rebecca Jewell, and Severn; and Mendelssohn's *Etude* and Sketches, capitally played by Miss Linda Scates. The movements from Mozart's Sonata, by Miss Waite and Master Parker, would have pleased more had the young violinist brought his instrument into better tune; and Schumann's duet, well played by the two young students, would also have pleased more had it been less monotonous.

The next Public Rehearsal will take place on Tuesday morning, April 12.

—o—

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The performance of Beethoven's Mass in D is always an event in musical annals, and the Sacred Harmonic Society may be congratulated on the success of its exertions on Friday evening week, when the work was given with singular effect under the admirable direction of Sir Michael Costa. The great merit of the performance was the marvellous execution of the instrumental portion. That the vocalization was less perfect may be easily understood and accounted for. The soprani failed the most, and unless a choir of high voices alone be selected to sing such music the painful exertions necessary to bring out the notes above the staff will always militate against the enjoyment of this great work.

The solo singers were Mdlle. Enequist, Madame Patey, whose beautiful voice, and musician-like style proclaim her one of the best contraltos of the day; Mr. Vernon Rigby, tenor; and Mr. Patey, bass. To Sir Michael Costa the highest praise is due for such a performance

Barcelona.—A new Italian opera, *L'Orfanella*, has been produced very successfully at the Liceo. The music is by Sig. Baraldi, the baritone, who sustains a buffo part in his own work.

Braun.—Weinlich's "Lady-Orchestra" ("*Damen-Orchestra*") has been giving concerts with great success. The envious and malignant, that is to say: instrumental performers of the male sex who never drew themselves, hint that the nine young ladies constituting the "Orchestra," owe no small part of their triumph to their good looks. Well, what if they do? Why should not beauty be allied with an instrumental performance, just as much as fine scenery, on Herr Wagner's plan, with operatic singing?

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WAIFS.

Herr Maurice Strakosch has been in London since Monday, but important professional business compels him to return to Paris almost immediately.

M. Sivori is playing at M. Pasdeloup's concerts in Paris.—*Choir.*

A sound judge—a musical critic.

St. Petersburgh has four thousand piano teachers.

A musical burglar—one who breaks into a tune.

Mr. Robertson's new piece is to be called *M.P.*

M. Jules Cohen has been appointed as Inspector of Music in the Imperial Chapel at the Tuileries in place of M. Labarre.—*Choir.*

The death of M. Deiboeck, director of the Mozarteum at Salzburg, is announced.—*Choir.*

Mr. Rogers is new organist at St. Alban's, Holborn, in place of Mr. Morley.—*Choir.*

"Mus. Doc." being rather an awkward degree, "Fiddle D.D." is recommended as the proper thing for musicians.

Pigolette is the name of a pig's tail whistle made by a genius at Chillicothe, Ohio.

What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? One stops the nose and the other knows the stops.

A certain singer has so much *timbre* in his voice that even his audiences are often bored.

A Miss Rye has recently arrived in Canada with a corps of British females, famous for their performance on brass, tin, and iron instruments!

Levy, the cornet player's, concord of sweet sounds must move the hearts of a great many young ladies, for he asserts that he is deluged with love-letters.

A new hymnal will, it is said, be introduced at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, to supersede "Hymns Ancient and Modern," at present in use.—*Choir.*

During a performance of *La Belle Hélène* recently at Amsterdam the actor who played Menelaus died on the stage from rupture of an aneurism. The audience laughed, thinking it was part of the play.

We are requested by Mr. C. J. Bishenden to state that "Sir Aubery Paul, Bart., has just published six excellent portraits (cabinet and *carte-de-visite*) of Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the bass.

A rural Vermont clergyman has abolished the bass viol from his choir because it made him think of dancing. A minister dancing to airy notes of a bass viol would be a rare sight.

As Miss Poole, the vocalist, was driving out in a pony chaise, at Slough, the animal took fright, and the vehicle was upset, Miss Poole receiving some severe contusions.

Miss Kellogg, Miss Adelaide Phillips, and Signora Lefranc are the principal members of an opera *troupe* which intends to begin operations in Boston under the direction of Signor Biscacianti.

Herr Stockhausen, having finished his tour with Mr. Mapleson, has started for St. Petersburgh, where he is to sing at a series of historical concerts.

There is a rumour in Berlin that Pauline Lucca, the talented Berlin *prima donna*, is going to the United States during this year, to remain six months, and give one hundred concerts at two thousand dollars in gold each.

At Cheyenne, lately, a missionary preached on a dry-goods box, and his choir sat in a buggy. The horse got frightened and ran away with the choir. The *Protestant Churchman* wisely asks: "Could not that horse be brought East? It would command a large price."

The Alexandria Theatre, Glasgow, was burnt down on Friday morning week, at one o'clock. It was a brick and wooden structure, and was destroyed in an hour. The actors' wardrobes were lost. The damage is estimated at over £2,000.

Music supplies employment to a large number of persons in the Bavarian capital. No less than 937 persons are engaged at the Court Theatre; and the Chapel Royal gives employment to 103 more.—*Choir.*

"There is no truth in men," said a lady in company. "They are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tunes." "In other words, madam," said another lady, "you believe that all men are lyres!"

A communication from Brussels states that the first representation of Richard Wagner's opera of *Lohengrin* took place in that city on Tuesday evening, and obtained a brilliant success. The Queen was present.

The executor of Gottschalk is Mr. Charles Vezin, a brother of the distinguished actor of that name in England. Vezin is a well-known and highly-cultivated merchant of Philadelphia, and was Gottschalk's most intimate friend.

The Feast of the Annunciation was to be celebrated at Notre Dame by a performance of the Second Mass of M. Léon Gastinel, by the Society of Artist Musicians, M. Alard playing an *andante* of Mozart's for the Offertoire, and the band and chorus numbering four hundred.—*Choir.*

Apropos of the revival of *Robert* at the Grand Opéra, it is said that bouquets and crowns of flowers were so piled at the foot of the cross in the third act, as to interfere with the stage business. Some one having alluded in Mdlle. Nilsson's presence to "*ses maladroits amis*," the lady remarked, "*Dites plutôt des ennemis adroits.*"

Some time ago we called attention to the progress of classical vocal music in Manchester. We have now to add that at a recent concert of the Vocal Society, Wesley's *In Exitu Israel*, and Bach's Motet, *Be not afraid*, were conspicuous features. There is reason to believe that Londoners underrate musical progress in our great provincial towns.

A correspondent of the *Church Review* supplies a melancholy statement with reference to churches in the most rural portions of the diocese of Chichester. In one district none of the churches have organs, many have no music or instrument whatever; and at J—— the bells are sold to repair the tower. If this is true, the new Bishop, who, we believe, likes good music, will have an open field before him.—*Choir.*

Mr. Babington, late of St. Mary's Redcliffe, Bristol, finds Church music at Barbadoes in a very unsatisfactory state. The St. Leonard's choir has, owing to the harshness of the curate, nearly broken up. The choir of the Cathedral is worse; and never was clergyman of ability and sound Church principles more wanted in the island. We, therefore, look for great things from Mr. Babington. Dr. Parry, Bishop of the diocese, has just died in England.—*Choir.*

A leading article in the *Standard* of March 25th begins as follows:—

"That terrible French romancer, M. Théophile Gautier, whose freedom of treatment in dealing with the most exciting incidents of human life renders his writing as a rule so eminently ill-adapted for the family circle, once wrote a novel called *Les Memoires du Diable.*"

The living "terrible French romancer" has sins enough to answer for without crediting him with those of the dead "terrible French romancer," Frederic Soulié.

Three "Chamber Concerts of Modern Music" are in progress under the direction of Mr. W. Coenen. The composers who filled the first evening were Raff, Max Bruch, and Carl Grädener. Neither the trio by the first-named—notwithstanding his reputed sympathy with Wagner,—the quartet by the second—a pupil of the thoroughly conservative Hiller,—nor the quintet of the last-named—of whom we know nothing,—showed any remarkable traits of eccentricity, extravagance, or indeed of originality. If these concerts are intended to be propagandist, the selections might be better considered.—*The Musician.*

Thus pleasantly writes the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* about certain entertainments annually due at *Mi carême*:—

"To-night there will be *bals masqués* in every place *où l'on danse*, as well as in many private houses where dancing is not the every-day occupation of the inmates. Even now, as I write, while it is still broad daylight, and in spite of the rain which has just set in, the *masquers* are beginning to promenade the boulevards. They do not look too cheerful now; but, as the small hours approach nearer and nearer, they will get up a noisy, sham enthusiasm, which will pass muster for the real thing. What mad fun there will be to-night! What headaches there will be to-morrow; and what *fluxions de poitrine* on the following day!"

At an early hour on Saturday morning Mrs. Albert Smith, the widow of the popular author and entertainer, whom she had outlived nearly ten years, somewhat suddenly expired. Mrs. Albert Smith was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and as Miss Mary Keeley her name will be remembered in association with many notable theatrical successes achieved at the Lyceum and the Adelphi. Her first appearance was made at the Lyceum Theatre, December 20, 1845, in a dramatic adaptation of Mr. Charles Dickens's story, *The Cricket on the Hearth.* Her marriage with Mr. Albert Smith took place on the 1st of August, 1859, on the completion of the first season of the lively lecturer's entertainment, "China," and in the May following the young wife became unhappily a widow.

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In the official analysis of Mr. Edward Mollenhauer's new symphony, *The Passions*, it is said—"The composer has treated fear as a haunting presence; as a shadow which ever pursues and chills the heart, holding it, as it were, in a vacuum, while its dull throbs are as the dropping of lead." A New York paper calls this "a chemical description."

As an example of American laudation we take the following from a Louisville paper:—"When Miss Howson first appeared, her bright eyes, and lovely face attracted everybody. But when her beautiful pearly teeth were disclosed, there came such a cataract of diamond-drops of melody that the house seemed, as it were, deluged in a spray of harmony equal to that which one might imagine would come from a Niagara composed of Æolian harps."

The fertility of English novelists has often been animadverted upon in the German press; but what is to be said of an authoress (Mrs. or Miss Kathinka Litz) who, under the name of K. Th. Lianitzka, is about to publish twenty-eight volumes all at once? Kollmann of Leipsic advertises as "nearly ready" the following new productions of her pen:—*The Romance of a Poet's* (Goethe's) *Life*, in three divisions and eleven volumes; *Henry Heine, the Lyric Poet*, in three divisions and also in eleven volumes; and *Rahel; or, Thirty-three Years of a Noble Woman's Life*, in three divisions and six volumes. These twenty-eight volumes are advertised at 13½ thalers; but taken *en bloc*, the publisher offers them at 6 thalers, or only 18*s*.!

Statesmen and politicians are apt to take, and we think justly, a lofty view of their labours, and if the following letter, said to have been addressed by Lamartine to Count d'Orsay, and now published for the first time, be authentic, it may be regarded as supporting this view, and as little complimentary to the great dandy. The letter is as follows:—

"Thanks, *cher ami*, for the beautiful hound you have sent me. I do not hide the fact. I have always been extravagantly fond of well-bred dogs. Do you ask why? For four reasons:—1st. Because they are beautiful. 2nd. Because they are faithful. 3rd. Because they do not meddle with politics. And 4th. In short, because they are dogs. If men could but unite all these conditions I would rave about them also, but—happily, I may make an exception in your favour, *cher ami*."

Among the false legends of history rank one long current respecting Maria Theresa and Madame de Pompadour. The Empress-Queen never wrote the letters beginning "Ma cousine" or "Ma très chère sœur." She denies it in a letter to the Electoral Princess Maria-Antonia of Saxony, published by Dr. Carl von Weber in 1857:—

"*Vous vous trompez si vous croyez que nous avons jamais eut des liaison avec la Pompadour, jamais une lettre, ni que notre ministre aye passée par son canal; ils ont dut lui faire la cour comme tout les autres, mais jamais aucune intimité. Ce canal ne m'aurait pas convenut. Je lui ais fais un present plutot galant que magnifique, l'année* 1756, *et avec la permission du roy, je ne la crois pas capable d'en accepter autrement.*"

Why does Carlyle take no notice of this disclaimer? The story was one of Frederick II.'s calumnies. Carlyle owns that the notes had never been printed, "or given at least to the Museums."

Musical events in Boston.—The Russian Troupe have given several concerts. M. W. Whitney had a complimentary benefit at Chickering's Hall, March 1st; J. C. D. Parker, Listemann, Mrs. Barry and the Chickering Club assisted. There is to be a grand musical festival next summer, which is expected to surpass the great Jubilee. March 3rd, the ninth symphony concert at Music Hall—Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony. The Harvard Musical Society give two symphony concerts in March, the first on the 24th, to consist mostly of the writings of Beethoven, for the benefit of the Boston Art Museum; the other on the 31st, complimentary to their estimable director, Carl Zerrhan. The Mercantile Library Association will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary at Music Hall, March 11th, by addresses from the Governor, the Mayor and Mr Wintrop, &c., and a grand concert by eminent solo talent, a large orchestra and chorus from the Handel and Haydn Society.

We are sorry to have to record the death of Mr. Charles Green, the veteran aëronaut. To him we owe the introduction of ordinary coal gas for the inflation of balloons. Before his time balloons were inflated either with artificially heated air, or else with hydrogen gas obtained by a very costly chemical process. Mr. Green, indeed, did more than anyone else to perfect the science of aëronautics, which is comparatively of very recent date. The first balloon ascent was made by de Rosiers, in 1783, and the idea of employing balloons for purposes of scientific investigation was not hit upon until 1803, when Messrs. Robertson and Lhoest ascended at Hamburg. Mr. Green was employed for scientific purposes by the British Association in 1847-1849. But he is most famous for his grand ascent in 1836, when he started from Vauxhall Gardens, and landed at Weilburg, in Nassau, accomplishing in 18 hours a journey of 500 miles. Mr. Green is also well known to all readers of Mr. Dickens; "Vauxhall Gardens" by Day," is one of the most amusing "Sketches by Box." What aëronauts may yet accomplish cannot safely be predicted. Balloons were used as a means of strategical observation in the seven weeks' campaign of 1859, and Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell have shown us that they can be put to good service in the interests of science. But, to whatever pitch of perfection aëronautics may be carried, the names of Charles Green and of his balloon the Nassau will be handed down to memory amongst aëronauts, as are the names of George Stephenson and his engine, the Rocket, amongst engineers.—*Daily Telegraph.*

We take a lively example of musical reviewing from the *St. Louis Freemason*:—

"'Beautiful Bells.'—Somebody who never saw the ocean, and never got sea sick, once made a goose of himself and wrote a song called 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' &c., which does very well for love-sick swains to sing to their sweethearts when taking a ride on a duck-pond; and just so, somebody who never lived within a mile of church got off a parody on common sense inditing some lines to the 'Beautiful Bells.' This bell business is the grandest humbug in the world. We live across the street from a convent, and they have a bell which commences ringing at 4½ a.m. and rings every quarter of an hour until 8 p.m. To help the bell business a little, a church one square off has bought a large bell and had it blessed and consecrated, and they are so proud of it that it sends forth an unearthly sound every time a saint is supposed to turn round or confer a benediction; and between the two, one has about as much chance for a sleep in the morning as a short-tail cow in fly-time. Our opinion of the whole performance is, that it is an unmitigated nuisance, and should be abolished by law, 'without benefit of clergy.' It did very well to have church bells in an age when nobody had a clock or carried watches, just as private seals were of some use when even the nobility were so ignorant that they could not write their names, but had to make their mark. We believe in bells to tell where the fires are, and also in steam-whistles on engines; but apart from them, we protest against the whole scheme of keeping an entire city awake just to let us know that somebody is praying—a devotion that should be performed in silence, without making such a racket and publication of the fact. If we had the author of 'Beautiful Bells' in our custody, we could put him or her where he or she would in forty-eight hours repent in sackcloth and ashes for ever having perpetrated such nonsense."

With reference to Mr. Maretzek's attempt at Italian Opera in New York, the *Atlas* says:—

"The fate of the Tower of Babel has befallen the polyglot opera. It is suspended, and the wonderful crowd of all nations and nationalities that made such a confusion of tongues in the musical catacombs, have been dispersed to the uttermost ends of the earth, whence it is to be hoped they may never again be brought together to afflict an unoffending public. The unsuccessful manager threatens to resume operations after Lent, but there is reason to hope that the danger may be averted. The patrons of art in this city have no confidence in Maretzek's ability to produce Italian Opera in a satisfactory manner. His penurious, unenterprising, makeshift system did very well fifteen or twenty years ago, but it is not up to the required standard now. Musical culture has advanced wonderfully since that time, and the increased attention paid by the principal theatres to scenery, costumes, and all the minutiæ of the mimetic art, has made the public more exigeant in these respects. Intelligent people will not go to the opera when the entertainment given is such as to delight neither the eye nor the ear. They find no pleasure in listening to one or two tolerably good vocalists when the rest are far below mediocrity, when the chorus sings in several languages, and is only less out of time and tune than the orchestra, and when the stage appointments are meagre and shabby in the extreme. There is not a particle of mystery about the failure of opera in this city. The Shaksperian drama would be as great a failure if it were brought out at Booth's as opera has been at the Academy of Music. There is abundant musical taste to support opera in this city, provided only opera is given in a style worthy of the support. First-class artists, capable and thoroughly disciplined chorus and orchestra, new and attractive scenery, handsome and appropriate costumes, and an energetic, wide-awake management which understands how to cater for a city like this, are all required. With these, Italian opera would be both an artistic and a pecuniary success in New York. Without them, it must continue to be a failure."

The Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph* sometimes discourses musically. Here is an example:—

"In this highly virtuous city we do not dance in Lent, you know. Public balls take place as usual, of course, and at one place in the Champs Elysées *bals de nuit* are advertised to be given twice a week. But no masks are allowed in public by law, and no formal dancing in private is permitted by etiquette till Easter ushers in real summer. Nevertheless, one continues to receive little notes with the words, "On dansera au piano," written timidly in the corner; although on the imposing cards which gradually diminish the utility of your looking-glass, 'On fera de la musique' is the order of the day.

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and the *musique* is generally remarkably well *faite*. An entertainment at which I was present last night comes up to my highest ideal of what a private concert should be. It began at eleven o'clock and was over before midnight. But a concert must be good besides being short. Most true, gentle reader, and perhaps you will say, if Mdlle. Nilsson is attractive enough to please you. Here she is the reigning favourite, and she counts her admirers by thousands. Last night she sang a clever *cantique*, by M. Faure, 'Sancta Maria,' the composer himself accompanying her on the harmonium; and also an extremely pretty melody, of which it would be more permissible to speak warmly if it were not the production of the Marquis d'Aoust, the host of the evening. Then Mr. Tom Hohler sang our old friend, 'When other lips,' to French words, which were thought very nice by the Parisians, who knew 'La Bohémienne,' but which sounded strange to us old fogies who like to hear our 'Bohemian Girl' speak in her vernacular tongue. M. Verger, an excellent baritone, who can sing Rossini's music—*das kann nicht jeder*—and Mr. Hohler gave 'I Marinari' capitally; and I must not forget a charming violoncello solo, 'Le Myosotis,' played by M. Lasserre, written by M. d'Aoust. The Marquise only took part in a quartet, as far as music was concerned, but you may be sure that the hostess had a hand in everything extra-musical that could add to the pleasure of her distinguished guests. Many of these were doubly fortunate, in that before the concert of Madame d'Aoust they could enjoy another hour's music 'chez la belle Madame Moulton,' whom I may be allowed to allude to in the phrase consecrated to her special use in all the French papers, 'Il faut souffrir pour être belle'; and if a lady, not satisfied with all her natural advantages, will use a voice of charming *timbre* with an exquisite skill and delicate sentiment at the command of few indeed of the world's nightingales, she must not be surprised when she awakes in the morning to find herself famous."

MONACO.—A new opera, *Vincignerra*, by Sig. Bottesini, has been produced and well received at the Casino.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* has been brought out with great magnificence, and proved an equally great hit.

TURIN.—*Il Favorito*, a new opera by Sig. Pedrotti, has been successfully produced. The principal parts were sustained by Mad. Stolz and Sig. Cotogni.

SALZBURG.—At the last Museums Concert, Richard Schumann's complete music to Lord Byron's *Manfred* was performed for the first time in this town.

MILAN.—*Il Guarany* the new opera by Señor Carlos Gomez, has proved a hit at the Scala. The principal characters were sustained by Madame Sass, Signori Villani, Storti, Coloni, and Maurell.

BRUSSELS—(*From a Correspondent*).—The great event of the day is the first representation, in French, of Wagner's opera, *Lohengrin*. All the French press was present at this musical solemnity, and the battle is decidedly gained. *Lohengrin* has obtained a success beyond all expectation. The performance was generally satisfactory, but Miss Sternberg, whom we have already heard in London, creates in this moment a real sensation in Brussels. Indeed, the greatest amount of praise in *Lohengrin* is due to this young and talented artist. Intelligent, conscientious, and always keeping her part in view, even when in repose she seized and rendered the part of Elia de Brabant in most magnificent style. She infused a feeling of deep poetry, and impressed the stamp of high musical expression by maintaining an irreproachable truth of intonation, and in giving to her voice that melodious and penetrating tone which recently obtained for her such great success in the *Huguenots* and the *Juive*. Certainly Wagner would not have written his anti-Judaique pamphlet if he had heard a few days ago the notes of our Diva. Her Majesty the Queen sent for Miss Sternberg and very warmly congratulated her.

BADEN.—The arrangements for next season are already settled. On the 1st of May, the Brothers Frémeaux and Mdlle. Motio will appear at the opening concert. The Italian operatic season will commence on the 15th of the same month. Among the artists engaged are Signore Krauss, Stolz, Laura Harris. Materna, Cari; Signori Nicolini, Padilla, and Guadagnini. Sig. Verdi's *Forza del Destino* is to be produced with a very strong cast. The following artists will take part in the concerts on the 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th June:—Mesdames Wilhorst, Léon Duval, Secrétain; Messrs. Seligmann, Herman-Léon, Le Cieux, Ketterer, Agnesi, Alard, Bottesini, and Woworsky. On the 8th August, Mdlle. Battu, Jourdan, Laub, and Rubinstein will appear; and on the 9th September, Mesdames Schröder, Minna Schmidt: MM. Faure, Nicolini, Vieuxtemps, Saint-Saëns, and Vivier. In addition to the concerts on the above dates, there will be a grand *Matinée Musicale* every Friday from July the 1st to August the 12th. The artists engaged for these *Matinées* are—Pianists: Mesdames B. Lacroix, Anna Dobjausky, MM. Perelli, de la Nux, Ehrlich, and Litolff: Violinists: MM. Freiberg, Heckmann, Levègue, Besekirsky, H. Wehrlé, Sivori, and Mdlle. Liebe; Violoncellists: MM. Norblin and Cossmann.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

BOOSEY & Co.—"Lay me beneath the grass," song, by Mrs. J. Holman Andrews.
CHAPPELL & Co.—"I watched a bee one sunny day," part-song, written and composed by W. Money.
FORSYTH (Manchester).—"Christinetta," Valse de Salon par Louise Wiese.
LAMBORN COCK & Co.—"The Passion of our Lord," Hymn of the Christian Church.
BOOSEY & Co.—"The Hambro' Cottage Waltz" and "The Hambro' Cottage Quadrille," by Velichen; "Lead thou me on," "Once a little child was playing," "In dreams alone," and "You cannot pay with money the million sons of toil" —songs by Violetta; "Kind Angels guard us," sacred duet by Violetta.
BLOCKLEY.—"Twilight Hours," Nocturne for the Pianoforte, by Madame Oury.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—LAST but ONE of the SERIES.—Madame Sinico and Signor Urio; solo pianoforte, Herr C. Reinecke; symphony, C minor, Cowen (first time); pianoforte concerto in C major (Beethoven); overtures, "King Manfred," Reinecke (first time), and "Masaniello," Auber. Conductor—Mr. Manns. Admission, Half-a-Crown; Reserved Stalls, 2s. 6d.

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Ceprano	Mr. LYALL.
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ON MONDAY, 18TH APRIL,

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ON TUESDAY, 19TH APRIL,

Rossini's Opera, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

ON THURSDAY, 21ST APRIL,

Gounod's Opera, FAUST.

ON SATURDAY, 23RD APRIL,

Mozart's Opera, IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

ON MONDAY, 25TH APRIL,

Gounod's Opera, FAUST.

ON TUESDAY, 26TH APRIL,

Verdi's Opera, RIGOLETTO.

ON THURSDAY, 28TH APRIL,

Mozart's Opera, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

ON SATURDAY, 30TH APRIL,

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MISS LILY SIMESTER and Mr. GEORGE PERREN will sing Nicolai's admired duet, "ONE WORD," at the Shirley Rooms, Hackney, May 10th.

REMOVAL.

MRS. RONEY (Miss Helen Hogarth) begs to announce her REMOVAL from Gloucester Crescent, to No. 6, Chalcot Terrace, Regent's Park Road, N.W.

SIGNORINA EMILY TATE has the honour to announce that her THIRD ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will take place under the Special Patronage of Sir Roderick Murchison, &c., at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, on TUESDAY, 3rd of May, 1870. Full particulars will be duly announced. No. 79, Cook's Road, Kennington Park.

MISS LILY SIMESTER will sing BENEDICT'S new song, "LITTLE WILLIE," at Lee, April 13th.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing (by desire) ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Matilda Baxter's Evening Concert, May 6th.

MISS MATILDA BAXTER will perform ASCHER'S brilliant Fantasia, "ALICE," at her Concert, May 6th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will (by desire) sing his popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on April 6th, at Haberdashers' Hall, and April 20th at St. James's Hall.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of CHOPIN and HENSELT, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME OURY'S WALTZ," composed by CHOPIN, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.*

(*Concluded from page* 226.)

Eleven concerts of the second series have already been given. At the first concert the symphony was Mendelssohn's in A minor (the "Scotch"), of which the performance, under the vigilant direction of Mr. Manns, was wonderful for spirit, precision, light and shade, and uniform correctness. If Mr. Manns depended exclusively upon his symphonies he would almost stand alone among conductors. The opening overture was Beethoven's magnificent *Coriolan*, which, though composed for a tragedy by Herr von Colin, whose patriotic songs are decidedly superior to his tragedies, is still more worthy alliance with the magnificent drama of Shakspere; the second was Weber's fiery and romantic *Euryanthe*. On the same occasion those astonishingly precocious youths, Masters Arthur and Charles Le Jeune, each played, with singular dexterity, a solo on the organ (one of the most defective in existence)—the former giving Mendelssohn's fourth Sonata (in B flat) the latter J. S. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E flat, known as "St. Ann's," with well merited applause. The second concert began with Mendelssohn's gentle, fresh, and charming overture to the operetta, *Heimkehr aus der Fremde*, composed in 1829 (in his 21st year) for the "silver wedding" of his parents, and ended with that of Mr. Arthur Sullivan to an unpublished opera, *The Sapphire Necklace*, with which, the oftener we hear its overture, the more we are desirous of becoming acquainted. The symphony was Schubert's in C minor—the *Tragische Sinfonie*, composed in 1816, at the age of nineteen—one of the happy findings of Messrs. G. Grove and Arthur Sullivan in the "dark cellar" at Vienna. Of this enough was said on the occasion of its introduction at the Crystal Palace. As a whole, it improves on closer familiarity; and, if the first movement loses a little, the second, third, and fourth as manifestly gain. Nevertheless, we are more and more puzzled to understand Schubert's motive for attaching to his symphony so distinguishing a title—there being literally no element of tragedy in it from one end to another;—and we say this, bearing in mind the very interesting suggestions of "G.," who talks about Schubert and Schumann much as Romeo might have talked about Juliet and Rosaline—Schumann being "G.'s" Rosaline, Schubert his Juliet. Some parts of the symphony are even comic. At the same concert the solo player was Herr Wilhelmj, the violinist, who, in the late Ernst's elaborate fantasia on airs from Rossini's *Otello*, proved himself an executant of the highest class, and in an arrangement, or rather *de*rangement, for his instrument, of a slow movement from Bach's orchestral *Suite* in D, showed that the most skilful of executants may also be the unwisest of judges.

At the third concert there was nothing new to speak of, the symphony being Beethoven's No. 8 (in F), the overtures Cherubini's *Anacreon* and Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*—the *Scherzo* and *Trio* from Schumann's "Op. 52" (*Overture, Scherzo*, and *Finale*), making up the complement of instrumental music. Why critics, and more especially "G.," will persist in putting the prelude to *Anacreon* at the head of Cherubini's overtures, while *Faniska*, *Les deux Journées* and others are so well known, is a riddle not over easy to solve. Schumann's *Scherzo*, by the way, should never be performed apart from the rest of the work, which is a symphony without a slow movement, just as Mozart's in D, already named, is a symphony without a minuet. Besides this, there is a reference in the trio, on its second appearance, to a theme belonging to the first movement—which, without the context, loses its significance entirely. Though it rarely occurs to us, in writing of the Crystal Palace, to speak of the solo vocal music, which, for the most part, is destitute of research and unfitted for association with the rest, we cannot but mention an *Offertorium* by Schubert, an early work, produced in the same year as the *Erl-König*, which, sung by Miss Edith Wynne, was one of the most engaging features of the programme.

The fourth concert was exclusively dedicated to Mendelssohn, the most important pieces being the overture to *Athalie*, the hymn, "Hear my prayer," and the never-tiring *Lobgesang*. To say anything new about these would demand a fertility of invention to which we can lay no claim. The conspicuous piece at the fifth concert was the *Historical Symphony* of Spohr (in G, "No. 6") an abortive effort to represent, in four successive movements, the styles of Handel and Bach (1720), of Haydn and Mozart (1780), of Beethoven (1810), and of what is somewhat loosely and vaguely denominated "the Modern School" (1840)—in our opinion the most unsuccessful, if at the same time one of the most ambitious attempts of the laborious composer to treat music otherwise than in the abstract. Spohr was a realist—no idealist; and all his endeavours to travel out of his natural domain, the *Weihe der Tone*, in parts, excepted, were fruitless—none more so than the *Historical Symphony*, which, with certain easily appreciated musical beauties to recommend it, is, in a poetical sense, a notorious failure. Of Mozart's fine and too rarely played overture to *Idomeneo*, and Schubert's pretty if somewhat attenuated prelude to *Alfonso und Estrella*, which, at one time served as the overture to *Rosamunde*—*Rosamunde* having no overture of its own—we need say nothing. On this occasion our excellent English violinist, Mr. Carrodus, played the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in D, so admirably as to make every one regret that he omitted any part of the work. At the following concert Herr Joachim played, and played, as usual, superbly; although the concerto he selected—that of Herr Max Bruch, originally introduced at the Philharmonic Concerts in London by Herr Ludwig Straus—is by many degrees more pretentious than interesting. Later in the programme, the greatest of violinists made ample amends by his masterly execution of J. S. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G minor, from the six unaccompanied solo sonatas. Hercules purifying himself on Mount Œta, and becoming a god, could hardly have found a better illustration. Without having undergone the ordeal of fire, Herr Joachim was himself again. Mozart's superlative overture to *Die Zauberflöte* began, and Mendelssohn's fanciful and delicate *Meerestille* ended, the concert, another prominent feature of which was Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor. The non completion of this last, its wondrous beauty considered, is the greater enigma, inasmuch as its character proclaims it the symphony in which, beyond all others, Schubert, with his peculiar temperament, must have felt most ardent delight. There is, indeed, nothing more thoroughly Schubertian than these fragments—just as there is nothing more Mendelssohnian than the overture to *Melusine*. On the same occasion Miss Edith Wynne sang the great air from *Il Sacrifizio d' Abramo* of Cimarosa—one of those genuine Italian masters from whose multifarious compositions Mr. Manns would do well to draw more frequently. At the next concert a by no means satisfactory performance of Beethoven's only oratorio, *Christus am Oelberge* (the *Mount of Olives*), was preceded by an affectedly, so-called, "*adagietto*," followed by a *scherzo*, from an orchestral *Suite* by Herr Joseph Joachim Raff—as rampant a specimen of "Young Germany" as Herr Rubinstein himself. Mr. Manns, in the programme, attempts to make out a case for Herr J. J. Raff, as he had previously attempted to make out a case for Herr Rubinstein. He tells us that Herr Raff's *Suite* "is in no way an imitation of the ancient *Suite*"—which we can readily believe; but that his "*adagietto* and *scherzo* breathe entirely the spirit of our time"—to which we can only reply, so much the worse for our time. Further, Mr. Manns hopes to be able to "introduce the whole work in a future series of Saturday Concerts, should the result of to-day's performance be satisfactory;" but, as the result was not at all "satisfactory," we are moved to say, emphatically, to the zealous conductor—don't. Some spirited and highly effective organ-playing by Mr. Archer, who chose Mendelssohn's first Sonata (in F minor), and Bach's grand Prelude and Fugue in E minor, the famous, so-called, "Scissars," was a marked feature of the programme. How insignificant by the side of these sounded the music of Herr Raff!

At the eighth concert, which began with Weber's lively overture to *Preciosa*, and terminated with that of Auber to the opera, *La Circassienne* (not one of his happiest), Madame Schumann, in her most vigorous and enthusiastic manner, played her late husband's ingenious but laboured pianoforte concerto in A minor, besides Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo capriccioso*—so beloved of youthful aspirants. The piece of most importance, however, was Professor Sterndale Bennett's symphony in G minor, composed for the Philharmonic Society six years ago, and now given for the first time at the Crystal Palace. Of this genuine and beautiful work we have spoken more than once. It was welcomed at the Crystal Palace, after a performance creditable alike to Mr. Manns and his orchestra, as it had been welcomed on every previous occasion; and the minuet, which possesses all the "*allure*" of a timid maiden unconscious of her beauty, and therefore of her fascination, was played twice, by unanimous desire. While we have an Englishman who can write such music we need hardly despair of native art.

At the ninth concert a new overture by Herr Niels Gade, from whom the generous and always hopeful Mendelssohn anticipated so much, and from whom so little of intrinsic value has really come, was introduced; but it is unlikely that *Michael Angelo* will add to Herr Gade's fame. The other overture was Mendelssohn's most Mendelssohnian *Melusine*, which has the disadvantage of being so trying, in certain passages, for the wind instruments especially, that it never can be executed to a nicety. The symphony was Beethoven's No. 4, that ethereal "B flat," to which some dullards would fain allot an inferior place among the glorious "nine," simply because it came between the *Eroica* and the C minor—whereas it is as true "Beethoven" as anything Beethoven ever composed, and contains, among other things, an *adagio* which may be described, without hyperbole, as transcendent.

At the tenth concert Mr. Manns had the courage to bring forth that singular monstrosity, the overture, by Hector Berlioz, entitled *Les Francs Juges*. In a word, this is not music at all, and cannot be criticised as music—despite an elaborate apology put forth in the programme, ending with the subjoined remarkable sentence:—

* From the *Saturday Review*, April 2, 1870.

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"The so-called Sonata-Form in which most overtures are cast has here been largely extended, no doubt through the dramatic tendency of the work, a performance of which cannot fail to afford pleasure to all, and instruction to young composers, on account of the great originality with which the author has designed and carried out his interesting tone-picture. [A.M.]"

We had always regarded the "sonata form" as the purest and most symmetrical that music could assume—the form first suggested in the quartets and symphonies of Haydn, further perfected in those of Mozart, and brought to its highest state of development in the sonatas, quartets, and symphonies of Beethoven. If the *Francs Juges* is an example of this form, we must have been all along mistaken. Haydn's early symphony in C—written before he came to England to compose his twelve grand symphonies for Salomon (1791)*, and in all probability for the exclusive entertainment of Prince Esterhazy—brought back music again, and emboldened people to think that, after all, music was an art like other arts, with rules and so forth. The symphony was played to perfection. The rest of the concert was not so satisfactory. Beethoven's choral setting of Goethe's *Meerestille*, so like in design to Mendelssohn's orchestral concert-overture, was very imperfectly rendered; nor could we entirely approve of any part of the execution of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, except the orchestral introduction, which was played admirably, and the solo voice parts, which we have seldom heard more carefully given than by Miss Julia Elton (contralto), Mr. W. H. Cummings (tenor), and Mr. Lewis Thomas (bass).

The concert on last Saturday was interesting for several reasons. The first piece in the programme was Beethoven's overture to *Leonora* —"No. 1," which might have served all purposes well enough as it stands. Nevertheless, the dissatisfaction of the great master can hardly be a source of dissatisfaction to his admirers, seeing that it was the cause of his writing "No. 2" and the magnificent "No. 3"—aye, and "No. 4," in another key, which has really more to do with *Fidelio* than the majority of critics have hitherto chosen to admit. We place little reliance on the belief in some quarters that this overture, instead of being "No. 1," is really "No. 3." As well might the oak be the origin of the acorn, instead of the acorn being the origin of the oak. That the great *Leonora* grew out of the two other overtures in C, it only requires the three to be heard in succession, as Mendelssohn contrived on one occasion at the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, to convince us. At all events let us thank the Crystal Palace musical authorities for occasionally bringing forward "No. 1" and "No 2," as well as the more familiar "No. 3"—and "No. 4," the popular representative overture to Beethoven's one opera. The symphony at this concert was one by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, in E minor and major, to which the author has affixed the motto, "*Es muss doch Frühling werden*," from the poet Geibel.† This symphony—a work of remarkable ability—if of no very striking originality—is known not only to Germany but to London, being dedicated by its composer to the defunct Musical Society of London, at one of whose concerts, in 1865, it was performed under the direction of the late regretted Alfred Mellon—a born English conductor, if there ever was one. Upon the motto, which simply means that Spring *must* come in season, Mr. Manns, in the programme, builds up what he calls "a poetical illustration of the combat between Winter and Spring"—wholly without the authority of the composer, who in the strongest terms repudiates conventional "programme-music." Dr. Hiller asserts that his symphony is a piece of music which people may interpret as they please; and that if it suggests anything in particular to them he is only too happy. What matters? It is, as we have hinted, a masterly composition; and though the first movement gives us some notion of the overture to Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, lengthily and indefinitely spun out, the three remaining movements are as genuine and fresh as they are musically charming. The performance was singularly good—so good, indeed, that, on its account alone, we could have forgiven Mr. Manns even a longer "poetical analysis" than he has written. Moreover, the audience, if we may judge by their applause, seemed to like the new symphony; and its reception was of such a nature that it may reasonably be awarded a place in some future programme. Another feature at this concert was Signor Randegger's very impressive dramatic *scena*, "Medea," originally produced at the Norwich Festival of 1869, and there admirably sung by Mdlle. Tietjens—but now still more admirably sung by Madame Rudersdorff. On this occasion, as at Norwich, the performance of "Medea" was directed by the composer himself, and its reception was deservedly enthusiastic. An *Adagio* and *Rondo* for violin and orchestra, composed, and the solo part executed, by Herr Franz Ries, nephew of the late Ferdinand Ries, Beethoven's favourite pupil, call for no especial remark. The overture at the end of the programme was that to Weber's *Jubel-Cantate*, written for the festivities at Dresden in 1818, to celebrate the fiftieth year of the reign of Frederick August of Saxony. The final theme of this overture is, as all amateurs know, the tune of the Saxon national hymn, which is identical with that of our own "God save the Queen."

Of the vocal music at the Crystal Palace concerts (to which we have here and there referred), it is enough to say that, while good singers are occasionally engaged and good music occasionally produced, it is by no means to be spoken of in the same terms as the instrumental. Criticism apart, however, the Monday Popular Concerts excepted, there are no public entertainments of the kind which promote the cause of legitimate art in anything like so effective a manner as the Saturday performances under the direction of Mr. Manns. In a very short time they will be suspended; and then comes the reign of Italian Opera-singers—as if we had not enough of these, at precisely the same period, in the heart of London.

* The year of Mozart's death.

† Who wrote the libretto for Mendelssohn's unfinished *Lorelei*, which Herr Max Bruch had the temerity to set to music.

—o—

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Mdlle. Sessi.

The opinion of the *Pall Mall Gazette* with regard to this young artist is expressed as follows:—

"It was in the Lucia of the evening, however, that the interest of the public was above all centred. We have heard so much of Mdlle. Sessi's golden hair, and have been kept so well informed by foreign journals of the excellent qualities of Mdlle. Sessi's voice, that the effect she produced last night, personally and artistically, had nothing in it which could, strictly speaking, be called surprising. We were prepared for a success, and a success was indeed achieved. Mdlle. Sessi's hair is long, plentiful, and beautifully fair, while her voice is extensive, sympathetic, and something more than fair. It is, indeed, a soprano voice of the purest and finest quality; deficient perhaps in power, but certainly not wanting in sweetness. Without following Mdlle. Sessi too closely through the various pieces in which Lucia takes part, we will simply say that she sang the *cavatina* of the first act gracefully, and that she was becomingly sentimental in the well-known duet which closes that act; that she again distinguished herself in the dramatic duet with Ashton, and above all in a well-developed and highly dramatic concerted piece which forms so effective a termination to Act 2; but that it was not until Act 3 that she displayed all her hair, and with it all her power. Not that the force of Mdlle. Sessi resides (Samson-like) in her hair alone; but personal appearance is always something in a *prima donna*, and if the back hair is to be let down at all, it is well, no doubt, it should be bright and beautiful. For this mad scene Mdlle. Sessi had also reserved her voice, which, alike resonant and flexible, seemed to lend itself easily to the feats of 'agility' required by a due performance of the music. In fine the *débutante* made a success. The audience appreciated her, applauded her, and (what is sometimes even more important) appeared to like her."

On the same subject the *Daily Telegraph* says:—

"Nobody acquainted with what goes on in the artistic world of Paris needs information about the antecedents of Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi. How she recently succeeded in making for herself a good position in the French capital, and among those who boast that they are hard to please, is pretty well known. Mdlle. Sessi came to us, therefore, with a certain character to sustain, and with the task before her of having to satisfy decided expectations. Let us say at once that she has done both. Her choice of a work was well advised. *Lucia di Lammermoor* is familiar and popular; its music proved thoroughly adapted to the new-comer's voice and style; and the work secured an incidental advantage which, though trifling, must not be overlooked. The fame of Mdlle. Sessi's hair is nearly as great as that of her voice. In Paris the 'glory' of the young Austrian has not been her least attraction; and who can tell how many in the crowded audience of last night waited impatiently for the mad scene which was to display its full extent? These were not disappointed, if there be anything in luxuriant growth and uncommon length. Mdlle. Sessi's hair is a decided feature in her representation of Donizetti's distraught heroine. As a singer, the *débutante* was not long in finding favour. Her opening phrase was somewhat marred by the nervousness incidental to her position; but towards the end of 'Regnava nel silenzio' it became evident that an artist of no ordinary kind was in presence. Mdlle. Sessi has a pure soprano voice of bright quality, fairly sympathetic, and free from the *vibrato* which constitutes the fashionable vice of singers now-a-days. Moreover, her voice has considerable compass and flexibility. So far the new-comer is well endowed; and of her endowments she appears to have made much, if not the most. Her phrasing affords as little reasonable ground for complaint as do the precision and neatness with which she executes rapid passages. The latter merits were, of course, most evident in the 'mad music,' which was given with a success not unworthy of comparison with that achieved on the same stage by other artists. As regards expressive power, it can hardly be supposed that Mdlle. Sessi has attained her maximum. She has reached just far enough to warrant a hope that she can go further. As an actress, some may hold that Mdlle. Sessi falls short of what she is as a singer. They may say, for example, that

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her features lack mobility; but it can no more be denied that they are always agreeable to look at than that, in other respects, physical disadvantage is amply counterbalanced. It must be said, however, that throughout the scene of the malediction, Mdlle. Sessi showed, at most, but a promise of future dramatic excellence. Happily, her career is all before her, and that promise may be fulfilled. The young artist, as we have hinted above, was quite successful in winning the favour of her audience. Called on after each act, she was frequently applauded with an enthusiasm about which there could be no mistake."

Lord Dudley and the Festivals.

With reference to the letter of Lord Dudley, quoted by us last week, the *Sunday Times* observes:—

"There is nothing whatever of novelty in the above arguments; and to answer them is simply to travel over well-trodden ground. Lord Dudley lays much stress on the fact that the nave of the Cathedral is now used for purposes of worship; and that, during the Festival, worship has to be conducted in the Lady Chapel. Setting aside the obvious reply that a prayer in the Lady Chapel is probably just as efficacious as one in the nave, we are ready to grant that, under certain conditions, Lord Dudley's argument would have cogency. Undoubtedly, the first use of a cathedral is for worship; and to that use everything else is bound to give way. If, therefore, such crowds attended the daily services of Worcester Cathedral that only the spacious nave could hold them, the Festivals could not take place with propriety. But what are the facts? Does not every one acquainted with cathedral towns know that the average attendance at a week-day service is ridiculously small, and that nine cathedral congregations out of ten might easily find accommodation in a side chapel? This being the case, we entirely fail to see the least cogency in the first portion of Lord Dudley's letter. The noble earl talks much about 'desecration;' but before admitting his assertions we should like to have the word 'desecration' authoritatively defined. The Pharisees used to employ the word largely, and we all know that their notion of its meaning and that of the Founder of Christianity differed widely. In justice to Lord Dudley let us observe that he seems conscious of the weakness of this part of his case, and grants that it is possible for good men to believe, without thereby incurring reproach, that the Festivals do not desecrate the church. Here, then, we have a mere question of opinion which can be set aside.

"We now come to Lord Dudley's remarks upon the future prospects of the Charity in the event of no more festivals being held. On this point Lord Dudley is so sanguine that we must credit him with firm faith in the disinterested goodness of humanity. He believes that benevolent Samaritans would flock to Worcester from all parts of the country to attend an ordinary cathedral service (with an augmented choir), and to have the pleasure of dropping sovereigns into a plate. It grieves us to say it, but we know, and our readers know, that not even benevolent Samaritans would do anything of the kind. The service-festival would dwindle down to the level of an ordinary charity sermon, and the outermost ripple of the commotion made by it would not extend beyond the municipal bounds of Worcester. But Lord Dudley goes on to say that the Charity is well off for funds. We are glad to hear it, because it shows the efficacy of the present system. But will Lord Dudley pretend that the Charity is doing all that needs to be done? Are there no widows and orphans in the three dioceses whose pittance is too small, or who have not yet had their claims considered? If there are, let Lord Dudley agitate for a more liberal expenditure; and very soon, we opine, the plethora of wealth to which he refers would be relieved."

The Hungarian Concerto.

Apropos of Herr Joachim's work as played at the Philharmonic Concert, we read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"Formed upon the largest scale, this work is one of large pretence; but pretence goes not very far beyond actual achievement. Herr Joachim's design is obvious. Besides the production of a work cast in the highest artistic form, he sought to give a national colouring to his music, and at the same time to afford opportunity for a unique display of virtuosity. At least two of these three objects are fully secured. The virtuosity necessary to an adequate performance of the concerto is such that Herr Joachim has, and is likely to have, a monopoly of the work. Every conceivable device calculated to test a violinist's powers to the severest degree is crowded into Herr Joachim's music. The composer might call his work *Ne Plus Ultra* without fear of a *Plus Ultra* to follow. As regards the national colour of the concerto we are quite prepared to believe in its truthfulness. That Herr Joachim could invent such peculiar scales, and such strange melodic forms, or that he would do so if he could, is improbable, to say the least. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the work, apart from these things, there can be no doubt that these things help to make amends. The first movement, for example, is developed at too great length; but interest in it is kept up by astounding difficulty and peculiar themes, as well as by merits of a higher order. That more exalted qualities are not at all few let Mr. Macfarren witness: 'Rare indeed are the works, even of the magnitude of this, whence so many distinct themes might be quoted, each of which is characteristic, each attractive, and each has a special beauty of its own. The setting forth of these manifold ideas is masterly, and imagination is equally evinced with scholarship in their diversified elaboration. This is high praise, but critics who do not go so far as the analyst must admit praise to be deserved. They cannot deny, for example, the melodic beauty of the romance, the sustained animation of the *finale*, and the masterly use of the orchestra best exemplified in the extended introduction to the first solo. These things are sufficient to secure for Herr Joachim's work more than ordinary respect. Their chief reflex action, however, is towards Herr Joachim himself. The concerto must remain, for the most part, a curiosity; but the composer may be expected to produce music which shall have a current value. At all events, his gifts are beyond dispute. Herr Joachim's performance was wonderful even to those least acquainted with the difficulties overcome, and it will stand out from among the achievements of the season as a thing altogether unique."

Signor Vianesi.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks as follows of the new *chef d'orchestre* at the Royal Italian Opera:—

"Of the new conductor, Signor Vianesi, we have nothing to say, except that he comes from St. Petersburgh, the orchestra of which capital (as of several other capitals in Europe) is declared (by the inhabitants) to be the finest in the world. In any case, Signor Vianesi is not out of place at the Royal Italian Opera, where he has, under his guidance, an orchestra worthy of any conductor. Of course, a St. Petersburgh *chef d'orchestre* knows how to conduct the music of *Lucia*, and equally of course a Covent Garden band knows how to execute it."

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The second New Philharmonic concert took place in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, when the following was the programme:—

Part I.

Overture (*Im Italienischen Style*)	Schubert.
Concerto, in A minor, for violin and orchestra—violin, Madame Norman-Neruda	Viotti.
Recit. ed Aria, "Quando miro"—Mdme. Patey	Mozart.
Symphony in A, No. 7	Beethoven.

Part II.

Concerto, in D minor, for pianoforte and orchestra—pianoforte, Herr Reinecke	Mozart.
Aria, "Ah s'estinto"—Madame Patey	Mercadante.
Solo, Fugue, Gigue, and Courante—violin, Mdme. Norman-Neruda	Rust.
Overture (*Abou Hassan*)	Weber.

The overture by Schubert, *Im Italienischen Style*, pleased Dr. Wylde's audience, no less than it had already pleased the audience of the Crystal Palace Concerts, when performed under the direction of Mr. Manns. The symphony in A major was, of course, the feature of the evening. The violin concerto served to introduce Madame Norman-Neruda to the New Philharmonic audience. Her execution of this, as well of a prelude by Rust (a rusty old German composer), was extraordinary.

Herr Reinecke (conductor of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic) gave the pianoforte concerto in a style which must have charmed every lover of Mozart's music. The cadenzas introduced were models of what such impromptu displays should be—in keeping with the author, yet withal brilliant and effective. The vocal music introduced by Madame Patey was much applauded. Dr. Wylde conducted the orchestra; and Herr Ganz, accompanied Madame Neruda's solo on the pianoforte.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.

Good Friday will this year present unusual attractions at the Crystal Palace. In addition to the concert, the entire series of fountains will be played. Howes & Cushing's zoological collection, including their cleverly-trained wolves, horses, monkeys, &c., will be located on the grand centre walk. The grand concert, which takes place on the Handel Orchestra at half-past three, conducted by Mr. Manns, comprises an unusual array of talent. The following are the principal artists:—Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Carola, Madame Florence Lancia, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Signor Urio, Signor Foli, Mr. Aynesley Cook, Mr. Thos. Harper, &c. Besides the band of the Company, the band of the Royal Artillery (conducted by Mr. J. Smyth) will take part, and will also play selections of sacred music from two o'clock. Special arrangements have been made to run trains as often as required throughout the day. The Palace will be open for admission from nine in the morning till nine at night. It has been mentioned that the directors contemplated the addition of fresh and salt water aquariums on a complete scale. It has been decided to establish the series adjacent to the Tropical Department, leading to the Conservatories and Orangery, thus forming an unrivalled promenade upwards of eight hundred feet in extent. These aquariums will be open to the public by the end of March next year.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

On Monday week the following was the programme:—

PART I.

Quartet, in E flat, Op. 47, for pianoforte violin, viola, and violoncello—Madame Schumann, MM Joachim, Straus, and Piatti ... ... Schumann.
Song—Miss Annie Sinclair ... ... Schubert.
Variations, in C minor, Op, 36, for pianoforte alone—Madame Schumann ... ... Beethoven.

PART II.

Serenade Trio, for violin, viola, and violoncello—MM. Joachim, Straus, and Piatti ... ... Beethoven.
Song—Miss Annie Sinclair ... ... Mendelssohn.
Double Quartet, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Poilitzer, Wiener, Straus, Zerbini, Paque and Piatti ... ... Spohr.

We are not disposed to discuss once more the much contested merits and demerits of Schumann's quartet. Most amateurs have, by this time, made up their minds about it, and while some reverence the work as an inspiration, others regard it as simply pretentious. Both parties, however, must agree that the quartet should have an occasional hearing, and that it should be heard with the attention due to an important work by a remarkable composer. On Monday Schumann had an advantage in his executants, who left nothing to desire by way of completing a perfect interpretation. How many converts were made from doubt to belief is a matter for conjecture. Madame Schumann's performance of Beethoven's variations was just what those who know her powers may easily imagine. The lady has her own way of doing things, and, supported by the hearty applause of an admiring public, she need not trouble to change it. On this occasion there could be no doubt that her energetic playing delighted the audience. Beethoven's serenade trio is so familiar to the Monday Popular *habitués* that we need not stop to say a word about it. The light and graceful music was heard with as much pleasure as ever, and had a rendering absolutely without flaw. Spohr's double quartet constituted the most important feature in the programme. It is a work which justifies the lavish praises even of the composer's warmest friends. We note in its regular construction, pleasing themes, developed with masterly ease and effect, and an imaginativeness of the very highest order. Spohr has handled his two quartets very happily; they dovetail into each other, while each fulfils an individual purpose, after a fashion that must always command admiration. We shall be glad to hear this beautiful work again, and as often as the director can make it convenient. Miss Annie Sinclair delivered her songs with a fair degree of taste and skill.

At the concert on Saturday afternoon, Madame Schumann played Beethoven's sonata in E (Op. 109), besides joining Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti in the same composer's D major trio (Op. 70). Herr Joachim gave the much too frequently heard *Romance* in G; and, being encored, substituted the much too frequently heard *Romance* in F. The last instrumental piece was the string quintet in C (MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti). Miss Blanche Cole was the singer; and the concert being intended to celebrate the centenary of Beethoven's birth, the songs, like all the rest, were selected from his works.

ROTTERDAM.—A Symphony by Herr Bargiel was very favourably received at the sixth concert of the *Eruditio Musica* Society.

DARMSTADT.—A comic opera—by Herr Steinhart—entitled *Hero und Leander*, is announced for production. It has already been successfully performed in Magdeburgh.

STETTIN.—Among the most noticeable events of the season just concluded may be mentioned the visit of Herr Joachim, who, as usual, delighted and astonished his audience; the performances of the Florentine Quartet; the pianoforte playing of Mdlle. Laura Kahrer, a fair young prodigy of fourteen; and the execution of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and Handel's *Messiah*, by the Musical Union.

LEIPSIC.—The programme of the last Gewandhaus Concert this season contained the following works:—"Requiem æternam," from Cherubini's *Requiem* (in memory of Ignatius Moscheles); overture to *Medea*, Cherubini; air from *Euryanthe*, C. M. von Weber (sung by Herr Max Stägemann, from the Theatre Royal, Hanover); "Mirjam's Siegsgesang," for soprano solo and chorus, Franz Schubert (scored by Franz Lachner; the solo sung, for the first time, by Mdme. Peschka-Leutner); and Symphony, "An die Freude," in D minor, Op. 9 (L. van Beethoven), the solos sung by Mad. Peschka-Leutner, Mdlle. Minna Borée, Herren Rebling and Stägemann.—A rich merchant, Pierre Louis Sellier, has bequeathed 1,000 thalers to the Musicians' Pension Fund, and 500 to the Conservatory of Music.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The following programme was gone through at this society's second concert in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday week:—

PART I.

Symphony in D ... ... Mozart.
Recit, "Sposa, Euridice" (*Orfeo*)—Madame Osborne Williams ... ... Gluck.
Aria, "Che farò" (*Orfeo*)—Madame Osborne Williams Gluck.
Concerto in D minor for violin—Herr Joachim ... Joachim.
Recit, "And God said, Let the waters" (*Creation*)—Miss Katharine Poyntz ... ... Haydn.
Air, "On mighty pens uplifted soars" (*Creation*)—Miss Katharine Poyntz ... ... Haydn.
Overture, "Ruy Blas"... ... ... Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Symphony in F (No. 8) ... ... Beethoven.
Two-part song, "Autumn Song," Op. 63 (No. 4)—Miss Katharine Poyntz and Madame Osborne Williams ... ... Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Chevy Chase" ... ... G. A. Macfarren.

Mozart's symphony in D is one of the works written at the request—which, to the composer's filial nature, was the command—of an exacting father. At Vienna, in 1782, Mozart had but recently established himself in what seemed a hopeful position; and he was in love. No wonder, then, that the symphony is so bright and joyous that it seems to bubble over with pleasurable excitement, or that it communicates the same feeling to all who hear it. Criticism of a work so well known would be out of place; and we have only to say that it was admirably played and heartily enjoyed. Herr Joachim's violin concerto, "in the Hungarian manner," had only twice before been given in London, and then, for reasons obvious enough to those who know it, by the composer himself. Herr Joachim was again the soloist, and we can hardly find laudation strong enough to be worthy his marvellous performance. The music seems written as if in an attempt to exhaust the inexhaustible powers of the violin, and hence the opportunity for a display of skill astonishing even to those best acquainted with Herr Joachim's capacity. Whether it was pathetic melody, *bravura* passages which seemed to fly all over the instrument, double stopping of the most intricate nature, or octaves at first sight impossible, the great violinist was never at a loss, never even laboured at his task. As an exhibition of virtuosity nothing could be more perfect. With regard to the concerto itself, we are hardly in a position to adjudge its merits. Herr Joachim's plan compelled him to work according to the characteristics of Hungarian music, and, till we know exactly what those characteristics are, we cannot tell how far they influenced him. If, therefore, there be anything in the concerto peculiar or seemingly without purpose, it is only fair to the composer to ascertain whether he or the "Hungarian manner" is answerable. But, putting all this on one side, we have, happily, plenty left to admire which needs no special knowledge for its admiration. There is, for example, the grand "*Tutti*" at the opening of the work; the lovely strain that now and then breaks the impetuosity of the first movement; the charming romance, "so full of character and beauty that it might well become a national song;" and much of a *finale* wherein we are conscious that nationality is fully and vigorously expressed. We regret, in view of these things, that nobody but Herr Joachim is likely to play the concerto, and hope that a composer so able will devote himself to music more practicable. It can hardly be requisite to state that Herr Joachim was applauded as he deserved. Mendelssohn's overture, always welcome, had an encore not only warranted by the music, but by one of the best performances we can remember. The vigour and precision with which it was given may claim the highest praise. Beethoven's symphony was also well played. In point of fact, Mr. Cusins's orchestra now bids fair speedily to be worthy the distinguished society with which it is connected—a result due not only to the individual capacity of the members, but also to the talent of their conductor. *Chevy Chase* is a work which does honour to English art. By-the-bye, may we suggest to the directors that, when next they select an English composition of importance, it will be quite pardonable in them to indulge a little national pride, and place the work elsewhere than at the fag-end of the programme? Miss Katharine Poyntz and Madame Osborne Williams were both received with favour.

LIEGE.—The Russian violin virtuoso, Besekirsky, played recently at a concert given by the Philharmonic Society, and created a favourable impression both as a player and as a composer.

VIENNA.—Herr G. Preyer, *Capellmeister* at the Cathedral, has just received the Commander's Cross of the Papal Order of St. Sylvester, in recognition for his efforts to improve Church music.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The directors followed up the production of Mdlle. Sessi on the opening night by playing *Les Huguenots* on Saturday, in order that Herr Wachtel might appear as Raoul, for the first time in England. This is vigorous work; and shows pretty clearly that Covent Garden means to make an impression while yet it has everything its own way. The public are not likely to grumble in consequence, for they will reap advantage, whatever may be the resultant good or ill fortune of the house. There was a crowded audience to hear the second, and, as not a few think, the greatest of the triad of great works which, written in Meyerbeer's prime, will carry Meyerbeer's name down to posterity.

Mdlle. Tietjens made her first appearance for the season in the part of Valentine, and was received with a warmth which showed that her past services are by no means forgotten. We need not enlarge, for the hundredth time, upon the merits of a representation, in some respects unapproached. Suffice it to say, that Mdlle. Tietjens was equal to the demand upon her vocal and dramatic powers, particularly in the great duet with Raoul. Whether stimulated or not by the vigour of her playmate, she has rarely sung the music with more energy, or given a more notable impersonation of a heroine whose love was even unto death. That the situation demands ability of no common order our readers well know; in point of fact, it is a situation so exacting as never to be wholly satisfied; but the Valentine of Mdlle. Tietjens was that of a great artist, who can perhaps, more nearly than any other, fulfil the requirements of the trying *rôle*. Urbano's music was sung by Mdlle. Scalchi so as to win the favour of the audience. The first few bars of "Nobles seigneurs, salut," showed that this rising contralto is quite prepared to follow up her last year's success. Much was expected from Herr Wachtel's Raoul—that is to say, much of a vocal character; for, with an audience accustomed to the Raoul of Signor Mario, dramatic success in the part could hardly be anticipated. On the whole, however, there was reason for regarding Herr Wachtel's performance hopefully. The music demands plenty of energy and plenty of voice, requirements which, everybody knows, can easily be met by the German tenor. So far Herr Wachtel was a Raoul beyond reproach. In the duel scene he fairly shouted down his six companions, and finished by delivering the high C with immense power. Throughout the great duet he in all respects perfected the muscular character of the performance, and conveyed the impression that, if anybody could deliver a more resonant B flat than Mdlle. Tietjens, or escape from her detaining arms, it was Herr Wachtel. Apart from this energy of voice and action, Herr Wachtel failed to satisfy our ideal of the gallant Protestant gentleman. He wanted a high and chivalrous bearing, and that gentleness which knows when to make any way for firmness and strength—qualities by no means strangers to the boards on which he appeared. Herr Wachtel was frequently applauded, and, at the close of the duet, was, in company with Mdlle. Tietjens, called before the curtain. Signor Bagagiolo's Marcel was much the same as last season, that is to say, it lacked the bluff heartiness of the faithful soldier; while, on the other hand, the music was well sung. M. Petit's fine voice appeared to advantage in the part of St. Bris, and Signor Cotogni made a good impression as Nevers; especially in the scene where he learns the designs of the Catholic nobles. Against either band or chorus nothing important can be said; and much of the excellence of both, as of the performance generally, was due to Signor Vianesi's careful conducting. The *mise-en-scène* was not less effective than heretofore.

Amsterdam.—Herr Bruch's Symphony in E flat major was lately performed at a concert, but did not create a particularly favourable impression.

Dresden.—The following is a translation of an article which appeared recently in a Dresden paper:—

"Herr Charles Oberthür, principal professor of the harp at the London Academy of Music, gave, on the 4th March, a musical *soirée* in the Hôtel de Saxe, and the partiality felt for his poetic instrument attracted a numerous audience, though the season was just drawing to a close. Herr Oberthür began by playing, in conjunction with Herren Medefind and Böckmann, a grand trio for harp, violin, and violoncello. He then gave two solos for the harp; after that he took part in a duet for harp and piano, all these pieces being of his own composition; and, lastly, executed a fantasia by Parish Alvars. He displayed in every instance a great amount of virtuosity and great taste of style, a very gentle *piano* being a noticeable feature in the latter, on account of its pleasing effect. In addition to the gentlemen mentioned above, the concert-giver was assisted by Mdlle. Marie Wieck and Mdlle. Theodora Schmidt. The former gave evidence of her powers of execution by the perfection with which she performed several small pianoforte pieces; while Mdlle. Schmidt, in an air by Spohr, and songs by Schubert, Schumann, and Lassen, proved that she possessed, especially in the higher register, a very pleasing voice, pure intonation, and clear pronunciation; greater warmth and more vivacity are qualities she will probably acquire in due time."

EARL DUDLEY *v.* THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

(*From the "Birmingham Post"*.)

It is generally speaking, an impolitic as well as an ungracious act to look a gift horse in the mouth, but when a hostile rider is in the saddle, no one can reasonably be blamed for declining to receive the animal into stable. No apology, therefore, is needed for the very emphatic refusal, by the city and county of Worcester, of the Earl of Dudley's offer of assistance in the Cathedral restoration work, seeing that the offer was saddled with conditions at once distasteful to the feelings and compromising to the independence of the recipients. Lord Dudley, it will be remembered, proposed to present the sum of £10,000 to the Dean and Chapter of Worcester, for the purpose of completing the restoration of the Cathedral, subject to the condition that the restored edifice should no longer be used for those Triennial Festival performances which have now been associated with its history for a period of nearly a hundred and fifty years. The money, of course, would have been acceptable enough in the present exhausted state of the Cathedral fund; but the inhabitants were not willing to barter away, even for £10,000, the pleasure and privilege of celebrating in the only local building adapted to the purpose, a Festival which has rendered, and is still capable of rendering, so much good service, both to musical art and charity. At a large and influential meeting of the city and county, convened for the purpose of considering the offer, it was almost unanimously condemned and a memorial to the Dean and Chapter was adopted, praying that the Musical Festival might be continued, as in time past, and urging on the Cathedral dignitaries not to allow themselves to be influenced by Lord Dudley's proposal. The expression of public opinion on this question has been so nearly unanimous in the diocese that the answer of the Dean and Chapter may be regarded as a foregone conclusion; and by withdrawing his offer, therefore, the noble Earl is but forestalling its formal rejection. We wish we could describe his new overtures as more satisfactory. He proposes now to divide his £10,000 between the Cathedral and the Charity for which the Festival is held, conditional upon a like sum being raised by the city and county for the edifice only; but in the event of this arrangement not being successfully carried out within the prescribed time, the inhabitants are to bind themselves to offer no more opposition to his original proposal. This plausible scheme seems to us to unite with the objectionable features of the first, others even more offensive; for while it still contemplates the abolition of the Festival as a penalty in reserve, it answers the protest of the inhabitants against that step with a challenge to measure purses with their wealthy patron. It professes to meet the objection aroused by the first offer, but touches only the pecuniary side of the question. Even if it fulfilled all that Lord Dudley apparently contemplates, it would be no substitute for the Festival it is intended to replace, in respect to social influence, pleasure-giving power, or advantage to musical art; for it involves no provision for the continuance of those triennial celebrations which contribute so largely to the prestige and hospitable opportunities of the faithful city. We do not care to discuss Lord Dudley's views as to the propriety or impropriety of sacred musical performances in a cathedral; they are quite beside the matter at issue, which is simply whether the opinions of an individual, or those of the community at large, are to regulate the uses of the building. If the Earl is really anxious to contribute to the restoration of the Cathedral, he should do so freely and unconditionally, and not make his donation the price of a sacrifice on the part of the great majority of the local residents. He should remember that *noblesse oblige*, and that such huckstering is unworthy both of his rank and of the cause he proposes to serve.

To Dr. Abraham Sudoke Silent.

Dear Silent,—Old fogies often talk of the decline of the drama, and say that nobody cares nowadays to spend an evening at the theatre. But somebody must entertain a different opinion, or we should not find put forward such intelligence as this:—

"New Theatres.—In addition to the theatre now building in the Strand we hear the Coliseum will be opened as an opera, and be connected with the Metropolitan Railway. A theatre and winter-garden will shortly be constructed on the site of Saville House, and we believe that a new theatre is in progress of erection in Sloane Square, to meet the wants dramatic of the playgoers in Belgravia."

There is over thirty theatres open now in London, and over forty music-halls where performers, of some sort, come nightly on the stage. Yet Belgravia "wants" a theatre, at least so we are informed, and Leicester Square another, at least so we may infer that the designer doubtless thinks. Well, the more the merrier—at any rate we will hope so. But for this place or the other "wanting" a new play-house, convenient to itself, we fear such multiplication may prove to be vexation, not merely to the managers but the playgoers as well. Centralize your actors, and you get your plays well acted, and your theatres will pay: but if you scatter them about in Brixton and Belgravia, in Kensington and Kennington, in Hampstead and in Houndsditch, your stars will be dispersed, and haply cease to shine, and your taste for things theatrical will daily grow debased. Yours in the spirit(s).

Punch.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE

OF THE SEASON,

THIS DAY (SATURDAY), APRIL 9TH, 1870,

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in B minor, Op. 3, No. 3, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. CHARLES HALLÉ, JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "Old German Spring Song"—Miss SINCLAIR .. .. .. "
VARIATIONS on an original Air in F, Op. 34, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONATA, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Tartini.*
SONG, "Pack clouds away"—Miss SINCLAIR .. .. .. *Macfarren.*
OTTET, in F, Op. 166, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Double Bass, Clarionet, French Horn, and Bassoon—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, LAZARUS, PAQUIS, HUTCHINGS, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI .. .. *Schubert.*
Conductor .. .. Mr. ZERBINI.

THE LAST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 11TH, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

THE DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT.

Programme.

PART I.

CHORALE and VARIATIONS, for Organ—Master CHARLES LE JEUNE .. .. *H. Smart.*
QUINTET, in B flat, Op. 87, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss EDITH WYNNE .. .. *Cherubini.*
HARPSICHORD LESSONS, for Pianoforte—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ .. .. *Scarlatti.*
ROMANCE SANS PAROLES, for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Signor PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "The Maiden's Dream"—Miss EDITH WYNNE .. .. *Benedict.*
SCHERZO, in B flat minor, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. .. *Chopin.*

PART II.

RECITATIVE and ADAGIO (from 6th Concerto) for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (by desire)—Herr JOACHIM *Spohr.*
VARIATIONS on "See the conquering hero comes," for Pianoforte and Violoncello—MM. PAUER and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Orpheus with his lute"—Miss EDITH WYNNE .. .. *Sullivan.*
CONCERTO, in C major, for three Pianofortes, with Quartet Accompaniment—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. CHARLES HALLÉ and PAUER .. .. *Bach.*

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

BIRTH.

On the 3rd inst., at 15, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, the wife of WILHELM GANZ, Esq., of a daughter.

NOTICE.

Owing to a press of matter we are obliged to hold over our notice of one of the chief musical events of the season—the performance of Bach's "Passions-Musik," in Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening. Full particulars of this interesting revival will be given next week.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1870.

LORD DUDLEY'S STRATEGY.

THE noble enemy of our oldest musical Festival could hardly have reckoned upon the actual result of his attempt to bribe the Dean and Chapter of Worcester. He ought to know something about the power of money; and it is very natural that he should form an exaggerated estimate of what gold can do. But Lord Dudley has now discovered that a long purse cannot always force its way through the world, as might a burly ruffian through a crowd of women and children. What effect the famous 10,000 sovereigns have had upon the Dean and Chapter we do not yet know; but on all sides else they have stirred up most formidable opposition. How the city and county, led on by Sir John Pakington, have put themselves in array against the Earl and his gold, our readers well know. But we have this week to report an expression of opinion which crowns the opposition, and makes it irresistible. Birmingham, the largest town in the diocese of Worcester, has spoken, through its musical representatives, and, with almost unanimous voice, has condemned Lord Dudley's proposal. Here is a report of certain proceedings at the last meeting of the Birmingham Festival Committee:—

"Mr. Richard Peyton, said he had received a communication from Worcester in reference to the Festivals being held in Worcester Cathedral. He had been requested to lay the following memorial before the Birmingham Festival Committee and other influential persons:—

"'*To the Very Reverend the Dean and Chapter of Worcester Cathedral.*

"'Gentlemen,—We, the undersigned residents in the city and county of Worcester, request your careful consideration of this memorial, adopted at a public meeting, convened and presided over by the Mayor, in compliance with a requisition numerously and influentially signed.

"'We have heard with regret that a large sum of money has been offered towards completing the restoration of your Cathedral, on condition that if you accept it you shall hereafter refuse the use of the Cathedral for musical Festivals by which, for nearly a century and a half, charity and devotional feeling have been alike promoted.

"'We pray you to act in this matter as you and your predecessors have for that long period acted.

"'We know of no sufficient reasons for putting an end to these ancient Festivals. We are aware that, from time to time, other opinions on this subject have been avowed, and we regard them with that respect to which all conscientious feelings are entitled.

"'But we cannot admit that consecrated buildings are not the most fitting and appropriate for the celebration of the solemn and devotional compositions by which these meetings of the Three Choirs have always been distinguished.

"'We sincerely desire that they should be conducted with due reverence and propriety, and we believe that when so conducted, they not only aid the cause of charity and tend to the cultivation of the highest and most Divine form of musical art, but that the moral effect is elevating and beneficial.

"'We are, therefore, of opinion, while we share your anxiety to complete the restoration of the beautiful temple committed to your care, that an institution so ancient, so popular, and so good ought not to be abandoned; and, above all, we deprecate an unfavourable decision on your part on any other ground than deference to a manifest preponderance of public opinion.

"'We hope you will seriously consider that the views we have thus expressed are widely entertained by your neighbours in town and country, and we respectfully and earnestly beg you to decline the proposal you have received.'

"Mr. Peyton said they asked an expression of opinion in their favour from the gentlemen who managed the Birmingham Festivals. He had, therefore, the following resolution to propose:—'That this Committee, being of opinion that music of a sacred and devotional character may be suitably performed in sacred buildings, and being at the same time desirous of expressing their appreciation of, and sympathy with, the long continued exertions made by the promoters of the Worcester Festivals in the furtherance of art and in the cause of charity, desires to unite with the memorialists of Worcester and the neighbourhood in respectfully urging upon the Dean and Chapter the arguments em-

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bodied in the memorial now presented for consideration.' No doubt all the members of the Committee were aware of the offer of Lord Dudley. He thought they should sympathize with those who wished to carry on those Festivals in Worcester as in Hereford, Birmingham, and Gloucester. The offer of Lord Dudley did not apply to the object for which the efforts were made—namely, for the widows and the orphans of the clergy.

"Alderman Brinsley did not think such a resolution should emanate from that meeting. He thought Birmingham ought to have nothing to do with Worcester. He should certainly vote against the resolution.

"The Chairman seconded the resolution. He could not agree with the views of Alderman Brinsley. They must not shut their eyes to the fact that if the result should be that the Festival could no longer be held at Worcester it would so disorganize the whole arrangements of the Three Choirs that it would be no longer held in Gloucester. It would not end at Worcester, but would go on to Hereford, and would be a serious matter to the organization of the Festival here, because they mutually helped each other, and so of course they had their fullest sympathy. He should be as sorry to see those Festivals given up as he would to see theirs given up, because he could not help feeling that before Sir Michael Costa was at the head of the Sacred Harmonic Society, or the Birmingham Choral Society existed, the Festival of the Three Choirs were well known, and were almost the only Festivals of that character in the kingdom. They have been in the face of the public for the last 100 years. If they could not look to a body like the Birmingham Festival Choral Committee to strengthen their hands he did not know where they were to look for sympathy and help. He felt very strongly in the matter, and recommended the resolution for adoption.

"Dr. Sebastian Evans reminded the meeting that Worcester Cathedral was their cathedral. Birmingham was the largest town in the diocese, so they, at all events, could very justly claim some right in deciding to what use the Cathedral should be put. He supported the resolution.

"Sir Michael Costa supported the motion. It would be a great pity to do away with the Festivals at Worcester. Earl Dudley wanted to restore the Church, but he had forgot the Charity. If he had been kind enough to give them another Town Hall like Birmingham, then they might have done without the Cathedral, but he did not propose to do this. He had great sympathy with those Festivals. They did good to art, religion, and the profession, and he hoped they would support them.

"The resolution was carried unanimously, with the exception of Mr. Brinsley, and signed by the Chairman on behalf of the meeting."

After reading the above, and taking it in connection with other expressions of public opinion, we are not surprised to find Lord Dudley's confidence rudely shaken. Victory by a *coup de main* being impossible, the noble Earl is now trying what strategy can do. Defeat awaits him even at that game, we fully believe, and Lord Dudley may add another to the list of titled authors, by writing another "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." At present, however, we have to do with his change of tactics.

In a second letter to the *Worcester Journal*, Lord Dudley, has made a complete change of front; and, we readily admit, has performed the operation with much cleverness. His original proposal had primarily to do with the Festival; and the work of Cathedral restoration was only used as a means to an end. In other words, Lord Dudley attacked the Festival, through the needs of the Cathedral. From this position he has withdrawn; and now, we see him anxious, first of all, on account of the Cathedral, while willing to allow the Festival question to stand over. After bemoaning the position of the Dean and Chapter [a position for which they have to thank Lord Dudley alone] the noble writer goes on to say:—"As I hold that the restoration of the Cathedral is the first consideration" [a very recent holding, this] "I venture to make the following proposition, which I hope may be accepted as a solution of the difficulty. * * * Let the county and city make themselves responsible, through a committee, for the sum of £5,000 each, during the next three years, to which I would add a third £5,000 without any other condition than this: *That if this arrangement is not carried out, the opposition to the acceptance of the present offer to the Dean and Chapter shall not be pressed.*" [The italics are ours.] "I am induced to make this proposal for several reasons: first, because I desire to carry out this great work (one to which we have all put our hands, and from which we cannot in conscience recede from any secondary consideration), with the full assent and co-operation of the county and city, and not in opposition to it" [*sic*]; "and secondly, because I hope that the general feeling of the whole diocese will be that no such use shall ever be made of the beautifully restored Cathedral, as in times bygone, when once they" [who?] "see the work complete, so that it" [what?] "may be one of harmony and not of discord." Let us see to what all this amounts.

In the first place it is an attempt to make the supporters of the Festivals pay £10,000 for their continuance. Put down £10,000, says Lord Dudley, and the music meetings may go on till public opinion abolishes them; fail to put down the money, and the Dean and Chapter may accept my bribe on the original conditions. As we said just now, this is a clever move. It tests the sincerity of those who have loudly declared their devotion to the Festival, while the effect of its success would be to restore the Cathedral. The question now is—What will Sir John Pakington and his supporters do? On the one hand, they may accept the challenge, with its conditions—and hazard the existence of the Festivals; on the other, they may repudiate Lord Dudley altogether, and ask by what right he attempts to fine them £10,000. For ourselves we should prefer the latter course. We would answer Lord Dudley:—The Festivals shall go on as heretofore, because we have no right to stake their existence on the chance of our raising £10,000. As regards the Cathedral, we believe the Dean and Chapter would prefer that it should remain unfinished rather than owe anything to extorted means. At all events, we reject the dilemma you propose, and will retain both the Festivals and our own liberty of action.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

King Louis of Bavaria has been the cause of much laughter, if not of wit, among the critics of that music to which he is devotedly attached. He is described as one of those juvenile heroes of chivalry found in sentimental German stories, and depicted in drawings which children delight to colour. There may be a somewhat lackadaisical element in the Monarch who rejoices in the traditions of office while abhorring its restraints, and who regards Court ceremonial from an operatic point of view. Yet, with all this, King Louis has lately shown an inclination to play a serious part in affairs of State. His romantic temperament might have made him an enthusiast of altar and sacristy, as well as of lyric drama; but happily, his friend, Herr Richard Wagner, is politician as well as composer, and the King has no liking for priests.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred on the Marquise de Caux, better known as Adelina Patti, the Order of Merit, and appointed her first singer at Court. The decoration is set with diamonds and surmounted with the Imperial Crown. This is doubtless a very great honour—but, after all, the greatest honour an artist receives comes from the popular voice. There is a theory which maintains that the standard of excellence in art depends on the judgment of the "fit and few." There is another which maintains that all great art is popular; the greatest art being popular from age to age. Whichever of these theories be accepted (we accept neither) Madame de Caux might please an Emperor, and yet not be great. She has obtained the plaudits of thousands; and the Emperor Alexander II. merely confirms the verdict of the popular voice.

The following paragraph on change ringing, is from a sporting contemporary:—

"A short touch of Bob, Stedman, and grandsire doubles (three 'hundreds' of each), containing 1080 changes, was rung upon the bells of Hallaton Church, Leicestershire, on the 12th inst. The 'hundreds by the Bob system were—(1) with singles, 2d, the observation; (2)

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with singles, 3d, the observation; (3) with bobs, 5th, observation. Those on Stedman's principle consisted of—(1) crambo; (2) commencing from rounds with a slow six; (3) commencing with a quick six; the singles being made in the two latter hundreds in four fives, so as not to interfere with the bells doing the 'slow work.' The hundreds in the grandsire method were—(1) singles on 2d-3d; singles on 3d-4th; (3) singles on 2d-4th; in each case the 5th being the observation. The above was conducted with thirty-three 'calls,' by No. 3, the ringers being J. Exton, treble, C. Hinrich 2, B. Eaton 3, R. Grocock 4, J. Freer, tenor."

The uninitiated public, we imagine, will be puzzled to understand much of this.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs "A. M. M." is mistaken altogether about no record having been given in one of the principal morning journals, of the first performance of Verdi's *Don Carlos* at the Royal Italian Opera. We happen to have in our possession a copy of the paper he names, and transcribe, for "A. M. M.'s" instruction, the article which appeared on Wednesday, June 5, 18—:—

"Last night Mr. Gye fulfilled one of the most important promises of his prospectus by producing an Italian adaptation of Verdi's last grand opera, *Don Carlos*, with the splendour and completeness to which the frequenters of his theatre have been accustomed since Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was brought out in 1848. The French *Don Carlos* is in five acts, the third of which includes a grand ballet. In the Italian version we have only four acts, the first being omitted altogether; and this, together with the excision of the ballet and some curtailments of less significance, reduces the opera to the more reasonable proportions to which English audiences are habituated. Beyond stating that the principal characters in *Don Carlos* were represented by Mdlles. Lucca, Fricci, and Ackermann, M. Petit, Signors Naudin, Graziani, and Bagagiolo (a new bass with a magnificent voice), and that the performance was received from beginning to end with every mark of favour, by a house crowded in every part, we reserve comment. *Don Carlos* is to be played a second and third time on Thursday and Saturday."

The opera was produced on Tuesday, June 4.

WE have received the subjoined protest (rather late) from one who signs himself "An amateur visitor to the last Handel Festival and intended visitor to the next":—

"We may not be musical, but that is no excuse for walking about during the *Messiah* at the Crystal Palace. It is hard, perhaps, in the artistic interest of the many, to curtail the conversational propensities of the few; but the few have a couple of rows among the audience at their mercy. During the *entr'acte* ladies must have ices brought to them. Now as a waiter cannot 'be everywhere at once,' if he attends the tables in the *entr'acte* he must wait upon his seated customers while the performance goes on. Now, a waiter with an *obbligato* of one spoon, a glass, a shilling, and a small earthenware plate can materially interfere with the enjoyment at a certain distance of one of Mr. Sims Reeves's recitatives, or even go far to neutralize the effect of the 'Hallelujah' on those in his immediate neighbourhood. Talking is the rule at the Opera, silence the exception, but nuisance as it is *there*, it is doubled at an oratorio, or a Monday Popular Concert. If ever the time 'to be silent' was clearly marked off from the 'time to speak,' surely it would be during the performance of such works as the *Messiah* and *Israel*."

Here is something for Mr. Bowley, General Manger of the Crystal Palace, to reflect on between this and the summer of 1871.

THE dinners given in connection with the charitable funds too often cost more than the entire amount of the subscriptions and donations received during the year. That at least was the statement, sometime since, of a subscriber to one of them, although its principal manager professed to be not dissatisfied with the outlay, on the ground that the dinner was a splendid advertisement. No doubt a pleasant annual holiday is thus secured, but it is questionable whether subscribers intend their money to be spent in encouraging a number of gentlemen to make funny speeches at a feast. People will be chary of subscribing to a fund which can only be said to advance "professional interests" so far as it enables a few excellent people (with twenty pensioners somewhere in the back-ground), to meet once a year and celebrate each other's praise. The "advertisement" may be gratifying to personal vanity, but does not assist much in carrying out the true design of a charity.

WHEN shall we learn to dissociate "effect" and noise? The one is supposed to include the other of necessity, and hence the liberties taken by conductors and singers with music which does not recognize the connection. Some of those liberties are serious, a case in point being furnished by the performance of Bach's *Passions-Musik* in Exeter Hall. Everybody who knows the work at all knows and loves the beautiful and elaborate chorale, "Oh, man, thy heavy sin lament," which so quietly and affectingly ends the first part. This was omitted in the performance. Why? We can only suppose because it is so quiet. It was necessary to close the first part with a sensation, and the double chorus, "Have lightnings and thunders" did the work. In all this Mr. Barnby, to whom be every honour for his spirited labours in the cause of art, only acted up (or down) to the accepted rules of concert-giving. But we have hopes of him that he will grow out of this bondage, and show the noise-loving public that noise is not of necessity effect.

ACCORDING to a paragraph in the *Post* (which journal, as our readers know, lives, and moves, and has its being in the *haut ton*), the "fountain of honour," has resolved upon splashing Mr. Brinley Richards and a Mr. Clarke with the dignity of Knighthood!—the one because he wrote "God bless the Prince of Wales," the other, because he conferred some analogous blessing on the community. We hope nobody will receive this information with irreverence. Are not baronetcies given to mayors because they happen to be mayors when a bridge is opened; and are not knighthoods conferred on city grocers, whose duty it may be to wait on Royalty in a gilded coach, instead of waiting on Royalty's subjects behind a counter? Why, then, should not similar honours be tendered to Messrs. Richards and Clarke, whose claims are just as good as the claims of mayors and grocers! Instead of wondering at the offer, let us wonder how the offer will be received. Of course both gentlemen, being artists, will decline to be put on a level with the people who are usually made knights. Imagine Sir Brinley Richards, as junior, compelled to give the *pas* to Sir Gobble Hard, Alderman and Ex-Sheriff, who years ago congratulated Majesty on the birth of Royal Highness.

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THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

The following extract from a report recently presented by the Orchestral Committee of this Festival, will be read with interest:—

"In reporting to the General Committee in 1867 that Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, had been accepted for performance at the Festival, the Orchestral Committee expressed the confident hope that the production of the work would enhance the reputation of the young composer, and reflect credit on the committee for affording him an opportunity of being heard at our Festival. How fully these anticipations have been realized will be appreciated by those who have watched the progress of musical events since the production of the work in 1867, and the Orchestral Committee, finding it in their power to apportion to another short secular cantata by the same composer a portion of one of the evenings, have undertaken the production of his new cantata, entitled *Paradise and the Peri*, the subject being taken from Moore's celebrated poem, and on the music of which Mr. Barnett has now been for many months engaged, and which will be very shortly in readiness for rehearsal.

"In consideration of the fact that the reputation of the Birmingham Musical Festival extends far beyond the shores of this country, and with a desire still further to extend that reputation and to excite elsewhere an increased interest in our proceedings, the Orchestral Committee have, as already intimated in their former report, considered it to be for the interests of the undertaking that if possible some work should be obtained for production at the Festival from the renowned German composer, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne. The subject was accordingly brought under Dr. Hiller's notice by the chairman, at a personal interview in the course of last summer, and was at once cordially entertained by him; and after some short further negotiations, Dr. Hiller undertook the composition of a secular cantata for performance at one of the evening concerts, at the same time pledging himself to visit this country in order to be present at the Festival, and to conduct the first performance of his music in person. Dr. Hiller (in obedience, as the committee understood, to a summons from the Grand Duke Michael of Russia) has spent the winter in St. Petersburgh, but letters have recently been received from him announcing his return to Cologne and communicating certain particulars as to the progress of his work, which, though apparently somewhat retarded by his sojourn in the Russian capital, will, it is confidently expected by the committee, be placed in their hands in due time to ensure its efficient preparation and performance. The subject which has been selected for musical illustration by Dr. Hiller is from an Indian poem, and is entitled *Nala and Damayanti*."

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

At the last of the interesting series of concerts of chamber music, given by Messrs. Henry Holmes and Pezze, at St. James's Hall, Mr. Cipriani Potter's masterly trio, in B flat, was played by these artists and Mr. W. H. Holmes, our eminent English pianist, with genuine success. At the same concert Mr. W. H. Holmes played an *Andante* and *Allegro* for piano alone, which were unanimously re-demanded. Madame Raby-Barrett was the lady singer, and gave great satisfaction.

A *soirée* was held at the Architectural Rooms, Conduit Street, on Tuesday evening, in aid of the funds of "The Women's Club and Institute," Newman Street. The rooms were well filled, and the institute must have benefited in a pecuniary sense, as well as otherwise, by the number of persons made acquainted with its claims to support for the first time. Among the artists engaged were Miss Emily Spiller, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Temple, vocalists; Miss Stevenson, pianist; and Mr. Cheshire, harpist. The audience were marked in their applause to Miss Palmer for "Always alone," a ballad bearing the name of "Henriette," a composer who, no doubt, will be often heard. Miss Stevenson, who accompanied the vocal music, contributed also solo performances on the pianoforte, among which may be singled for praise an *Etude* ("Nursery Tale"), by her teacher, the late Moscheles—played *con amore*. Some readings were introduced, including, among other things, "Neighbour Nelly," by Mr. Sydney Hodges, who also contributed a song in the style of Mr. John Parry, entitled, "Romeo and Juliet," which was very successful.

The third of Mr. and Mrs. Blagrove's concerts took place in St. George's Hall, on Thursday evening, and attracted, for reasons which will presently be seen, a large and appreciative audience. The programme was long and varied; moreover, it contained things seldom heard, as well as novelties not generally available. First came Beethoven's quartet in E flat, for strings and piano; a work familiar to and beloved by all amateurs of the great master's chamber music. It was admirably rendered by Mrs. R. Blagrove, Messrs. H. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, and Aylward. The second instrumental piece was Mr. R. Blagrove's fantasia for concertina on airs from *Orphée aux Enfers*, in which the composer once again showed complete mastery over all the resources of his popular instrument. Vieuxtemps' *Fantasia Caprice* for violin afforded Mr. Henry Blagrove an opportunity of displaying his well-known skill as a violinist; and Mrs. R. Blagrove was heard to no less advantage in Thalberg's transcription from *Mosé*, the difficulties of which she surmounted with admirable ease. Herr Silas's *Andante Religioso* (MS.) was played by Mr. R. Blagrove on the baritone concertina with remarkable skill and effect. This, by-the-bye, constituted one of the distinguishing features of the concert; and it is to be hoped that a second performance will take place before the series closes. Spohr's *Andante* and *Rondo* from the characteristic duet, and the concert-giver's own duet on airs from *Faust* were also attractive, if only for the excellent style in which they were performed by Mr. and Mrs. Blagrove. The vocalists were Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Watts, Madame Talbot-Cherer, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Winn, each of whom sang one or more favourite songs with acceptance. Dr. Austin Pearce acted as accompanist with all needful skill. The next concert takes place on the 28th inst.

A concert, in aid of the relief fund of the Lodge 566 of the United Ancient Order of Druids, was given at the Vestry-hall, Chelsea. The vocalists were—Miss Berrie, Mrs. J. B. Rolfe, Miss Nellie Woodward, Miss Lynda Palmer, Miss A. A. Steadman, Messrs. E. G. Alfred, George Sherborne, E. Christie, J. M. Johnson, and Hawkins. Instrumentalists—solo violin, Miss H. Camille Dunbar; pianoforte, E. A. Todd, Mdlle. Amy Weddle, the Misses Blore, and Miss Jones. Miss Dunbar performed the opening solo, "Air Varié de Bellini" on the violin with a dash and brilliancy quite astonishing in so young a lady. "The Lover and the Bird" was warbled excellently by Miss Berrie, and the same remark applies to her "Il Bacio." Mr. G. Alford won great applause, and all his songs were enthusiastically encored. A vocal duet, "Flow on, thou shining River," by Mrs. J. B. Rolfe and Miss Woodward, was warmly appreciated. Special notice is due to a young artist, Miss Amy Weddle, a pianist of high merit. We doubt whether any of the *cognoscenti* of Chelsea who heard her on Monday, for the first time, were fully prepared for the rich treat which awaited them. Miss Amy Weddle's first piece was "Irish Diamonds," by Willie Pape, and on her recall, she played the "Monogram Caprice," by the same distinguished composer. Mr. G. Christie might make a good *comique* if possessed of more confidence; Mr. George Sherborne fairly brought down the house in the "Death of Nelson." Mrs. J. B. Rolfe, has a splendid voice, with a thorough knowledge of how to use it. Her song, "Ducking's Row," was loudly applauded, and rapturously re-demanded. The duet, "Look from thy Lattice," was prettily sung by Miss Linda Palmer and Miss Amelia Steadman. Taking it as a whole, the concert was a decided success.

PROVINCIAL.

Brighton.—The following is from a correspondent:—

"The members of the Musical Union of this town gave their second subscription concert in the Dome Concert-room on Friday week, Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*, and Weber's Mass in G, forming the programme. Miss Marion Severn, Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Briggs were the solo vocalists in the *Te Deum*, and Miss Arabella Smyth soprano soloist in the Mass. Messrs. Stern, Gates, and Wells were respectively leader, pianist, and harmoniumist."

Northfleet (Kent).—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"A concert, in which the performers were chiefly amateurs, was given at the new schoolroom, in aid of the building fund. The room was filled by the *élite* of the neighbourhood. A novel feature was the singing, by four clergymen (the Revs. T. Griffith, Sorsbie, Shepherd, and F. Southgate, vicar), of certain glees. The honours were shared by the Misses Ferrari, and Captain and Mrs. Thomas. The young ladies sang charmingly; more especially a duet by Mrs. Glover, for which they received a unanimous encore. The pecuniary results are, we hope and believe, satisfactory."

Cork.—We extract the following notice of a concert given by the Christ Church Choral Union from the *Cork Examiner*:—

"The second concert of the season was given by this association in the Protestant Hall. The first part was devoted exclusively to selections from the works of Handel, Mendelssohn, and Sullivan. The second consisted of miscellaneous vocal and instrumental music, opening with the pretty little ballad, 'Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee,' by Mr. Henry Baker, who executed it with great taste. The chorus gave two part-songs, Macfarren's 'Spring,' and 'Has sorrow thy young days shaded;' arranged by Balfe, in which they succeeded very well. 'Dream of Home,' an English adaptation of 'Il Bacio,' by Miss Creag, elicited loud applause, and a flattering encore, which she replied to with 'Maggie's secret.' A charming duet, 'Let us wander,' was excellently rendered by Miss Evanson and Mr. Baker. Mr. C. H. Sykes gave the fine old song, 'Over the Rolling Sea.' The two principal features of the evening's entertainment were the performances of Miss Bella M'Carty and Mr. George Sippi, the former on the piano and the latter on the violin. Miss M'Carty appears daily to improve, and her execution last evening of a most difficult piece, Weber's 'Polonaise,' was really marvellous. In compliance with an encore she played 'Tarantalla,' a work of Thalberg's, with the same skill. An excellent treat was afforded by Mr. Sippi's solo on the violin. He selected an 'Air Varié,' by De Beriot. His performance was highly appreciated by the audience."

Worcester.—The following appeared in last Saturday's *Worcester Journal*:—

"The fourth concert in connection with the choir of St. Clement's Church was given on Monday evening. The programme comprising selections from the *Hymn of Praise*, *Elijah*, and *St. Paul*. Miss Newth, Miss Davis, Mr. Power, Mr. Millichap, and Mr. Stoyle kindly gave their assistance, and Miss Doward occupied the post of accompanist. Mrs. Fowler sang 'Angels, ever bright and fair,' and 'O rest in the Lord,' with much taste and feeling. The following were encored:—Mr. Stoyle in 'Wave from wave' (Handel), 'As pants the hart' (Spohr); Miss Binns and choir, the double quartet, 'For He shall give His angels;' and the air, recitatives, and chorus, 'Open the heavens' (Mendelssohn), Miss Hallam. The other portions most prominently worth notice were Mr. Millichap's excellent singing of 'He counteth all your sorrows,' 'Holy, holy' (Spohr); Mr. Gummery and choir, the chorale, 'To Thee, O God,' the recitative, 'And they stoned Him,' being very expressively delivered by Mr. Gummery; and the concluding chorus, 'How lovely are the messengers.' As a whole, the concert was a decided advance on all former ones, and reflected much credit on all who took part in it."

Derby.—The following is condensed from the *Derby Advertiser and Journal* of April 1st:—

"The inauguration of the prize organ, Paris Exhibition, erected by Messrs. Bevington & Sons, of London, in the Volunteer Drill Hall, Derby, took place on Tuesday evening, when the interest attached to a recital by such an eminent organist as Mr. W. T. Best, of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, drew a very large audience. The programme was purely classical. Mr. Best was assisted by the Derby Choral Union, under Mr. W. W. Woodward. Of Mr. Best's masterly performance criticism is superfluous. His manipulation of Bach's *Rondo* (E major) and Fugue (G minor), a work so difficult as to place it beyond the reach of any but the Best (!) players, was a marvel. But the gem was his rendering of the pedal subject in the Fugue, in which he brought out the trombone stop: anything finer than this we have never heard on the instrument. The last piece of the first part was one of Guilmant's

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solos, interpreted by Mr. Best with true artistic sympathy. The second part was opened by Mr. Best playing a *Pastorale* and fugue, composed by himself, which, being unanimously encored, gained the audience an additional treat in an *entr'acte* from Schubert's *Rosamunde*, which we understand the Derby Philharmonic Society have been practising for some time past for their next concert; so that Mr. Best unconsciously stole an honour from our society by giving it for the first time in Derby. The air, with variations, in G minor, Beethoven, again showed Mr. Best's wonderful mastery of the organ. The last solo, *Marche Religieuse*, was given with all the ability required. The Choral Union sang 'Then round about the starry throne,' 'Fixed in His everlasting seat,' and 'O Hills, O Vales.' 'God save the Queen,' which Mr. Best accompanied with full organ, was the concluding piece. We congratulate all whose efforts have gained for the town so valuable an instrument, upon the success of their inaugural concert, under Mr. Best's ordeal. The committee and Mr. Woodward deserve the thanks of their townsmen for their spirited enterprise. With such an instrument and the two musical societies, there is promise that Derby will very soon regain that position in the musical world she occupied in former years, but which, through apathy, she lost. A musical correspondent, on whose judgment we can implicitly rely, writes as follows:—'It is a great pity there is not more space between the organ and the roof; as a natural consequence at times the tone of the instrument suffers most materially, and gives the impression of being noisy and harsh. The *Great* Organ would certainly have been much benefited by an additional 8 feet open diapason: it seems to want this foundation stop to counterbalance the great number of "mixtures" on this row of keys. The *Swell* Organ is particularly fine, and some of the solo stops on this organ, and also in the *Choir* Organ, are of a delicious quality. From some cause connected with the acoustic properties of the hall, parts of the Pedal Organ have had to receive an additional weight of wind, conveyed from a separate sound-board. The Swell Organ and the Pedal Organ we consider the most effective parts of the instrument.'"

LIVERPOOL.—We condense (unwillingly) an interesting article from the *Liverpool Daily Courier* (April 6), upon a recent performance of *Israel in Egypt*, by the Philharmonic Society:—

"At the Philharmonic Society's fifth subscription concert last night, Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was performed for the first time in its entirety in Liverpool since the opening of the Philharmonic Hall. The performance, on the whole highly satisfactory, was remarkable for the introduction of Macfarren's extra orchestration, and Mendelssohn's organ *obbligato*. We were disappointed to find the interpolation of certain airs which break the connection between those eight inimitable choruses which describe the plagues of Egypt and the deliverance of the Israelites. That Handel himself had to submit to such interpolations is true, but in the present day it is considered desirable to give the works of great masters in the form in which they conceived them. The choruses were sung with almost invariable efficiency, the 'Hail-stone Chorus' received a hearty and well-deserved encore. The liberality of the audience in the matter of applause at various important stages of the work, being remarkable for its cordiality, was a pleasing deviation from the general frigidity of the Philharmonic audience. The solo music was entrusted to Mdlle. Carola, soprano; Madame Patey, alto; Mr. Perren, tenor; and Messrs. Winn and Patey, bass. The band was in excellent order, and Mr. Hirst's organ accompaniments in the best taste. Mr. Benedict, to whom we are indebted for a performance of Handel's *chef d'œuvre*, discharged his onerous duties with rare ability."

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Recognition of Genius.

England has had some great composers, though this country never produced a Mozart or a Beethoven, and did not produce but only nourished Handel; but that is something: for there is an element in his grandest music which it could have derived only from genius fed on the best of beef. It is *extractum carnis* idealized; but still *extractum carnis*; sublimated, etherealized *extractum carnis bovinæ*. England has had some great composers? Yea, marry, and hath. For, look you, there are, saith the *Post*, to be created:—

"NEW MUSICAL KNIGHTS.—There is a rumour that two popular composers of music are to have the honour of knighthood—viz., Mr. Brinley Richards, the composer of the well-known and popular song, 'God Bless the Prince of Wales,' and Mr. J. P. Clarke, a military composer, for his new national chant, 'Hail to the Duke.'"

"Hail to the Duke" may not perhaps be quite comparable to the "Hails one Chorus," nor "God Bless the Prince of Wales" to the "Hallelujah." That loyal anthem and that loyal chant are, however, compositions which have their merit, and happy man be the dole of Mr. Richards and Mr. Clarke that it is merit such as to have won the honour of knighthood. Of course Sterndale Bennett will be offered a Peerage.

Punch.

WAIFS

Madame Arabella Goddard has gone to Boulogne-sur-Mer.

Herr Strakosch left London for Paris on Thursday.

The Richings opera *troupe* have done well in New Orleans.

Mr. Massy has left the Lyrique and gone to the Rue Pellettier.

A vacancy at midsummer in the choir of Exeter Cathedral is announced. The emoluments average £80 per annum.

Sig. Biscaccianti is about to try a season of Italian opera management in Boston. Adelaide Phillips is one of the company. The rest are Joel and Levi's wrecks.

P. S. Gilmore has not purchased a residence on the Hudson, He is busily engaged, at his residence in Boston, writing a book on the National Peace Jubilee.

The Countess Delawarr has bequeathed the sum of £666 in the Three per Cents. for the choir and organist of Withyham, Sussex, a living in the gift of the Earl.

Mr. Vernon Rigby has been engaged for the Birmingham Festival, to sing the principal tenor part in Ferdinand Hiller's Eastern Cantata, and Mr. John F. Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri*.

General Sheridan tells us that the Santee Indians chant psalms around their camp-fires, and often substitute, at their scalp and other dances, one of Watts' hymns for the ordinary Indian songs.

A Minstrel *troupe* organized in Indianapolis last Monday, played Tuesday night, "busted" Wednesday morning, and Thursday afternoon the leader went to sawing wood at four shillings a cord.

Frou-Frou, translated and adapted by Fred. Williams, has been produced at the Boston Museum. Another version of *Frou-Frou* is in rehearsal at the St. James's Theatre; principal part by Mdlle. Beatrice.

Messrs. Debenham, Storr, and Sons, of the Great Metropolitan Auction Mart in Covent Garden, announce by circular that Mr. Puttick, auctioneer, late of No. 47, Leicester Square, has joined their firm as partner.

Il Trovatore and the *Gazetta dei Teatri* speak in most glowing terms of Miss Elize Trafford, an English vocalist at Saluzza. They state that in the opera of *Falsi Monetarj* the young *prima donna* was loudly applauded and recalled three times. She sang also the *cavatina* from *Rigoletto* with most excellent effect.

Miss Agusta Thomson has returned to Mr. J. Russell and his Covent Garden Company. This time she will not sing second, but first. She is now *prima donna assoluta* of Offenbach opera in England, and will at Manchester in Easter week appear as Boulotte in the *Barbe-Bleue*, and a few weeks after lead the company back to London, to fulfil an engagement at a West-end theatre.

An admirable performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* took place on last Sunday evening at the Clarendon Square Chapel, Camden Town, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Barnett. Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, and Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas were the principals, and there was an efficient choir. Mr. John Francis Barnett presided at the organ. The Rev. Mr. Pennington was the officiating clergyman.

The Welsh churches have begun to sing the choral service in the Welsh language. The effect is something like this:—

Li grwmpp ff mrw gil dst
Wmnt piiul trmws dwmp
Stxpl srglw mppsgi wrtmn
Fwial mgiwp brgy hptl.

The people of St. Lewis, not to be behind those active fellows in Chicago, are determined to have a new and magnificent operahouse, which, singular to state, is to be erected by the Missouri Life Insurance Company. What music has to do with life insurance, we really don't know; but we suppose that the lyric drama in some occult way promotes longevity, in spite of Shakspere's line:—

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall."

A guinea a stall is gradually becoming the regular price for any performance in London a little out of the common, and while people are willing to have the price of their amusements raised about 200 per cent. theatrical speculators and managers will of course take advantage of their easy disposition. We do not say that Mdme. Schneider is over-dear at a guinea, but the practice of fixing this price for stalls ought not to be extended much further. Otherwise, the patrons of that part of the house will be obliged for self-defence to offer a partial revival of the celebrated O.P. performances for the approval of managers.

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If any proof were wanted of the cosmopolitan character of New York, we could point to the fact that we can command the resources of five different operas at one and the same time. No other city in the world offers such facilities. Paris, London and Vienna can only occasionally claim the riches of two operas, while we have had five—English, Italian, German, French, and Russian. If we add to this the Ethiopian, which is still flourishing in all its splendour, we can justly say that in opera, as in everything else, we beat all other nations. This is of course very gratifying, and must add considerably to the equanimity of our musical temper.—*New York Weekly Review.*

Herr Oberthür has returned to London after an extended tour in Germany. Among the various towns he has visited were Meiningen (where he played, at the Herzoglisches Hoftheater, his concertina for harp and orchestra, and other compositions), Nordhauser, Altenburg, Magdeburg, Dresden (where he enjoyed the co-operation of Mdlle. Marie Krebs, who played with him his harp and piano duet on airs from *Oberon*), Passau, Nürnberg, and Ratisbon. At the concert at Ratisbon the Princess of Tour and Taxis was present. Herr Oberthur's concertina for harp and orchestra, and a fantasia by Pariah Alvars, afforded such satisfaction to that distinguished personage that she requested to hear something else, when Herr Oberthur gave his "Cascade." At Saarbrücken he again played the concertina (with pianoforte accompaniment, there being no orchestra), the *Souvenir de Londres*, "Meditations," "Cascade," and a brilliant fantasia on *I Capuletti e I Montecchi*, by Parish Alvars.

The *Philadelphia Enquirer* writing about the Parepa-Rosa's performance of Weber's *Oberon*, says:—

"The production of the opera was in the highest degree creditable. We have rarely seen any first representation accompanied by so few drawbacks, and when the scenic effects are considered, it was wonderful how smoothly everything proceeded. Madame Parepa appeared more graceful and becoming in her oriental costume than we have seen her in any other character. Her singing of the sublime air in the third act was more than a triumph—it was one of her grandest efforts. The orchestral accompaniments were powerful and impressive. Mrs. Seguin as Fatima made a most pleasing impression in 'A lonely Arab Maid,' and a still greater in 'Araby, dear Araby.' Mr. Castle, as Sir Huon, deserved great credit. Miss Warden, as Puck, made a good impression; she has a contralto voice of considerable power. Mr. De Solla looked too terrestrial for a fairy. The air in act third he sang, however, with much effect. The choruses were generally good. Mr. Lawrence received the first encore in the opening air to Act 4. We could not help thinking how finely this gentleman's voice would sound in *Don Giovanni*. The orchestra contributed largely to the success. The overture richly deserved the encore it received. Both *Oberon* and *Marriage of Figaro* owe much of their success here to the excellence of the orchestra, and the watchfulness of the conductor. The skill and energy with which Mr. Carl Rosa assumes the duties of a director have been generally commented upon. In the various operas he has led in this city we have yet to see a blunder in the instrumental department—a record as rare as it is honourable to him. We cannot better express our sense of his services than by repeating a compliment we have already heard paid him—'Nothing could reconcile us to the loss of Mr. Rosa as a soloist, except the appropriateness of his position in the director's chair.'"

The Paris correspondent of the *Graphic* wrote as follows last week:—

"As regards musical fêtes, we have had a commemorative festival of the late Berlioz. Before speaking of it, let me recommend you to read the amusing memoirs of this imperfect musician, who might have been, if the Fates had so permitted him, a first-class writer. This French Wagner, who little liked the Berliez of Germany, had united in him the exalted sentiments of young Werther and the biting irony of Candide. You will be above all interested in the history of his passion for Henrietta Smithson, your celebrated tragic actress, who in an unlucky moment consented to marry him, and thus exposed herself, an involuntary victim, to all the storms of a conjugal life which the passionate jealousy of her husband rendered more than once terribly bitter. But to return to the festival, which has *not* been a complete success. Little but the compositions of Berlioz himself was executed, and this erudite music is not universally liked among us. Faure and Mdme. Miolan-Carvalho sang without sufficient confidence, and without producing the slightest effect, the duet from, *L'enfance du Christ*. The famous septett from the *Troyens*, formely so applauded at the Théâtre Lyrique, also fell flat, and the *finale* of *Romeo and Juliet*, although very fine, did not awake the audience from the torpor into which they seemed to have fallen. The only pieces of Berlioz which succeeded were the March from *Pélérinage d'Harold en Italie*, the overture to the *Carnaval Romain*, the grand scene from the *Damnation de Faust*, and among others the solo of Mephistopheles, which Faure executed in a most masterly manner. Mdme. Gueymard gained much applause in the air from Gluck's *Alceste*, 'Divinités du Styx,' and the *finale* to the second act of the *Vestale* (Spontini) with much approbation, although Mdlle. Nilsson (doubtless fatigued, as on the eve she had obtained a great success in *Robert le Diable*) did not give to her part the necessary set off. In fine, could the shade of Berlioz have been present at this fête in his honour, it would have been astonished and somewhat indignant at a homage which left so much to be desired."

Miss Louisa Pyne has announced her intention to retire from public life, and arrangements have been made for four farewell oratorio performances, under the direction of the National Choral Society. The first performance of the series will be the *Messiah*, on Tuesday, the12th (Passion Week), at St. James's Hall.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Chappell & Co.—"Ireland," Grand Fantasia by Brinley Richards.
Novello, Ewer, & Co.—"The Organist's Quarterly Journal," for April.
Weekes & Co.—"The Silver Moth," song by Kate L. Ward; "Go, lovely Rose," song by Mrs. John Holman Andrews.

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VOL. 48—No. 16. SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—LAST SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Nelson Varley. Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Programme includes the Pastoral Symphony, Prelude to "Lohengrin;" overtures, "Manfred" (Schumann) and "Zampa;" cantata, "May-day" (Macfarren), &c. Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Tickets; Stalls, 2s. 6d.

ITALIAN OPERA,
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE SEASON WILL COMMENCE ON SATURDAY, 16TH APRIL, 1870, WITH

Verdi's Opera, RIGOLETTO.

IL DUCA	Signor MONGINI.
RIGOLETTO	Mr. SANTLEY.
SPARAFUCILE	Signor FOLI.
MONTERONE	Signor RAGUER.
MARULLO	Signor ZOBOLI.
BORSA	Signor ARCHINTI.
CEPRANO	Mr. LYALL.
LA CONTESSA	Mdlle. BRIANI.
GIOVANNA	Mdme. CORSI.
MADDELENA	Mdme. TREBELLI-BETTINI.
AND	
GILDA	Mdlle. ILMA DI MURSKA.

ON MONDAY, 18TH APRIL,

Donizetti's Opera, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

ON TUESDAY, 19TH APRIL,

Rossini's Opera, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

Composer, Conductor, and Director of the Music	SIGNOR ARDITI.
Acting Manager	MR. JARRETT.

MISS EDITH KINGSLEY'S FIRST GRAND EVENING CONCERT, under the Patronage of the Right Hon. The Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, will take place at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WEDNESDAY, April 27th. Principal vocalists—Miss Blanche Cole, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Harley Vinning and Herr Formes. Instrumentalists—Mr. John Cheshire, Chevalier Boscovitz, Mr. Charles Malcolm. Conductors, Mr. Louis Emmanuel and Mr. F. Stanislaus. After which the comedy of "THE HONEYMOON," under the direction of Miss Marie Somerville. Stalls, 5s.; Tickets, 3s., 2s. and 1s.; at Mr. Austin's St. James's Hall, and at St. George's Hall.

MISS EDITH KINGSLEY AND MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing NICOLAI'S popular duet, "ONE WORD," at St. George's Hall, April 27th.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of CHOPIN and HENSELT, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME OURY'S WALTZ," composed by CHOPIN, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

SIGNORINA EMILY TATE has the honour to announce that her THIRD ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will take place under the Special Patronage of Sir Roderick Murchison, &c., at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, on TUESDAY, 3rd of May, 1870. Full particulars will be duly announced. No. 79, Cook's Road, Kennington Park.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co. 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER will return to London for the season on the 23rd May. All letters to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR CARL FORMES will sing his renowned song, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at St. George's Hall, April 27.

HERR CARL FORMES is now in Town for the season and can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios and Operatic Performances. Address—care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

FOR SALE, Two splendid old CREMONA VIOLINS, thoroughly genuine and authentic. Address—G. DEBENHAM, London Road, Reigate.

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TWELVE MELODIES, Composed by W. STERNDALE BENNETT. Selected and arranged by W. HUTCHINS CALLCOTT. In Two Books, 6s. each.—LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—MR. KENNEDY, the Scottish Vocalist, will give his celebrated Entertainment on the SONGS OF SCOTLAND, April 25th, 27th, and 29th; May 2nd, 4th, and 6th, at Eight o'clock. A Special Morning Entertainment on Saturday, April 30th, at Three o'clock. Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Numbered Stalls, 3s.; at all the Musicsellers, and at the Rooms.

Published this Day,

"THE WEAVER,"

BALLAD.

The Words by EMILY JUDSON.

The Music by KATE LUCY WARD.

Price 4s,

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To be played, for the First Time in London, on Monday next, at the LYCEUM THEATRE,

"LE PETIT FAUST,"
OPERA-BOUFFE,
BY
HERVE.

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(EDITIONS OF HEUGEL & CO., PARIS),

Can now be obtained of

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

INSTRUCTION IN SCIENCE AND ART FOR WOMEN.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S Lectures "ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF VOCAL MUSIC" (in continuation of the Course now being delivered), will be given in the Lecture Theatre, South Kensington Museum, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 11 a.m., commencing on the 26th April. Tickets for the Course of Twelve Lectures, £1 1s.; with Practice, £1 11s. 6d. Single admissions, without Practice, 2s. 6d.

Persons who may wish to attend this Course of Lectures are requested to send their names to the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, Treasurer, South Kensington Museum.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square (where Haydn made his first bow to an English audience).—Ladies and Gentlemen intending to engage these unique Rooms for Concerts, &c., are respectfully invited to make early application, in order to secure the best days. For terms, apply to Mr. Hall, at the Rooms, ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—
Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

President—THE EARL OF DUDLEY.
Principal—PROFESSOR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

The Easter Term will commence on Monday the 25th inst., and terminate on Saturday the 23rd of July.

Candidates for Admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursday, the 21st inst., at Eleven o'clock, and every following Thursday at the same hour.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

MR. ROBERT BERRINGER will play his admired "VALSE DE BRAVOURE" at the Crystal Palace, This Day, April 16th.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing (by desire) ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Matilda Baxter's Evening Concert, May 6th.

MISS MATILDA BAXTER will perform ASCHER'S brilliant Fantasia, "ALICE," at her Concert, May 6th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will (by desire) sing his popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on April 20th at St. James's Hall.

MISS AMY PERRY will perform ASCHER'S popular Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS LILY SIMESTER and MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing NICOLAI'S admired duet, "ONE WORD," at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, May 10th.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing Miss KATE WARD'S new song, "THE WEAVER," at St. James's Hall, April 20th; at Sydenham Lecture Hall on the 22nd, and St. James's Hall on the 23rd.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—Guildford, April 21st; Bishop Stortford, May 5th; Miss Amy Perry's, Hanover Square Rooms, 14th; Store Street, June 4th, July 16th; Hanover Square, June 25th. Communications, Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

REMOVAL.

MRS. RONEY (Miss Helen Hogarth) begs to announce her REMOVAL from Gloucester Crescent, to No. 6, Chalcot Terrace, Regent's Park Road, N.W.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, in Town or Country. For terms, address 125, Regent Street.

"LITTLE WILLIE," by JULES BENEDICT. This charming new song (by the popular composer of "Rock me to Sleep") is now being sung with distinguished success by Miss EDITH WYNNE. Price 3s., and may be obtained for 19 stamps from the publisher, DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"FLY LIKE A BIRD," sung by Miss Ferrari, and "THE ABBESS," sung by Miss Anyon, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART'S new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street (sent free by post for 19 stamps each).

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A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 16, son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for Instruction in the earlier branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter. Apply to Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

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Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermezzo, Scherzo and trio, Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to
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"REVIVALS,"
EDITED BY
J. W. DAVISON.

No. 1. GRAND FANTASIA
(IN E AND A MINOR AND MAJOR),
FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY
WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

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(IN C MAJOR),
FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY
WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

Price 6s. each.

*** Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

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Now Published,
"SUNSHINE,"
MARSHALL HALL BELL'S NEW SONG.
"SUNSHINE" was rapturously encored when sung at the composer's concert by Miss Robertine Henderson, and is published, price 3s., by
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Sung by Mrs. H. EGERTON MIMMS, the Words by LORD BYRON.
The Music by GEORGE GAFF.
Price 3s.
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Where may be obtained, Composed by GEORGE GAFF,
"MAIDEN, WRAP THY MANTLE ROUND THEE."
POETRY BY KIRKE WHITE.

Just Published,
TARANTELLE,
POUR LE PIANOFORTE.
Par PAUL SEMLER.
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"O LADY, TWINE NO WREATH FOR ME."
SONG.
The Poetry by SIR WALTER SCOTT.
The Music by W. FRIEDRICH.
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Just Published,
"LANDLER WALTZ,"
FOR THE PIANOFORTE.
Composed by PAUL SEMLER.
London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

In two further representations of *Lucia di Lammermoor* Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi maintained, and, indeed, may be said to have improved, her position. Nevertheless, if report may be credited, it is rather in comic than in serious opera that the talent of the fair-haired Austrian songstress lies; and of this we are promised a speedy opportunity of judging in Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento*, which is being got up expressly for Mdlle. Sessi. At the third performance of *Lucia* the resources of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson's company were favourably put to the test. Herr Wachtel and Signor Graziani having to rehearse for *Guillaume Tell*, which was to be produced on the very next opera night, were unable, or at least unwilling, to sing in *Lucia*. Another Edgardo, however, was immediately at hand, in Signor Della Rocca, and another Enrico in Signor Cotogni—both of whom appeared to give satisfaction.

Lucia was followed by the *Huguenots*, in which Herr Wachtel essayed the part of Raoul de Nangis, for the first time before an English public. Although this gentleman evinces but small dramatic ability, and is by no means an artistically finished singer, his voice serves him at times to excellent purpose in the trying music which Meyerbeer has put in the mouth of his hero. Wherever pure phrasing and expressive delivery were required Herr Wachtel was deficient; but in the septet of the duel scene he gave out the famous concluding passage with remarkable power. True, he transposed it (as Mario always did) to a lower key; but enough remained to show off to advantage his stentorian qualities. In the duet with the Queen he was anything rather than satisfactory. Indulgence, however, may reasonably be claimed for him on the plea that the lady who assumed that character seemed but imperfectly acquainted with her music. In the far greater duet with Valentine, Herr Wachtel had not the same excuse, seeing that here his associate was Mdlle. Tietjens. How that accomplished lady acts and sings the part of Meyerbeer's most interesting heroine our opera-going readers need not be informed. It was the first character in which she appeared among us—when, in 1858, Mr. Lumley still directed the fortunes of Her Majesty's Theatre; and it remains to this day one of her most forcible and finished assumptions. She was, perhaps, not on this occasion so completely mistress of her splendid physical means as might have been wished; but there was the old enthusiasm; and that sufficed to impress all her hearers, and to win a loud summons before the curtain at the termination of the duet—ill-balanced as were the powers, vocal and dramatic, of the two performers. In the other great duet—that with Marcel in the scene of the *Prè auz Clercs*—Mdlle. Tietjens was much more efficiently supported; for if Signor Bagagiolo, judged from the histrionic point of view, can hardly be compared with other impersonators of the rugged old Puritan whose names will instantly recur to many of our readers, he has not only a voice both strong and rich, but possesses considerable facility as a singer. This he had already shown in the well-known air, "Piff paff," and now confirmed in the duet to which we refer—one of the masterpieces of the opera. The other parts were in every instance more or less well filled. M. Petit, despite his apparently unconquerable "*tremolo*," was a good St. Bris, and Signor Cotogni an excellent Nevers; while Madame Scalchi gave both the airs of Urbano, "page of honour" (especially the "No, no, no," composed expressly for Alboni), in artistic style and with adequate fluency. The choruses were, for the most part, very effectively rendered; although the halo that used once to surround the grand scene of the "Blessing of the swords" seems to have vanished. The orchestra might almost play the accompaniments to the *Huguenots* without book; and Signor Vianesi, the new conductor, again proved himself thoroughly fitted for the post. After this, another word about an opera so familiar and so many times discussed will hardly be expected.

To the *Huguenots* succeeded Rossini's magnificent *Guillaume Tell*, given with the traditional curtailments, and the *finale* to Act 4—which is neither Rossini's nor Sir Michael Costa's (as has so often been asserted), but the work of an obscure Florentine *chef d'orchestre*. The overture was encored; yet we cannot agree with Signor Vianesi's reading of the last movement, which he begins slower than customary, gradually increasing the speed until the climax. For this, having no authority from the composer, he may fairly be called to task. Moreover, as the passages near the end cannot be distinctly heard, so quick has the pace become, the new reading is just as ineffective as it is unwarranted. The introduction, too, one of the loveliest, freshest, and most tuneful pieces of music in existence, was taken so much too fast as to be robbed of half its grace; and the performance generally of Rossini's masterpiece was one of the least admirable we remember at Covent Garden. Herr Wachtel's Arnold is a series of anti-climaxes. Big, powerful, and "metallic" as is his voice, he does not possess the art to manage it. In the first duet (familiarly known as "Dove vai?") he gave out all his power, unmindful that the beautiful phrase, "Ah, Matilde, io t'amo," is a reflexion aside, not intended to be overheard by Tell, who wishes to make Arnold become a patriot, instead of a lover, and to abandon Mathilde for Switzerland. In the duet with Mathilde (Act 2) Herr Wachtel was far better; and in the last movement, "Il core che t'ama," where the impassioned love-phrase is sung by the two in unison, he exhibited genuine feeling. True, the voice of Mdlle. Vanzini (Mathilde) was at times almost inaudible by the side of his; but here, at all events, Herr Wachtel was both dramatically in earnest and dramatically correct. The great trio in Act 2, where Arnold is informed of his father's death, was marred by Herr Wachtel's exaggerated delivery of the passionate outburst, "Troncar suoi di," &c., for which the high "C sharp" in the final movement (snatched at, at the best) made sorry amends. In the last scene, when, after much unnecessary exertion in the slow movement, "O muto asil," he came to "Coriam voliam" ("Suivez-moi") in which the "*ut de poitrine*" of Dupres, some 40 years ago, may be said to have sounded the death knell of Rossini's impressive and beautiful fourth act, Herr Wachtel was no longer master of his resources. Almost for the first time within our memory this famous air, with which, late as it came in the opera, Signor Tamberlik used to rouse the house to enthusiasm, passed off with scarcely a hand of recognition. It is a pity that the owner of such a voice as that of Herr Wachtel should be so little of a musician, and boast of so slender a modicum of judgment. A word or two may suffice for the other performers in *Guillaume Tell*. The character of the Swiss patriot is not perhaps suited to Signor Graziani, who, nevertheless, did his very best, and in the pathetic apostrophe to Jemmy, just before Tell, at the despotic command of Gessler, is about to shoot the apple from off his son's head ("Resta immobile"—Act 3), exhibited rare feeling. The expression, however, would have been twofold had Signor Graziani refrained from accompanying his admonition by a variety of inappropriate gestures, and confided it rather to the ear of Jemmy, as something intended for him exclusively—after the admirable example of Ronconi, whose Tell, although the music lay too low for his voice, was in a dramatic sense, the finest ever witnessed on the lyric stage. The imposing music of Walter is well suited to the sonorous tones of Signor Bagagiolo's bass, and Mdlle. Locatelli is a sprightly Jemmy; but Signor Fallar, as Melchthal, made us regret the absence of Polonini, and Mdlle. Vanzini is somewhat overweighted in Mathilde—as was especially demonstrated in the recitative and air, "Selva opaca" (Act 2). Mdlle. Scalchi, Signors Casaboni and Marino, were respectively competent in the subordinate characters of Eudige (Tell's wife), Leutoldo, and Rodolfo; Signor Della Rocca sang the barcarole of the "Pescatore" tolerably well; and that long-tried favourite, Signor Tagliafico, was, as ever, the most picturesque and imposing of Gesslers. The general performance as we have hinted, was scarcely up to the Royal Italian Opera mark; nevertheless, the choruses in the glorious scene of the meeting of the Cantons were for the most part highly effective. The scenery remains as of old; and, familiar as it is, the picture of the Lake of the Four Cantons, seen from the valley in the mountains of Rutli, must always be regarded as one of the most beautiful that ever came from the ready and practised brush of Mr. W. Beverley. The grouping and action of the accessories, together with the general stage arrangements, under the superintendence of Mr. A. Harris, are as effective as of yore.

The opera on Saturday night was *Fidelio*, and the conductor on the occasion was Signor Bevignani. That the system of employing two conductors is a mistaken one we stated as our opinion last year. We have nothing whatever to say in disfavour of Signor Bevignani; but his manner of directing the orchestra differs materially from that of Signor Vianesi. One may be right, the other wrong; both may be right, or both wrong; these are questions apart; but the orchestra must naturally lend its preference to one or to the other. To which side that preference is likely to be extended we should have slight hesitation in suggesting. The question lies deeper; it is not a question as to the comparative merits of two conductors, but a question as to the advisability or non-advisability of a system; and on this depends more than can be stated in a passing comment.

We have heard better performances of *Fidelio* than that of Saturday evening; but on the whole it may be commended as one of average excellence. The overture (the great *Leonora*, No. 3) was encored and repeated; and the impressive "Prisoners' chorus" was unusually well done. About the Leonora of Mdlle. Tietjens—the only Leonora at present on the boards—there is not a word to be said that has not been said over and over again. The musical public owes this gifted lady a debt of gratitude for having been the means of keeping the one opera of Beethoven on the stage. Without her its eloquent music would for years have been unheard. The Florestan of the evening was Dr. Gunz (some time ago engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre), who has all the German, and therefore the true traditions of the past, and who, in spite of a somewhat rebellious voice, sings with earnestness and intelligence. M. Petit, as Don Pizarro, is quite in his element, although the great air of the prison scene, with its overpowering orchestral accompaniment, somewhat over-taxes his means.

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It was agreeable to find the three characters of Marcellina, Jacquino, and Rocco represented so generally well by artists to whom the great work of Beethoven must have been hitherto unfamiliar—perhaps, indeed, unknown. Signor Capponi, who played Rocco, and sang the music admirably well, and Signor Marino, the Spanish tenor, who was equally acceptable in that of Jacquino, have been for some time members of the Royal Italian Opera Company; but Mdlle. Madigan (in plain language Miss Madigan—an Englishwoman), who undertook the part of Marcellina, is new to our stage. This young lady, who, we understand, has lately studied at Milan under Professor Sangiovanni, has everything in her favour—a fresh and agreeable *mezzo-soprano* voice, a prepossessing appearance, a natural ease upon the boards, and a vocal talent which may, without hesitation, be pronounced promising. She gave the one air of Marcellina (Act 1) unaffectedly and charmingly. The part of the State Minister, Don Fernando, who only appears in the last *finale*, was not sustained, as the programme gave out, by Signor Tagliafico, but by Signor Caravoglio. On the whole, the performance of *Fidelio* was enjoyable, and due honours were paid to the high merits of the Leonora.

On Tuesday *Lucrezia Borgia* was performed, with a new contralto, Mdlle. Cari, as Maffeo Orsini. The other three principal characters were sustained by Mdlle. Tietjens (Lucrezia), Signor Naudin (Gennaro—his first appearance for the season), Signor Graziani (Alfonso), and Signor Tagliafico (Gubetta). The new contralto was received with great favour, and encored in the "Brindisi." The rest was as usual. Mdlle. Tietjens was in fine voice. Signor Bevignani conducted.

On Thursday night Mdlle. Sessi was to essay a new character—that of Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*. Further particulars in our next.

To-night, the *Flauto Magico*, with Mdlle. Sessi in the "Queen of Night"—a bold essay, to say the least.

PRÆTORIUS AND HIS *SYNTAGMA MUSICUM*.*

Michael Prætorius may be designated as one of the greatest and most celebrated writers on music and also the ablest composer of the 16th and 17th centuries. Through him Germany attained the reputation of a first-rate musical country. Born at Kreutzberg, in Thuringia, on the 15th of Feb., 1571, he died on the 15th of Feb., 1621 (his birthday), at Wolfenbuettel, 50 years of age. He was Chapelmaster to the Duke of Brunswick, and Court-composer, also appointed secretary of his privy council, and was Prior to the Cloister of the Order of Benedicts, at Ringelheim, near Goslar. The greatest work ever written on music, and which will remain for all ages as a remarkable monument in the history of music, and through which he already earned during his lifetime a far-famed name, is his *Syntagma Musicum*, which was published, in 1614 and 1618, in three volumes, 4to, at Wittenberg and Wolfenbuettel. The first vol. in Latin, and the second and third vols. in the German language. No writer on the art of music and its history can dispense with it, and as this extraordinary work and its contents are not generally known, a description of them may be welcome to the student and amateur of music. The first vol. consists of two parts, of which the first is again divided into four chapters; and the second part into two principal chapters:—

First Part.—The first chapter contains at large all that is necessary with regard to Psalmody. The second chapter treats on Liturgy. The third chapter treats on the Christian Church, and of all known Church songs up to the author's time. The fourth chapter informs us of the Rites of the Levitical Divine Service by the Jews. The fifth chapter instructs us in the Ancient Secular Music, their celebrated Masters, and Writers on Music; their Harmony and Melody, the effect produced generally by Music, and the various modes in which use is made of this Art. The sixth chapter describes the Flutes, Citharas (Zither), Lyras, and other instruments of the Ancient Greeks, and all other known instruments up to the time of the author.

The second volume gives a complete analysis on Organography, and also contains a great number of drawings of various instruments. The third volume contains explanations on Italian, French, and English songs; of Musical Notation, Modes, Transposition; the Mathematical Measurement with regard to Musical Instruments; on Thoroughbass, the Art of Singing, and how to Arrange a Vocal and Instrumental Concert. This volume contains, also, a complete catalogue of his compositions, which are numerous. Twenty-five large collections have been published. With the exception of one they are all vocal—viz., Masses, Motets, Church-songs, Te Deums, for one up to twenty-four parts, therefore for six choruses. Some of his Chorales are still to be found in choral books. Kühnau, in his Choral book, gives some in their original purity—viz., *Ich danke dir, o Gott; O aller hoechster Menschenhueter*, and *Ich dank' dir schon durch deinen Sohn.*

There is a posthumous work by Prætorius, called, *On the Revision of Organs*. Gerber, in his *New Encyclopædia of Musical Artists and Authors*, gives also a complete catalogue of his works. In the Church of Wolfenbuettel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, his portrait is hung up, with the following inscription:—

"*Michael Prætorius coenobii Ringelheimensis Prior, in aula Ducum Brunsv. ac Lunæb. quæ Wolferbyti est, Chori Musici Magister, quin et alibi Capellarum Electoralium, Ducalium Director ac Ephorus. Sacræ Musices Adsertor, Decus Columen.*"

The *Syntagma Musicum* is becoming rather scarce, notwithstanding there are several editions of it; but those who know this extraordinary work and possess it will not readily part with it, considering it as a musical treasure. I should have wished to recommend to those who feel interested in the work, the Reading-Room of the British Museum, but feel sorry to inform them, notwithstanding the million of books the institution possesses, that this celebrated work, the *Syntagma Musicum*, is not to be found in the catalogue; a sign that the literature on music is indifferently represented, considering the love and study of the musical art has become a "household word" in England.

March, 1870. DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

* Sketches of Composers and Musical Writers of the Earlier Centuries.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(*From an Occasional Correspondent.*)

As I see nothing of your regular correspondent in this week's *World*, and presuming that he might be absent or otherwise prevented from writing, I send you a few musical scraps which will perhaps interest some of your readers. First, let me tell you of the inauguration of a new organ, specially built for the private residence of an English gentleman, at the cost, I am told, of "eighty thousand francs." Alexandre Guilmant, who was the organist on this occasion, gained the hearty applause of the audience which crowded the fine hall of "Cavaille-Coll," the builder of this superb workmanship. I enclose you the programme of the *séance* as it was styled, but I must particularly mention "Fantaisie en la mineur" (Lemmens), "Prelude, thême et Finale" (Guilmant), and a *duo* for pianoforte and organ, "Marche funèbre and chant seraphique," by the same composer. The pianoforte part was finely played by Mr. Widor, the newly appointed organist of St. Sulpice. Now, to something else. Have you ever attended one of Vieuxtemps' Friday Evenings? if not, do so on the next occasion you visit Paris; I am certain you will be heartily received by Mdlle. Vieuxtemps, who does the *honneurs* of these receptions with much grace and amiability. Besides meeting there a host of *gens de lettres*, artists of the best class, and last but not least, as you somewhere said, beautifully attired ladies of high position, you may listen to a string quartet by some of the standing great masters, in what way played I need not say, the host being the leader; or a sonata for violin and piano, in which Schulhof or some other pianist, always at hand, takes part; a song of Schubert or Mendelssohn, on the last occasion introduced by Herr Reichardt, &c., &c.

A great hit has been made by a young *débutante*, Mdlle. Priola, at the Opéra-Comique, as Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo*. Her voice is a clear, high soprano, extremely flexible, and of a very agreeable quality. I am sure she will become a great favourite at the Salle Favart. As for concerts I will not trouble you with them, as they are legion; still, I must mention one or two. At the Salle Herz, Mdlle. Nilsson gave her *concors* for a charity concert, which was crowded. About her singing your admirable pen has often bestowed such lines of well merited praise, that I must abstain from referring upon it, but I must tell you what she did on this occasion, besides her superb rendering of four pieces set down on the programme. After the first part, *l'enfant gatée* went round the audience to ask money for the poor, and with such grace did she her business, that the sum she gathered was a very considerable one I am told—something like 10,000 francs.

Notre ami Vivier will have his concert on the 10th of next month, at the Salle Erard, for which, I heard, all tickets are gone—*tant mieux!* Then there are other concerts for which tickets are also gone a week before they take place, but in a different way; for instance, a gentleman presents himself to Mr. G. "Monsieur," says the stranger, "I wish to give a concert."—"Well," says G., "I am your man."—Stranger: "Yes, but how much will it cost me?"—Answer: "250 francs."—"In all?" says Stranger.—"In all," replies G.—"But I have no artists to assist me?"—"*Je m'en charge*," says G.—"And I don't know anyone here, and I wish very much to have a concert room?"—"*Je m'en charge, encore*," says G.—"What! artists, public, and only 250 francs?" says the astonished man; "here is the money, the titles of my pieces. At what time must I be in the concert room?"—"At 9 will do." And off goes the newly-arrived artist, who is no more to be seen until 9 o'clock on the evening of his concert, when he finds a crowded room and receives salves of applause for his playing on a new instrument, the name of which escapes my memory just now.—Adieu, *A bientôt.*

Paris, March 20, 1870.

WARSAW.—Mad. Artôt-Padilla made her first appearance, this season, in M. Gounod's *Faust*. The house was crammed. The fair artist was to remain until the 15th inst.

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THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.

Bach's *Passion* (according to St. Matthew) was given in Exeter Hall on Wednesday week, by the directors of the Oratorio Concerts, in whose prospectus it held a position even more important than that of Beethoven's Second Mass. Much surprise has naturally been expressed at the neglect of this work by English concert-givers. There are, however, cogent reasons for such neglect apart from the question of merits or demerits. In the first place, the music was written at least a hundred and forty years ago (it was performed in 1729), and public taste has so far changed since then that scarcely a piece of contemporary work survives out of the libraries of the curious. Next, Handel has occupied much the same ground as Bach, under conditions more favourable to success. The *Messiah* was written for the concert-room, with a view to musical effect. This object was studied in the construction of the libretto, and in the treatment of the subjects as they arose. Hence, Handel being what he was, the amazing popularity of the "sacred oratorio." Whether, under like conditions, Bach could have produced a like result, is a question we are not to discuss here. The important fact is that Bach wrote for circumstances altogether different. We need not point out the distinction between a "Passion" and an oratorio. The musical reader knows well enough that the former was for the church, and not, like the latter, for the concert-hall. It was the original recital of the sufferings of Christ, aided, as an after-thought, by the effect of music. The conditions of a recital were, however, still enforced to a large extent. Hence the preponderance of recitative, and the absence of largely developed movements such as are found in the *Messiah*. Putting these two things together—the antiquated style of the music, and the rivalry of Handel's masterpiece—we are at no loss to account for the neglect into which Bach's *Passion* has fallen. Moreover, we have no hesitation in saying that this neglect is likely to continue. The prospect may be regrettable; but the reasons are intelligible. Having said this in explanation, let us do justice to the great old Leipsic Cantor. The design of the Matthew *Passion* shows Bach in the character of an original worker. Its conception may be credited to Solomon Deyling; but the musician elaborated, in his own way, the crude idea of the divine. None save Bach at that time (not even Handel, whose genius ripened later) would have thought of the gigantic machinery we here see employed—of the two orchestras and organs, with their respective choirs, and of the great chorus of the people ever and anon breaking the continuity of the story with the hymns of their church. The plan is Titanic, and only to be equalled by that of *Israel in Egypt*, or, to go far away for a parallel, one of Meyerbeer's operas. To write at just length about the happy manner in which Bach did his work would take up all our space. It must, however, be remarked that an adequate conception of the *Passion* can only exist where there is some knowledge of the composer's character. In the absence of such knowledge the mistake might be made of believing that Bach failed to do all that was possible with the grand situations of his story. No mistake of the kind can be made in view of actual facts. Bach's was an eminently religious nature, and he approached the Passion with as much reverence as he would have drawn near to the person of Jesus. He saw but a single duty before him, and that was not to exhibit his own genius, nor to use a sacred narrative as a means of musical display, but to employ art as an incentive to religious emotion and an enforcer of religious lessons. Hence the stern repression of self which we cannot but feel the composer to have exerted when dealing with the sacred story, and which enabled him to give such natural and unaffected expression to its various parts. The incidental choruses forcibly illustrate this. They might have been made, as music, much more effective than they are, but their length—

"Is limited" (we quote Mr. G. A. Macfarren) "by dramatic propriety, and never exceeds what may well be supposed to be the duration of the embodied action; and where the words are reiterated in such extension, it is for the sake of increasing the vitality of the scene rather than for that of completing the musical idea."

Here we have the reason why only three choruses can lay claim to elaboration, and why those are extra-biblical, standing apart, from the current of the narrative. We dare not enter upon a criticism of the *Passion* music in detail. It would carry us beyond all reasonable limit; and even then leave much to be said. Let it suffice if we direct attention to the expressive melodies with which the work abounds—melodies as natural as they are expressive, and therefore standing almost alone in regard to contemporary productions. Nothing shows the genius of Bach more clearly than the character of his themes. A hundred illustrations might be taken from the *Passion* alone, which go to prove that the old master was as far ahead of his time in melodic invention as in contrapuntal device.

"It is not a quality," says Forkel, "but rather a consequence of its qualities, that Bach's melody never grows old. It remains 'ever fair and young,' like Nature, from which it is derived. Everything that Bach mixed in his earlier works, comformably to the prevailing taste of his time, is now antiquated; but where, as in his later works, he has developed his melodies from the internal source of the art itself, without any regard to the dictates of fashion, all is as fresh and new as if it had been produced but yesterday."

This is said with a biographer's partiality for his hero, allowing for which, nothing remains but truth.

The performance of the *Passion* was, generally, very good; all the more, therefore, was its mutilation regrettable. Mr. Barnby "cut" largely, and with an impartial hand. He took away from the *chorales*, from the reflective airs, and from the Scriptural narrative; not seldom excising that which could ill be spared. He was moved to do so, no doubt by a conviction of necessity; none the less, however, was it uncomplimentary ro assume that the audience attracted by such a work could not sit it out from beginning to end. Apart from this drawback, every, thing was satisfactory. The choir had been well trained, and sang, with equal confidence and precision, music requiring both qualities in no ordinary degree. An encore followed the mighty chorus, "Have lightnings and thunders;" a like compliment being fairly earned by the delivery of the beautiful and touching *finale*, "In tears of grief." The *chorales* were particularly well given, and not less well received. Mdme. Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas did justice to their respective parts—a special word of praise being deserved by the gentlemen for a careful and efficient delivery of the abounding recititives; and Mr. Barnby helped largely to success by his watchful conducting, as he had previously done in a still greater degree by zealous superintendence of long and earnest preparation. The *Passion* is announced for performance during each successive season. It may be, therefore, Mr. Barnby will eventually increase the obligation under which he has laid his public by giving the music entire.

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FROM MADRID.

A conversation which I held the other day with a party of English travellers on the Spanish frontier confirmed me in an opinion which I had long entertained—that our countrymen when they cross the Channel for the purpose of amusement run after every object indicated by the perennial *Murray*, but entirely overlook the people. Though they know no more of architecture than your humble servant, and never have taken the trouble to enter Westminster Abbey, they consider themselves morally bound to see certain cathedrals at the hour most convenient to themselves, however their æsthetic proclivities may interfere with the feelings of the devout when they walk jauntily between the worshipper and the object of veneration; and they will go miles out of their way to behold an alterpiece for the contemplation of which they would grudge a threepenny omnibus fare if it were exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. Their pleasure, indeed, seems rather of an arithmetical kind, based on a stern resolution to view the largest possible number of objects in the shortest possible time. I may be right or I may be wrong, but it is my conviction that to exhaust a great city thoroughly, to observe those habits of men that are totally different from our own, is a process far more instructive than a feverish search after an infinity of things inanimate. I come to Spain to learn something about Spaniards, and I bear in mind the assertion of Schiller—that man is never in earnest except when he plays. Having no personal knowledge of any Spaniard, I will look at the people through their amusements.

On Friday, the 1st inst., I arrived at Madrid, and the first objects which met my view were a programme of a bull-fight that was to be held on the following Sunday, and an announcement that on that very evening, at the Teatro de los Variedades (Théâtre des Variétés), something would be performed entitled *Los Siete Delores de Maria*—in English, *The Seven Dolours of the Virgin Mary*. Here, at any rate, was something out of the common. Was the performance to consist of a play or a moving picture? At half-past eight—the time when plays generally begin at Madrid—I betook myself to

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the Teatro de los Variedades, and on paying the price of admission found myself encumbered with a formidable collection of mysterious documents. On inquiry I learned that these entitled me to remain in the theatre for the entire evening, inasmuch as I was a magnificent person, who had paid my 8 reals (2 francs) for the best place, whereas the more economical patrons of the theological drama contented themselves with a portion of the performance. The "half-price" familiar in London when I was a juvenile has long vanished; but in Madrid they have a "quarter price," with a tariff corresponding to the division; and at the end of every act a boxkeeper took away one of my documents as a voucher for value received. Was the performance to consist of a play or a moving picture? A play most decidedly. Without any great show, or any violent efforts at sensation, the life of the Redeemer, from His presentation in the Temple to His descent from the Cross, was dramatically represented before a body of persons who evidently regarded the whole affair as a matter of course. We hear of a representation of the Passion that occurs once in three years in Southern Germany, and we read of the Coventry and Chester Mysteries; but in these we have cases of grand exceptional exhibitions. The remarkable peculiarity in the Madrid mystery is that there is nothing solemn about it. On a Friday in Lent a dramatized version of the New Testament is as much in place as a pantomime on Boxing-day in our capital; only, let me add, that whereas the pantomime creates an excitement, the sacred history is contemplated with the sort of respectful indifference that would signalize the revival of a standard comedy. The theatre is neither empty nor very full, and looks very much as the theatre in Tottenham Street looked before it was polished by Miss Marie Wilton into the Prince of Wales's, and animated with the genius of Mr. T. W. Robertson. Babies are brought by their mothers; the spectators generally are of a humble class, and if a gentleman wishes to make a remark to his neighbour he is not in the least deterred by the representation of the awful event on Calvary. How was this monstrous piece performed? The question cannot be answered till all English notions are violently thrust aside. In London such a performance would be a simple abomination; in Paris it would only be tolerated from a morbid love of wickedness; but in Madrid one feels that it accords with the sympathies of the multitude, and I may venture to affirm that the lawful subject is treated with great modesty and refinement. The resources of the theatre are evidently limited; there is no luxury in the way of decoration, but the manager has learned the use of the lime-light, and I can scarcely conceive a more effective *tableau* than that which was presented to the spectators when the curtain rose for the fourth act and discovered the Redeemer crucified between the two thieves.

I do not suppose that the actors at this little Teatro de los Variedades are to be taken as specimens of histrionic art; but, as far as I am able to judge, they play with good emphasis and discretion, articulating with exceeding distinctness. The Virgin, the Redeemer, the Magdalen, and Pontius Pilate are marked characters; and still more conspicuous is the penitent Thief, who in the early part of the story appears as the protector of the Holy Family during their sojourn in Egypt. I have left my *Thilo* and my *Tischendorff* at home; but, unless my memory greatly misguides me, this early appearance of the Thief in the sacred history is derived from one of the apocryphal Gospels; and I think I may say the same of the miraculous preservation of Mary and Joseph by the descent of a branch of a tree, which conceals them from their pursuers. The *Protevangelium*, the *Book of Infancy*, the *Book of Mary*, and other apocryphal works of this kind, had an enormous influence on the popular Christianity of the Middle Ages, and in Madrid the nineteenth century is still mediæval. The conventional manner of representing the three "Kings" or wise men, the ox and the ass at the Nativity, the assumption that Joseph is an old man (which, by the way, I do not find on the Spanish stage), are all derived from the apocryphal Gospels. N. D.

Madrid, April 2.

KONIGSBERG.—"What is one man's meat is another man's poison" is rather a homely, not to say vulgar, proverb, but it is very true for all that, and its truth has been strikingly exemplified, within the last week or two, by the worthy burghers of this celebrated old town. While the Viennese and Berliners receive *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* in anything but a flattering manner, the good people here consider it such a masterpiece that three performances in one week were necessary to satisfy their "Wagnerian cravings." To repeat the sentiment—only in a different form—with which the paragraph commenced—*De gustibus non est*, etc.

AN EPISODE OF "DIE MEISTERSINGER."—At the conclusion of the first act, on the night of the production of the above opera at Berlin, a well-known admirer of the Lucerne anchorite rushed wildly along one of the corridors towards the door of the theatre. "Where are you off to, in such a hurry?"—asked a friend whom he ran against, and nearly knocked down. "Oh! I'm off to the Telegraph Office, to inform the *Maestro* what a colossal triumph he has achieved. What a nuisance that it will take me so long to write out the message that I shall lose a good bit of the splendid second act."—"How's that?" replied his friend. "Don't you always have your description of the first night's performance of one of Wagner's operas ready cut and dried beforehand?"

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

The final concert of the season took place on Monday night, and was given, as usual, for the benefit of the director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, on whose account, as much, we hope, as on account of the programme, a very large audience assembled. Quite apart, however, from the director and the special attractions of his closing performance, there would, we opine, have been a good attendance. The Monday Popular Concerts have created—and for twelve years have educated a special public—a public not sufficiently educated, perhaps, because too often "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," yet having taste enough to value the good things set before them, and to part from them with regret. This personal following of classical chamber music could, in any case, be depended upon for crowding the hall on the last night of the season.

Mr. Chappell's programme—one of unusual length—was evidently drawn up to please those who like variety. Hence it contained but two important works; the rest were short pieces of no particular consequence, though sufficiently interesting in their way. Giving precedence to the former, we must speak first of Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat, for strings, which, played only a week after a similar work by the same composer, enabled the audience to judge between his Op. 18 and Op. 87. We question if preference was given to the riper composition. That it is in all respects a more masterly thing, few will dispute; but Mendelssohn in his seventeenth year could, as the A major quintet shows, pour out a stream of fresh and delicious melody which more than atoned for want of ripeness in other respects. Every movement of the work played on Monday night was received with favour, the *adagio* especially; but the audience did not hang upon each phrase as when the youthful Mendelssohn spoke. We need not say how the quintet was played by artists such as MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti. The second of the important features to which we have referred—Bach's triple concerto in C major for three pianos, with quintet accompaniment of strings—will be remembered as having been played at Mr. Chappell's benefit two years ago. The work is attractive more as a curiosity than as anything else. Its great ingenuity and skill must be apparent to all, but it conveys no ideas whatever beyond. It begins, we know not why, and ends, we know not wherefore, the beginning and the end being connected by a series of utterances which, though they fall pleasantly on the ear, express nothing. Nevertheless the concerto has a right to be heard. It is a great thing in its way, and a worthy representative of a style of composition which has gone out of vogue for ever. The three pianists were Madame Schumann, Mr. Charles Hallé, and Herr Pauer, and the quintet was led by Herr Joachim. First among the comparative trifles came a *chorale* with variations for organ, by Henry Smart. Of its merits we could not judge, through no fault of the organist, Master Charles Le Jeune. An obstinate pedal pipe persisted in booming from beginning to end, and the combination was distressing. The audience, however, gave the youthful performer another chance, and the pedal pipe was discreetly silent through a capital rendering of "O! ruddier than the cherry." Mr. Charles Hallé played three movements from Scarlatti's *Harpsichord Lessons* in his usual style; and was followed by Signor Piatti, who gave Mendelssohn's romance in D (posthumous). Chopin's *Scherzo* in B flat minor (Op. 31) was played by Madame Schumann in a manner more than vigorous for music of such small calibre. Herr Joachim began the second part with the recitative and *adagio* from Spohr's concerto in G minor. How the great violinist acquitted himself may be imagined; as may the rendering of Beethoven's variations on "See the conquering hero comes," by Signor Piatti and Herr Pauer.

The vocalist was Miss Edith Wynne, who sang, in her own charming way, Cherubini's "Ave Maria" (clarionet *obbligato*, Mr. Lazarus), Benedict's "Maiden's dream," and Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute."

PRAGUE.—An interesting concert was given lately by the pupils of the Conservatory, who performed, among other works, the *Suite* in C minor by Herr Franz Lachner, General Musical Director, who himself conducted.

MANNHEIM.—Herr Eduard Markte, Professor in the Rhenish School of Music, Cologne, has completed a two-act lyrical opera, *Lisa, oder die Sprache des Herzens*, which will shortly be produced at the Grand-Ducal Theatre here.

LEYDEN.—A grand Musical Festival will be held here on the 2nd and 3rd June, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; J. S. Bach's second *Suite*; Handel's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day;" and the "Adventlied," by Schumann, will be among the works performed.

COLOGNE.—The members of the Männergesangverein lately gave a performance of Kreutzer's *Nachtlager in Granada*, at the Thalia Theatre. It was a great success, the choruses, of course, being given with a degree of correctness and power not always met with when the singers are "professionals."

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ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

The 132nd anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain took place last Saturday at the Freemasons' Tavern, The chair was taken by his Royal Highness Prince Christian, K.G., who was supported by the Earl of Dudley, president of the Royal Academy of Music; Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart.; Theodore Martin, Esq.; T. T. Bernard, Esq., director of the Royal Academy of Music; Mr. Sargeant Sargood; J. C. Stevenson, Esq., M.P.; Prof. W. S. Bennett; Sir Henry Thompson; Dr. Sellé; A. S. Sullivan, Esq.; G. F. Anderson, Esq., hon. treasurer; W. G. Cusins, Esq., master of the music to her Majesty; C. S. Gruneisen, Esq.; J. T. Willy, Esq.; Henry Lazarus, Esq.; Charles Coote, Esq.; H. C. Lunn, Esq.; Henry Kirkman, Esq.; G. W. Martin, Esq.; J. Coward, Esq.; Sig. Ferrari; J. B. Jewson, Esq.; Lamborn Cock, Esq., and 150 other Esquires. On the removal of the cloth the usual loyal toasts were duly honoured, and, in response to "The Army, Navy, and Volunteers," Sir John Pakington referred, amid loud cheers, to the part he had taken in connection with the threatened Festival of the Three Choirs. The right honourable baronet said that it gave him much pleasure to announce that opposition to that Festival had ceased, an announcement, which we need hardly observe, elicited renewed applause. In proposing the toast of the evening—"Prosperity to the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain"—Prince Christian made an earnest appeal on behalf of the charity, which ought to have had, and doubtless did have, an effect on the subscription list read at a later period. From the balance-sheet we gather that the receipts for the past year amounted to £3,490 15s. 7d., and the expenditure to £2,847 2s. 1d., the difference having been invested in stock. The society is, therefore, in a flourishing condition. The musical arrangements (always an important feature at this festival) were ably superintended by Mr. James Coward, who was assisted by Mesdames Blanche Reeves, Jewel, Ferrari, Severn, Messrs. Byron, Patey, De Kontski, Svendsen, Lazarus, &c. A number of ladies were in the gallery—the floor being as yet forbidden to them. Why musicians should deny to the fair sex privileges accorded by actors, we know not.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Handel's *Solomon* was performed in Exeter Hall, on Friday, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, who gave it with Sir Michael Costa's recently added accompaniments. We shall not accept this latest challenge to a discussion of the propriety of "additional accompaniments." The thing itself has been submitted to, more or less quietly, from Mozart's time down to the present, and the fact is that Handel unadapted is now Handel unpresentable. We have only, then, in dealing with the improvers of the old master, to act upon the degree of respect they show him. With regard to *Solomon*, Sir Michael Costa is thus far blameless. Throughout he is unobtrusive, and in many of the airs, notably in "See the tall palm," his wind parts are distinguished by beauty as well as good taste. The oratorio was largely denuded of wearisome recitatives and airs; yet much was retained that could well have been spared—the business of the "judgment," for example, wherein music of the least value is allied to utterly worthless verses. It cannot be necessary to say either that the grand choruses were all splendidly given, or that they made ample atonement for shortcomings elsewhere. "May no rash intruder" was encored, and each of the series preceding and following that masterpiece of art gave the utmost satisfaction. The solos were delivered with more or less efficiency by Mesdames Wynne, Vinta, and Patey; Messrs. Rigby and Lewis Thomas. Sir Michael Costa conducted, as he only can conduct large masses of performers, vocal and instrumental.

Munich.—Herr Nachbaur has had the Gold Medal for Art and Science conferred on him by the Grand-Duke of Hesse.

Magdeburgh.—Herr Ehrlich's opera, *König Georg*, is announced for production very shortly.

St. Petersburgh.—The programme for the next Italian operatic season has just been issued. The following artists are announced:—A. Patti, Volpini, Marie Sass, Biancolini, Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, Perelli, and Dal-Anese; Calzolari, Mongini, A. and J. Corsi, and Rossi; Graziani, Steller, and Everardi; Bagagiolo, Capponi, Zucchini, Fortuna, and Boccolini; conductor, Sig. Vianesi.

Moscow.—Great activity reigns at present in musical circles here, and hardly a day passes without a good concert being given. The programme of the last concert of the Russian Musical Society comprised: Fragments from the symphony, *Roméo et Juliette*, Berlioz; choruses from *Israel in Egypt*, Handel; the Thirty-Second Psalm, Marcello; Pianoforte-Concerto in G minor, Moscheles; Russian songs, Dargomyschky; and the "Jubel-Ouverture," C. M. von Weber. The last concert of the Society this season was announced for the 2nd inst., when among the pieces to be performed were R. Schumann's *Paradies und die Peri*, and Herr R. Wagner's *Walkyrenritt*.

PROVINCIAL.

Stroud.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The *Messiah* was given by the New Choral Society (March 24th), before a large audience. The vocalists were Mesdames Lancia and Laura Baxter; Messrs. Alfred Bayley and Brandon. There was a competent band and chorus. Mr. Edward Bond conducted."

Tewkesbury.—In *Berrowes' Worcester Journal* we read that:—

"The last of the Choral Society's concerts was given at the Music Hall on Monday evening, April 4th, and was numerously attended. The performance consisted of a selection of sacred music from the works of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. The band, under the leadership of Herr Hauptmann, consisted of Messrs. Diaper, Watson, Mather, Yarnall, Matty, Sekell, Fowler, Hyett, Allcock, and Rushing; and the principal vocalists were Mrs. Corson (Gloucester) and Mrs. F. G. Home, the Misses Rice, Chandler, Watson, Marsh, and White, and Messrs. Home, Newman, Creese, and Mayall; numbering with the chorus about 70 performers. The proceeds of the concert were for the benefit of the conductor, Mr. Horniblow, who deserved the compliment for the care and attention he has bestowed on the society since its formation."

Salisbury.—We read as follows in the *Salisbury Journal* of April 9th:—

"On Tuesday evening the Sarum Choral Society gave its first subscription concert for the present year, when Handel's *Messiah* was performed. The choruses showed that there had been a good deal of careful preparation. Among the solo vocalists was Mdlle. Vinta, who possesses those three great requisites for a singer—a beautiful voice, a well-studied delivery, and an agreeable presence. Miss Severn, who sang the contralto music, was heard at her best in 'He was despised.' Mr. Hunt, of the Chapel Royal, Windsor, sang the tenor songs. Mr. Hilton, who sang the bass solos, has lately joined the Cathedral Choir. Altogether, Mr. Read, the new conductor, may be congratulated upon this his second concert. The general arrangements were carried out by Mr. T. E. Darkh, hon. secretary of the society."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Thursday week Mr. Henry Leslie gave a concert of sacred music in St. James's Hall, with Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Poole, and Mr. George Perren as chief vocalists. The programme consisted mostly of old favourites, such as Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God," and "Hear my prayer," Mozart's "Ave Verum," Schubert's 23rd Psalm, and Wesley's "In Exitu." We have so often had to use terms of highest praise with regard to the manner in which these works are presented by Mr. Leslie that another expression of opinion is needless. Enough that everything was as well done as usual; and, as much as usual, enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience.

On Thursday week Miss Agnes Zimmermann gave an evening concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, to a "full house." The programme was drawn on the Monday Popular model, and began with Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat for piano and violoncello. This favourite work was admirably played by Miss Zimmermann and Signor Piatti, who, it need hardly be said, obtained much applause. With these two artists were associated Mr. Henry Holmes in Beethoven's trio for piano and strings (Op. 97). The concert-giver played, as her solo, Schubert's popular sonata in A minor, and took part with Madame Schumann in Schumann's *Andante* and variations for two pianos. After both efforts she was recalled. Mr. Henry Holmes played Bach's *Fuga Allegro* in G minor with capital effect. The vocalist was Mr. Cummings, who sang Mozart's "Costanza," and two of Miss Zimmermann's songs, in his own excellent way. An attempt was made to encore "Love, I may not tarry here."

On Friday week Herr Coenen gave the second of his chamber concerts of modern music in the Hanover Square Rooms, assisted by Herr Reinecke, M. Wiener, Herr F. Ries, Signor Zerbini, and M. Daubert, with Miss Julia Elton, as vocalist. The following was the programme:—Sonata, No. 2 (Op. 121), Schumann—Messrs. Coenen and Wiener. Songs: "Connais-tu" (*Mignon*), A. Thomas; "O rondinella," F. Ricci—Miss Julia Elton. Quartet, in B flat, (Op. 22), Franz Ries—Messrs. Franz Ries, Wiener, Zerbini, and Daubert. Songs: "The Weaver," K. L. Ward; "O fair dove, O fond dove," Sullivan—Miss Julia Elton. Quintet, in A (Op 83), Carl Reinecke—Messrs. Coenen, Wiener, Franz Ries, Zerbini, and Daubert.

The death is announced, at Berlin, of Herr Œsten, a pianist and composer for the piano of some note.

Mayence.—*L'Africaine* has been most successfully produced at the Stadttheater.

The success of *Lohengrin* at Brussels naturally elated Herr Wagner, and he has addressed what *Le Ménestrel* calls a "proclamation," to Herr Hans Richter, beginning in a fashion which reminds us of a Napoleonic "order of the day after victory."—(See "Occasional Notes.")

Op. 7 Variations for Violin, Alto and Harp, on Two Favourite Melodies, Composed and Dedicated to Mademoiselle Hélène Graves, Alto de Hamiltons, Harpeuse de Constantinople, by Jean Mougin, dit le Petit Augustin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Fifty Guineas.
Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

DEATH.

On April 7th, after a very short illness, Elizabeth Asbury Frederica Schmidt, the youngest and dearly beloved daughter of W. H. Holmes, Esq., of Beaumont Square.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

THE LAST OF LORD DUDLEY.

PROBABLY many of our readers would have been glad to see this heading before, and will now give it a hearty welcome. The probability has all along been present with us, but there was no chance of acting upon it. Lord Dudley, with his 10,000 sovereigns, his dislike to oratorios in church, and his reverence for holy stones, may together make up a tiresome subject; but the existence of our oldest musical Festival was at stake, and we were bound to concern ourselves with matters in the abstract neither interesting nor important.

Happily, the whole business has now ended, if we may believe what Sir John Pakington is reported to have said at the dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians. That staunch defender of the Festivals—who ought for the future to quarter his arms with those of St. Cecilia—had gone down to Worcester on the previous day, and presented a memorial to the Dean and Chapter, the result of which was his ability to state that the Festivals were out of danger. Assuming the speech of the right hon. baronet to be correctly reported, we may now sing pœans, and organize a triumph wherein Sir John shall wear the laurel, and drag Lord Dudley at his chariot wheels. Poor Lord Dudley!—we cannot but feel something like pity for him. It is not his fault that he is a rich man; nor is it unnatural that he should trust in riches, seeing how English society grovels in the dust before the Calf of Gold. He got hold of a whim, and, with the instinct of wealth, laid hands upon his cheque-book as the sure and speedy means of indulging it. But there is nothing sure in this unstable world, and Lord Dudley's cheque-book failed for once. We can dimly fancy the wealthy earl's perplexity, and can picture him dashing those miserable failures, the 10,000 sovereigns, into a corner, or sending them to Mr. Lowe on behalf of the National Debt.

When next Lord Dudley reads *Robinson Crusoe* he will be ready to sympathize with the contempt of the lonely castaway for the "shining dust," which could do less for him than a rusty nail. But such tribulation burns the dross out of a man, and Lord Dudley may emerge from it purified and exalted. We can imagine him still glowing with zeal for the Lord's house, and no longer fighting with carnal weapons, but—like another Peter the Hermit—preaching, in every town and village of the Midland Counties, a moral-force crusade on behalf of the Holy places.

One other matter, and we have done. Lord Dudley has hinted at the law, as a deterrent against the Festivals, and has published a very illogical and absurd "opinion" purporting to come from Sir R. Phillimore. We have already dealt with this so-called "opinion;" but, to complete the case, we must now reprint a letter, addressed to the *Worcester Journal*, by Sir John Pakington. The worthy baronet writes as follows:—

"Sir,—Lord Dudley's recent letters oblige me again to request you to allow me some space in your columns; but I wish, in the first place, to endeavour to correct the erroneous impressions which may have been made on some persons by Sir R. Phillimore's opinion as to the legality of holding a musical Festival in the Cathedral.

"It may appear presumptuous in a civilian to dispute the judgment of so able an ecclesiastical lawyer as Sir R. Phillimore, but it seems to me impossible to read that opinion without feeling that it was a somewhat hasty decision, and not very carefully written.

"I venture to submit that not only is it opposed to long established usage, sanctioned by successive Deans and Chapters, and by successive Bishops, for a century and a half—not only is it, in fact, limited to proving what no one, so far as I am aware, has ever called in question—but I think I can show that in attempting more, it is inconsistent both with various recognized customs in the affairs of our national Church, and with existing, clear, recently enacted law.

"The opinion, when stripped of the usual circumlocution, seems to me to amount only to this:—

"1. That no services other than those contained in the Prayer-book, together with sermon, &c., can lawfully be performed in any consecrated church.

"2. That it would not be lawful for the Dean and Chapter to exclude any one in the diocese from attending Divine service in the Cathedral, nor to demand payment of money as a condition of entering the Cathedral for that purpose.

"Now, Sir, I repeat that I never heard of anyone who would dispute either of these two propositions.

"I will not seriously refer to Sir R. Phillimore's suggestion—I presume only offered in the absence of better arguments—that neither *Samson Agonistes* nor Hannah More's *David* ought to be acted in a consecrated church.

"I proceed to the fact that Sir R. Phillimore does not bring a shadow of an authority to prove that a church may not legally be used for other purposes than Divine serivce.

"It is notorious, on the contrary, that the Chancellor, a lay officer, holds his court in the Cathedral, and in other churches, as well as visitations for swearing-in church-wardens, and at other times that the Proctors for Convocation are elected in churches, and that vestry meetings may legally be held in the church of any parish where the population is less than 2000.

"But I wish more especially to refer to the Act 13 and 14 Vic., ch. 57, passed in 1850, and which must, I presume, have escaped Sir R. Phillimore's recollection. It is entitled 'An Act to prevent the holding of vestry or other meetings in churches,' &c., &c. And in the second section it is enacted that no meeting 'for the purpose of holding a vestry, or for any other purpose than that of Divine worship, or some ecclesiastical *or charitable object, or some other purpose approved by the Bishop of the Diocese*, shall be holden in any parish church or chapel, or *other consecrated church or chapel*, nor in the chancel thereof,' &c.

"It may, perhaps, be said that this Act was passed with reference to crowded vestry meetings in populous parishes; but I submit that it cannot reasonably be denied that the reservations, so carefully guarded in the second section, must be held to govern and define the law with respect to what may or may not be done in all consecrated buildings.

"Indeed, one is tempted almost to believe that Parliament, in passing this Act, must have had regard to our Musical Festivals, and must have desired to declare their perfect legality!"

Surely no comment is needed on the above. The baronet has encountered the lawyer as well as the lord, and overthrown each on his own ground. We congratulate him, and, with him, all lovers of the Festival, who now know that on their side is not only the religion that "visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction," but also the law which, to so many, is a sanction higher still.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A remarkable gentleman with a disposition to write upon musical matters (about which he is generally in a muddle) sometimes helps to make up the ha'porth of news called *The Echo*. He contributed an article last Monday, headed "English Music

and Musicians," which may be accounted his *chef d'œuvre*. We defy him, even in his most inspired moments, to beat the following:—"*M. Thalberg is a pianist who, although for many reasons inferior to Madame S. Dolby in oratorio, in his own line has never been surpassed.*"

School-boys are sometimes puzzled when asked what would be the product of multiplying seven oxen by ten sheep; but the *Echo* writer has suggested a greater difficulty. What must be the mental condition of a man who compares M. Thalberg with Madame Sainton-Dolby!!

"After an intermission of 1,800 years, Laugmie has lately re-opened the Pompeii Theatre with *The Child of the Regiment*. He solicits the continuance of the patronage bestowed upon his predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and promises to equal the efforts of that eminent manager." We are not informed whether M. Laugmi heads his bills, Vesuvio Volante.

The managers of the Paris theatres are about to form themselves into a defence society. The deed has been drawn up, and several adhesions have been given in. The association will have three objects:—Firstly, to assist managers temporarily in want of funds; secondly, to resist the claims of the Dramatic Authors' Society, "when tempted to abuse its power;" thirdly, to control the pretensions of certain stars, "in the habit of absorbing the greater part of the receipts." (Hear! hear!)

A German version, of Racine's *Athalie*, with Mendelssohn's music, has been performed at the Royal Operahouse, Munich, with wonderful success. It was produced by the express order of the King, who was present at the performance. Herr R. Wagner had better look to this. If his Bavarian Majesty hears much of Mendelssohn's compositions, his taste for the Music of the Future may become vitiated.

Paris is suffering just now from a horde of epidemics. There is an epidemic of small-pox, another of bronchitis, and another of fever No. 1, and another of fever No. 2; there is, also, an epidemic of commissions, not less than twenty of which are in full blast. The twentieth is bent upon taking to pieces the present Conservatoire Impérial de Musique, and restoring it with alterations and improvements. Twenty-eight men compose the band in question; and among the twenty-eight men are Auber, Thomas, Perrin, David, Gounod, Gevaert, Gautier, Comettant, Jouvin, Poniatowski, and About. Something great ought to come from the united generative power of such men.

Writing in *La France Musicale*, M. G. Bénédit gives a wonderful description of Herr Rubinstein at the piano. He says that Herr Rubinstein seats himself at the piano without pretension, without eccentric movements, and like an ordinary mortal. (We suppose, then, he was expected to stand on his head, or make a Catherine wheel of himself.) He begins to play delicately, says M. Bénédit, but soon a black spot shows itself on the horizon of the key-board; it augments, grows, expands, and finally becomes a storm, roaring, whistling, and growling; the piano, meanwhile, being "transformed into an instrument which has no name in musical language,"—that is to say, it is no longer a piano. How if it were remarked of Herr Joachim that, in his hands, the fiddle is no longer a fiddle; or that in the hands of Signor Piatti the violoncello is no longer a violoncello? Imagine the shout of laughter certain to follow the sapient observation. Yet we do not laugh at M. Bénédit. Can it be that he spoke the truth?

Immediately after the first performance of *Lohengrin* at the Theâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, Herr Richard Wagner wrote as follows to his pupil, Herr Richter, who conducted on the occasion:—"My dear Friend—Once more have you held aloft our banner. At Munich, when *Rheingold* was produced, you did so by courageously refusing to conduct an imperfect performance; at present you have done so, by guiding safely into port my *Lohengrin's* skiff, past reefs and difficulties of all sorts. On German soil not a voice was heard agreeing with your courageous behaviour; an incapable chief, and envious colleagues, impatient to obtain your place, lost no time in raising a cry of high treason, and an indolent public let them do as they chose. May the triumph achieved in the French language compensate you for your sad experience of your native land. I thank you with all my heart; and beg you will, moreover, particularly thank M. Louis Brassin, whose zeal and intelligence so admirably seconded you. Yours most cordially, Richard Wagner. Lucerne, 28th March, 1870."—Hereupon the Berlin *Echo* observes:—"Immediately after the first performance of *Lohengrin*, at Brussels, R. Wagner addressed to the conductor, Herr Richter, who officiated on the occasion, one of his usual bombastic letters of thanks; and the recipient appears not to have lost an instant in publishing the defiant and inflated document, in honour (!) of himself and of its writer. It is, perhaps, no longer any use saying, compassionately, to the great Richard and his partisans: '*Si tacuisses*,' when everyone of their effusions surpasses the previous ones—in impudence. We should not, however, be astonished if, on the first opportunity, the people at Munich prove they recollect the gentle and grateful manner in which they especially are mentioned in the letter."

The production of Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin* at Brussels has established one fact that was not generally known, namely, that the capital of Belgium numbers fewer Jews, and is freer from Jewish influence than any other capital, except St. Petersburgh and Moscow, in Europe. We always thought that Brussels could boast of as fair a share of members of the Israelitish persuasion, or, perhaps, rather more, but we were wrong. The local press is almost unanimous in the favourable character of its criticisms on *Lohengrin*, and that would not be the case if the Jewish element predominated,—unless, indeed, Herr R. Wagner is not quite correct about all he says in his *Judaism in Music*. The idea however, of Herr R. Wagner's ever being mistaken is, of course, preposterous.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph," April* 6.)

The concert on Monday night was for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, whose long association with, and distinguished services to, Mr. Chappell's enterprise make any such compliments peculiarly fitting. Our great English pianist is noted for the zeal with which she brings forward unfamiliar compositions of merit. Few, however, know how much of this work she has done in connection with the Monday Popular Concerts. A very great majority of the pianoforte pieces marked "first time" in the long series of programmes had Madame Goddard for an executant; and this fact, to say nothing of unsurpassed ability, justifies her claim to the special consideration bestowed on this occasion. The large audience who gave Madame Goddard so hearty a welcome, not only honoured her, but themselves also, in no mean degree. Mendelssohn's quintet in A major (Op. 18), for strings, opened the concert—how gracefully, and with what effect we need not stop to describe. The lovely *andante* was heard with all the pleasure it is calculated to inspire; but the *scherzo*—an example of the fairy-like music which Mendelssohn invented—roused the audience to enthusiasm, and had to be repeated. The performance by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti, was worthy the theme; we know no higher praise. With all the remaining works, songs of course excepted, Madame Goddard had to do. She first gave Schubert's beautiful *Fantaisie-Sonate* in G major (Op. 78), one of the compositions introduced by her at these concerts. Apart from the merits of the sonata—merits we have neither time nor space adequately to discuss—the choice was a wise one. It brought out all the strong points of Madame Goddard's playing. In the first movement every gradation of tone was exhibited, from the faintest whisper to the loudest thunder of which a Broadwood "concert grand" is capable, and that with an absence of effort very remarkable. The theme of the *andante* illustrated the almost vocal qualities of the piano when in the hands of an accomplished artist; and nothing could be more delicate than Madame Goddard's rendering of the trio; while the difficulties of the *finale* were mastered with an easy confidence which most astonished those who knew them best. The audience at once recognized this finished performance as such, and twice recalled the artist with acclamation. Among them there was, or, at all events, ought to have been, a feeling that, with Arabella Goddard at

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command, England need not doubt the result af any international struggle for the post of champion pianist. The second part of the concert began with Dr. Sterndale Bennett's chamber trio in A major for pianoforte and strings; which admirable work—another honour to English art—was given in consequence of its success a few weeks back. Once more the serenade made a great effect, and an attempt to encore it only met with defeat, because the ever-popular "Kreutzer" sonata of Beethoven came after. To hear the latter played for the thirtieth time at a Monday Popular Concert everybody stayed of course. Equally, of course, the executants being Madame Goddard and Herr Joachim, everybody was well rewarded for staying. We need not give any opinion about music which all amateurs know by heart. Its rendering was as near perfection as possible, and the audience responded, as only a deeply interested audience can, to every special effort on the part of each player. As was beforehand certain, the *andante cantabile* (theme, and variations) elicited the warmest tokens of approval; and the struggle for excellence—a drawn battle—between piano and violin, was watched with unflagging interest. With this performance ended a notable concert.

The vocalist was Mr. Cummings, who sang Gounod's "Medjé," and Dr. Sterndale Bennett's "Better Land," in admirable style. He was recalled after the English composer's charming song, and right well deserved the honour.

—o—

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The Queen, of the 9th inst., speaking of Madame Arabella Goddard's recent benefit at the Monday Popular Concerts, has the following:—

"The staunch supporters of classical chamber composition always assemble in extraordinary numbers when the annual benefit concert of Madame Arabella Goddard comes off in St. James's Hall. The inducements to attend are strong indeed. First, it is certain there will be a powerful programme, executed by ability of the first class; and secondly, there is the popularity of the pianist herself. The evening of the 4th formed no exception to previous gatherings. The hall was filled to overflow, and what was as curious as it was interesting, the muster of celebrities—literary, scientific, and musical—was as remarkable as the array of fashion, independently of those ardent admirers densely packed behind the pianoforte platform and the upper balcony, who have derived such intellectual instruction from the now European-famed Monday Popular Concerts. The accomplished *bénéficiaire*, although her playing was confined to three pieces only, had Herculean labour. It would cramp the fingers of many public players to have to disentangle the intricacies of Schubert's *Fantaisie-Sonate* in G major, Op. 78. The work is called '*fantaisie*,' perhaps because it is fantastic enough. Its difficulties are prodigious, its complications ear-perplexing, if not developed with such singular skill as that of the lady. Composers who will write their leading themes in solid chords cannot expect that ordinary artists will be quite clear in their articulation; but to Madame Goddard the unravelling of the divers threads of intricate passages with which the sonata is interwoven, forms no difficulty. Fortunately, there is an *andante* (played to perfection), which falls on the ear like music on the waters—troubled ones of course, for there is little plain sailing with Schubert. Madame Goddard had the courage to introduce this sonata in March, 1867, and its reception caused its repetition on the 4th; but Schumann's criticism—that no one is to meddle with the last movement or try to solve its problems, who has not an imagination of his own—will suffice to show that only an executant *hors ligne* need touch the sonata. In vivid contrast with Schubert's torrents and avalanches came a soothing serenade from Sterndale Bennett—all sunshine. This charming inspiration is embodied in a trio, in A major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; and in the middle movement the violin is played *pizzicato*, to imitate the tinkling of the guitar, whilst the lover's voice in tender strains soars above on the pianoforte, the violoncello undercurrent sustaining the harmony. The 'Kreutzer' sonata (in A, Op. 47) came as a *bonne bouche* to wind up this remarkable concert. It could have no other place, for it would have killed every other composition in the programme. Never was this sublime sonata, the *ne plus ultra* of refined as well as intense expression, interpreted with more eloquence than by Madame Goddard and Joachim. It was vocal finish and delicacy emanating from the keyboards of the piano and violin. Amateurs in Germany and France, who will soon again have the opportunity of hearing Madame Goddard, and of marking the great progress in executive skill which has characterized her career, will recognize in her the now greatest of living pianists. With her marvellous manipulation and mechanism she combines a poetry of style which is unrivalled, and what she achieves is done with the steadiness and self-possession of a true artist. There is no exaggerated action, no swaying of the body, no uplifting of the eyes or spasmodic distortion of the features; but, like the leading masters who have presided at the pianoforte, she seeks to make the composer speak to the intellect and appeal to the heart."

In an article on the same event the *Athenæum* of the same date writes as subjoined:—

"The Popular Concert on Monday was given in the name of Madame Arabella Goddard, whose annual benefit is not the least interesting event of the musical year, because, either in programme or performance, there is always something noteworthy. On the present occasion Madame Goddard played first, Schubert's so-called *Fantaisie-Sonate* in G major, one of the most beautiful, if not, as regards beauty, the absolute first of its composer's works for the piano. Imagination, taste, and no mean technical skill, are all conspicuous in it to a degree which alone would refute those, if any there be, who deny the master's genius. Madame Goddard's performance was exquisite in its true appreciation of each part, and in the mechanical completeness with which her idea of the composer's meaning was expressed. A more finished display of executive power, and of the ability to interpret a great work (qualities by no means co-existent of necessity), has rarely been made. The audience saw this, and twice recalled the artist. Madame Goddard also joined MM. Joachim and Piatti in Dr. Bennett's chamber trio, about which we had to speak a short time back, and once more played, with the first-named gentleman, Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' sonata. The latter performance was as perfect as performance could be. Each artist being thoroughly familiar with the music, and equal to anything on the instrument in hand, each, moreover, being stimulated by the excellence of the other, a unique result was assured. About the work itself there is nothing to be said that has not been said a thousand times. Yet not after the thousandth hearing can its beauties lose their freshness. Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' will literally realize Keats's 'joy for ever.'"

The *Sunday Times* says:—

"Madame Goddard did not, as usual, come with a novelty in her hands. She may well be excused for once, seeing how long and zealously (and at what sacrifice) she has laboured in the cause of an extended musical knowledge. Madame Goddard's reception was very hearty, and as if in response, she played her very best. Rarely has the accomplished lady asserted more convincingly her claim to the highest honours an artist can receive. From first to last, her performance was one of unique excellence. Schubert's sonata, which is among the loveliest of his creations, had a rendering worthy of its loveliness. Madame Goddard's execution was faultless, even in the difficult *finale*; and her reading of the work was equally good. Justly, therefore, did the audience twice recall the artist, in order to express the pleasure received. Dr. Bennett's chamber trio, about which we spoke a short time back, once again had entire justice done it. The worthily-associated players must have satisfied even the composer, who was present on this occasion. An attempt was made to encore the serenade; but the majority of the audience were anxious to hear their favourite 'Kreutzer' sonata, and it failed. The sonata just named was given in connection with these concerts for the thirtieth time, and every bar of it being known, it was listened to with not less intelligence than intentness. A finer performance we cannot imagine. Each stimulated by the other, Madame Goddard and Herr Joachim played as they play only when in the most exalted mood. No wonder, therefore, that the entire audience remained to the end. They could not choose but hear such music so rendered."

The opinion of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is thus stated:—

"Madame Arabella Goddard's benefit last Monday signalled the proximate close of the Monday Popular Concerts. The occasion is always interesting, even though it come after a long course of attractive doings. To say nothing about the prominent part naturally taken by Madame Goddard, her scheme makes more than an ordinary promise of good things. As a rule, novelty holds a place therein; and novelty was expected last Monday by all who remembered what the artist has done to enlarge the musical knowledge of the public. For once, however, Madame Goddard held her hand, and played only what the audience had learned to know and love. By adopting this course she made the gratification of her hearers none the less; while it may have been that she made the immediate honour to herself all the more. Mendelssohn's quintet in A major (Op. 18) began the concert, and was thoroughly well played by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti. It is needless to say that its great beauty charmed everybody, even those who waited most impatiently for the heroine of the evening. The *scherzo* (a 'jest' which begins as a fugue, and is not a burlesque) was encored in harmony with many precedents. Madame Goddard first played Schubert's *Fantaisie-Sonate*, in G major (Op. 78). She originally introduced this work at the Monday Concerts, and its repetition, besides delighting the audience, reminded them of what they owed the performer. Popularity has quickly attended Schubert's beautiful inspiration; a result at which nobody wonders so long as music, fresh, tuneful, and imaginative in the highest degree, has power to charm. Madame Goddard played superbly from first to last. The least merit that could be claimed for her rendering of the sonata was perfect mechanism; beyond and above this were grace and truth of expression, and the power, denied to so many, of grasping the whole idea of the work while seeming to concentrate every faculty upon its details. A more remarkable display of artistic and executive ability has rarely been made, and the double recall which followed did the performer no more than justice. The next work was Dr. Sterndale Bennett's chamber trio, repeated by desire of some

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who heard it a few weeks ago. We spoke of it then, and extended remarks now would be unnecessary repetition. The beautiful serenade very nearly obtained another encore; therefore it just missed another deserved compliment. Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' sonata followed, and for the thirtieth time a Monday Popular audience honoured themselves as well as it by profoundest attention. Madame Goddard and Herr Joachim have so often been associated in the performance of this great work that they have come to be associated with the work itself. Assuredly no two artists could do it greater justice Each is equal to the music, and therefore each is equal to the other—a most essential feature, as those will grant who know anything about the sonata in question. The vocalist was Mr. W. H. Cummings, who sang Gounod's 'Chanson Arabe' and Dr. Bennett's 'Better Land' with perfect taste. The oftener this excellent tenor is heard at the Monday Popular Concerts the better."

In an article upon the recent performance of Dr. Bennett's symphony at the Crystal Palace, the *Musician* (in its April number) has the following:—

"Although credit cannot be given to the directors of the Crystal Palace for displaying much readiness in the production of English music, their good service in that direction last month, when Dr. Bennett's noble symphony in G minor was performed, must not go unacknowledged. This work has been known to the Philharmonic audiences for the past six years, and been duly appreciated in Germany, where our countryman's delicate genius is perhaps better understood, and more highly valued, than among us. Throughout this work the ideas have a fanciful, dainty individuality; the workmanship and development few living writers could approach; and the instrumentation, without being startling, is, at all times, piquant and refreshing. A distinct flavour is imparted to the first movement by the large use of dotted notes; at times prominently pervading the whole mechanism of a subject, at other times cunningly placed as an undercurrent below a broad stream of *cantabile* melody. Much ingenious development and skilfully balanced modulation is to be found in the latter part of this movement. Of characteristic grace is the subject of the minuet, in which the oboe is prominently employed, and in which many charming combinations for strings, reeds, and horns appear. The rhythm, although measured, is, through the clever dovetailing of the sentences, delicately marked throughout. A rather go-ahead proceeding for one understood to be pledged, as Dr Bennett is, to liberal-conservatism in instrumentation, is the trio, set entirely for trumpets, horns, and trombones. * * * Dr. Bennett's use of the last-named instruments is confined to the first movement (chiefly in short pregnant piano phrases after the modern manner) and to the trio. The return to the minuet is neatly managed by a phrase of repeated notes for the four horns resting upon the original dominant. To the violas is assigned the motive of the third movement, a *romanza, larghetto, cantabile;*—a luscious tune, admirably adapted to the subdued passionate genius of this branch of the string department. A charming tone of *abandon* is imparted to the first part of this by the intermixture of duplets and triplets between solo and accompanying parts. Of noteworthy ingenuity and lightness is the conduct of the *rondo finale*, in the *scherzo* manner, a charming specimen of workmanship, conceived in just proportions, with happy, but not excessive, contrast in the material employed, and all the parts interwoven with the practised touch of a ripe scholar. While men can be found who can write like Professor Bennett, there is little fear of the principles of proportion and unity in art being lost sight of, to whatever length those adventurous spirits may go who would have us believe that art is the slave of emotion."

Bach's "Matthew-Passion."

The *Daily Telegraph*, in the course of a long article on this great work, says:—

"In a preface to the book of words, written by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, it was stated with desirable clearness that the *Passion* was not intended for concert-room display, but for purposes connected with religious worship. Those who know anything about even the elements of musical history are aware that Bach was neither the first nor the last to illustrate in set form the story of the sufferings of Christ. From the beginning of the Lutheran church, the resources of art were more or less employed upon the *Passion*, and in preparation for the Good Friday service every Lutheran choirmaster found the best field for taste and energy. Bach, therefore, was only one among many workers; the difference between him and them being simply the ability to grasp a more elaborate design, and to fittingly work it out. The great master, however, had to consider the exigencies of a religious ceremonial in the midst of his developments; and this largely influenced what he did. Above all things, he was required to honour the sacred narrative. On its different salient points he might hang reflections; but not so as to hide, or even to take away from the prominence of, the Evangel. Hence the fulness with which St. Matthew's story is told; and, also, the absence of largely developed movements aiming rather at musical effect than religious edification. The words 'religious edification' are, in point of fact, a key to the whole composition. How strictly the master subordinated himself to this one idea few need to be told; and it is easy to imagine how sharp the struggle was between the promptings of Bach's musicianship on the one hand and the requirements of his church on the other. With what pleasure, when exalted by the great theme upon which he laboured, the consummate musician would have given the rein to his genius, and how great may have been the results of such a step, are speculations by no means vague; but we have reason to be content with the *Passion*, even though it can only be heard now in concert-rooms under strange conditions. It is, indeed, a wonderful work—most wonderful to those who are not only acquainted with its details, but with the music of the time when it was written. The largeness of its design, the beauty of its melodies, its alternate tenderness and gigantic power, and the reverential spirit which breathes in every bar, are qualities which lift the *Passion* of St. Matthew to the highest rank of inspired works. We could fill a column with illustrations; but, leaving the reader to supply these himself, we go on to point out a feature of more interest than any other—the dramatic force which the music so frequently exhibits. This is apparent in the opening chorus, where the mournful invitation of the Sionites is answered by the interjections of those to whom it is addressed. The short choruses of the Jews, and those numbers in which the Christians, as though unable to restrain themselves at sight of what is being done, give abrupt expressions to their feelings, belong also to a high order of dramatic composition. It is worthy of note here that much of this dramatic writing is contrapuntal—another illustration of the elasticity of true music, and, moreover, interesting as showing the influence of scholasticism at the time when Bach wrote. Years after, Handel made the Jews taunt their victim through a regularly worked-out fugue; and it may be questioned whether music has gained by departure from the fashion to which we owe 'He trusted in God.' One other feature of remarkable excellence could not well be overlooked in ever so brief a notice. We refer to the recitatives, which embody for the most part, the Gospel narrative. These are models for all time, both as regards adaptedness to the words and declamatory force. Nothing shows more conclusively the thoughtful care with which Bach worked. He might have slighted his recitatives (as sometimes did his great contemporary, Handel) without serious results; but, so far from this, it is evident that he gave to them no ordinary labour."

—o—

CARLOTTI PATTI.

The Richmond (Virginia) *Daily State Journal* of the 22nd March has the following:—

"To say that we were charmed last night by the singing of Patti is but poorly to translate by language the transports of the soul. Enchantment were the better word, and yet we are ashamed of its poverty. Rarely has an audience been so enraptured and enthused. The very first trill of her sweet voice, sent an electric thrill through the house, and held it in delicious suspense. We never heard singing before, and never wish to hear again anything that shall fall below the standard Patti has set up for us. We shall be prepared to be disgusted with all who come after, and shall break all the idols of song we have worshipped in the past. The *cavatina* from *Linda di Chamounix* was sang with indescribable sweetness and unequalled grace and elegance in movement and execution. Her voice filled the whole house with harmony and melody, and was as flexible as a mocking bird's. We have no idea of committing a sacrilege and shall, therefore, not attempt anything like a technical criticism or analysis of her genius. Her execution was too entirely faultless and grand for cold or calculating art rules, and we shall not play the surgeon and in *sang froid* cut a thing of beauty to pieces. She was encored twice, and returned to bow her acknowledgments. In the second part, her 'Carnival of Venice' (Benedict), was one of the rarest musical gems that we ever heard, coming as it did through the lips of one of the rarest queens of song. She was encored here also, and sang a very pretty song, altogether Frenchy, in which there was a good deal of musical laughter that was contagious. The closing duet, from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, in which she was assisted by the rich voice of Mons Theodore Ritter, was magnificently sung, and playfully acted. This ended the concert, and the house fairly shook with applause when the curtain dropped."

Herr Joachim goes to St. Petersburgh in January for six weeks. Joseph Joachim, Alfred Piatti, and Arabella Goddard have been the mainstays of Mr. Arthur Chappell's admirable entertainments from the beginning. Whether they will next year appear as *tria juncta in uno* is at least doubtful.

Mr. Benedict has been to Paris, to assist at the rehearsal of his *St. Cecilia*, in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is to take part, on the 30th instant. He returned to London for the last Monday Popular Concert.

Times for Music.

To be Belgian Ambassador
Contenteth Van der Weyer;
But Ambassador of all Nations,
Is Monsieur Van der Wire.

Punch.

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RICHARD WAGNER'S *MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG.**

A Historical Explanation.

(*Concluded from page* 230.)

II.

It is clear from the observations in Chapter I. that the efforts of the *Meistersinger* were directed to entirely material objects, and that their highest aim was pedantically correct rhyme. The reader will, therefore, not be astonished when he is informed that their productions were, poetically considered, beneath mediocrity, and that they, namely, the Mastersingers, wrote nothing of any importance, either as to form, which they treated far too slavishly, or as to purport, since this was a matter of perfect indifference to them. Art, therefore, suffered from these fraternities, though it still exercised that moral influence which no one who has anything to do with it can escape. Even at the present day, governments might learn from the example of the Mastersingers, what an ethical power they allow to lie fallow by not encouraging art among the people. It is to these associations of simple burghers and mechanics that we principally owe that religious and moral spirit which then distinguished the inhabitants of the cities from the rude and licentious nobility. Every Mastersinger was bound by the *Tabalatur* to lead a pious, moral life, and be strictly upright in his conduct, and it is natural that the more the fraternity increased in public estimation, the greater would be the influence which its members would, by their pure life, exert upon their fellow-citizens. These associations, exercised, also, a most beneficial effect upon the intellectual culture of cities; the practice of art, however mechanical that practice, could not fail to elevate mentally the simple workman, to sharpen his understanding, and, above all, to render him susceptible of the higher social sentiments. It was most assuredly not by mere chance that those cities in which Mastersong flourished were those which particularly espoused the cause of the Reformation, especially in Southern Germany, all of which, with the exception of such places, remained strictly Roman Catholic.

In consequence of the great spread of Mastersong, and of its peculiar development, the number of those who busied themselves with the "*holdselige Kunst*" (the "graceful art") was, of course, legion, and an innumerable quantity of songs emanated from the Mastersingers. Only a very few, however, were printed, and the others probably never will be, for in no respect are they much worth notice. For this reason, we are, as a rule, intimately acquainted with only a few Mastersingers, and even those few became celebrated more on account of their other poems than of their Mastersongs. Such are Heinrich von Müglein, Suchensinn, Muscatblüt, the "Teichner," Mich. Beheim, Hans Rosenblüt, and Hans Folz, all of whom, however, practised art as a source of profit, a fact which never happened subsequently. The leading man among them all, and, consequently, the pride of the entire fraternity, always was and always will be *Hans Sachs*.

If we bear in mind what the *Minnegesänge*, or Songs of the Minnesingers were—with the fancy they displayed, and the fantastic element, which was the abortive product of that fancy—we find that a great difference between them and the singsong effusions of the Mastersingers was the sober sense of the latter, a quality which found its way even into the courtly art of the period. That art could not escape the influence of the middle classes, who were growing stronger and stronger, thanks to their eminently practical spirit, so that isolated attempts to restore in all its purity the *Minnegesang* of chivalry necessarily failed to exert any permanent effect. In both cases, true poetic life is found only in the genuine folk's-song, which, springing from the inmost recesses of the soul, cannot fail, even though defectively executed, to re-act upon the soul, and that is the aim of all art.

III.

Such is the historical period, such are the circumstances and state of things that Wagner has turned to account in his libretto. One gratifying fact connected with the latter is that the Hotspur-like poet-composer totally ignores the reforms formally proclaimed by himself as necessary, namely, that every work of dramatic art must take its subject from the Myth. He has obtained his personages and the framework of his plot neither from the waters nor from the clouds; no, his ride into the country of old romance takes him directly into Nuremberg, which still exists bodily, and he busies himself with factors which have, more or less, nothing to do with legends, but belong to downright history. Some persons, it is true, have asserted that the story unfolded in the *Meistersinger* is nothing more than an allegory which Wagner holds up, under the figure of the knight, Walther (himself) and of the "*brünstig-umworbene*" Eva (German music) to his natural antagonists the artists of the old style (Beckmesser, and the Mastersingers) and the public, satirizing undisguisedly the Present which does not appreciate him; this sarcasm, it is added, constitutes the real comicality and deep humour of the opera. But, in the interest of the work itself, we place no importance on this supposition, which, by regarding the opera as a mere allegory would degrade it to the lowest level of dramatic writing, since the drama should contain what is real and genuine, and not simply make-believe. We take, rather, what is offered, and, just like the great mass of the public, regard it all as honest money (and so it ought to be). Looking at it in this light, we find the snobbish, little-minded notions of a provincial town in the Middle Ages formed into a highly diverting picture, well adapted to serve the purposes of a genuine comic opera. But the materials are of themselves far too trivial to fill three acts with humorous scenes in quick succession. The progress of the story is continually brought to a standstill, and then set going again by means of rambling didactic effusions and philosophical outbursts. In order to keep up the comic element, we have no less than two characters, David and Beckmesser, the latter being a perfect caricature, utterly out of drawing, both as regards the writing and the music; now a caricature is fitted only for a farce. But the fact is: Wagner is totally deficient in true, genuine humour. Like his Italian counterpart, Verdi, he can only do things in a sledge-hammer way; light grace and delicate ease are denied both, and this is the reason why they are always noisy and ponderous when they wish to be piquant and elegant.

Taken all in all, Wagner with his far-fetched style, based particularly on character, sharpness of dramatic expression, and the overpowering importance of the orchestra, was the last man in the world capable of giving us, even musically, a diverting picture of petty provincial sayings and doings; for such is his object, and the name *Meistersinger* is simply a far-fetched means for carrying it out. This "Art-Work of the Future," this model that he would set before us, has a decided defect: it is not comic opera which has as good a right to exist, so to speak, as serious opera. The same means and forms will by no means do for both styles, and we may frankly assert that Wagner's *Meistersinger* will not drive Rossini, Auber, Donizetti, or Lortzing, from the comic operatic stage; no, not even Lortzing, who was compassionately laughed at by grand gentlemen, and sneeringly called a "small-beer ballad-singer" but who, in his *Waffenschmied*, has given us a picture which, though outwardly resembling Wagner's *Meistersinger*, is more graceful, more hearty, more natural, and, above all things, genuinely comic. A humorous creation of art, like a humorous man, works, not with subtle notions, far-fetched jokes, and strangely distorted faces, but, by unconstrained humour, natural drollness, and ready wit. Anyone who goes to enjoy Wagner's *Meistersinger* must previously make up his mind not to expect these qualities.

L.

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

ABOUT OLD MATTERS.

The "Beggars' Opera."

According to Pope, Dean Swift suggested to the poet Gay that a Newgate pastoral would prove an odd, pretty thing. The poet was taken with the ides, but thought he could make it more effective by converting it into a musical comedy. Hence the *Beggars' Opera*. Dr. Pepusch, Doctor of Music, was engaged to provide the music, and, in so doing, he for the most part adopted the popular ballad airs of the period. We thus find a mixture of quadrilles, Scotch songs, English ditties, and airs, to which latter Thomas Moore wrote verse. At the first representation, on the 25th January, 1728, its success was dubious. There was a strong disposition shown to damn it, but after a time its success was undoubted. Like other successful pieces, it was difficult to get a theatrical manager to produce it. At last Rich, lessee of Covent Garden, took it up, and was repaid in fame and fortune. Its success led to the well-known saying that "the *Beggars' Opera* has made Rich *gay*, and Gay rich." The original Polly—Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton—commenced at fifteen shillings per week, which pittance, on account of her success, was raised to thirty shillings. At first, the *Beggars' Opera* created much discussion with regard to its moral tendencies. Swift approved of it, and said, "it placed all kinds of vice in the strongest and most odious light." But the immediate effect was to increase the number of highwaymen—this on the authority of Sir John Fielding, the celebrated police magistrate.

The Enraged Musician.

Composer. Did you stay late at Lady Tittup's?

Friend. Yes. Heard Miss Bang play again. I was delighted with her execution.

Composer. Her execution! *That* would have pleased *me*; she deserved it for having brutally murdered a piece of mine. [*Exeunt.*

Punch.

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SAINT CECILIA.*

St. Cecilia's Day, as it is called, in the month of November, is celebrated, when practicable, in Roman Catholic cities, by select sacred musical performances, because it is thought that this Saint merits, more than any other, to be glorified by the professors of the particular art which she herself cultivated and which she caused to be held in honour. Yet it would be a difficult task to show what positive service has procured her this distinction. Tradition has sometimes sprung from a single fact, or else emanated accidentally; but, when there were several distinct facts involved, some one common point was necessary to bind the whole together.

It was not till the fifteenth century St. Cecilia was called the Patroness of Music. The Church had already long possessed a Saint of the same name, but there was nothing in her life relating either to the invention or the cultivation of music. We read in the legend that a Roman maiden, secretly devoted to the Christian religion, was affianced by her parents, who were very strict, to a heathen youth, but, filled with love for the Redeemer, she renounced all sensual love, and, after converting her Intended and his brother to the new doctrine, suffered martyrdom in the persecution of the Christians under the Prætor Almachus. The fundamental idea in this is *the renunciation of sensuality, and the union of Love with Faith.* The year 220 is named as the year of the fair Saint's death; a church dedicated to her existed at Rome as early as 550. It is said to have been built by Pope Urban; to have been restored in 818, by Paschalis I., and to have been adorned with the Saint's tomb. Her body, which, according to report, was found in the catacombs, reposes there in a silver coffin under the altar; a marble statue, by Stefano Maderno, representing her who sleeps below, is placed by the side of the tomb. But neither the statue, nor the pictures in the church so much as hint that it is the patroness of music who is worshipped there. In order to find some reason for so doing, we have to depend entirely upon the legend. From this we learn that, during the celebration of her marriage with the youth, Valerianus, Cecilia, while the solemn music was being played ("cantantibus organis"), sang in her heart to her only lord ("in corde suo soli Domino cantabat dicens: fiat cor meum, etc."). From this, Herder concluded that Cecilia had been raised to the dignity of being the patron-saint of music, because she had sung in her heart a song of faith. This supposition, which presupposes a wrong interpretation of the words, contains a very weak argument, namely that, during the solemn marriage music, the maiden prayed and sang, secretly in her heart, to the Lord. Wendl attempted to diminish the absurdity of the matter by a symbolical explanation. He supposed that this particular saint was made patroness of sacred music, because while listening to earthly strains, she bore in her heart harmony consecrated by God, and, though inaudible, glorified the Lord in her song. But the legend itself says nothing about music different in its nature to earthly music, and Cecilia's rogation was one not heard.

But some persons have gone still further and named St. Cecilia as the inventress of the organ. This, again, arose from the misinterpretation, of the words, "organis cantantibus." Many a tradition has, probably, suffered sadly from misinterpretation, but that, from the name of the instruments (organa) heard at the scene of the marriage, any one should have been led to hit upon an organ played by the hand of St. Cecilia, is something incredibly absurd. Not even the boldest combination of facts would suffice to connect the invention of the organ with St. Cecilia. The organ had not been employed in the service of the Church, when the Emperor Michael sent an instrument of the kind, then used only in profane music, to Charlemagne, who, in order to find a place of safe keeping for it, had it put up in the church at Aix-la-Chapelle. Even in Italy, the use of the organ in religion dates only from quite the end of the 8th century. In his description of the organ at Breslau, page 26. Fischer is, therefore, perfectly right when he says: "Cecilia did not invent, play, or love the organ, for she never knew anything about it."

But, if we are compelled to give up, at once, the fair Saint of the Church as the patroness of music, and if we nowhere find any proof that the Church, marked by an act of canonization the contrast between mundane and sacred music; and if, moreover, we meet with no reference to any such patronage in early poetical writings, we may, perhaps, be allowed to make the suggestion that St. Cecilia owned her existence, musically speaking, to Painting, and is, consequently, a Saint casually conferred on Music, but who has, by age and custom, obtained a not too valid a right of citizenship in our art.

Having arrived at this result, we have, properly speaking, come to the end of our proof, and might leave a painter to carry out the induction further. We may, however, be allowed to offer a suggestion as to how the thing might be treated.

The Fine Arts, as permeated by one and the same breath; as based upon one and the same principle; and as having one and the same aim, marked by their very name, stand, even though not blended in an Art-Work of the Future, on a friendly footing with each other, and interchange the subjects to be treated, just as they unite to produce an effect in common. But, however nearly the sense of hearing is allied to that of seeing, and however much musical pourtrayal of things may combine with their visibly mimetic pourtrayal so as to produce a separate form of art, music does not of itself offer any materials suitable for the painter. Musical subjects lie beyond the limits of plastic art, and though the most celebrated and most skilful painters, such as Domenichino, Guido Reni, etc., chose subjects of this sort, the wonderfully excellent treatment did not compensate for the error of the selection. In paintings of concerts the spectator's ear does not hear the sound, and the pictures become purportless,* nay, in the case of ungenial artists, painfully sad (as we write this, several modern paintings, some with, and some without, historical figures, and inscribed, "A Concert," float mentally before us). What method then was left Painting to glorify the sister art, except to create a Saint, listening, as an inspired seer, to the sounds of heavenly harmonies, or (by means of music) giving expressive utterance to her agitated mind Such a view of the subject was as different from that taken by Antiquity, as specifically Christian plastic art, generally, is from the plastic art of classic Paganism. In the one case, plastic art conveyed to us, in its representation of Orpheus, the power of music upon rude beings; in Christian times, when the subjective activity of the mind predominated, the only thing that could be represented was our inward life.

That Painting has been fortunate with this creation, so peculiarly her own, is a fact attested by pictures of St. Cecilia by celebrated masters in dozens, though in saying this, we by no means include the picture which has given its name to one of the rooms in the Berlin Singakademie. Is it, then, surprising that musicians willingly accepted the dainty little Saint thus prepared for them, and quietly bowed before the sceptre thus usurped; nay, that they even struck up inspired hymns, dithyrambics, and cantatas in praise of the said Saint, and attempted to keep her festival as splendidly as possible? These lines are, therefore, by no means intended to bring the gentle creature into discredit, or in any way diminish her power; they are simply an attempt to trace her descent, which has hitherto been taken upon trust, unchallenged.

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

* This circumstance has given rise to the experiment recently made of adding a musical accompaniment to pictures at public exhibitions, just as to *tableaux vivants*.

GRUMBLING CURED—GRATIS.

Seeing that this disorder is so very prevalent among young and old in all ranks of society, and presuming that all who suffer from it surely wish to be cured; and believing still further that I can guarantee an immediate cure, even in the most desperate cases, I presume to offer the following remedy, and to set forth some of its advantages which I think give it a prominence over any other already known:—

It is very simple. It does not cost any thing. It is always at hand. Can be applied directly by the patient himself, or herself, as the case may be. If properly applied, it must effect a complete cure. Should the grumbling fit return at some future time, it can be again used with the same certainty of success. The remedy and its application are both expressed in one little word of four letters—SING! Try it. I am not particular what you sing, provided always that it is right and good and in harmony with your character; nor does the manner signify, so long as it is done heartily, and it may be in the treble, alto, tenor, bass, or any other clef, according to individual preference. If the attack is mild, a few bars in common time, sung *piano* will usually suffice. If the symptoms are more decided and severe, from twenty to thirty bars, three-four time, *forte*, and lively, should be tried promptly, repeated after an interval of five minutes if necessary; and where the complaint, from long habit, has become confirmed and chronic, I should prescribe not less than thirty bars, two-four time, *Allegretto* and *fortissimo*, on the commencement of every attack. As the patients of this latter class sometimes have a great disinclination to *solos*, they may try duets, or even choruses, with many voices, when opportunity offers.

Under this course of treatment, if persevered in, the symptoms will, to a certainty, assume a much milder form; in a very short time a radical cure will be effected, and the once habitual grumbler become noted for his cheerfulness and urbanity.—*American Paper.*

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard will return to London from Boulogne-sur-Mer immediately.

Herr Joseph Joachim left London for Berlin yesterday.

The arrival of Signor Verdi in Paris is again announced.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is expected in London on the 1st of May.

The Cairo opera-season has closed, and the artists are back in Europe.

M. de Vroye, the eminent Belgian flautist, intends coming to London for the season.

The will of Mr. J. W. Walker, organ-builder, of London, has been proved under £25,000.

Mr. Jarrett, acting manager at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, has returned to London from Paris.

Signor Daifiori, an operatic artist, known some years ago in London, died recently, after a long illness.

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Madame Adelaide Ristori, the famous Italian actress, has retired from the profession.

Mdlle. Lewitzky, the young Russian (pupil of M. Wartel), who is about to sing at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, has arrived in London.

The last ten representations of *Robert le Diable* at the Grand Opéra are said to have brought in 124,827 francs.

By special decree, Herr Eckert, Chapel-master at the Court of Berlin, has been confirmed in his position for life.

A lady equestrian who turns somersaults backwards and forwards on horseback is to appear in England in May, and—in crinoline!

Mdlle. Nilsson will take her benefit at the Grand Opéra on the 30th inst. She gives the proceeds to the Association des Artistes Musiciens et Dramatiques.

Mdlle. Schneider and the other members of M. Felix's French Opera bouffe *troupe* have been playing in *Orphée aux Enfers* at the Liverpool Amphitheatre.

Mr. Barry Sullivan has just completed a successful engagement at Bristol. On Easter-Monday he commences another of twelve nights, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

A grand composition, entitled *Beethoven*, by Abbé Listz, is announced for performance at the approaching Beethoven fêtes in Weimar. (Let us hope this is a hoax.)

Herr Lienau, of Berlin, has just published a comprehensive biography of C. M. von Weber, with a catalogue of, and critical remarks upon his works. The author is Herr F. W. Jahns.

The Lyceum management seems to be sparing no pains to make *Le Petit Faust* as great a success in London as it was in Paris. Mr. Maclagan has been engaged to play the part of Faust.

A project for erecting in Paris a vast concert-hall has been started by M. Guy de Charnace, with the primary intention of devoting the building to the performance of choral works on a large scale.

George Dawe and Edward B. Wallace Bishop have been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for forging the trade-mark of Messrs. Collard & Collard, the well-known pianoforte manufacturers.

A commemorative concert in honour of the late Moscheles was given on the 20th ult. at the Leipsic Conservatory. Herr Reinecke played, besides other things, the deceased composer's *Sonate Mélancolique*.

Herr Joachim Raff has finished a new opera, *Dame Kobold*, which is to be produced at Weimar. Let us hope that Herr Raff is a better hand at operatic music than at music for the orchestra and the chamber.

M. De Beriot, the once famous violinist, better known to the last generation as the husband of Malibran, has recently died, at Louvain, in the 68th year of his age. For years past he had been blind and paralyzed, and lived habitually in Paris, but lately returned to his native town, Louvain, where he was attacked with his fatal illness.

The performance of Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, in Paris; by the Société Bourgault-Ducoudray, passed of well; but we cannot congratulate Dryden's translator, if this be a fair example of his skill:—

Ce roi si fier, hélas! succombe,
Sans un ami pour lui fermer les yeux.

The new operahouse at Dresden, of which Herr Semper is architect, will be, in some sort, a monument to Herr Wagner. Among other features which accord with Wagnerian principles is an invisible orchestra. The building, designed on an imposing scale, may be expected to cost more than the 400,000 thalers voted for its construction.

Another portion of the original site of the Strand Hotel Company, in Holywell Street and Wych Street, Strand, is being converted into a theatre, and will be completed in a few months. It adjoins the Globe Theatre; the back of the stage, in fact, abuts on that of the Globe. One entrance will be from the Strand by means of a subway under Holywell Street.

Herr Rubinstein has given the first of his Orchestral Concerts in the Salle Herz. In the programme was a new fantasia for piano and orchestra, characterized by, according to the *Gazette Musicale*, exaggerated dimensions and a variety of styles. Nevertheless, the *Gazette* calls it a "monumental composition" and "un chef-d'œuvre de sentiment et de facture." How this can be and also that, we should like the French critic to explain.

Our English cousins are about to allow Mdme. Arabella Goddard to leave them for a little while on a professional trip to the Continent. Is it not almost time this Queen of Pianists paid us a visit? We long to hear and see her fair and powerful fingers pluck the mysteries from the hearts of our American Grands, and we should, indeed, be well pleased to see her name added to the worthy list of the interpreters of that noble instrument who have already evoked its beauties, and done harmonious battle with its ivory keys.—*New York Musical Bulletin.*

We are able to satisfy the curiosity of our correspondent, Mr. Thomas Noon Gadd, by reproducing in *extenso* the article to which he refers, but of which, he states, he has lost his copy:—

"The performance of 'English Opera' at Astley's Theatre affords an opportunity for seeing the amusements popular across the bridges. The entertainment may be witnessed without adventuring into the labrynths of Southwark, and it is refreshing to watch the pleasure and excitement which the singing of a ballad affords to about two thousand persons. The audience sit drinking ginger-beer, eating oranges, and calling out for encores till a stranger begins to think that some will suffocate themselves. If a boy pulls his cork out in the middle of a song, there are clamours of 'throw him over.' The majority of ladies in the gallery sit with bare heads and arms, applaud as heartily as the gentlemen, and fight with them for places. The play, or opera, whatever the thing is called, is worth seeing; the actors and actresses walk on and sing a song without reference to any incident gone before or to come after. The good nature of Mr. * * * and Miss * * * is rewarded by vociferous cheering. Altogether, the exhibition is one of the most comic we have seen for some time."

The following sensible remarks, which appeared in the columns of a contemporary some time ago, support a theory to which we have long been wedded:—

"Why is the public unwilling to believe that a singer can be unwell? A singer with a fine voice is likely to have a delicate throat; and singers are susceptible to throat diseases, some of them suffering from every change in the atmosphere. The slightest hoarseness unfits a vocalist for the exercise of his profession. These remarks are suggested by a letter in the * * * * * * *, in which a person calling himself 'A Lover of Music' complains of Mr. * * * * * * having pleaded illness as an excuse for not singing at the dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund. That Mr. * * * was not too ill to sing on Saturday is proved, according to this writer, by his having sung on Monday at Buckingham Palace. Mr. * * * did *not* sing on Monday at the Court Concert. The *Court Circular* publishes his name, but the music set down for him was sung by Signor * * *. As the eyes of Mr. * * *, not his throat, are chiefly affected, 'A Lover of Music' would perhaps not consider this a valid excuse for declining to sing. However, the reason which prevented Mr. * * * from singing for the members of the Newspaper Press Association prevented him from singing for her Majesty."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

WEEKES & Co.—"The Burden-Bearer," sacred song, by W. Wadsworth.
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co."—"The Weaver," song, by Kate Lucy Ward.

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VOL. 48—No. 17. SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—MR. MANNS has the pleasure to announce his ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT will take place THIS AFTERNOON. Vocalists: Mdlle. Reboux and Signor Mongini (from the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, by kind permission of Mr. Wood—first appearance). Madame Florence Lancia, Mdlle. Auspitz (her first apearance), Mr. Vernon Rigby, Signor Urio. Pianoforte, Madame Schumann. Symphony No. 7, in A, Beethoven; Overture, "Oberon" and "Impressario;" Ballet Airs, "Wedding of Comacho," Mendelssohn (first time); Prelude, Sonato No. 6, for violin, to be played by twenty-four violinists, J. S. Bach. Conductor, Mr. MANNS. Band increased to 100 performers.

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

To-Night (SATURDAY), April 23rd, will be performed Mozart's opera, "IL FLAUTO MAGICO." Tamino, Signor Gardoni; Papageno, Mr. Santley; Sarastro, Signor Foli; Monostatos, Mr. Lyall; I Due Armati, Signor Rinaldini, Signor Trevero; Sacerdoti, Signor Archinti, Signor Castelli; L'Oratore, Signor Ragner; Tre Damigelli della Regina, Mdlle. Briani, Madame Corsi, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Tre Geni, Mdlle. Vinta, Mdlle. Clinton, Mdlle. Guerriere; Papagena, Madame Monbelli; Pamina, Madame Sinico; and Astrifiammante, Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka. Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY NEXT, April 25th, Gounod's opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Gardoni; Mephistophiles, Signor Gassier; Valentino, Mr. Santley; Wagner, Signor Trevero; Marta, Madame Corsi; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Reboux (her second appearance).

TUESDAY NEXT, April 26th, Verdi's opera, "RIGOLETTO." Il Duca, Signor Mongini; Rigoletto, Mr. Santley; Sparafucile, Signor Foli; Monterone, Signor Ragner; Marullo, Signor Zoboli; Borsa, Signor Archinti; Ceprano, Signor Trevero; La Contessa, Mdlle. Briani; Giovanna, Mdme. Corsi; Maddalena, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; and Gilda, Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka.

THURSDAY NEXT, April 28th, Mozart's opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

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Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

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The Easter Term will commence on Monday the 25th inst., and terminate on Saturday the 23rd of July.

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MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERT, FRIDAY Next, April 29th, ST. JAMES'S HALL. Songs and Part Songs. Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka, Mdme. Sinico, Miss Stephens, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, Miss Helen d'Alton, Signor Mongini, Signor Bettini, Signor Castelli, Signor Foli, and Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Commencing at Eight o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street, and 43, Moorgate Street, City; all Music Publishers; and Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS. MONDAY Evening, April 25th, ST. JAMES'S HALL. Symphonies (E flat), Schumann (No. 7 in A), Beethoven; Overtures (Melusine), Mendelssohn (Anacreon), Cherubini; Concerto in G, pianoforte, Mdme. Schumann. Vocalists, Mdme. Monbelli, and Dr. Gunz, by permission of the Directors of the Royal Italian Operas. Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 7s.; tickets 5s. and 2s. 6d. Lamborn Cock and Co., No. 63, New Bond Street; principal libraries and musicsellers; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MISS EDITH KINGSLEY'S FIRST GRAND EVENING CONCERT, under the Patronage of the Right Hon. The Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, will take place at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WEDNESDAY, April 27th. Principal vocalists—Miss Blanche Cole, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Harley Vinning and Herr Formes. Instrumentalists—Mr. John Cheshire, Chevalier Boscovitz, Pianist to His Majesty the King of Portugal, Mr. Charles Malcolm. Conductors, Mr. Louis Emanuel and Mr. F. Stanislaus. Commence at Eight o'clock. After which the comedy of "THE HONEYMOON," under the direction of Miss Marie Somerville. Stalls, 5s.; Tickets, 3s., 2s. and 1s.; at Mr. Austin's, St. James's Hall, and at St. George's Hall.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—MR. KENNEDY, the Scottish Vocalist, will give his celebrated Entertainment on the SONGS OF SCOTLAND, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings next, at Eight o'clock, and a Special Morning Representation on Saturday next, April 30th, at Three o'clock. The final three Entertainments will be given on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, May 2nd, 4th, and 6th. Pianoforte—Miss Kennedy. Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Numbered Stalls, 3s.; at all the Musicsellers, and at the Rooms.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of CHOPIN and HENSELT, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME OURY'S WALTZ," composed by CHOPIN, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

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MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S Lectures "ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF VOCAL MUSIC" (in continuation of the Course now being delivered), will be given in the Lecture Theatre, South Kensington Museum, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 11 a.m., commencing on the 26th April. Tickets for the Course of Twelve Lectures, £1 1s.; with Practice, £1 11s. 6d. Single admissions, without Practice, 2s. 6d.

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MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

MISS EDITH KINGSLEY and MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing CAMPANA'S celebrated Duet, "DIMMI CHE M'AMI," at St. George's Hall, Wednesday, April 27th.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, HARLEY STREET. President, Mr. Benedict; Director, Herr Schuberth. Fourth Season, 1870. Third Concert, THURSDAY, 28th April (Spohr night). Tickets 5s. each, at D. Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street.

MISS AMY STRANGWAYS will sing NESFIELD'S new song, "WHERE I FAIN WOULD BE," at the Third Concert of the Schubert Society.

HERR CARL FORMES will sing his popular song, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at the Third Concert of the Schubert Society, on THURSDAY next.

MISS AMY STRANGWAYS will sing HENRY SMART'S popular song, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE," at Signorina Emily Tate's Concert, on TUESDAY, 3rd May.

LA SIGNORINA EMILY TATE will play ASCHER'S popular romance, "ALICE," MENDELSSOHN'S ANDANTE CAPRICCIOSO, and MENDELSSOHN'S "RIVULET," at her concert, at St. George's Hall, May 3rd.

SIGNORINA EMILY TATE has the honour to announce that her THIRD ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will take place under the Special Patronage of Sir Roderick Murchison, &c., at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, on TUESDAY, 3rd of May, 1870. Full particulars will be duly announced. No. 79, Cook's Road, Kennington Park.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co. 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER will return to London for the season on the 23rd May. All letters to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR CARL FORMES will sing his renowned song, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at St. George's Hall, April 27.

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MISS MATILDA BAXTER will perform ASCHER'S brilliant Fantasia, "ALICE," at her Concert, May 6th.

MISS AMY PERRY will perform ASCHER'S popular Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS LILY SIMESTER and MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing NICOLAI'S admired duet, "ONE WORD," at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, May 10th.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing Miss KATE WARD'S new song, "THE WEAVER," at St. James's Hall, April 23rd (This Day).

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—Bishop Stortford, May 5th; Miss Amy Perry's, Hanover Square Rooms, 14th; Store Street, June 4th, July 16th; Hanover Square, June 25th. Communications Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

"Old Drury" has again opened its doors to Italian Opera. On Saturday night the undertaking of Mr. George Wood, with the details of which the musical public has been already for some time made acquainted, was "inaugurated" by a generally excellent performance of the best, if not the most popular work of perhaps the best, and unquestionably the most popular dramatic composer whose star has arisen within the last quarter of a century. But before saying what we have to say about the manner in which *Rigoletto* was given, a word or two about the preparations for the new enterprise may reasonably be expected.

Considering that barely a fortnight was allowed for the work, what has been done in the way of transformation of the interior is almost unexampled. First, as to the accommodation for the public:—there are four tiers of private boxes, besides a so-called "dress circle;" over the highest tier of boxes are "amphitheatre stalls," with galleries behind and above; the pit boxes, noted for their uncomfortableness in 1868, are now enlarged, and placed on a level with the Rotunda entrance, which, as well as the great staircases north and south, has been restored according to the original design—with corridors, moreover, on either side, inner and outer, a convenience hardly to be overestimated; lastly, the pit is entirely converted into stalls, each stall being a commodious arm-chair. The interior of the theatre has been entirely re-decorated; even the beautiful drop-scene of Mr. Telbin the elder has been cleaned to such good purpose that it looks as though it had been only painted yesterday. The decorations are in white and gold; amber-satin curtains—reminding opera-goers ripe in years of the innovation with which that most famous of operatic managers, Mr. Lumley (how long ago we do not care to remember), startled the world of fashion, which had been taught to believe that the best colour to set off ladies' dresses was deep crimson—now hang from every private box; and this, it must be admitted, combines very agreeably with "the turquoise-blue drapery, watered like satin-moiré, with which boxes and inner corridors are lined, the white and gold fronts of the boxes and the rich crimson of the carpet and stall-seats." In a word, the decorations are handsome and in thoroughly good taste. But that which concerns those most nearly who attend the Opera for the sake of the performance is the wonderful improvement effected by the restoration of the stage front to its original line, by means of which a fair view of what goes on behind the foot-lights can be had from all parts of the "auditorium." The orchestra itself has been reconstructed, to manifest advantage; and, indeed, to dispense with further minute particulars, the improvements effected in so very brief a space of time are creditable alike to the liberal spirit of the management and to the ability of the superintending architects—Messrs. Marsh Nelson and William Harvey.

And now to the performance, which, happily, will not take us very long to describe. The opera was preceded, as usual, by the National Anthem. This was given by the chorus, a body of singers some 80 in number, seven-eighths of whom being Italians and Spaniards—from Turin, Milan, Rome, Bologna, Naples, Barcelona, and Madrid—could hardly, at the outset, be expected to enter into the spirit of an air which to the great majority of them was in all likelihood previously unknown. Enough, however, was done to show that Mr. Wood has been able to get together a large body of fresh and fine-toned voices, which may be to him of inestimable worth hereafter. Signor Arditi, on taking his seat at the conductor's desk, was welcomed by the audience in a manner evincing their recognition of his high value in a place he has so long honourably filled. His orchestra, between 70 and 80 strong, comprises many of those excellent artists who have so long played under his direction—including, in addition, a new first clarionet from the Scala, at Milan; a new first violoncello from the Teatro Reggio, Turin; and a new first double-bass from the Lyceo, at Barcelona; the principal violin being no less a *virtuoso* than Herr Ludwig Straus, acknowledged at the Monday Popular Concerts, the Philharmonic Society's Concerts, and elsewhere, as one of the foremost classical executants of the day. About the quality of this orchestra satisfactory proofs were afforded in the course of the evening's entertainment. Verdi, in *Rigoletto*, has given his instrumental players, as, to an inferior extent, he has given his choral singers, opportunities for distinction which can hardly be passed over where the ability exists to take advantage of them; and that these opportunities were not disregarded but rather taken full advantage of, may be readily imagined.

The chief characters in *Rigoletto* were in each instance assigned to artists of well-known eminence. About Mr. Santley's impersonation of the Court Jester, whose unhappy fortunes, after all, come under the head of strict poetic justice, we have more than once spoken in very high terms. It may now, without exaggeration, be pronounced unequalled on the operatic stage. At the commencement of his performance on Saturday night, Mr. Santley appeared to labour under a slight hoarseness; but as the opera proceeded this became less and less perceptible; and in the second act he was irreproachable. Here occur the nocturnal interview with the *spadassin*, characteristically named "Sparafucile;" the duet, "Deh non parlare al misero," where Rigoletto in touching accents opens his heart to Gilda; the trio, with Giovanna, where Rigoletto, in the melodious and lovely phrase, "Veglia o donna," intreats his confidential servant to watch with solicitude over his daughter's welfare; and lastly, the exclamation of despair, "Ah! la maledizione!"—after Rigoletto has himself been made the unwitting agent in the loss of the only thing that attaches him to life and reconciles him to his degrading position. In this, as in the succeeding act, where the bereaved and miserable Jester, in language as pathetic as it is unpersuasive, appeals to the sympathies of the courtiers, who hate him for his biting wit and mock at his distress, Mr. Santley exhibited not only those qualities of voice and style as a singer to which he owes his fame, but a still further advance in the histrionic department of his art, in the paths of which he is advancing with rapid strides. From here to the end our English baritone was equally good, and may be fairly said to have stood his ground against all comers. The Gilda of Mdlle. Ilma di Murska—although that gifted and wayward Hungarian lady is said to have arrived in London from Vienna too late for a rehearsal—was a performance of distinguished merit. Rapid travelling may probably, in a certain sense, agree with Mdlle. di Murska; at all events, we have never heard her voice in fresher condition, or more perfectly at command. Even the "vibrato" (so-called), which is the constitutional defect of its delivery, was far less observable than usual. Mdlle. di Murska sang admirably throughout—and this allowing for a slight misunderstanding in the charming solo air, "Caro nome" (Act 2), where, near the end, the involuntary omission of two bars by the singer, but for the quick ear of Signor Arditi and the singular promptitude of his followers, might have put the orchestra out. As it was, the error was at once rectified, and all went smoothly. Judged from a dramatic point of view, the Gilda of Mdlle. di Murska has never been surpassed in our remembrance. To name but a single instance, the duet with Rigoletto, in the Duke's Palace, where, after her forced abduction, the unhappy daughter is once more restored to the arms of her distracted parent, was a genuine triumph, and the call—both for Mdlle. di Murska and Mr. Santley—at the descent of the curtain, was enthusiastic. The part of that "gay Lothario," the Duke of Mantua (as he is called in Verdi's opera), fell to Signor Mongini, who has often played it in London, but never with more legitimate success than on the occasion under notice. About the superb tenor voice of this gentleman there can hardly be two opinions. He may not always sing with the desired refinement; and, in fact, he very often sins through excess of zeal—so much so as to make us inwardly regret that some musical Talleyrand had not been his adviser. But on Saturday night Signor Mongini was in splendid voice, and unusually self-denying. He was both earnest and effective in the secret interview with Gilda (at the house of Rigoletto), ending with the animated peroration, "Addio, speranza ed anima;" while "La donna e mobile"—that cynical libel against the gentler sex, set to such sympathetically cynical music—he sang with such vocal power and energetic declamation, that, in spite of the unduly prolonged B flat, ushering in the final cadence, he was unanimously called upon to repeat the air—and did so with increased emphasis and effect, holding out the high note this time, if possible, even more persistently than before. The Maddalena was Madame Trebelli-Bettini, the best representative of the character of Sparafucile's decoying sister (not forgetting the late Madame Nantier-Didiée) the London Italian stage has witnessed. No wonder, then, that with four such singers (Mdlle. di Murska and Mr. Santley without, Signor Mongini and Madame Trebelli within, Sparafucile's hovel) the admirably ingenious and thoroughly dramatic quartet of the last scene was given to perfection, encored with unanimity, and the most melodiously attractive part of it—commencing with the Duke's amorous apostrophe to Maddalena ("Bella figlia dell' amore")—repeated. We must not forget to record that the part of Sparafucile was represented by Signor Foli, who, not for the first time, proved his ability to make a good deal out of what would at first sight appear essentially very little. Mdlle. Corsi was the Giovanna; and a Signor Trevers (not Signor Raguer, as had been announced played), Count Monterone—whose malediction directed against Rigoletto is the key-stone of the drama.

Altogether, the performance of Verdi's opera was listened to with unqualified satisfaction. The house was not so full as might have been expected on the first night of a new and important undertaking; but there were causes for this with a discussion of which our readers would not thank us for troubling them.

The opera on Monday was *Lucia di Lammermoor*. That Lucia is one of Mdlle. di Murska's most earnest and admirable assumptions we need not say; when it is added that Signor Mongini was Edgardo, Mr. Santley, Enrico, and Signor Foli, Raimondo, it will be readily understood that the performance was excellent at all points. Happily, it is so familiar, with the present "cast," that further description would be superfluous.

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The other operas performed during the week have been the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, with Madame Monbelli—her first appearance on the London stage—as Rosina (Tuesday), and *Faust*, with Mdlle. Reboux as Marguerite—her first appearance in London since M. Gounod's *Mirella* was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre (Thursday). *Il Flauto Magico* is to be given to-night. Next week we are promised, not only the *Nozze di Figaro*, but two works never before heard on the Italian stage—the *Abou Hassan* of Weber, and the *Oca del Cairo* of Mozart. Of the *Barbiere* and *Faust* we shall speak in our next number.

—o—

QUEEN EUPHROSYNE.

(From the "New York World," April 3.)

My dear Public,—Euphrosyne has given English opera a great deal o English vitality. It is more properly American opera, now that I think of the organisation and success, but the distinction is not a music alone. Now that she is about to visit England for a short period the whole continent will miss her; for there is not a pleasant spot on it that she has not made more pleasant with her voice, and which does not cling to the hope that she will re-appear suddenly, full-throated, to remind men of all the sweet things they cannot comprehend. She has gathered laurels from all sources. Ballad has bowed to her, oratorio has owned her supreme, and opera, German, Italian, and English, has succumbed to her imperious sway. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, she has tied the distances together with melody. Space could not daunt her any more than form. She sang her way over the American deserts and down the golden slope, and left her broad cadences ringing in every American city. No sooner had she taught a hundred New York songsters, half fledged, how to troll a ditty of Claribel's, in Steinway Hall, than we heard of her befriending the Milwaukee Philharmonic. The truth is, she sang anything and anywhere, from "Five o'clock in the morning" till twelve o'clock at night, and then was always as fresh and radiant as an English squire's wife just mounting for a run with the dogs. Nobody ever saw artist so aided and abetted by nature. She wears the secret talisman which defies fatigue and reaction, in, not on, her breast. Consider the Boston Coliseum. There she defied the immensity of space as she had all along defied the limitations of time. Half Boston fell into the belief that the voice had been made for the house and the festival, like the organ and the drum. New York and the rest of the world found out that the house and the festival had been made for the voice, and would have been useless without it. They remembered Tripler Hall and Jenny Lind.

English opera only served to prove anew the sovereignty. Mozart, Weber, Verdi, were in the hollow of her hand. One hour's notice, and she'd sing you Beethoven for your Philharmonic, or Handel for your Harmonic, and go regularly on with her Donizetti and Auber for the rest of the world. It doesn't so much matter that she could not do so well in *Susanna* as in *Reisa*, and was not as good in some things as others had been. The point was that nobody else could have done them all without failing flatly in some. The best point of all is that some of them were done superbly. It isn't necessary in this sketch to paint the sunrises of the whole season; one burst is enough. Take "Ocean, thou mighty monster," which had helped to make *Oberon* and Weber understood before English opera glowed on them. It is not so difficult that other voices have not attempted it. But when did the old monster receive such a regal summons? It was one element questioning another, and the notes had a prolonged clarion call in them as though flung out over echoing billows. Well, yesterday was the last of her for the present. It seems as though somebody, so to speak, had put the shutters up over Fourteenth Street. An injudicious programme—which, by the way, is the chief curse of the Academy—had stated that Madame Parepa-Rosa would make her last appearance at the *matinée*. It rained torrents. But Irving Place was packed full of water-proofs. Now Euphresyne—touching a moment at Pittsburg and Boston, and, mayhap, running down a day to Galveston to keep music alive there—goes to England. But she comes back. Let the musical men of America prepare for her return. If there be any Beethoven festivals to undertake, any coliseums to fill, any operas to bring out, any sacred music societies to be bolstered, let them appeal directly to headquarters, where music has allied itself to enterprise and shaken off the infirmities of human nature.

NYM CRINKLE.

AMSTERDAM.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang, a short time since, a tone of the Concerts du Parc.

LIEGE.—The Municipal Council have decided on the abolition of the poor's-rate levied upon theatrical performances, concerts, etc., after the 1st October next. In order, however, to allow the *Bureau de Bienfésance*, the Board of Guardians, as it may be termed, time to supply the place of the nine thousand francs, of which they have been thus deprived, the Council have voted them a sum of four thousand eight hundred francs out of the funds of the Corporation. This sum is supposed to be about what the *Bureau* would have received during the concluding three months of the present year, supposing the impost had not been abolished before the 1st of January, 1871.

OPERATIC WRITING AT THE PRESENT MOMENT IN RUSSIA.*

THE DEMON:

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS, BY BORIS SCHEEL, FOUNDED ON THE POEM OF THE SAME NAME, BY LERMONTOFF.

In Russia, and more especially in St. Petersburgh, there has sprung up, with modern liberal reforms, a new life that is conducting, with rapid strides, middle-class society to a higher stage of civilization, corresponding to the spirit of the age, which busies itself with art, the mirror of existence, and is preparing the people for new *stadia* of development. It is not by the standard of Western Europe, where the course pursued by history was different, traversing feudalism and its consequences, which was not the case in Russia,—it is not by this standard that Russia and its productions of the moment are to be measured. Russia is not all Europe, and Russia is not all Asia; Russia is a sort of hyphen between two quarters of the globe, between two degrees of civilization. In the society of the civilized nations of Europe, Russia is the youngest member, Germany being the oldest, and most important, the president by seniority. Literature, the mental leader of all political history, was different in Russia to what it was in the rest of Europe; but musical composition is only a *literature of ideas* expressed in musical characters; consequently a different standard to that used in the rest of Europe, a relative standard, must be applied to musical productivity in Russia. Russian literature possesses no house of its own, in which its cradle stands. Russian literature, as represented by Derschawin and Lomonossow, began by imitating the Roman classical writers; it then devoted its attention to the French Academy with its historical models; it is true that it visited Germany, but its visits there did not last so long as those it made to that seductive place, Paris, which always exerted an irresistible spell over Russia. Puschkin's noble mind, which perfectly appreciated the Ideal, was led from Schiller to Byron because realism is more nearly allied to the intellectual life of Russia than idealism, which exists only in the highest stages of civilization. Wherever, in the course of development pursued by the literary spirit in Russia, just as in Puschkin's verse when it possessed artistic value, deep, subjective melancholy was added to the invariably predominating realism, there was a poet, and there was poetry, such as that to which in Germany we are justified in applying a high standard. Puschkin, as yet the greatest celebrity of Russian literature, is no poet in the sense of a creator. Where are the individualities he created? Where the shapes of Shakspere, Goethe, and Schiller?—Like Byron, he is a poet; in *his* language, in the state of civilization in his country, and the exceptional position occupied by that country in Europe, Puschkin is Byron's equal. It is only in his language, only in Russian prosody that Puschkin is creative, not in the domain of ideas. By his side we must place Glinka, hitherto the most celebrated Russian composer. In the first rank after Puschkin stand Lermontoff and Gogel. Lermontoff is a Russian Novalis. *He* is acquainted with the blue and unattainable flower!—Lermontoff is an idealist. He has improved on Puschkin's verse, and is as little of a realist as it is possible for a Russian poet to be. He fell in the first blush of youth in a duel in the Caucasus. His chief work, and the most brilliant proof of his great natural gifts, is his poem, *The Demon*. With Gogel, realism, which is deeply rooted in the Russian mind, again resumed all its former sway. Since then in the most recent poetic efforts, as well as the daily Russian press, which absorbs all intellectual interests, but which is destructive rather than fructifying and creative, realism is the predominating characteristic of the tendency pursued. Realism is presented in Russian musical productivity by Seroff's operas, both crowned with success, *Judith* and *Rogneda*—the realism of Wagner in Germany, the champion of which realism, its profoundly learned cultivator in national Russian, and at the same time independent original music, is M. Alexander Seroff, who may be justly placed side by side with Gogel in what he has done. The mutual relations of the intellect are so intimately connected in the domains of literature and musical composition, that analogies present themselves *naturally*. Before proceeding, however, to consider Seroff's productions as the most important in Russian composition *after* Glinka, if we would judge correctly the idealistic tendency of the latest operatic production, namely, *The Demon*, by Scheel, as opposed to that of realism, we must first cast a retrospective glance on Glinka and others. Before Glinka comes Werstowski. Werstowski was Intendant of the Imperial Theatre at Moscow, an amateur in the simplest sense of the word. It is said that he used to whistle something or other, and that a good chapelmaster, hailing from Germany, used to set or score the melodies thus whistled, and which are by no means deficient in fancy and grace. Werstowski's principal production is *Askold's Grave*, which, before the time of Glinka, brought the Imperial Theatres at

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

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Moscow and St. Petersburgh a clear profit of a million roubles. It has, here and there, and to an extent which is not allowable, points of resemblance with *Der Freischütz*; it is, however, not altogether without merit, though it is wearisome, and more or less an imitation of German models only too well known. It is now forgotten, or cast into the deepest shade by Glinka and Seroff. *Habent sua fata!* To Glinka belongs the merit which will be allowed him in the universal history of opera, of having, in his work, *Life for the Czaar*, written *the only national opera with a political significance.* There is no opera, or, indeed, musical work, generally, representing and reproducing two distinctly different nationalities like this masterpiece, which is no mere ephemeral production, but something advancing in a parallel with the spirit of Russia and of Poland. *Before* the appearance in Paris of the most significant mazurka-literature of that great musical mind, Chopin, Glinka built up upon two mazurka themes, in St. Petersburgh, the charming picture of luxurious Polish Court life, contained in his incomparable ball scene in the Polish camp; while, in the second motive (A flat major), he pourtrayed the tragic result of the Polish invasion of the seventeenth century in Russia. As we are aware, it was Susanin, a peasant, whom the Poles took as their guide, when they wished to snatch the young Czaar from the monastery where he was concealed; we are all aware, too, that it is the Susanin of Glinka's splendid work who leads the Poles into the snow-covered woods of Smolensk, where he is killed, but where the Poles likewise, are destroyed, and the Czaar thus saved. Glinka's mazurka-motive, which depicts with such charm the Polish element; the noble manner in which the style of the Russian national hymn is turned to account for the purpose of representing the Russian element in the opera; and the admirable contrapuntal treatment of the voices, together with the attractive instrumentation and inventive significance of the orchestra in Glinka are something no one else has attained. His second opera, *Russian and Ludmilla*, is so much inferior to the first, that it ought not to be mentioned in the same breath, whatever pains the extreme party may give themselves to place it above the first, just as, incited by mistaken zeal for their national glory, they place Glinka's Epigonus, Dargomischki, on an equality with Glinka, Dargomischki being simply a composer of romances for the piano, who has not raised himself much above this level in his operas, *Esmeralda*, and *Russalka* (*the Witch of the Dnieper*, after Puschkin). Dargomischki was a learned musician, and a well-trained contrapuntist, but an *operatic composer* he was not. In opera *all* styles shake hands; opera demands great invention combined with a mastery over all technical resources. But the last by themselves are a dead letter. We must mention, also, as belonging to Glinka's time, the great violin *virtuoso*, General Lwoff, who composed two operas, *Bianca and Gualtiero* and *Undine*, which are not deficient in structure and patchy workmanship, but are devoid of invention properly so-called. For this reason, they could not keep their place in the repertory, and are now forgotten. Strictly speaking, with some exceptions, Werstowski, Dargomischki, and Lwoff belong to one and the same group, to those who have attempted rather than succeeded in, the production of original Russian opera.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM MADRID.

No. II.

Whatever may be said of Spanish amusements, they cannot be called weak. They may be cruel, abominable, profane—what you like, but weak they are not. With a dramatized version of the New Testament at an exceedingly minor theatre every Friday, and with a bull-fight every Sunday, the good folks of Madrid stalk through Lent vigorously, if not with decorum. The real bull-fighting season does not commence till Easter-day; but while waiting for that great ecclesiastical festival we are recreated with a series of what may be called "Spring Meetings." The great strong bulls are not brought into play, but the principal figures in the sport are young animals, "*Novilles.*" Nor let it be imagined that the young bull is in training. It is a religious duty to kill every bull who enters the arena, and the luckless creatures who acquire fame before Easter Sunday are doomed never to attain their majority. The bull-fight proper I have not yet seen; but the little bull-fights at Madrid are not deficient in strong flavour, perilous to delicate stomachs. You go to the Plaza de Toros, in the immediate vicinity of a triumphal arch, erected to the memory of Charles III., whose name is held in the highest veneration, and after complying with certain pecuniary conditions, you find yourself seated in a vast amphitheatre, compared to which the Agricultural Hall, Islington, is a mere bandbox.

Let me interrupt myself, to describe a curious custom which prevails generally in the Spanish capital. At the amphitheatre devoted to the national sports, and likewise at the theatres, you meet a "loafer" of the pavement, who offers to sell you a ticket. Similar "loafers" appear in Paris, but you are warned against them, whereas the Spanish vagabond is a fair trader. His function is exactly the same as that of the London librarian from whom our nobility or gentry purchase boxes for the Opera. By a bold stretch of imagination, fancy Mr. Mitchell. or Mr. Sams, bustling about the pavement of the Strand, with a blouse upon his back, and you will have a very correct notion of this Spanish institution.

But to proceed to the bull-fight,—that is to say, the bull-fight small. It commences with a combat between the bulls and an assembly of amateurs, attired in the proper combative costume. Professional buffoons, with grotesque Indian dresses, likewise enter the arena, and protect themselves with towers of wicker-work, from which their heads occasionally protrude. When the infuriated bull knocks over one of these towers, and the mimic Indian escapes with difficulty, the exhibition is considered droll and the spectators shout with laughter. Farce, however, is not considered complete in Spain without a spice of tragedy, and the poor preliminary bull is duly killed and dragged off before serious business commences. Let me not omit to state that in this little *lever du rideau* the horns of the bull are covered, and he approaches to the condition of a muzzled dog. The commencement of serious business is marked by the erection of a temporary barricade, which divides the arena into two semicircles. In each of these there is a separate bull-fight. The manager, if cruel to the bull, is humane to his audience, and is determined that every one of them shall have a good view of the sport. Casuists may compare his conduct with that of the old English Puritans, who, according to Lord Macaulay, suppressed bear-baiting on account of the pleasure it afforded to the people, but by no means on account of the sufferings of the bear, who, indeed, was shot, as a source of too much enjoyment.

Well, there are two fights simultaneously in the Plaza de Toros, and in each semicircle two bulls with horns unguarded have to be killed before the afternoon's sport is concluded. While the "toredos" on foot tease the bull by trailing brightly-coloured cloaks under his nose, and evade his wrath by leaping over a palisade, the joke seems innocent enough. When the wielder of the "bandillero" (a bodkin with a large appendage of curled paper) flings his missile into the shoulders of the bull, causing a copious fountain of blood to trickle down the side, the sensation is only that which arises when a well-spurred horse is seen on an English racecourse. At the same time be it observed, that every performer in these said exhibitions continually risks life and limb. To run straight up to an infuriated bull and plant a bodkin in his shoulder is a risky operation, and when it is well performed the artist receives the applause of a judicious public.

All this is a trifle. Things grow solemn from the share taken in it by the performance of the "picadores." It is almost an impertinence to explain that, whereas the other tormentors of the bull are on foot, the picador is a combatant who sits on a wretched horse and pokes the bull with a blunt spear. His duty is to defend, as best he may, his miserable steed, which is duly ripped up by the bull. Now the spectacle of a horse spouting blood from a hole in its side of the size of a five-shilling piece, and trailing its entrails on the ground, as a lady costumed according to the present fashion carries her train, is, to say the least of it, strong. That I may fully colour my picture, let me observe that when a horse is ripped up it by no means denotes his retirement from the scene. His rider (the picador) goes with him round the circus, while he drags along his ghastly appendage, till at last he falls exhausted and dies. Sometimes the horse is killed at once, and great amusement arises when the bull, while ripping him up with his horns, causes him to roll on his rider, and thus leads the spectator to expect that a human as well as an equine life may be sacrificed. But I don't think the danger is quite so great as it looks. The men with the cloaks are always at hand to draw off the bull from its immediate object of attack, and the picador is easily extricated.

Notwithstanding all this brutality, the respect of the Spaniards for the dead merits mention. The bull, when he has completed his work of destruction, is coolly killed by a man with a sword, whom, perhaps, you will call a "matador," though I am told the expression is rather "verdant;" he ought to be called the man with the *espada* (sword). With a red cloak in his hand he advances to the bull and sticks his sword, not as I had been told between the horns, but at a considerable distance along the back. Death does not immediately ensue. The bull walks about with the intrusive sword and ultimately falls. Three mules with tinkling bells then enter the ring and drag off first the eviscerated horses and lastly the bull.

But now comes the oddest part of the entertainment. Four bulls, in addition to the preliminary bull, having been duly slaughtered, some extra bulls, not to be killed, are introduced into the arena for the amusement of Spanish youth. "Train up a child in the way it should go," said Solomon; the merry boys teaze the bulls in every possible fashion, after the precedent of the professional "toredos," and if they are not killed it is not their fault. A strange play with life, brutal and human, is this rough sport. Is it that life is less valuable in Spain than elsewhere, and that we are thrust back to old Calderon de la Barca, who says:—

"La vida es un sueno
Ylos suenos suenos son!"

Madrid, April 6. N. D.

BONN.—The first stone of the new Beethoven Hall, in the Viereckplatz, was laid on the 2nd inst.

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BACH'S *PASSION MUSIC.**

The St. John Passion.

e. THE ARIAS.

We now turn to the Arias, which claim no small part of our attention in this work. To the ruling taste of our times they appeal but partially, although we meet in them all the excellencies of Bach's way of composition in rich measure: strictly characteristic melody; earnest declamation, closely following the sound and meaning of the words; harmonic and contrapuntal mastery in the conduct of the accompanying instruments. But the composer's earnestness and the serious destination of these pieces allowed of no concession to the sensuous apprehension of the general public. If in our altered circumstances the judgment of the public is influenced not so much by religious edification, as by the artistic and æsthetic side of such works, then our standpoint is a different one from that which Bach presupposed. A concert audience can follow the flight of the great master in his dramatic treatment of the choruses and recitative; but it is only exceptionally that it will be in a condition to sink into these depths of Christian contemplation, out of which he drew the fountain of his music in the Arias.

How much more must it be so where, as in this case, the purport of the words is purely dogmatical, containing little that is exciting in itself, while at the same time the breadth of the musical treatment tends to lessen the interest of the hearer, who is not able to give himself up to it entirely and follow it with all his faculty of feeling and of apprehension!

Accordingly the alto Aria, "*Von den Stricken meiner Sünden*" (D minor, 3-4, with accompaniment of two oboes and *Basso continuo*), as well as the soprano air, "*Ich folge dir*," &c. (B-flat major, 3-8), in which the flute part, *concertante* with the voice, accompanied only by the bass, depicts the joyful course of a serene soul purely at one with itself,—will on the whole find little recognition. The same may be presumed of the alto air with quartet accompaniment, "*Ach, mein Sinn*" (F-sharp minor, 3-4), as well as of the tenor air, treated with most wonderful figuration in the accompanying instruments (2 violins d'amour and bass): "*Erwage, wie sein blutgefarbter Rücken*" ("See how His blood-stained back") which in fact with its long-spun *melismatic* turns lies far remote from present ways of feeling and perception.

This will be less the case with the bass Aria, "*Eilt, ihr angefochtnen Seelen*" (G minor, 3-8), whose rapid movement hurrying to an appointed goal, four times interrupted by the anxious, eager question of the chorus, "Whither? whither?" rests in the brief reply, "Toward Golgotha" and "to the mount of Crucifixion," only to renew its exhortation that we follow in the footsteps of the Lord.

The composition rises still more in the alto air, "*Es ist vollbracht*" ("It is finished"), which soars more freely even in the text. Accompanied by the *viola di gamba* in expressive and melodious solo, it utters in a short strain, breathing deepest sorrow, the last word of the Lord before His departure; then, in the flaming-up of the victorious announcement ("The hero of Juda conquers with might"), it represents the triumph of the Divine Word over death and hell, until the jubilation is again made dumb before the repetition of the mournful words, "It is finished," and relapses into the first lament.

This Aria is followed by the words of the Evangelist: "And He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost." Upon this immediately comes in the bass (D major, 4-4) with the expressively melodious song, accompanied only by the organ and the basses, "*Mein theurer Heiland, lass dich fragen*" (Dearest Saviour, we would ask Thee), which is interpreted, with deeply searching effect, by the Chorale which has been repeatedly employed already: before the denial of Peter in the first part, as well as after the Lord's words: "Lo! this is Thy mother." The simplicity of the orchestral treatment and the melodious rhythm of the song contrast in a wonderfully peculiar manner with the earnest harmony of the Chorale, out of which dark, deep background the Aria stands forth in radiant relief. It is the glorification of the Lord that here shines forth upon the world out of the solemn moment of death, and finds its open recognition through the Chorale of the praying congregation, through the Christian Church.

With the introductory chorus began the struggle and the suffering. Here we find the victory, not as in the preceding Aria, still under the suffocating burden of the cross, but in the freedom of its grandeur and its exaltation.

A short *Arioso* for the tenor (in the *St. Matthew Passion* Bach marks these little sentences as recitative) leads to the last Aria. This *Arioso*, in which you feel the agitation of nature after the departure of the Lord still vibrating, is one of the most beautiful pieces of the work. Under the prolonged high tones of two flutes and two *oboi di caccia* the string quartet moves tremulous in the after-murmur of the storm, while the tenor in expressive recitation sings the beautiful words assigned to him.

And in tender, tearful melody, introduced and followed by flutes and *oboi di caccia*, partly in concerted, partly in united song, the soprano answers him (C minor, 3-8): "*Zerfliesse, mein Herze, in Fluthen der Zähren*" ("Melt, my heart, in floods of tears").

The earthly sorrow for the Son of God, whose majesty and greatness, whose world-redeeming significance His death and wondrous signs have first implanted deeply in the soul, flows forth in the tones of this Aria, which is one of the noblest and most deep-felt that Bach ever wrote. Formed as if out of a single thought, and yet presenting this in every conceivable variation, it conducts the hearer to the Cross, upon which the body of the Redeemer hangs, no object of terror, but of the deepest grief, pouring itself forth at His feet in streams of tears.

And so we stand just before the end of a work, which, however much we may admire the astounding grandeur of the *Matthew Passion*, excites not less our deepest sympathy and veneration for its great creator.

f. THE CHORALES.

Before we pass to the very close, we have yet to turn our attention to that series of masterworks which Bach has incorporated into the *Passion Music* under the name of Chorales.

The destination of these Chorales has already been pointed out. They were to keep the whole work true to the Christian ground-tone which the Divine service of the day (Good Friday) above all required. They were also to serve to bring the listening congregation into active participation in the service, to make them part and parcel of the action and the pious meditations based upon it. For the Christian Church song belongs to the religious *cultus* as an artistic element. Where this element is taken up by the whole congregation, it expresses itself in the Chorale, as the universal basis of the Divine service. This appears more in the Passions, than in the Cantatas of Bach as a pervading thought.

This is not the place to justify the way in which the great composer has set his Chorales just as we find them here. As they are, they are in their appropriate place. They are masterworks of a peculiar kind; and by their expressive treatment, entering so fully into the character of the situation, they produce the most striking effect.

The very first Chorale, "O boundless Love," which follows close upon the repetition of the Chorus, "Jesus of Nazareth," is set in such a way that every word calls out the noblest feeling. How incomparably beautiful is the conduct of the voices at the words, "*dieser Marterstrasse*" ("this street of martyrdom")! What a deep feeling finds expression in the concluding strophe, "And Thou must suffer!" We find again the same pre-eminence, we might say the same predilection, in the treatment of every one of the Chorales which are incorporated into this beautiful work. When, after Christ says: "If I have spoken well, why smitest thou Me?" the Chorale, "Who could so rudely smite Thee?" sets in in the full harmony of its tenderly melodious measure; or when, after the words, "My kingdom is not of this world," rises the firm and solid strain, "Ah mighty King, through all the ages great," with its wonderfully moving bass; when the Chorale, breathing steadfast faith in deepest grief, begins:—

"Within my heart deep dwelleth
Thy name and cross alone,"

and dies away so mournfully: "For thou hast bled to death,"—the impression universally will be a powerfully great, an elevating and consoling one. But everywhere, too, is the expression of the words and of the situation mirrored in these Chorales with a fidelity, a lofty, tranquil grandeur, which continually reminds us that it all belongs to a Divine service in the Church, in which we too are permitted to take part.

We might in this connection call attention to one Chorale, just before the closing chorus which completes the picture of the sufferings of Christ, "*O hilf, Christe, Gottes Sohn.*" What a depth of sorrowfulness, what steadfast trust and confidence speak from this harmonious master-work! The words, "*durch dein bittres Leiden,*" and again, "*All Untugend meiden,*" finally the two concluding stanzas lift this little composition to a grandeur and an elevation that place it by the side of the first masterpieces ever yet created.

In the *Matthew Passion*, prominent significance is attached to the Chorale, "*O Haupt, voll Blut und Wunden*" ("O Head, all bruised and wounded"), which recurs several times in the course of the work. So here the Passion Song, "Jesu's sorrows, pain, and death," is introduced by Bach in three particularly conspicuous places: first, after the denial of Peter; secondly, after the words which Christ upon the cross addresses to His mother; and for the third time, after the words, "It is finished."

Here too,—apart from the inner reasons which Bach had for such repetition of the same choral melody, we see how paramount an end

* From the German of C. H. Bitter.

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it was with him, and how earnestly he strove for it, to secure the character of unity to the impression made by the whole work.

g. THE CONCLUDING CHORUS.

And so we enter the profound mood of the wonderful concluding chorus, "Rest, ye weary sacred limbs!" Tranquil sorrow trust in the redemption; steadfast faith, speak out of this clear-stamped melody and deep-felt harmony. We stand at the grave of the Lord. The body, wound in linen clothes with spices, is lowered into it. The friends and disciples who have followed Him thither, cast one last look of love upon the dead outward form, in which the Divine Prophet had so long lived among them and taught them, in which He had even now endured the last fearful agony before them. Like prayers for blessings on Him, the tones of the pious song descends. And when the grave is closed, then there resounds, before the crowd have parted, in firm and solid harmony, the Chorale:—

"Ach Herr, lass dein lieb Engelein
Am letzten End die Seele mein
In Abrahams Schoos tragen,"

till the tones die away with the words:—

"Herr Jesu Christ, erhöre mich,
Ich will dich preisen ewiglich."

The friends and disciples leave the grave. We too go with them. Consoled, uplifted, full of new strength of faith, we retire from a place where the Gospel and Christ's offering for man have been taught us in the noblest manner, interwoven with the loveliest flowers of Art. We have taken part in His sorrows, and feel ourselves purified thereby, brought nearer to the Lord whom we revere.

Such is the form and outline of the work of the great master, which we have sought to expound, both as a whole and in its several parts.

Only a man of the great reach and power of Bach could have resolved to go beyond the lofty grandeur of this work, and create one even greater, even more complete and perfect. His gigantic mind shrank not from a task like that which he had set to himself in the *St. Matthew Passion.*

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

BACH'S PASSION MUSIC.

The *Athenæum* takes a very practical view of this work, and says:—

"The directors of the Oratorio Concerts resolved to perform Bach's *Matthäus-Passions-Musik* each season, before the actual revival of that work in Exeter Hall on Wednesday week. We can hardly suppose that their resolution has been in any way shaken. Bach's music was heard with curiosity, received with favour, and, together with the performance, much belauded by the daily press. Nevertheless, we doubt the success of any attempt to resurrectionize the work. Looking at the *Passion* apart from the change which has come over music and musical taste since Bach's day, we are quite ready to grant that it ought ever to remain in high favour. But so to look would be very unpractical, if not absurd. Within the last 140 years, the canons of composition and of taste have greatly altered—whether for better or worse we do not say—and the result has been to leave Bach's work high and dry among the curiosities of a past epoch. We admire it, but with no more idea of adopting it than of wearing chain armour. It may strongly be questioned, therefore, whether the success of Mr. Barnby's revival was other than the result of gratified curiosity. Yet more strongly may we doubt whether, after curiosity has been fully gratified, anything like success could be attained. From a modern point of view, the music is antiquated, however scholastic, ingenious, and masterly. The present generation seeks a sign—the sign of sensation; and cares no more for Bach's scholasticism than the admirers of Mr. Thomas Carlyle's English do for the stilted phrases of the Elizabethan euphuists. If, however, we dissociate ourselves from present tastes, and look at Bach's *Passion* as might a devout Lutheran of the period (or even as might one of the period neither devout nor Lutheran), we see at a glance the great merit of the work. It stands out from among things of its kind as Bach himself stands out from among the musicians of his day. But this will not make it popular. That cannot be done, because music is not subject to capricious changes of fashion. We may go back to the trunk-hose and slashed doublets of our ancestors, but we are not likely to revive a taste for what they thought the perfection of Art. Mr. Barnby deserves great credit for the excellence of the performance he directed. His choir had been admirably drilled, and his soloists—Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas—were fully equal to their unfamiliar and arduous work. So far all was well; our only doubt is as to what lies beyond; especially as to what the audience will think of the *Passion* after hearing a Passion-week *Messiah.* T. E."

HERR JOACHIM'S "HUNGARIAN CONCERTO."

With reference to this work the *Athenæum* says:—

"The second Philharmonic Concert was made noteworthy by a remarkable performance of Herr Joachim's 'Hungarian' Concerto. This concerto is, in some respects, unique. It may claim to be, for example, the perfected work for the violin of the greatest violinist of his age. Herr Joachim laboured at it with zeal and patience; even going so far as to reconstruct the whole, adding where additions seemed necessary, and writing an entirely new score. He thus presented a deliberately-formed notion of what a great work for the violin should be. We fear Herr Joachim made a too favourable estimate of the average capacity of first-class violinists. If not, then he did worse, and wrote with a single eye to his own exceptional powers. A good deal of the concerto is beyond everybody but the composer. It crowds difficulty upon difficulty, till at last there are so many that the listener wearies in his appreciation. To this extent Herr Joachim's work is an impracticable thing. Like the battle-axe of Cœur-de-Lion, it must lie idle save when the owner is at hand to use it. But the concerto is unique on account of its national character; the themes being modelled upon Hungarian airs, and the whole constructed 'in Ungarischer Weise.' To judge of this requires special knowledge; the result, however, is appreciable by all. A very striking and interesting result it is; not the least noticeable feature being the skill with which great peculiarities in melodic structure are connected with classical form and treatment. Looking at the concerto apart from its difficulty and its pretensions to nationality, we see a good deal that is admirable. The subjects are pleasing—those of the slow movement especially; the orchestra is often happily used; and the plan of the work shows, in many places, successful thought. On the other hand, much appears to be sacrificed in favour of mere display, and this leads to undue extension, which, in turn, leads to weariness. If Herr Joachim would improve his concerto more than he has hitherto done, he must cut it down with a free hand, and remove difficulties which are purposeless, as well as, to the vast majority, inappreciable. The performance generally was excellent; that of the solo astonishing. Herr Joachim never more thoroughly satisfied those who believe him to be the king of fiddlers."

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The last concert of the series took place on Saturday, and had the following as a programme:—

Overture, "Manfred"	Schumann.
Aria, "Mi Tradi" (*Don Giovanni*)—Madame Lemmens ...	Mozart.
Symphony, "The Pastoral"	Beethoven.
Air, "In native worth" (*Creation*)—Mr. Nelson Varley ...	Haydn.
Song, "The Village Chimes"—Madame Lemmens	Sullivan.
Prelude, "Lohengrin"	Wagner.
Duet, "Ye gay and painted fair" (*Seasons*)—Madame Lemmens and Mr. Nelson Varley	Haydn.
Cantata, "May-day"—Madame Lemmens and the Crystal Palace Choir	Macfarren.
Overture, "Zampa"	Herold.

Schumann's overture, the power of which can hardly be denied even by those who most question the composer's genius, has often been heard at these concerts. Seldom, however, has it been received with the coldness manifested by Saturday's audience, a coldness we must attribute to a performance by no means up to the mark, because both coarse and ragged. The ever-welcome "Pastoral Symphony" fared better, each movement being capitally played and much applauded. Its performance, in short, was worthy the reputation of the Crystal Palace orchestra. We spoke of the *Lohengrin* prelude when it was given last year, at a Philharmonic concert, and are now, inclined to repeat what was said then. The music does not deserve more than the smallest expenditure of time and trouble. As to the audience, they thought it deserving only of the smallest applause. As to the analyst, he pronounced it a "study of orchestral effect," displaying "a high and unquestionable power of imagination." So it may be, and yet be worthless; for there are studies and studies, and imagination and imaginations. Mr. Macfarren's cantata was fairly well given. As usual, "The Hunt's Up" had to be repeated. The *Zampa* overture ended the concert brilliantly. Madame Sherrington did not act fairly to Mr. Sullivan's ballad by introducing it on such an occasion. Mr. Nelson Varley sang his song in a style much better than we could have expected. He is evidently learning fast how to use a capital voice to good purpose. T. E.

GOOD FRIDAY CONCERTS.

At the Crystal Palace on Good Friday the concert consisted of a selection of sacred music, in which Madame Rudersdorff sang the "Inflammatus" and "Let the bright Seraphim;" Mr. Vernon Rigby, "Then shall the righteous," and "Sound an alarm." Madame Carola, Mr. Aynsley Cook, Madame Florence-Lancia, Mr. T. Harper, and Signor Urio also took part in the concert. The other attractions of the Palace found many admirers. The day being delightfully fine brought together 47,547 visitors.—At the Standard Theatre the *Messiah* was given with success, at least so far as everybody being pleased. The theatre was very fully attended, and Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Drasdil, Messrs. A. Cooke and Wells were at times well received.—

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The Britannia produced the *Creation*, with Messrs. V. Rigby, Lewis Thomas, and Mdlle. Carola in the principal parts, Mr. Kingsbury conducted. The house was well attended.—At the Holborn Amphitheatre the *Stabat Mater*, selections from *Eli*, the *Messiah*, and *Naaman*, with the prayer in *Masaniello*, were exceedingly well rendered, the principal vocalists being Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. O. Christian, and Miss Palmer. Mr. Weist Hill conducted.—Mr. E. Strange's concert at the Grecian was fairly supported. Miss Blanche Cole was the principal singer, and gave "Let the bright Seraphim," "Rejoice greatly," and "With verdure clad." Miss Woodcroft, Miss Enriques, and Mr. E. Lloyd were the other singers.—Concerts, morning and evening, took place at St. James's Hall.

FOUR CRYSTAL PALACE SYMPHONIES.

The last four concerts presented as many symphonies, each remarkable in its way. Between two of them a certain analogy exists; the others stand alone, while differing from the former in the sense that "pure" music differs from music with a "programme." The analogy to which we refer is based on the fact that both Hiller's symphony in E minor and Beethoven's "Pastoral" are avowedly illustrations of natural phenomena. Beethoven's work need not detain us save to point out, once more, what "G." properly calls the "true principles" of programme music—principles Beethoven himself defined, in the heading of his great symphony, as "rather the record of impressions than the actual representation of facts." We are glad to read in "G.'s" analysis that this is "a canon which fixes for ever" what programme music ought to be. At the same time we would remind him how certain modern composers have ignored its limits, and have carried into orchestral music the literalness of "The Battle of Prague." We would remind him, also, that the tendency of modern composition is to the extreme against which Beethoven carefully guarded himself, and that the professors of this heresy are sometimes honoured in the Crystal Palace programmes. One other point in connection with this matter deserves notice. "G." speaks of Mendelssohn's "Italian" and "Scotch" symphonies, and of his overtures to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Fingal's Cave* as "programme music." The term, though allowable when used as "G." uses it, in the Beethoven sense, may convey a false idea, because it is now associated with music which aims at portraying a series of occurrences. That Mendelssohn's works do nothing of this kind, we need not assert. It is necessary, therefore, to hit upon some new term wherewith to describe compositions which occupy a position midway between "pure" and "programme music." How if we were to call them "impression music?" The term would have the high authority already quoted, and at least, would save glorious productions from the chance of confusion with others which are not glorious. Mr. Manns undertook the analysis of Herr Hiller's symphony, and built a fanciful structure upon the basis of the composer's motto—"Es muss doch Frühling werden." We are by no means disposed to quarrel with him for so doing, since the motto directly invited his labour. Herr Hiller's superscription is either a key to the meaning of the music, or it is not; if not, then the superscription itself is meaningless and absurd. Mr. Manns, however, gave rather too great latitude of interpretation. He remarked, "We anticipate a poetical musical illustration of a combat between Winter and Spring—the Winter and Spring of nature or of the human heart, or of the life of great nations—a struggle for civilization and liberty." Apart from a consideration of the character of the work, we doubt if Herr Hiller intended his motto to bear so wide an application. The chances, at least, are in favour of a reference to the Spring of nature, because each of a dozen obvious sentences would otherwise have served equally as well, if not better, than the one chosen. To this conclusion Mr. Manns evidently came, for he interpreted each movement as a phase in the triumphant advance of the most delightful of seasons. It would answer no purpose to notice his remarks in detail. They are but the expression of individual feeling upon a matter connected with which there is no authoritative standard, and variance about which is, therefore, perfectly allowable. As regards the merit of Herr Hiller's symphony there can hardly be very diverse opinions. It is charming from first to last. It displays, in union with elegance of style, masterly treatment and classical form—qualities unhappily rare in present-day German music. Herr Hiller's work so far harmonizes with the position he occupies among his compatriots. It might be said of him, as of Abdiel:—

> "Among the faithless, faithful only he;
> Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified."

Whatever future lies before German music, this is certain—that true art will have a witness in Ferdinand Hiller while life remains to him.

The third symphony (second in order of performance, as Beethoven's "Pastoral" was fourth) occupied, when previously given, much of our attention. We have nothing to unsay or to change as regards Schumann's symphony in E flat—the so-called "Rhenish." The faults of this work are mainly concentrated in the fourth and fifth movements, the first of which is obscure and shares the ugliness of the second. On the other hand, the first three movements claim from us almost unqualified admiration. Not to go a second time into details, we will mention briefly that these movements are entitled to rank among the best of their kind, by whomsoever written. Mr. Manns very properly refrained from any attempt to fit Schumann's music with a programme. Apart from a superscription to the "Religioso," and a general remark of a vague character bearing upon the other movements Schumann gave no authority for taking his work out of the category of "pure" music; where, by-the-bye, its admirers may very contentedly leave it.

We come now to the fourth symphony, and do so with pleasure, because it is the work of a young Englishman who bids fair to honour English music. When Mr. F. H. Cowen's symphony in C minor was brought out at St. James's Hall last December, its great merit was promptly recognized, as were, also, the faults natural to, if not inseparable from, a first effort. The young composer lost no time in profiting by the suggestions of experience; and at the Crystal Palace he was ready with a work largely amended; and having an entirely new *finale*. We recognize the spirit in which the alterations have been made not less than we do their value, which is sufficient to claim for Mr. Cowen's symphony the regard proper to a great thing worthily achieved. The work opens with a short *Largo*, constructed on a two-bar phrase given out by bass strings in unison. Thus early, indications present themselves (among others a free use of scale passages for the strings) of Mr. Cowen's sympathy with Beethoven. The *Largo* ends quietly on the dominant, and leads to an *Allegro di molto quasi presto* which starts with the unison already mentioned. This, however, is only by way of exordium, for soon the flute expands the subject into one of four bars, and introduces it as the first theme of the movement. Subsidiary matter, in the form of a vigorous *tutti*, leads to the second subject in G major, which is as notable for grace and beauty as for the charming method of its scoring. An expansion of the original theme ends the first part of the movement. Throughout the second part we are reminded of Beethoven by the bold and assured handling of the orchestra, by the free march of the basses, and by comparatively small devices like an occasional pause. A well-worked *coda* stops abruptly on the dominant, that the *largo* may be resumed for eight bars; after which the movement comes to a speedy end. The themes of the *scherzo* (in G major) are piquant, without any leaning towards eccentricity. Moreover, they are tuneful and pleasing. Putting all which things together, some might urge that Mr. Cowen has acted upon the proper idea of a *scherzo*—that is to say, he is sufficiently light and frolicsome, without indulging in contortions. A placid trio (in E major) distinguished by clever use of syncopation, varies the *scherzo* agreeably. The *allegretto* (in G major) reminds us of Schubert, alike by its character and scoring. In the sentimental expression of its themes, and still more in their peculiar division among the various instruments, the influence of that great genius can be detected. Beyond this there is nothing in the movement Mr. Cowen may not claim as original; while, in all respects, it is highly imaginative and beautiful. The opening of the *finale* shows Mr. Cowen in a humorous mood. He makes the first violins give out a theme to which the seconds answer with another, followed in turn by the violas. This little bit of counterpoint prepares the listener for a fugue, only to deceive him. As though repenting of his first purpose, but not disposed to waste what he has written, the composer hurries on to a *tutti*, for which the abortive fugue supplies materials. In right spirited fashion are those materials worked, till the entrance of a melodious second subject, mainly divided among the wind instruments, and accompanied by what we may call a figured dominant pedal for a portion of the strings. With these themes and their episodes Mr. Cowen has constructed a movement which ends his symphony in a manner worthy of what has gone before. We have spoken of the work at length because it is such as we have said, and because its composer is one whose efforts deserve all the encouragement it is possible to give them.

P. M. G.

WEIMAR.—The Abbate Franz Liszt is here at present. He intends making a long visit.

BADEN.—Herr Johann Strauss, the well-known waltz-composer, has signed an agreement with the Administration to give a series of twelve concerts. They will take place in August.

BRUSSELS.—We like the inhabitants of this capital extremely; they are a jolly, hospitable, contented, set of people, but our partiality must not make us blind to their defects. In fact, as sincere friends of theirs, we feel bound, if they do anything wrong or stupid, to warn them of the fact. Well—they are going frantic about *Lohengrin*, of which three performances have absolutely been given in one week. We say no more, save—*Verbum sap!*

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MUSIC IN BERLIN.

"*Veni; Vidi*"—"*Why sigh?*" you might add, if you happened to be a burlesque writer, and were sitting near me as I pen the opening words of this letter. "Why sigh?" You would sigh, too, in my position. After a long absence from this capital, I return to resume those communications which, I flatter myself, were so welcome in your columns, and the first production I am called upon to notice is Herr Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, brought out at the Royal Operahouse on the 1st of April, a date, by the way, extremely applicable to the fools who rave about the Music of the Future, and not altogether *in*applicable to those managers who pander to the ravings of the fools aforesaid, sacrificing the voices and time of their artists, besides lavishing the pecuniary resources of the establishments under their direction, in getting up such trash. Do you think that people are sincere when they say they admire Herr R. Wagner's music? If you do, I do not. What Ido think, however, is that a great many Germans—mind I do not say all—allow their patriotism to obtain the mastery over their common sense, and cannot "abide the notion," as Mrs. Gamp might express it, of not having some musical genius, some great composer, to continue the long line of those giants of the art: Haydn, Mozart, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, *cum multiis aliis*, who have shed such splendour upon their Fatherland. Having no one else, and being very good-natured, easy-going folk, constantly assured—by Herr Wagner himself—that the author-composer of *Lohengrin* possesses the *divinus afflatus* to an eminent degree, they indulge in the absurd enthusiasm for the gentleman, which renders them objects of pity—tinctured with a dash of contempt—to the innumerable lovers of true art, both among their own countrymen and foreigners. Will this madness, this infatuation, last? Most certainly not. It is an ephemeral whim, a passing caprice, and the Music of the Future will as surely soon be a thing of the Past as bicycles, and chignons, Grecian bends, and Ethiopian melodists.

"On revient toujours
'A ses premières amours;"

ere long, the misguided individuals will see the error of their ways, and feel heartily ashamed that, justified as they are in boasting that Germany has given birth to some of the most stupendous musicians the world ever knew, they were contented to worship so long at the shrine of one whom they now designate a Prophet, but whom every man with a spark of feeling for the Beautiful cannot hesitate, a single moment, in designating a false Prophet.

I do not suppose any work ever brought out at the Royal Operahouse had been more carefully prepared than *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. All the resources of the vast establishment had been applied, for months past, to the task. As for the number of rehearsals, their name was legion. There were four-and twenty with full band! In fact, they were so numerous, and taxed so severely the powers of all concerned, that, on several occasions, the usual evening performance could not take place, a circumstance highly gratifying, doubtless, to the managers of the other theatres, whose treasuries benefited by it, but not quite so pleasing to those foreigners or provincials who might have been desirous of visiting the far-famed Berlin Operahouse and found it closed, as tight as the Money Market during a panic, on the only evening they were here. For months, the scene-painters, the costumiers, the machinists, the—in a word: the everybody, had been employed early and late on this offspring of Herr R. Wagner's Muse, or rather Muses, for he is on as good terms with Melpomene and Thalia as with Euterpe, till they must have thought of nothing but *Die Meistersinger* all day, and dreamt of nothing else all night—till their whole existence must have been as fully flavoured with Wagnerian mus— well, yes, I suppose I must call it so—with Wagnerian music; Wagnerian poe— well, I suppose, etc.—Wagnerian poetry, and Wagnerian hum— no! I can *not* style it humour—with Wagnerian attempts at fun and comicality, as Spanish cookery is with garlic. Even the most fanatic lunat—no, I mean Wagnerite, will never have the face to assert that, supposing *Die Meistersinger* should fail to become a stock opera here—a contingency I humbly consider as by no means beyond the bounds of probability—the non-success of the work is attributable to any want of exertion on the part of the management to ensure for it a triumph.

Is it necessary—indeed is it not slightly superfluous—to say that the musical public was in a state of great excitement, and that the vast Operahouse presented on the night of the first instant a most animated scene? Every place was occupied, and every class represented. Literary men jostled grave jurists; red-hot Wagnerites were elbowed by their Master's peculiar pets: individuals whose swarthy complexions and unmistakably curved noses—not Roman noses—proclaimed them members of the Israelitish persuasion; and musicians, old-fashioned and stupid enough to believe still in Mendelssohn and Bach, stumbled, in their eagerness to reach their seats, over the clanking sabres of local military Dundrearys of the "Yarde" (martial swell Berlinese dialect for "Garde"). And then the ladies! How they forced their way through the swaying crowd, as though dresses could never be spoilt by crushing; how—though living in days when they attach so much importance to capillary attraction, that they must fancy their beauty depends altogether on their tresses, just as Sampson's strength depended on his—they dashed fearlessly into the human Maelstrom, as though back hair could never be rudely torn, by some untoward wrench, from the head of its fair owner.

At length, Herr Eckert, the conductor, made his appearance in the orchestra, and shortly afterwards, looking round to see that the instrumental army under his command were ready, gave the signal, and the opera began. The following was the cast:—Eva, Mdme. Mallinger; Magdalena, Mdlle. Brandt; Stolzing, Herr Niemann; Hans Sachs, Herr Betz; Pogner, Herr Fricke; Kothner, Herr Krause; the Schusterlehrling, Herr Krüger; and Beckmesser, Herr Basse—poor Herr Basse!

And what was the result of all the exertions, of all the labour, of all the expenditure lavished upon *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg?* There was *some* applause, which Herr R. Wagner's admirers, strengthening their mental vision with a microscope, equal in power to that which, at the Polytechnic, so disagreeably initiates the spectator into the mysteries of a drop of water, or the structure of the domestic flea—there was, I repeat, some applause, which Herr R. Wagner's admirers will doubtless magnify into a triumph. But—but—but "*un fior non fa ghirlanda*," and the laurels Herr R. Wagner reaped on the 1st inst., are certainly not plentiful enough to weave him a wreath sufficient to obviate the necessity of his purchasing a *toupet*, supposing him to be bald, and, like Cæsar, desirous of concealing his baldness. The first act went pretty well, I must confess, and Herr Niemann (Stolzing), besides being encored in the last verse of his song, was called on at the end of the act. In the second act, however, it was apparent that the audience were getting rather bored, and they did not receive the interminable dialogue with the same gusto with which the author-composer, who, we know, entertains his own views of comic writing, penned it. At length, they could stand it no longer, and broke out into a nice tumult, laughing, hissing, coughing, and stamping. This increased rather than diminished during the notorious cudgelling scene, often described in your columns, a scene which is of course highly symbolical of something or other in the eyes of the initiated, but which, in the opinion of the *profanum vulgus*, of whom I am one, appears more fitted for a travelling circus, or "the spill and pelt" scene in an English pantomime, than for the boards of a national art-institute like the Royal Operahouse, Berlin. The curtain fell at the conclusion of this act amid tremendous uproar. Herr Niemann was again greatly, and deservedly, applauded in the third act, but even his admirable performance could not compensate for the dreary monotony of the piece, and, long before the final fall of the curtain, which happened at half-past ten, a great number of persons had left the house. "In for a penny, in for a pound" being my motto—or one of my mottoes—I stopped to the end. Like an enthusiastic fox-hunter, I determined to be in at the death, in case the piece should not survive the first performance—or that some of the artists should not. When the last note had been played, there was a call for the latter, and, certainly, if ever artists deserved a call they did. To say they worked like niggers would be giving a very feeble idea of the way in which they exerted themselves; they worked very *un*-like niggers, who are about as lazy a race as any in existence. The orchestra played magnificently; the chorus never exhibited more zeal and correctness—was never less "chorussy"; the *mise-en-scène* was admirable, and reflected great credit upon the stage-manager, Herr Hein; the scenery and dresses were excellent, and, in fact, the performance possessed all the elements of an immense operatic victory, except two—rather important elements, though—namely: good music and good words. And so much, at present, for *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

I intended to have forwarded a short account of the changes that have taken place in the *personnel* of the Operahouse since I last addressed you, and, also, to describe what is going on generally in musical circles; but my letter is already so long that, with your permission, I will defer the execution of my intention till next week, or the week after. Meanwhile, allow me to say, as sincerely as ever,

VALE.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Medea," scena ed aria per soprano, by Alberto Randegger; "Take this Forget-me-Not," song, by Adolph Gollmick.
CHAPPELL & Co.—"By the way of the Sea," ballad, by R. Sloman, Mus. Doc.
CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN.—"The History of the Pianoforte," by Edgar Brinsmead.
LAMBORN COCK & Co.—"My Dream," song, by Josephine Williams (R.A.M.)
DUFF & STEWART.—Six Pieces for the Pianoforte, by Johannes Winkelhaus.
ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"Sydney Smith's Method for the Pianoforte;" "I'll twine for thee a wreath of flowers," ballad, by Robert Hilton.
SHEPHERD.—"Philomel Waltz," by G. Richardson.

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DEATH.

On April 14th, at Ealing, SUSANNAH, wife of JOHN COOPER, Esq., aged 74, sincerely regretted by many friends.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD *subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expedience may suggest.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL PROGRAMME.

WE owe it to the importance of the Festival to be held this year in the "hardware capital" (so-called) to give the programme, recently made known, all the attention in our power. We have published it once, and we do so again, by way of text to a brief commentary. The scheme is as follows :—

"Tuesday, the 30th of August:—Morning, Mendelssohn's *Elijah;* evening, a new cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*, by J. F. Barnett, and a miscellaneous selection. Wednesday: Morning, Costa's *Naaman;* evening, a miscellaneous selection, comprising a new instrumental work by Mr. A. S. Sullivan. Thursday, 1st of September:—Morning, Handel's *Messiah;* evening, a new cantata, *Nala and Damayanti*, by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, and a miscellaneous selection. Friday:—Morning, a new oratorio, *St. Peter*, by Mr. Benedict; and Mozart's *Requiem;* evening, Handel's *Samson*.

"Probably," says the *Daily Post*, which paper we quote because we agree with it:—

"the first impression produced by a perusal of this copious catalogue is one of surprise at the exceeding familiarity of its leading features. The four largest and best-known works, *Elijah, Messiah, Samson*, and *Naaman*, occupy so much of the ground, that little or no room seems to be left for novelty; and that room, we are prone to think, is not always apportioned to the best advantage. Further consideration, however, soon convinces us that the framers of the scheme have shown more judgment than we at first gave them credit for, and that the Festival of 1870 will really contain as much promising novelty as any of its predecessors. It must not be forgotten, in the first place, that two of the mornings are disposed of in advance, by prescriptive usage, and that *Elijah* is as unalterable a feature of the opening day, as the *Messiah* is of the Thursday. Neither in the interests of art nor of money, could these fixtures be advantageously disturbed. There remain, then, only Wednesday and Friday mornings and the four evenings to provide for. Custom and public opinion have devoted the evenings, as a rule, to secular and miscellaneous concerts, and that rule cannot with safety be interfered with, to the extent of more than one evening; so that three sacred or oratorio concerts are really all the great opportunities at the disposal of the Committee. In providing for these requirements, the problem to be studied is how to reconcile, on the one hand, the often conflicting claims of Fame and Profit, and, on the other, the executive needs with the artistic means at disposal; for it is scarcely less important than the engagement of the artists, that they should be employed to advantage. These varied and, to some extent, opposing requirements seem to us to be very satisfactorily met in the apportionment of the Wednesday and Friday mornings, and Friday evening. Apart from its high musical pretensions, *Naaman*, as the masterpiece of Sir Michael Costa, to whom the Birmingham Festivals are so largely indebted for past and present services, possesses strong claims to a place in the scheme; and even had its merits been less conspicuous, the Committee could not with any grace have omitted it, after Sir Michael's good-natured resumption of the bâton he formally relinquished three years ago. Wednesday morning, therefore, is assigned to *Naaman* the last and best of the works with which its composer has enriched musical art and the Birmingham Festival *répertoire*."

Under a certain obligation to produce the works spoken of by our contemporary, the directors had but limited room for other things. They resolved, properly enough, to devote proper attention to new compositions; and, hence, the almost exclusive occupation of their remaining space by Messrs. Benedict, Hiller, Sullivan, and Barnett. That the result will justify the course adopted, we have not the smallest doubt. On this head we may again quote our Birmingham contemporary, whose remarks are worthy the reputation he has acquired for just and sound criticism :—

"All who are acquainted with Mr. Benedict's music, and those especially, who had the privilege of hearing his *St. Cecilia*, at the last Festival, will see in this announcement the promise of a great work,—one not unworthy, perchance, to rank near Mendelssohn's treatment of the companion theme, and second to none of our time in elevation of sentiment, melodic charm, and musical scholarship. With Mr. Benedict's oratorio is bracketed Mozart's sublime *Requiem*—the song of the swan, and the masterpiece alike of its class and its composer. It is difficult to understand why fifteen years should have been allowed to elapse since this matchless work was heard at a Birmingham Festival. In devoting Friday evening to *Samson*, the Committee but follow the precedent so successfully led in 1861, when for the first time, the evening previously wasted on a failing and unremunerative ball, was given up to an oratorio of Handel. The performance of *Samson* on the Wednesday morning of 1861, was one of the most effective of that brilliant meeting; and we have no doubt that on the Friday evening of the current year's Festival, it will prove equally satisfactory. The other evenings, as we have said, are necessarily devoted to secular and miscellaneous concerts; but they will not therefore lack novelty. Tuesday evening will be signalized by the production of a new cantata on the subject of Moore's *Paradise and the Peri*, by Mr. J. Francis Barnett. On Wednesday, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who has made great advance in his art since the production of his *Kenilworth*, in 1864—witness his admirable *Prodigal Son*, produced at last year's Worcester Festival—will be represented by a new instrumental work—whether overture or symphony, the record saith not. The most decided novelty of the Festival is reserved for Thursday evening, when the veteran composer, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, will, for the first time in his long art career, contribute and conduct in person a new cantata, composed expressly for this Festival. *Nala and Damayanti*, as the work in question is entitled, is said to be founded on an Indian poem, and will, therefore, be as foreign in colour and subject as it is in title. Altogether, this provisional programme is a promising one."

So say we, and not less promising is the list of artists whose engagements have been made known. The *Post* might have said much on this head—much, for example, as regards the appearance of so many excellent English artists—Arabella Goddard, Sims Reeves, and Santley at the head of them. On the whole the Birmingham prospects are bright, and the Festival of 1870 is not likely to discredit the most successful of its predecessors.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE musical news from Russia is distinctly of a personal kind. The great Gospodin Rubinstein (says a contemporary), inflated perhaps by the success of his *Tower of Babel* at Konigsberg, has been misbehaving himself at Moscow, in token of which the president of a tribunal has sentenced him to pay a fine of 25 roubles with the option of a week's imprisonment. Rubinstein is professor of the piano at the Moscow Conservatorium where he practises, it would seem, the brusque mode of tuition which has rendered him so popular as a private teacher with numbers of the Moscow young ladies. Rubinstein, artistic talent apart, is celebrated for his power of making his pupils cry. His skill, however, in this particular does not seem to be appreciated at the Conservatorium, where the students probably are more for solid instruction than for novel sensations. At all events, a certain Miss Voskresenskaia, accused by Rubinstein of inattention, and called into his awful presence to receive a few words of solemn warning

and rebuke, showed by her demeanour that she wished to be spoken to politely. When Rubinstein raised his voice she turned over the leaves of a book instead of listening to him. He then told the perverse girl (in a still louder voice) to "get out;" upon which she "got out," and hurrying home told her father of the language and tone adopted towards her by the stern professor. A peace-justice before whom Gospodin Rubinstein was summoned dismissed the case; but upon being brought before a higher tribunal he was sentenced to the penalty above mentioned. The specific charge made against him was that of "offering insults."

MEYERBEER'S *Africaine* has at length been produced at Dantzic. Speaking of the fact, Herr F. W. Markall observes, in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*: "It has been a long time coming, but—but it has come at last. The same thing happens to all Meyerbeer's operas at provincial theatres. In the first place, there always arises a discussion as to the impossibility of adapting these show-operas to the modest resources of a provincial theatre, and then, though not, perhaps, till years have elapsed, it is found possible, after all, to produce them, with a great *mise-en-scène*, or without. It is thus that, without exception, all Meyerbeer's great operas have been produced at Dantzig; and if *Robert le Diable* and *Les Huguenots*, have become completely established as popular works here, they are, most assuredly, not indebted to it for the splendour of the *mise-en-scène*. This may be taken as a proof that Meyerbeer's is something more than music relying merely on scenery, and that the speculating upon effects, of which classical rigorists have so frequently accused this master, enabled him to accomplish results such as no other composer of modern times ever achieved in the sphere of opera." At Dantzic, as elsewhere, *L'Africaine* is a great success.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Signale*, writing from Prague, says:—

"It has recently become the fashion, whenever a female Italian vocalist, old and forgotten, closes her eyes in some out-of-the-way corner of the earth, to state that she created the part of Zerlina in Mozart's *Don Juan*. We find this assertion made in the necrological notice now going the round of the press, of Mdlle. Codecasa, the beautiful Saporiti. Now it is an established fact that the first Zerlina in Prague was Signora Bondini. On the 5th January, 1834, Herr Stepanek, a theatrical manager, related, in the preface to his Bohemian translation of *Don Juan*, what he had heard from the lips of trustworthy witnesses, concerning the early representations of this opera of operas. He tells us very humorously how Mozart, who, as we are all aware, himself directed the rehearsals at Prague, unexpectedly caught hold of Madame Bondini (Zerlina) who, not loud enough in the *finale* of the first act to please him, and grasped her so tightly that, in her fright, she gave a scream, which he begged her to repeat at the public performance. Signora Micelli, who sustained the part of Elvira, cast some black looks at Mozart, for taking, in her opinion, the *tempo* too fast. Mozart remarked this, but paid no attention to it. He punished her by exclaiming, when she had finished, 'Bravo, Donella!' When, on the dissolution of the Italian operatic company, *Don Juan* was given for the first time in German, the representative of Zerlina was Mdlle. Müller, afterwards Madame Grünbaum."

THE most pressing offers have been made to Herr Hans Von Bülow to conduct Herr R. Wagner's *Walkyre* at Munich. No person still in the possession of his right senses will be surprised to learn that Herr Von Bülow has sternly refused. The new Joint-Stock Theatre has been sold by auction a second time. The price was 75,000 florins, and the purchaser, a Herr Hemeter. This entails a loss of more than 600,000 florins upon the first cost. The holders of preference stock will lose fifty per cent; the original shareholders will lose everything.

THE movement for instructing women in science and art goes bravely on at South Kensington, and is now to include music, which accounts for our noticing the affair here. We were by no means sure that music would have attention, because it is just the art most useful and becoming to those whom the South Kensingtonians teach. As things go, we are justified in regarding this as fatal to its claims. But the South Kensingtonians are disposed to violate precedent and be practical; they are also disposed to do thoroughly what they attempt. Hence the engagement of Mr. Arthur Sullivan as teacher, and hence the peculiar course of teaching he will superintend. The ladies are actually to learn something of the theory of music! Shades of departed Minerva's and has it come to this! Can it be that a woman shall know the difference between what is written in the clef of C and that of G! Ah! well, these *are* times. Moreover, Mr. Sullivan is required to teach his fair pupils how to sing in parts, and to convey much information about musical "colour" and the like. Moreover, and further—but why go on? Let every lady who loves music, who has the time to indulge her love, and the inclination to sacrifice for it the price of a new bonnet, rally round Mr. Sullivan in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum on Tuesday next at 11 in the morning. The doubtful can look on for half-a-crown and see how they like Mr. Sullivan, his words and ways.

CARLOTTA PATTI IN AMERICA.

(*From the "Macon (Georgia) Telegraph," March 4*, 1870.)

Another crowded house greeted Mdlle. Carlotta Patti and her talented company last night at Concert Hall. The audience, as on Wednesday, was composed almost entirely of the *elite* and refined of the city, and we do not think we ever saw an audience more delighted with an evening's entertainment. There was not a piece in the programme, from first to last, that was not most rapturously applauded and its repetition demanded. To properly appreciate the wonderful, the charming, the almost inspired vocalization of Carlotta Patti, one must hear her sing a second or third time, and at intervals of twenty-four or forty-eight hours. The sweetness and compass of her voice, together with its brilliancy of execution, bewilders one at first, and amid mingled emotions of admiration and enthusiasm one is very apt to form a conception of her vocal powers below what those powers really are. In other words, she intoxicates the senses at first, and until they sober down by reflection and become accustomed, so to speak, to the magic spell, we fail to compensate her genius. Therefore, we liked her singing last night better than on the night before, because we had a higher appreciation of it—were better prepared to love while we listened. And such is more or less the case with every member of this *troupe*.

"Where's my Music?"

Said the Giant.

"Madame Arabella Goddard is about to leave for the Continent. American journals express a great desire that she would visit the United States."

Mr. Punch seldom interferes with a lady's arrangements, but on the present occasion he begs leave—takes it, in fact—to express a great desire that Madame Arabella Goddard would *not* visit the United States. As for the Continent, it is too late to grumble; but had we known of her intention, we should have taken the liberty of serving a *ne exeat* on her. We are not clear that we cannot demand her back, under the Extradition Treaty. Perfection in Art has its duties as well as its rights, and Madame Arabella Goddard's first duty is to *Punch*. Who, in her absence, is to play Beethoven and Mendelssohn to him in the way his soul loveth? Who is to convert his grand pianoforte from a box of (possible) music into a living and singing thing? He doesn't pause for a reply; for if anybody said anything but "Nobody," it would be bad times for that adventurer. If, however, this trip is merely an affair of a holiday, after a detestable winter, and much artistic work, gloriously done, *Mr. Punch* will say no more, except that he is rather a ready hand at peremptorily telegraphing. But as for the United States—not if the President undertook to send, in return, a receipt for the Alabama claims, and a *douceur* to *Mr. Punch* of all that was made by the Erie Ring in the days of the gold-jobbery.

"Godardus, whence the Goddards, was seated in England before Richard the Second," says the learned Mr. Mark Antony Lower; and the sooner Madame Goddard is seated in England before a Broadwood, the better *Mr. Punch* will be pleased.

Punch.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

An evening concert took place on Friday week in St. Luke's Schoolroom, Nutford Place, Edgeware Road, for the blind poor of London. The vocalists were Mesdames Marie Stocken, Ethel Brock, Talbot Cherer, and Flora Hilbron, with Messrs. R. Soppitt and Charles James Bishenden. Several excellent selections were given, and deservedly applauded. Mr. Bishenden in his ballad, "Dearer to my soul thou art," created a legitimate effect. Messrs. W. Ganz, W. Wilkinson, and Stanislaus, presided at the pianoforte.

Mr. Walter Macfarren's first *matinée* for the season took place in the Queen's Concert Rooms, on Saturday last. Mr. Macfarren played, with his usual ability, Beethoven's *fantasie* (Op. 97); *Album Blatt* (Op. 117), Mendelssohn; and *Andante* (Op. 82) by the same composer, together with his own Saltarelle-romance, "Parmi les Montagnes," and impromptu, "Mountain Stream." He also, in conjunction with Mr. Lazarus, and Mr. Henry Holmes, played Mozart's trio, in E flat, and with his talented pupil, Miss Linda Scates, Hummel's grand duet, in A flat, for two pianofortes, which was deservedly applauded. His own new sonata, for pianoforte and violin, played by himself and Mr. W. H. Holmes, contributed to the success of the *matinée*. The vocalists were Miss Edith Wynne and Miss Randal. The former sang two charming sacred songs by Mr. W. Macfarren, and "The first Violet," by Mendelssohn. Miss Randal gave songs by Handel and Schubert with excellent effect.

Under the auspices of Miss Owen (daughter of the Rev. Mr. Owen, rector of St. Jude's, Chelsea), a concert of vocal and instrumental music took place on Wednesday evening, the 20th instant, for the benefit of the St. Jude's National Schools. Great praise is due to the accomplished lady who organized the concert, and induced so many distinguished amateurs to give their aid. Among the vocal gems were "Non piu mesta," sung by Miss Braham, who was encored, and a Spanish song, "La Colasa," by the same lady, who accompanied on the guitar. Goria's "Souvenir de Bellini" was played on the pianoforte by Miss Sagrini, with an expression and brilliancy of execution which brought down a storm of applause. Her style is pure and elegant, remarkable for delicacy and finish, qualities for the display of which those genuine melodies, "Mira O Norma," and the *finale* to the second act of *La Sonnambula* gave ample opportunity. Signor Nappi was encored in Rossini's "La Danza;" and Signor Bianchi accompanied the vocal music. The room was full, and the concert a decided success.

The professional students of the London Academy of Music combined their forces last week to give what may after all be termed an amateur concert, at St. George's Hall. The character of such entertainments need no comment, save that they do not involve the miseries sometimes inflicted by the totally untaught, nor any of the heart-burnings not unfrequent amongst professionals of long standing. Such a concert may be likened to a friendly passage at arms, where the foils are well buttoned, the faces well masked, and the gloves fairly distributed amongst ladies and gentlemen alike. Of a programme comprising exactly three dozen pieces what can be said, except an expression of regret that much of the best was thrown into the second half of an overgrown evening, and that many of the audience were induced, by sheer fatigue, to leave without hearing that which might have delighted them? Amongst the most promising may be mentioned Miss Matilda Scott, a medallist, who produced a powerful impression in "Ah non giunge." Mr. Desmond Ryan's name is new as that of a vocalist, well known as the name has been for years in all artistic circles. He made nothing short of a hit in Ricci's "Sulla poppa," displaying a fine baritone voice of remarkable register in the trio in E flat of Hummel. Pianoforte by Miss Chrissie Baker, associate and lady teacher; violin, Herr Ludwig, and violoncello, M. Paque, both professors; we find in our programme the emphatic word, "good," and something decidedly stronger to Miss Weale's "Ah! fors è lui." Those who heard this lady could not feel any doubt of her power to do justice to Verdi. Her clear and sympathetic voice rang through the hall with brilliant effect; and, doubtless, with a little more study, Miss Weale may have a successful future. The concert seemed to give great satisfaction.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The 33rd and last concert of the 12th season (the 355th since the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted) was, as usual, for the benefit of the director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell; as usual, St. James's Hall was crowded in every part; and, as usual, the programme was of that "miscellaneous" character which happily makes this particular occasion an exceptional one. There were three pianists—Madame Schumann, Mr. Hallé, and Herr Pauer. Madame Schumann and Mr. Hallé each introduced a solo—the lady selecting Chopin's well-known *Scherzo* in B flat minor, Op. 31; the gentlemen, three of the equally well-known *Harpsichord Lessons* of Domenico Scarlatti. Herr Pauer, less ambitious, was satisfied to join Signor Piatti in Beethoven's Variations, for pianoforte and violoncello, on "See the conquering hero comes"—in which Handel's primitive melody, it must be admitted, bears away the palm from each and all of the (for Beethoven) not very interesting variations—twelve in number. The incomparable violoncellist, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Benedict, gave the *Romance sans Paroles*, in D, which Mendelssohn composed for the celebrated lady violoncellist, Mdlle. Lisa Cristiani—a posthumous publication, as graceful as it is unpretending. An organ solo, in the shape of a *chorale* with variations, in E flat, by Mr. Henry Smart, an admirable composition, executed with admirable skill by Master Charles Le Jeune, began the first part; and the slow movement from Spohr's sixth violin concerto (in G minor), played by Herr Joachim as only Herr Joachim can play, and accompanied on the pianoforte by M. Zerbini, began the second part of the concert. Master Le Jeune, instead of giving "O, ruddier than the cherry" in response to the loud applause of the audience, would have done more wisely had he restored the three variations which, very unwisely, he had omitted from the work of Mr. Smart. Herr Joachim's performance created, and no wonder, extraordinary enthusiasm. He was twice called back, and in spite of the printed admonition of Mr. Chappell—entreating the audience, in consideration of the length of the programme, not to insist upon encores—the great artist was compelled to play one more piece, his choice this time falling on one of those movements from the solo sonatas of Bach, in the execution of which he is unrivalled. Miss Edith Wynne gave three songs—Cherubini's "Ave Maria" (clarionet *obbligato*, Mr. Lazarus); Mr. Benedict's "Maiden's Dream" (accompanied by the composer); and Mr. A. S. Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute" (also accompanied by its composer). The concert terminated with Bach's concerto in C major, for three pianofortes—executants, Madame Schumann, Mr. Hallé, and Herr Pauer. But the most interesting feature of the programme was Mendelssohn's magnificent quintet, for strings, in B flat, Op. 87 ("posthumous"), magnificently led by Herr Joachim, who, in MM. L. Ries (second violin), Straus and Zerbini (violas), and Piatti (violoncello), found worthy coadjutors. The *Andante Scherzando* (in G minor) and *Adagio* (in D minor) of this quintet were worth the whole concert. It may be remembered by not a few amateurs that the quintet in B flat was the first piece at the first Monday Popular Concert—February 14, 1859, when it was performed by MM. Wieniawski, L. Ries, Doyle, Schreurs, and Piatti. It was as welcome now as then, and sounded just as fresh, although it has been given eleven times since in St. James's Hall.

The season just terminated has been remarkable for the more than usually frequent production of pieces either altogether new or but little familiar to Mr. Chappell's habitual supporters. Most of these were brought forward at the instigation of Herr Joachim, who all through the season has been playing his very best—which means the best of the best; and, to single out one instance from many, whose performance in Beethoven's great quartet, Op. 132, in B flat, one of the most wonderful of the series that used erroneously to be denominated "Posthumous," can never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to hear it.

The Monday Popular Concerts are to be resumed in November. Every lover of genuine music must desire their continued success.

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PROVINCIAL.

Edinburgh.—The *Scotsman* of April 15th says:—

"Professor Oakeley played yesterday afternoon on the organ in the Music Class-room the following selection of music, chiefly chosen as being appropriate to the season:—

"Overture, 'Passione,' Haydn. Chorus, 'Behold the Lamb of God'; Air, 'He was despised.' Choruses: 'Surely He hath borne our griefs,' 'And with His stripes we are healed' (*Messiah*), Handel. Solo and chorus, 'Though all thy friends forsake Thee' (*Calvary*), Spohr. Choruses: 'Rex tremendæ Majestatis,' 'Dies iræ' (*Requiem*), Mozart. Armonia Religiosa, or 'Silver Trumpets' (as heard in the dome of St. Peters, Rome). Allegretto, Symphony No. 8, Beethoven. Etude (partly in canon) for Pedal-Flügel, Schumann. Fugue for organ in E flat (a 5 voci), Bach.

"As this is, if we mistake not, the last organ recital for the season, we cannot help expressing our gratification at the great privilege which the lovers of music in Edinburgh have enjoyed from time to time in the opportunities of hearing this magnificent organ played by a performer of Mr. Oakeley's musical knowledge and feeling, and technical

skill. Last year, enjoyable as were the organ recitals, one could not but be sensible that the organ was so powerful as to cause a reverberation, which greatly interfered with its effect. This defect has now been completely surmounted, in the first place, by the draping of the hall; and, in the second place, by what is still more important, the erection of a beautiful organ-case—the gift of a munificent benefactor to the cause of music, whose name we would gladly mention, but for his understood desire that it should not be made public. The complete success of the new arrangements was evinced by the fugue that closed yesterday's programme, where he had the full power of the instrument, yet the sound was so clear that the merest tyro in music could have no difficulty in following all the parts. The æsthetic are noways inferior to the acoustic merits of the organ-case; and the curtain of green velvet, embroidered with gold lace—the gift of some of the ladies who have been present at the performances—sets it off to the greatest advantage. We are also glad to see a correct representation of the arms of the founder of the Music Chair figuring conspicuously in front of the organ."

SLOUGH.—A correspondent writes:—

"Mr. Orlando Christian gave a very successful concert here on Tuesday, April 19th, the Literary Institution being well filled. The artists were Madame Emmeline Cole, Miss Lazarus, R.A.M., and Messrs. Large, Smith, Mellor, Christian, &c., of the Windsor and Eton Choirs. Randegger's trio, 'I Naviganti,' nicely rendered by Madame E. Cole and Messrs. Mellor and Christian, was loudly encored. Wade's 'Love was once a little boy,' given by Madame Cole, and Gounod's fine song, 'The Valley,' sung by Mr. Christian, were both encored; and the glees and part-songs came in for a large share of applause. Miss Lazarus was solo pianist and accompanist."

READING.—The Choral Union performed the *Messiah* on Monday, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Birch, the principals being Madame E. Cole, Miss Fanny Reeves, Mr. Elliot Galer, and Mr. O. Christian, who sang in their usual artistic manner. The band, led by Mr. John Day, played excellently.

MR. AYRTON AND SUNDAY BANDS.

The "intelligent foreigner" who is always supposed to be "among us, takin' notes," has, probably, got it written down somewhere, that our Government supplies the people with such music as may be heard in the national recreation grounds. He is mistaken as usual, but the mistake is very natural. All over the Continent the Sunday music of military bands is a recognized attraction of the day; and being so cheap a means of pleasure in proportion to its results, a stranger might well suppose that a government having any sympathy for the governed would be quick to use it. But we have our own way of doing things in England—or, rather, the English Government, when the pleasure of the people is concerned, has its own way of *not* doing things. In all such matters our high officials are devotees of voluntaryism. Their motto is, "If you want a thing done, do it yourself;" and their creed, "God helps those who help themselves." So they look on, and only throw an impediment, now and then, in the way of those who would do the work; taking care beforehand that the direct instruments of impeding shall have no sympathy with the cause.

Everybody knows that the control of the parks and of the bands therein belongs to Acton Smee Ayrton, Esq., M.P. for the Tower Hamlets. The choice of this gentleman for his present post was so curious that it can only be explained by curious considerations. In the first place, Mr. Ayrton was an independent member with a disagreeable and untiring tongue, which it was desirable to silence by the gag of office. Next, he possessed no special qualifications, a fact testified by his own speeches. For these reasons, and these alone, so far as we can see, Acton Smee Ayrton, Esq., was made First Commissioner of Works. It was tolerably certain that, sooner or later, Mr. Ayrton would do something disagreeable. If he could no longer make bitter speeches in the House, in the parks he reigned supreme; and, moreover, could there spread annoyance over a larger area. Hence, when there was talk of disallowing the flowers, some time ago, people called to mind who was First Commissioner and nobody wondered. Nobody wonders now that Mr. Ayrton has thought fit to interfere with the good folk who take the trouble to provide the parks with Sunday bands. The First Commissioner has, it appears, done two distinct things. In the first place he has said to the "Regent, Victoria, and Battersea Parks Sunday Bands Committee, "You shall have nothing at all to do with music in the Regent's Park," and, next, "You shall not play dance music in the places to which your licence is now limited." Very naturally this arbitrary inteference roused the committee, and a deputation waited upon Mr. Ayrton last Wednesday week to remonstrate upon the subject. The deputation was introduced by Mr. R. M. Morrell, who is reported to have said "since the band of the Regent's Park had been placed under the control of the proprietor of the chairs in the park the band had been diminished by one-half. The Band Committee of the Sunday League considered that they were the trustees of the public to provide for the efficient performance of music in the parks, and they objected to their being handed over to a mere private speculator. The other point they wished to press on the minister was that, although permission had been given to them to perform music on Sunday in the Victoria and Battersea Parks, yet they were prohibited from performing dance music. They considered it above all necessary that they should perform lively and not dull heavy music, and were at a loss to know what objection there could be to the performance of quadrilles founded upon the national airs. Mr. Morrell pointed out that during fourteen years in which music had been performed in the parks there had been no disorder or any occasion for the interference of the police. It did not follow that because they performed dance music, people danced, although perhaps a few young persons on the outside might."

It appears from this that Mr. Ayrton means to traffic in the Sunday bands, and so "turn an honest penny" for our Liberal Government. We should like to know the conditions of contract between the First Commissioner of Works and the chair proprietor of Regent's Park; how much the latter engages to give the former for the privilege of farming the Sunday bands, and also whether there are any clauses to prevent the chair proprietor from acting upon his own notion of what a band should be. These particulars forthcoming, the public would most likely have in possession a curiosity of state only to be paralleled by the Royal patents of former days. With regard to the dance music question, we must go to Mr. Ayrton himself for light. Here is his reply to the deputation:—"Mr. Ayrton said that he wished to disabuse the deputation of the idea that they were acting as trustees for the people. The only trustee for the people in this matter was himself—he was appointed by law. They, on the other hand, were a self-constituted body of persons who wished to perform music in the parks, and had obtained permission to do so under certain conditions. One of those conditions was that they were not to perform a description of music which was disagreeable to the ordinary visitors of the park, and he was informed that dance music was. Moreover, there was plenty of lively music which was not of that description. Their object should be to elevate and not degrade the national taste. There was no objection to the performance of the national melodies with any variations they pleased, but it certainly was never the intention of the composers to degrade them into dance music in the shape of quadrilles, waltzes, or polkas. The custom was commenced by M. Jullien, who, he considered, did a great deal of harm to the national music and greatly vitiated the public taste. However that may be, it was plain that the primary object of the parks was to enable people to walk or ride in them, and they were not to have their feelings outraged because the Sunday League wished to play dance music. With regard to the diminution of the band since the chair proprietor of Regent's Park undertook to provide it, he would make inquiries. So long as the chair proprietor provided a proper band and proper music he was not disposed to take it out of his hands on the assumption that the Sunday Bands Committee were in the performance of a public trust. Mr. Palmer asked whether the right honourable gentleman would undertake to define dance music, because if they played an operatic selection they might be accused of infringing the law. Mr. Ayrton said that dance music was perfectly well known to musicians, and they must have one to conduct their band. They certainly would not be allowed to select all the dances out of operatic selections and perform them under the title of operatic music. In dance music he included the whole category of polkas, waltzes, quadrilles, and all sorts of hurdy-gurdy music, &c. It was quite a mistake to suppose that because the people chose to pay for it they could have anything they liked in the Royal park; and, in point of fact, he had had applications for races, merry-go-rounds, and all sorts of other amusements in the parks, on the plea that the people would pay for them. No doubt, if he put aside part of the parks for cock-fighting, people would be found to pay for it. They would make the park a tea-garden first and a bear-garden afterwards if such applications were granted." We pass over the insolent tone of this speech (not without sorrow that the speaker is an English State official) in order to say, at once, that Mr. Ayrton's objection to dance music is wholly incomprehensible, unless he has been "got at" by the Lord's Day Society. What he say

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about degrading the national taste is simply absurd, while his hit at poor M. Jullien is positively unjust. We cannot, however, expect Mr. Ayrton to know that there is dance music in *Guillaume Tell*, in the *Africaine*, and a dozen other operas which may claim to rank with the classics of art; we cannot expect him to know that all the great composers, from Bach downwards, have written what he calls "hurdy-gurdy music;" neither can we expect him to know that M. Jullien did more to improve the taste of this country than any other man living or dead. Mr. Ayrton has himself confessed his ignorance of art, and therefore blunders are natural to him when dealing with artistic questions. That dance music should be prohibited at all out of regard for a minority who could easily keep their delicate sensibilities out of its reach is bad enough; that it should be prohibited by an official who evidently knows nothing about the matter, adds insult to injury. We hope the Sunday Bands Committee will not let the affair rest, they must teach the "trustee for the people" what the people require of him. THADDEUS EGG.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The activity displayed thus early in the season by the Covent Garden managers is remarkable. We have already noticed the production of four operas, and to these we have now to add a fifth and a sixth—all, be it understood, comprised within the history of less than a fortnight.

Guillaume Tell, the last of the four works to which we have referred, was followed by *Lucrezia Borgia*. But for one incident a line might suffice to inform our readers that Donizetti's well-worn and, in a musical sense, semi-tragic opera had been brought out. With Mdlle. Tietjens in the theatre that notable event was pretty sure to occur in due course. How Mdlle. Tietjens acts and sings the part of Lucrezia has been described so frequently and in such detail that it would be superfluous to say more than that her voice was in perfect order; that she was—what she had not been on the night of *Fidelio*—complete mistress of her means; and that her performance throughout was admirable. Signor Graziani played the Duke of Ferrara as mysteriously and gave his music as effectively as ever; and Signor Naudin, who, taking into consideration the extent and variety of his repertory, is one of the most generally serviceable tenors on the Italian stage, was the Gennaro. The popular trio, "Guai se ti sfugge un moto"—when the Duke, to the despair of Lucrezia, persuades Gennaro to drink from the goblet steeped in the Borgian poison, uncommonly well sung by the artists we have named, was encored and repeated—having stated which, we are absolved from entering into further particulars.

The novelty of the evening was the first appearance of Mdlle. Cari, a young American, who at Brussels has earned a certain repute as a singer in concerts, &c., and who, in the character of Maffeo Orsini, first raised to significance by Alboni, three-and-twenty years ago, at the Royal Italian Opera, produced a highly favourable impression. The voice of Mdlle. Cari is rather a mezzo-soprano than a contralto; but that she can use it to good purpose was at once made apparent in the opening scene of the "Prologue," by her easy delivery of the air, "Nella fatal di Rimini e memorabil guerra"—which relates how, after being saved from death by Gennaro, Orsini is visited by the apparition of what one of the operatic English versions of *Lucrezia Borgia* describes as "a gigantic old man, clad in a black robe." However, as might have been expected, it was not until the scene where the famous drinking song, "Il segreto per esser felice," occurs that the success of the new comer was decided. Here Mdlle. Cari exhibited both dramatic spirit and vocal fluency, wisely refraining, by the way, from any attempt at imitating that wonderfully prolonged and wonderfully rounded off-shake on the high "E," just before the last return of the theme, with which Alboni used to move the audience into ecstacies of delight, and nightly win a "double encore." There was no "high shake" in Mdlle. Cari's version of the *brindisi* (any more than there is in Donizetti's), and no "double encore" resulted; but the air was well and unaffectedly sung, and the "single encore" awarded to the last couplet was hearty and unanimous. In other respects the performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which Signor Tagliafico's quietly subtle impersonation of Gubetta, the confidential agent of the Duchess, can never be overlooked, was what it rarely fails to be at Covent Garden.

To *Lucrezia* succeeded the same composer's lively *Figlia del Reggimento*, which, though originally composed for the Opéra-Comique, is just as popular in Italian as it ever was in French, and, indeed, through the medium of the Italian version, has chiefly been saved from oblivion. The opinion of those who, previously acquainted with Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi's talent, maintain that comic, rather than serious, opera is her forte was in a great measure confirmed on the occasion under notice. Her Maria is a more finished, as well as a more spirited, assumption than her Lucia, and her success was proportionately greater. We can remember impersonations of the devoted Vivandière more characteristically marked; and we have heard the music given with better sustained vivacity; but, eschewing comparisons, we may describe Mdlle. Sessi's general performance as one of far more than average merit. Her voice is powerful as well as flexible to an extent that her first essay had not led us to imagine. About its agreeable quality there could have been no more question than about the fact of its being a pure and legitimate soprano. In the first duet with Sulpizio, Mdlle. Sessi seemed, in a measure, to be feeling her way; but in the subsequent duet with Tonio (Maria's lover), which followed, she was quite at home, and her utterance of the well-known phrase—

"Vediam, udiam,
Ascoltiam e giudichiam."

was marked by an archness thoroughly in keeping, and accompanied by appropriate and significant gesticulation. The military air, "Ciascun lo dice, ciascun lo sa," in which Maria dwells upon the somewhat questionable virtues of her beloved regiment, exhibited both force and character. Best of all, however, was "Convien partir; addio"—in the first *finale*—when the Vivandière weepingly takes leave of her soldier friends. The feeling with which this touching and beautiful passage was delivered produced such an impression on the audience as could only have been created by true and genuine earnestness, and had Mdlle. Sessi been so inclined she might have repeated it with the unanimous approval of the house. We thought the second act less equally balanced, and were somewhat disappointed with parts of the scene in which, the Marchioness of Berkenfield at the piano, Maria rehearses the old air of Caffariello, terminating with the unexpected *cadenza*, the throwing away of the music, the horror of the Marchioness, and the marching trio, in which much against her will, that stately lady is compelled by Maria and Sulpizio to take part, to the vocal refrain of the "Rataplan." The trio, nevertheless, was encored as usual, and, as a matter of course, repeated. At the conclusion of the opera, in place of the original *finale*, Mdlle. Sessi introduced the popular *valse*, by Ricci, which Mdme. Adelina Patti on more than one occasion, has substituted for the original *finale* of *Don Pasquale*. The general impression derived from this performance is that Mdlle. Sessi has at present the capacity to shine rather as a singer than as an actress; but that she has undoubted promise, which, backed by youth, has every chance of ripening into excellence, we have no doubt whatever. Nothing could be more encouraging than her reception by the audience. The other parts in the opera were represented by Signor Ciampi (Sulpizio), Signor Larocca, or Della Rocca—*les deux se disent*—(Tonio), and Mdlle. Anese (the Marchioness). The grouping of the soldiers and *mise-en-scène* generally of the *finale* to Act 1, embodying the departure of Maria, were as picturesque and effective as of old. The choruses were effectively given almost without exception; and the orchestral accompaniments, under Signor Vianesi's direction, left very little to desire.

About the performance of Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico* at this theatre on Saturday night we can only say at present that, in the character of Astrifiammante, "Queen of Night," Mdlle. Sessi achieved a new success, being encored in her second and most trying air, "Gli angui d'inferno"—transposed, as customary ever since the time of Anna Zerr,* a note lower (which brings it considerably nearer to the pitch imagined by Mozart himself), and given by the new singer with remarkable animation. We shall recur to *Il Flauto Magico*, which was given again on Thursday. On Monday night *Guillaume Tell* was repeated—a better opera than which, taking into account its gorgeous music, beautiful scenery, picturesque costumes, and general stage effect, as represented at Covent Garden, could hardly have been selected for Easter-Monday. *La Figlia del Reggimento* was repeated on Tuesday. To-night, Mdlle. Sessi is to appear as the heroine of the *Traviata*. On Tuesday week Signor Mario will make his first appearance, after a year's absence, as the Duke in Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

WAIFS.

The Prince of Wales has promised to preside at the annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, on the 16th of May.

M. Arban has been appointed musical director of Cremorne Gardens for the ensuing season.

Mr. Charles Hallé goes to Paris shortly, in order to give one or more pianoforte recitals.

Le Ménestrel says that Herr Wagner has been named Director General of Music at Berlin. We very strongly doubt the statement.

Miss Bateman has arrived at Liverpool from America. She will pass two or three months on the Continent to recruit her health, prior to commencing her provincial engagements in England in October.

* Who used to sing it always in the original keys (D minor and F Major).

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Les Folies Marigny, the summer theatre in the Champs Elysées, has been purchased from M. Montaubry by M. Leduc.

The average receipts during the eight nights' run of *Lohengrin*, at Brussels, were 3,570 francs.

M. de Flotow has left Paris for Vienna on "urgent private affairs"—which, we presume, will delay the production of his new opera.

Herr Achenbach has produced Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, in a dramatic form, at Düsseldorf.

The report that M. Carvalho has been re-appointed director of the Théâtre Lyrique is premature, to say the least. The Minister of Fine Arts has the whole matter still under consideration.

Mr. Cowen, whose first symphony was received with so much favour at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, is engaged upon a cantata, for voices and orchestra.

M. Kœnig, a well-known singer at the Grand Opera, has just retired from public life. How desirable it is that other well-known singers should perform the same difficult feat, we need not say.

Madame Ristori has settled in Paris, at her old quarters on the Boulevards Malesherbes. She has been reading for the benefit of a charitable institution.

The Delassements-Comiques (Paris) is again changing hands. Its management now devolves upon a triumvirate, composed of MM. Gœtschy, A. de Jallais, and Lemonnier.

A series of performances in aid of the funds of the local charities at Manchester has taken place at the Theatre Royal, and on Thursday they were brought to a close. With donations, &c., the charities will, it is expected, be benefited to the extent of nearly £2000.

We observe that on the occasion of his benefit at the Princess's Theatre last week, Mr. Montague played the part of Romeo, being a singular, possibly the only, instance of a Montague representing the young Montague.

A Calvinistic dislike to theatres still lingers in Geneva. The theatre has once more been closed, and the manager retires with serious loss. This is the third manager the theatre has ruined in as many years, despite its receiving a subvention from the municipality.

The Accademia Filarmonica of Rome, which was closed on political grounds some years ago, has been allowed to reconstitute itself under the patronage of Cardinal di Pietro. It has begun its new career with one of Verdi's operas.

There is some prospect of Calcutta being without an opera next year, as there is great discontent with the impressarios. There is a proposition to get a company direct from one of the agents at Milan. It is said Calcutta wants a decent company and decent music.

Herr Wagner's *Walkyrie* is to be brought out at Munich in May, the King having given express orders to that effect. The *Rheingold* will be played at the same time, with new machinery and effects. All this, however, assumes that the parties interested can agree upon a *chef d'orchestre*, which seems not at all likely.

Mr. Kennedy, the Scotch vocalist, announces a second series of the "Songs of Scotland" at the Hanover Square Rooms, to commence on Monday next. Mr. Kennedy has made use of his American "interviewing" to introduce into his entertainment sketches of characters in the "Far West," including Brigham Young, the Mormon chief, and other characters.

The production of Halévy's *Charles the Sixth*, at the Théâtre Lyrique, has had a very moderate success. Every effort was made by a well-drilled *claque* to revive the once popular refrain—

Guerre aux tyrans! Jamais en France—
Jamais l'Anglais ne régnera.

But times have changed since 1843, and the audience simply laughed.

The complimentary banquet offered by the Scandinavian residents in Paris to Mdlle. Nilsson, took place on Wednesday evening before last at the Trois Frères Provençaux. A whole squadron of young beauties of the North formed a *cortège* for the charming cantatrice, and at the dessert M. Prévost-Paradol pronounced, in a few well-chosen words, a handsome eulogium on Northern hospitality. The principal result of this hospitable meeting was a decision to form a fund of Scandinavian charity. A concert given after Easter will furnish the first instalment.

THE *CANDLE SYMPHONY*.

It is no rare occurrence to see some of the gravest and the most severe musicians—musicians who, as a rule, are distinguished for their grand inspirations—abandon themselves, in fits of caprice, to the most diverting instances of musical buffoonery. In the midst of an old book comprising different works by Carissimi, in the midst of psalms, and of motets written in the severest style imaginable, the reader is greatly astonished, and even greatly delighted, at coming across such pieces as the "Capuchin's Beard" (*Venerabilis barba capucinarum*); "An Ass's Will," with an imitation of the testator's melodious voice; the "Lesson in the Rudiments, or the Declension of the pronoun, Hic, Hæc, Hoc;" "The Burlesque Requiem," in which a grave voice slowly pronounces the funereal words, while the soprano sings the following anything but poetic lines:—

"Quand mon mari vient de dehors
Ma rente est d'être battue."

We all know the admirable bit of musical buffoonery written by Mozart to ridicule his set of amateurs at Prague. Berton, the author of *Montano et Stéphanie*, published a small collection of canons, in which the most profound science is applied to the treatment of the most comical ideas. *Les Héraclites et les Démocrites*, a canon, with double chorus, in which one set lament and complain to a sorrowful and devout melody, while the second set sing "*la bouteille et son jus divin*," is a work of only a few pages, but the hand of a master is as apparent as it would be in a work of greater compass. Who, however, can fancy Haydn, the most learned, the most serious, and the most methodical of composers, with his frilled shirt front, his lace ruffles, and his venerable *perruque*, seated at his table writing works that give him the right to the title of the prince of burlesque composers? Never, however, was a title more deserved.

Haydn's musical pleasantries are numerous; some are exceedingly strange. The "Ox Minuet" is celebrated. We know that Haydn endeavoured to imitate in it the lumbering gait and movements of the patient animal just named. For some time a rivalry existed between Haydn and Steibelt. The latter's symphonies carried off the palm, even in the opinion of the English, from those of the great composer. Haydn was annoyed at the preference thus shown to his rival. One day he had an explanation with his friends on the subject. "Steibelt!" he said, with an accent of the most profound contempt, "I will crush him!"

How shall we make the reader understand in what manner Haydn was resolved to crush Steibelt? We read, in a chronicle of the Middle Ages, that a man who was possessed, and whom the devil would not allow a moment's respite, went to consult a famous exorciser. The latter ordered the poor wretch to seat himself in a butt of water, with only his head above the surface. He then went through the usual forms. The devil was conquered, but, fearing to meet the irritated face of the exorciser, he knocked out the bottom of the butt and fled obstreperously. It was with an explosion of this kind that Haydn determined to crush Steibelt. So, when, in the midst of an admirable piece, in which the master had exhausted all the resources of his genius, the formidable low C of the bassoon was unexpectedly heard, every one was seized with an incontrollable fit of laughter; the imitation was perfect, and Steibelt was dethroned.

The *Candle Symphony* boasts a rather curious origin. The musicians of some petty German prince or other were very unpunctual at rehearsals; they came late, and frequently blew out their candles and went away before the rehearsal was over. The following is the plan of it:—The first piece is written in a very beautiful style; the *andante* with the mutes is delicious; the minuet is lively and rapid; next comes the *finale*, consisting of two movements, the first in duple time, and the second, *andante amoroso*, in triple time. The last part then commences. From its very beginning, something eccentric, unusual, out-of-the-way, greets, now and then, the ear; a horn disports out of its own proper domain; a clarionet allows sounds to escape from it which appear but little consonant with its mild and melancholy character. Is it possible that Haydn's genius is deserting him, the audience must have thought. Suddenly a horn indulges in a most execrable solo, and then, humiliated by the phrase allotted to it, blows out its candle and slowly steals off. The confusion continues. The clarionet, also, puts out its candle, and escapes in its turn. The horn in A, lost up in the very high notes, quietly drops down on the middle A, and imitates its fellows. The double-bass endeavours to hold its own against the storm, and runs furiously up and down the four strings. But, very shortly, utterly worn out and exhausted, the terrible instrument ceases its rumblings and disappears. The violoncello does the same; the flute follows; the tenors and the violins hurry off, and out go their candles. The harmony, so powerful a short time previously, is now nothing more than a vague and confused murmur; it is the distant noise of the sea; the murmuring breeze; a humming-bird flying past; the flight of a gnat; and then nothing at all. The first violin, left by itself, extinguishes the single modest light in the orchestra, makes a very low bow to the spectators, and retires, like a captain who does not abandon the fight till all his soldiers have deserted.

Such is the *Candle Symphony*.

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Sydney Smith's Method for the Pianoforte. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

A PIANOFORTE instruction book written by one of the most popular of pianoforte composers must always be worth attention, and can hardly fail to have a special value. Both results are attained by the work before us. Mr. Smith "begins at the beginning," and after taking his pupil through the first elements of notation (with which is combined a study of the keyboard), he proceeds by an admirable sequence of lessons and exercises to cultivate alike the performing hand and the directing mind. Some of his devices are peculiarly happy—that, for example, which keeps before the student's eye the relative value of the notes to be played. There are other features in the work of uncommon merit, but we shall say enough if we recommend it unreservedly to all who seek a manual of instruction well arranged, intelligible and, therefore, effective.

I'll twine for thee a wreath of flowers. Ballad. Words by LORD BYRON. Music by ROBERT HILTON, of the Cathedral Choir, Salisbury. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THIS ballad makes very modest pretensions, but justifies such as it makes. The melody has an easy and graceful flow, and the accompaniment is correct if not novel. All this, however, barely justifies another addition to the huge stock of ballads having no special *raison d'etre*. Composers should be merciful to their generation, and practise the virtue of reticence.

Philomel. Waltz. Composed by G. RICHARDSON, Musical Director, Globe Theatre. [London: John Shepherd.]

THIS waltz is dedicated to Miss Lydia Foote, who need not be offended at the compliment. It is tuneful, and, therefore, pleasing. Nevertheless, why write waltzes which are merely tuneful and pleasing? The "canterburys" of our drawing-rooms groan beneath the weight of such things,—moreover, hot weather is coming on, and the very suggestion of dancing causes matter to exude.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded? Transcribed for the Pianoforte by JOHANNES WINKELHAUS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

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Cascade de Perles, for Piano. Composed by JOHANNES WINKELHAUS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—It is announced with much pleasure that arrangements have been entered into with the Sacred Harmonic Society for a

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On SATURDAY, MAY 7th, 1870,

Conductor . . . SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

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"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN," a New Oratorio, by the Rev. H. F. LIMPUS, will be performed, for the First Time, in Aid of the Funds of St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital, Clewer, on TUESDAY, May 10th, 1870. Principal Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. The Band and Chorus will number 300 performers. Sofa Stalls, £1 1s.; Balcony Stalls, £1 1s.; Reserved Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Chappell, New Bond Street; Novello, Ewer, & Co., Berners Street; Duff & Stewart, 147, Oxford Street; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, REGENT STREET.—TUESDAY, MAY 3rd, 1870—SIGNORINA EMILY TATE respectfully announces that she will give a GRAND EVENING CONCERT of Vocal and Instrumental Music at the above Hall, on TUESDAY, MAY 3rd, 1870, under the special patronage of Sir Roderick Murchison, Bart. Signorina Emily Tate has recently had the honour of performing before H.R.H. the Princess of Wales and family, His Majesty the Emperor of Russia and family, Her Imperial Highness the Princess Dagmar, His Highness the Prince Hassan of Egypt, &c. Vocalists: Miss Blanche Reeves, Miss Amy Strangeways, Signora Mocca, Mr. Alfred Baylis, and Signor Penna. Pianoforte, Signorina Emily Tate; violin, Signorina De Bono; violoncello, Herr Schuberth. Conductors—Mr. Francesco Berger, Herr Schuberth, and Signor Decotelis.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 5s.; balcony front seats, 3s.: admission One Shilling. Tickets to be had at St. George's Hall; at the principal Musicsellers'; and of Signorina Emily Tate, 79, Cook's Road, Kennington Park. The Concert to commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S SIXTH ANNUAL CONCERT, QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, WEDNESDAY Evening, May 11th, Half-past Eight. Tickets, Five Shillings. Miss Jessie Royd, Miss Rebecca Jewell, Mr. de Fontanier, Mr. Ainsworth. A Choir of Male Voices will sing Liszt's "Soldaten-Lied" (Faust), "Chorus of Knights" (Lohengrin), "Pilgrims' chorus" (Tannhäuser), Wagner. The Programme will be selected from the compositions of Chopin, Liszt, Deichmann, Wagner, Glinka, Hatton, Berlioz, and Schubert. Tickets at Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street, and at the Rooms.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.—On SATURDAY Evening, May 7th, 1870, a GRAND EVENING CONCERT will be given as a Complimentary Benefit to Mr. T. H. SEVERN, Professor of Music, composer of "The Spirit of the Shell," etc., who is, and has been for months past, in a helpless state from severe attacks of Rheumatic Fever and Gout. Miss Banks, Miss Dalmaine, Miss Rebecca Jewell, Miss Ferrari, and Miss Marion Severn; Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Winn. Pianoforte—Herr Pauer and Herr Reinecke. Harpe—Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen) and Mr. J. Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia). The Part Songs, etc., will be sung by the Canonbury Vocal Union, conducted by Mr. W. H. Monk (of King's College, London). At the Pianoforte, Mr. H. R. Eyers. Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, or Three for One Guinea. Lamborn Cock & Co., 62 & 63, New Bond Street, and of Mr. Montague Severn, 24, Lyme Street, Camden Town, N.W.

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NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY NEXT, May 2, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Il Conte, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Signor Gassier; Bartolo, Signor Castelli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Don Curzio, Signor Rinaldini; Cherubino, Madame Monbelli; Marcellina, Madame Corsi; Susanna, Madame Sinico; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Reboux. Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

TUESDAY NEXT, May 3, Bellini's Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA." Elvino, Signor Mongini; Il Conte Rodolpho, Signor Verger; Alessio, Signor Zoboli; Un Notaro, Signor Archinti; Teresa, Madame Corsi; Lisa, Mdlle. Vinta; and Amina, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

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Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY of MUSICIANS of GREAT BRITAIN (instituted in 1738, incorporated in 1789), for the Support and Maintenance of Aged and Indigent Musicians, their Widows and Orphans, 12, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, W. Patroness—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.—The ANNUAL PERFORMANCE of HANDEL'S Oratorio, the "MESSIAH," will take place on FRIDAY Evening, the 6th of May, 1870, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, to commence at Eight o'clock. Principal violin—Mr. J. T. Willy. Trumpet—Mr. T. Harper. Organist—Mr. E. J. Hopkins. Conductor—Mr. W. G. CUSINS (Master of the Music to Her Majesty the Queen). Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Balcony, 5s.; Area or Gallery, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be had of all the principal Musicsellers; and of Mr. Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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BURLESQUE.

Without being in the smallest degree squeamish or prudish in the matter of jokes, it must be urged that the line between admissible and non-admissible subjects for jesting must be drawn somewhere. And if it is to be drawn anywhere, it must surely be drawn at murder. It is, therefore, simply disgusting to learn that some of the French comic papers have been making capital out of the shooting of the unhappy Republican, Noir, manufacturing *jeux-de-mots* out of that miserable catastrophe. To make jokes on such a tragedy is to trifle with the profoundest emotion of which human nature is capable, and to undermine the whole fabric of social morals. What would be said by that mysterious being, public opinion, in this country, if some London journalist were to print his wretched witticisms on some frightful English blood-shedding, we do not pretend to say. In Paris, the only possible palliation for the offence is to be found in the system of depression to which the whole French intellect has so long been subjected. When for generation after generation the only government of which Frenchmen have had experience has been "a despotism tempered with epigrams," as in Russia it used to be "a despotism tempered with assassinations," it can hardly be a matter of surprise that a good many writers should come to hold that all things in heaven and earth are fit subjects for bitter jesting. As we Englishmen have happily but little experience of this gagging of our lips and stifling of our thoughts, we are perhaps hardly fair judges of the affect of a habit of resorting to jokes as the only weapon to save oneself from the last excesses of unscrupulous tyranny.

As it happens, too, there is just now an urgent call for our looking at home in this very matter of unlicensed jokes. We have not yet come to making puns on the last new horrible crime, or to dramatizing the slow poisoning with which some fresh victim of hatred, or jealousy, or avarice is cleared out of a murderer's path. But it needs little penetration to see that the spirit which dictated the Parisian jests about the Auteuil tragedy is very far from being quite dormant in England. Nobody can observe, for instance, the popular mania for stage burlesques, without seeing that the line which ought to mark off certain subjects as forbidden to the joke-maker, is not seldom unscrupulously crossed. The habit of making one's living by turning into a jest every sort of human interest which can yield material for a laugh is utterly perilous and pernicious. There is neither prudishness nor squeamishness in protesting against the habit altogether. The taste for uncontrolled burlesque is as fatal to the cultivation of true wit and humour as it is debasing to the morals and the intellect. It is one of the laziest and lowest of accomplishments to take what is great, good or tragic, and pervert it into an idiotic caricature. Any fool can burlesque what is terrible, or sacred, or profound; just as any fool can enjoy the monstrosities which pass for humour and vivacity in not a few of the London theatres. A good burlesque—that is a witty travestie on a subject which itself borders on the ridiculous—is a far harder thing to write, and is, for the time, a very pleasant piece of fooling. But these shameless scoffings at things which the scoffers are too ignorant or too coarse to understand, are an altogether different affair. And we need have no hesitation in expressing a conviction, that they are degrading at once to those who manufacture them and to those who delight in reading them or in witnessing them.

As a rule it may be taken for granted that all grave realities are unfit for burlesquing. If they are not grave they are, for the most part, either already ridiculous, and therefore cannot be burlesqued, or they are so tame and pointless as to yield no material for turning into ridicule. When they are in themselves ridiculous they are fit subjects for comedy, either comedy proper or farce. And it is one of the consequences of this detestable passion for burlesquing, that it turns away the popular taste from legitimate comedy and farce. An audience that has its natural love for the ridiculous perpetually fed with stupid songs and coarse "break-downs," is utterly incapacitated for relishing genuine satire or fun of any kind whatsoever. Though they may not yet be so hardened to all sense of decency as to enjoy a joke upon the murders of the day, the burlesque-makers are steadily proceeding in blunting that sensibility to those delicate distinctions between the little and the great, the coarse and the refined, the noble and the contemptible, upon which real happiness so largely depends. Theatrical burlesque is, in truth very much akin to that very dangerous weapon, ridicule, when used in religious controversy. Satire in theological polemics, unless most carefully separated from the actual feelings and habits of sincere men and women, however absurd are their opinions, is a most fatal instrument for attacking the errors we may wish to expose. It stings and irritates and maddens the very persons who ought to be conciliated. The satirist may enjoy a momentary triumph; but so far from converting people from their mistaken views, it serves only to prejudice them more firmly than ever against ideas which are propagated with so flagrant a disregard of practical charity. Thus, too, in these stages travesties. The moment any subject which is dear to the heart is thus turned into ridicule, either our whole nature revolts against the outrage, or little by little the moral and intellectual sensibilities are deadened. We begin by laughing at the burlesque of what is dear to others, and end by laughing at what ought to be dear or sacred to ourselves.

Moreover, it is not every fictitious subject which is tolerable in burlesque. Would a travestie of *Hamlet** or of *King Lear* be endurable to an Englishman or Englishwoman of any refinement or cultivation? To a person thoroughly disgusted at seeing those terrible tragedies exhibited in a series of idiotic buffooneries, what justification would it be to tell him that such men as Hamlet and Ophelia and Lear and Cordelia never existed? To us they have a real existence of their own, because they are associated with our sense of all that is sweet, and pathetic, and tender, and awful in the intense reality of human life itself. Were it not for the intensity with which our own hearts respond to the pictures that Shakspere drew, there would be nothing out of which the burlesque-maker could contrive his ugly jesting. Where there is no marked individuality there can be no caricature. Nothing is so difficult to the caricaturist as to awaken the slightest interest in a picture of a thoroughly commonplace face, for there is really nothing in such faces which he can lay hold of and exaggerate. Thus the burlesque manufacturer can make nothing of commonplace poems, or legends, or actual events, and so he longs to lay his unhallowed hands on subjects from which the good feelings of mankind still, to a considerable extent, warn him off. Considering what he has already dared to do, we can well understand how his fingers are now itching to seize the materials which are still forbidden him. He has travestied Walter Scott, who after all does not yield much matter for his purpose, If he could but dare to fly at the highest game, what wonders might he not achieve? And if he is tolerated much longer, we may be satisfied that he will at least try how far an outraged decency will let him go. We shall have all Shakspere's greatest tragedies and comedies turned into vulgar jests; and the next step will be to copy the shameless Parisian, and make jokes upon the horrible actual crimes.

The old Greek and Roman mythology is, after all, the best of all subjects for stage burlesques. The stories are full of point; the characters are strongly marked; and the religious ideas with which they were once associated have for ages been extinct. How well they yield themselves to travestie was known to a former generation of playgoers, as it is well known to the present generation how stupid they become in incompetent hands. Where is the mythological burlesque of to-day which is comparable to M. Planché's *Olympic Revels* and *Olympic Devils?* But then in those days there were actresses who could sing and act so well that with them the very wildest absurdities were invested with a certain air of grace. Where are such burlesque songsters now? And if we want a non-mythological and non-theatrical burlesque, have we not a burlesque without a fault in the immortal Pickwick and his companions? The *Pickwick Papers* are a pure burlesque. From the great Pickwick downwards, saving Sam Weller, everybody that figures therein is more or less of an idiot. There is no comic or farcical representation of life. It is all rollicking absurdity and impossibility from end to end. Little bits of questionable pathos are here and there interpolated, but they do not mar the effect of the whole, which is more or less idiotic, of the very best and funniest kind of idiocy, from the first chapter to the last. There are many scenes in *Pickwick* which stand towards the realities of life which suggested them, in about the very same relation in which M. Planché's *Orpheus and Eurydice*, and *Perseus and Andromeda*, and all his gods and goddesses, stand to the old classical stories where these same personages figure as sober, living realities.

Is there, however, any prospect that the days of burlesque are numbered? He must be a sanguine speculator who could hope for such a consummation, at least for years to come. This year increasing stupidity seems to bring with it no suicidal tendency. Dresses, songs, legs, and breakdowns are still sufficient to float the most execrable cargo of travestie. Dresses, songs, and legs of course we always shall have; together with some sort of boisterous romping of which the breakdown is just now the popular form. But could we not have the dresses, the songs, the legs, and the romps, without the presence of coarse burlesques and stupid plays upon words? The two classes of subjects may be kept separate enough. And if once the very notion of converting serious subjects into an exhibition of tomfoolery were vigorously forbidden, we might hope that play-wrights and managers would devote their attention to the devising and preparing some tolerably artistic framework for the exhibition of the essential elements of the pictorial and muscular drama.

X. Y. Z.

LEIPSIC.—The annual performance of J. S. Bach's *Matthäus-Passion* took place on Good Friday. Herr Julius Rietz conducted, in place of Herr Carl Reinecke, now in London. The vocalists were Mdme. Flinsch, Mdme. Krebs-Michaleal, Herren Wollers and Behr.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, a novelty here, though produced elsewhere seventeen years since—"*Ehen fugaces*," etc.—was produced at the Stadttheater at the beginning of the month. A great success, of course.—The proposal for building a large operahouse has been laid, strongly recommended by the magistrature, before the Assembly of Town-Delegates. There is every probability of its being favourably received, as sixty-seven of the principal inhabitants have already put their names down for 480,000 of the 596,000 florins, the estimated cost, and the Town possesses funds to make up the remainder.

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* More than half a century ago *Hamlet Travestied* (by Mr. Poole) was a popular piece, and surely *Macbeth* and the *Merchant of Venice* (to say nothing of *Medea*, in which the late Mr. Robson figured so conspicuously) must be within the memory of X. Y. Z.—ED. *M. W.*

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

The manager of this establishment seems resolved not to be out-done in activity. Since *Rigoletto*, which was given on the opening night, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, performed on Monday, three operas have been produced, and two singers of high pretensions have made their first appearance.

Madame Monbelli, for whose *début* the *Barbiere di Siviglia* was selected, was favourably known last year at St. James's Hall, the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere as a concert singer; and one of those pieces in which she earned most applause was precisely "Una voce poca fa," the well-known soliloquy of Rossini's wideawake heroine. That Madame Monbelli is a singer of exceptional attainments is unquestionable, and that the florid music given to Rosina should come readily within her means is only what was anticipated. Her appearance, too, is greatly in her favour, and the genuine Spanish costume in which she was attired the other night thoroughly became her. The whole of her music was executed in a manner little short of perfection—the "Una voce," with the somewhat over-wrought embellishments to the second verse of the *cabaletta* ("ma si me toccano," &c.) in a style with which we were already acquainted, and the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son," the last movement of which was embellished with equal profuseness (Poor Rossini!—as if he did not write music florid enough) equally well. In the lesson scene Madame Monbelli introduced a Spanish air, "Juanita," composed by Señor Iradier, of no great merit, and not at all effective. But the poorness of the composition was condoned by the excellence of the singing. To turn to the other side of the picture—Madame Monbelli has, at present, no pretensions whatever to be called an actress; and, if it is her intention to continue permanently on the stage, she must devote some serious thought to this phase of her art. That the Italian lyric stage has, time out of mind, been a model for dramatic singers is an oft-told truth; and, refined a singer as she is, Madame Monbelli can hardly look for general acceptance until she has acquired something also of the mimic art. She was warmly if not enthusiastically received. About the other characters little need be said. Signor Bettini's Almaviva is well known to our London audiences as a careful and musicianly performance. He sings the opening movement of the serenade, "Ecco ridente il cielo," with great taste, and the *allegro* with remarkable fluency. In the *finale* to the first act, moreover, where the Count feigns drunkenness in order to deceive Dr. Bartolo, he would be dramatically, no less than vocally, unimpeachable, but for the too frequent application of the flat of his sword to the backs of a number of unoffending individuals—an exhibition of frolicsomeness somewhat at variance with the general idea we have been taught to entertain of an Andalusian nobleman. Signor Castelli, who played Bartolo, was, some years ago, a member of the *opera buffa* company at the St. James's Theatre. His humour is not pungent, nor does he otherwise excel as a comic actor, but he has a good voice, sings like a musician, and, on the whole, makes an acceptably agreeable character of Rosina's jealous guardian. Signor Gassier's Figaro, now that Ronconi has left us, is perhaps the best—certainly the most active, bustling, and genial—on the Italian stage. Signor Foli represents the intriguing music master, Don Basilio, under the covering of a hat of dimensions more enormous even than ordinary; but it cannot be said of him, as it has been said of one or two other Basilios—*castor et præterea nihil*—inasmuch as he sings the fine air, "La Calunnia," with wonderful spirit, and is very good in the quintet of the second act, containing the famous sequel, "Buona sera, mio Signore." The performance of Rossini's comic masterpiece, from the overture to the end, in so far as the orchestra and chorus, under Signor Arditi, were concerned, left nothing to be desired.

M. Gounod's *Faust* was the opera chosen for the first appearance of Mdlle. Reboux—who may be remembered, some years ago, as playing a small part in the same composer's *Mirella*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, when Mr. Mapleson directed the fortunes of that time-honoured establishment. Since then Mdlle. Reboux has aimed higher, and become a genuine *dramatic* singer. In fact, this lady excels in the dramatic department of her art just as Madame Monbelli does in the vocal: so that, if the two talents could be combined in one, we should have something like a perfect artist. Mdlle. Reboux's conception of the character of Marguerite is unexceptionable from one end to the other; and every dramatic situation of importance is brought out by her with singular power. Not to bore our readers with a hundredth description of an opera the extraordinary vogue of which is still, to many, an enigma, we would especially point to the scene of the death of Valentine, and the closing scene of the prison—in both of which Mdlle. Reboux was alike forcible and impressive. Though somewhat too robust in frame to look the ideal Marguerite, all physical disproportions are forgotten in the deep intelligence and intense earnestness of her acting. This earnestness is equally a characteristic of the singing of Mdlle. Reboux; but the voice appears somewhat worn, is not always under control, and, wherever passages of force are demanded, is terribly afflicted with that so-oft cited "*vibrato*"—which, as we have more than once observed, is not so much what many seem to think, a voice of taste, as an ineradicable defect, the result of a mistaken method long indulged in. But though Mdlle. Reboux's singing was by no means on a par with her acting, it exhibited many fine points. Her least satisfactory achievement was the so-called "Air des bijoux," which lies too high for her voice—a genuine mezzo soprano. Her most successful efforts were the ballad of the "King of Thule," sung by Marguerite at the spinning wheel, the prayer in the Cathedral, and the last *finale*, where the closing phrase, delivered each time in succession on a higher part of the scale, was each time given with remarkable power and intensity. We shall be glad to have another occasion of hearing Mdlle. Reboux, who is evidently too conscientious and aspiring an artist to be summarily judged of after a single experience. Signor Gardoni was Faust—Signor Mario alone accepted, now by far the best Faust on the Italian stage. Never was this excellent and deservedly popular artist singing better than at the present time. His "Salve dimora" (violin *obbligato*, Herr Straus) was perfect. The Mephistophiles of Signor Gassier, the Valentine of Mr. Santley, and the Siebel of Madame Trebelli-Bettini are too familiar to the opera-going public to require description. In the song about "Gold," and the Serenade to Marguerite, Signor Gassier displayed all his well-known point and spirit; Mr. Santley was as impressive and masterly as ever in the scene of Valentine's death; and Madame Trebelli was compelled to repeat both her songs—which, considering the manner in which they were given, caused no surprise. The new chorus, gathered from all parts, had ample opportunity of distinction in the second, third, and fourth acts of *Faust*, and the result was eminently satisfactory. The orchestra, by this time, could easily play the opera, from end to end, without book.

Il Flauto Magico was given on Saturday night. The operas performed during the week have been *Faust* (Monday); *Rigoletto* (Tuesday); and the *Nozze di Figaro* (Thursday). Weber's *Abou Hassan*, followed by Mozart's *Oca del Cairo*—both for the first time on the Italian stage, and with a new singer, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitsky, in the last-mentioned, are announced for to-night.

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The Princess of Trebizonde.

Every drama has its origin in some other drama, tale, or simple anecdote. If *School* is derived from *Aschenbrödel*, *Aschenbrödel* proceeds from *Cinderella*, and *Cinderella* from the story of Rhodopis, whose remarkably small sandal was carried away by an eagle to the King of Egypt, who swore to make the owner his wife. Dramas, the plot of which cannot be traced to one source in particular, are usually composed of materials borrowed from several sources in common. Not that it matters; for, without undervaluing invention, we may say that new combination is equivalent to new creation. The *Princess of Trebizonde* is an example of a play, novel in itself, in which ideas, characters, and incidents are to be found that have served half a dozen dramatic works of various kinds. There is the burlesque comedy, *Les Saltimbanques*, for instance, in which Bilboquet, like Cabriolo, his successor, is chief of a company of strolling acrobats, and Zephirine, like Zanetta in the *Princess of Trebizonde*, inspires a young man of position with an ungovernable passion. The Zanetta of the *Princess of Trebizonde* is first seen by her admirer as a wax figure. The image of the Princess having lost a nose, Zanetta has agreed to replace the mutilated simulacrum; and the Prince, her lover, is as astonished as the lover in *Les Pantins de Violette* to find that his beautiful doll opens and shuts her eyes, performs automatic movements, and utters phrases expressive of affection. The scene in which the supposed wax figure gives signs of animation may be compared to a scene in M. Victor Massé's *Galathée*. The suddenly enriched mountebank (he has won a prize in the lottery) cultivates his acrobatic tastes in the midst of his new splendour much as the retired ballet-master, represented by Bouffé in a piece of which we forget the name, gives practical proof, under exhilarating circumstances, that he has not forgotten the occupation of his life. Then Dr. Sparadrap, the young Prince's tutor, who is to have a pension and postmastership if his pupil forms no attachment up to the time of marriage, a pension without a postmastership if he escapes with a passing flirtation, and kicks without halfpence if he takes to "the indiscriminate pursuit of female society," is a sort of Dr. Pangloss. Other resemblances might be pointed out; but though it presents no one original feature of its own, the *Princess of Trebizonde* is sufficiently original. The materials of which this dramatic salad is composed are familiar enough; but they have been combined in a novel manner, and served up with a musical dressing both new and piquant.

Not that we intend to go into ecstasies about M. Offenbach. He has written one work the memory of which will live long after the work itself, and, above all, the music of the work, shall have been forgotten. We mean the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, the tunes of which form the true historico-musical accompaniment to the Paris Exhibition of 1867; as the "Marseillaise" is the musical accompaniment to the first French Revolution; "La Parisienne" to the second; "Mourir pour la patrie" to the third; "Partant pour la Syrie" to the first and second French Empires. The piece, though only a

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burlesque, possesses as much merit, and of about the same sort, as Kotzebue's *Little Town*. It presents a picture, in broad caricature, of a petty despotic court, such as Stendhal, with finer brush and more delicate colours, has painted in his *Chartreuse de Parme*. Probably no one saw so much fun in it as Count Bismarck, Baron Beust, and Prince Gortchakoff—above all Prince Gortchakoff; and it is in connection with the visit to Paris made by these Ministers and their masters in the Exhibition year of 1867 that the *Grand Duchess* will be remembered. But thanks to the libretto by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, thanks also to Mdlle. Schneider, it is the most remarkable of the Offenbachian productions; and in examining any new work of the master of burlesque, we naturally try it by this test:—how much inferior is it to the *Grand Duchess*?

As a piece, then, the *Princess of Trebizonde* is much inferior to the *Grand Duchess*, which, among other merits, possesses that of originality at first hand. There are passages in the life of Catherine of Russia which may have suggested it; but the subject, in the literature of imagination, was virgin when MM. Meilhac and Halévy took hold of it. The music of the *Princess of Trebizonde* contains effective pieces, and some of the airs are lively. Zanetta's *rondo*, "The lawful wife of Rustifum," and the Page's song have already been made the subject of pianoforte fantasias by Mr. Brinley Richards. Of course, too, the manufacturers of dance music have been at the score, picking out all available motives for waltzes and quadrilles (polkas are out of fashion). There is a new vocal effect in the choral refrain to Zanetta's *rondo*, which is perhaps intended to be sung to the last degree *pianissimo* (*pppp*, like one of the passsages in Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*), but, as a matter of fact, is whispered. A little more and M. Offenbach would be accused of stealing an idea from M. Hervé, whose "mutes of the seraglio," in *Les Turcs*, have a chorus in which they do not sing at all. The toothache song is another curiosity, though the toothache has long been known as an excruciatingly funny subject.

Why, in conclusion, does the author of the play-bills and of the advertisements in the newspapers describe this *opéra bouffe*, or burlesque opera, as a "comic opera-drama"? "Comedy-drama" means, we believe, a "serious comedy," or one of those works in the mixed style cultivated by M. Sardou, which are comedy at the beginning, drama at the end. M. Sardou, however, being a candidate for Academical honours, takes good care not to call his half-comic, half-serious productions, "comedy-dramas." What "opera-drama" as distinct from "opera" means, we cannot conceive. A "comic opera-drama" ought to signify a "comedy-drama" set to music. In any case there is, we will not say too much drama, but certainly too much spoken dialogue in the *Princess of Trebizonde*. The musical pieces are too far apart, the intervals of talk being practically (owing to the slower delivery of our actors) much longer in the English than in the French version. Contrary to the general rule, the adapter, that accomplished scholar, wit, and humorist, Mr. C. L. Kenney, has been quite as successful with his verse as with his prose; the prose of the English piece is very good, but the verse is excellent. For a double reason, then, it is to the singing, even more than to the talking, that this clever burlesque-opera must own its success.

Shaver Silver.

—o—

DE BERIOT.

Charles Auguste de Beriot, born at Louvain, the 20th February, 1802; died at Brussels, the 8th April 1870, was descended from an old and highly esteemed family.* Having been left an orphan when he was nine years old, he found, in M. Tiby,† a professor of music, at Brussels, a guardian and a second father, as well as a master, who exerted himself zealously to develop the boy's aptitude for music. He had attained a certain degree of skill upon the violin, his progress having been so rapid that he was able to perform publicly Viotti's Concerto in A minor (letter H), before he was nine years old, exciting thereby the admiration of his countrymen. Nature had endowed him with a most delicate ear for correctness of intonation, and this was combined in his playing with naturally elegant taste. Being, moreover, of a meditative turn, and finding in those around him no model whom he could imitate, he sought in himself the principle of the Beautiful, of which he could have no notions save those due to the spontaneous action of his own individuality. This is, perhaps, the proper place for investigating the causes which gave rise to the report bruited about, that De Beriot was a pupil of Jacotot. This fact, accredited by the author of *L'Enseignement universel*, and by the declarations of De Beriot himself, needs some little explanation. The general attention of the inhabitants of Belgium had been, for some years, directed to the results, which appeared to have been obtained by Jacotot's method; the progress made by those who studied it was said to be something marvellous in every branch of learning. De Beriot determined to see what advantage he could derive for his purposes from the practice of it. He had some interviews with the inventor, but scarcely learned more than two things, namely: that perseverance triumphs over all obstacles, and that, generally speaking, men are not sincere in their determination to do all they can. The young artist felt the full force of these propositions, which his intelligence perceived how to turn to account. Such is the way in which De Beriot was a pupil of Jacotot. He could not have been so in any other fashion, for it is not sure that Jacotot could have decided whether the violinist played in tune or not. However this may be, a fortunate moral and physical organization, an education well begun, and the most carefully regulated exertion, were not long before they rendered De Beriot a highly talented artist, who merely wanted to be brought into contact with talented men in other lines, in order to obtain finish; introduce a proper co-ordination in his efforts; and enable him to acquire a character of originality.

De Beriot was nineteen when he quitted his native city and went to Paris, where he arrived about the commencement of the year 1821. The first thing he did was to play before Viotti, then director of the Opera. After listening to him attentively, the celebrated artist said: "You have a fine style; exert yourself to improve it; hear all men of talent; profit by everything, and imitate nothing." This advice seemed to suggest his having no master; but De Beriot thought he ought to take lessons of De Baillot, and, for this purpose, entered the Conservatory. But he was not long before perceiving that his talent possessed a peculiar character of its own, which could with difficulty be modified, except at the price of its originality. He remained, therefore, only a few months in the classes of the Conservatory. He returned to his own private direction, and soon afterwards played, with brilliant success, at a few concerts. His first *Airs variés*, compositions, full of grace and novelty, were published, and increased his incipient reputation. His way of performing them added an inexpressible charm. All those he published constituted for a long period the usual repertory of a great many violinists.

After shining in Paris, De Beriot proceeded to England, where he found a no less brilliant reception, especially during his subsequent visits. In London and some other cities of Great Britain, he gave concerts at which his fine talent was enthusiastically applauded. Besides being repeatedly engaged at the Philharmonic Concerts, he was engaged moreover for some of the musical festivals given annually in the principal English towns. On his return, already possessing a brilliant reputation, to his own country, he was presented to King William I., who, though caring little for music, felt the necessity of ensuring the independence of a young artist who promised to prove an honour to his native land. He bestowed on him, therefore, a pension of 2,000 florins, and the title of first solo violinist in his own private band. The Revolution of 1830 deprived De Beriot of these advantages.*

From the moment that the artist's talent began to show itself, it went on developing itself; on attaining maturity, it was distinguished by a combination of the most precious qualities, namely: a most beautiful tone; invariable correctness, a quality in which Lafont was his only rival; unusual elegance of taste; a personal style; and, finally, a certain charm, in which he was never surpassed, and perhaps never equalled, by any one. Critics, who never forfeit their rights, formerly reproached De Beriot with combining a slight degree of coldness with his purity; their criticisms were useful to him, for warmth and vigorous bowing became no less remarkable in his play than correctness and taste. Complaints were also made that, restricting the flight of his talent to composing and executing *Airs variés*, he confined himself within too narrow limits; he cleared himself, also, from this reproach, by composing concertos which he played at various concerts, and in which he exhibited conception and execution on a grander scale than previously. Having been appointed professor of the violin at the Conservatory of Brussels in 1845, he composed his later concertos for his pupils, throwing into each of them charming ideas and touches, as remarkable for their elegance as for their brilliancy. It has been said that this music, so favourable to the talent of those who execute it, is much less difficult than it appears. I do not know whether this observation is to be considered a criticism, or whether it is not rather an eulogium. Having become the friend of the celebrated Mdme. Malibran, De Beriot travelled with her in Italy, England, and Belgium. In 1835, he became her husband.† The numerous opportunities he enjoyed of hearing this inspired lady appears to have exerted the most happy influence on his talent. At Naples, where he played at a concert in the Teatro San Carlo, he achieved a most enormous success, a thing very rare with the Italians, who being passionately devoted to singing, bestowed, at that period, as a nation, very little attention on instrumental music.

Having permanently taken up his abode at Brussels after the death of Madame Malibran-de-Beriot, he did not appear publicly for several years.‡

* By a royal degree of the 16th April, 1853, his claim to belong to the aristocracy was formally acknowledged. His arms were: "D'or à trois têtes de renard de gueules.—Cimier: une tête de renard de l'écu."—Ed. *Guide Musical.*

† Jean François Tiby, born at Feluy (Hainault), the 25th April, 1772; died at Louvain, the 14th December, 1844.—*Ibid.*

* Which did not prevent his setting to music "La Marche des Belges," "a patriotic song, words by Bocquet, dedicated to the brave defenders of liberty." De Beriot discreetly kept in the shade this act of his life, an act to which he was indebted for the Iron Cross, that he never wore.—Ed. *Guide Musical.*

† There was one child by this marriage: M. Charles Wilfried de Beriot, a talented pianist, at present established in Paris. By his second marriage, with a sister of Thalberg, De Beriot had one son, an officer in the Belgian army, who died some years since.—Ed. *Guide Musical.*

‡ Or, more accurately, eighteen months. De Beriot made his re-appearance in public on the 15th December, 1837, at the concert of the Philanthropic Society of Brussels, on which occasion two medals were struck off, one being for the illustrious violinist, and the other for his sister-in-law, Mdlle. Pauline Garcia (Madame Viardot), who then made her *debut* in a career which she afterwards pursued with such brilliant results. The two subsequently joined in a tour through the Belgian provinces and Germany, and, on the 15th December, 1838, the anniversary of the concert at Brussels, they played at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, Paris.

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In 1840, however, he made a tour in Germany, stopping some time at Vienna, where he gave concerts. Unfavourable changes in his health, changes recurring at various periods, at length caused him to take the resolution of playing no more in public, though his talent was still in its full power. He no longer played except to his pupils, and some few privileged friends, who still admired the fulness and the charm of his style. Unfortunately, some more serious shocks to his constitution, at an age which is not one for resisting infirmity, obliged him, in 1852, to resign his post as professor. Paralysis of the optic nerve had suddenly deprived him of sight, and the hopes he at first entertained of being cured had not been realized.

De Beriot's principal works are: Nine Concertos; "Airs Variés;" Studies; Sonatas and Duets; Trios; a Cantata, executed at the Brussels Conservatory of Music, in April, 1853; &c.

De Beriot's last work, the most important of the productions he wrote at a ripe age, is his *Méthode de violon en trois parties*, Paris, 1858, one vol., large 4to. The first part contains the elements and treats of the positions; the second contains the theory of bowing, and its various applications; we find in it also instructions relating to harmonics. The third part treats of style. Each of the parts contains an ample collection of studies to enable the student to carry out the precepts.

De Beriot was a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium, and of the Musical Academy of Rome; Officer of the Order of Leopold; Knight of the Iron Cross; of the Oak Crown, of Holland; of Merit of Saxe-Coburg, &c.

The solemn funeral service was celebrated on Tuesday, the 12th inst., in the parish church of St. Gudule, in the presence of a large crowd of persons, connected mostly with art and literature. The son of the deceased was chief mourner. Among those present on the sad occasion was M. Henri Vieuxtemps, the most illustrious of all the virtuosoes reared in the school of the great master; MM. Fétis, director of the Conservatory; Guetelet; Ch. Regier; the Prince de Chimay; Van Soust; the Chevalier L. de Burbure; the Chevalier van Elewyck; Soubre, director of the Liége Conservatory; and P. Bénoit, director of the Antwerp Conservatory; MM. Dupont, Dumon, Blaes, Ad. Samuel, Bosselet, Artôt, Duhem, Guélus, B. Fauconier, Mailly, and other distinguished artists, both of Brussels and other places.

FROM CORDOVA.

No. III.

Those students of the old Spanish drama who visit Madrid or Seville in the hopes of seeing a performance of some work of Calderon or Lopez de Vega are likely to be still more disappointed than the foreign Anglo-maniac who comes to England to see Shakspere; for whereas the favourite plays of the "divine Williams" are pretty sure to be played somewhere or other at short intervals, the national Spanish drama seems scarcely to be performed at all. The "Teatro Español" at Madrid, which answers to the Français at Paris, and is supposed to be appropriated to Spanish "legitimacy," is now very successful with a comparatively modern melodrama, entitled *La Aldea de San Lorenzo;* but the Italian Opera, at which Tamberlik has of late been the principal vocalist, is of all dramatic establishments the most important. Two houses, the "Teatro de Bufos Arderius," and the "Teatro de las Zarguelas," are devoted to *opéra bouffe*, their repertory being sometimes original and sometimes supplemented by the compositions of Offenbach and Hervé. These theatres are very popular, and poets and musicians of Spain are evidently much busied to supply them with pieces. But the curiosity of the performance is that, however the artists may labour to be comical, the audience never express their satisfaction by hearty laughter. You may hear roars of mirth at a bull-fight when a horse is cleverly slaughtered, but less practical jokes do not seem strong enough to move the risible muscles of Iberia. And yet the Spaniards at table or as travelling companions are as vivacious as Frenchmen. The minor theatre (Teatro de las Variedades), which I suppose is ordinarily enlivened with light vaudevilles, is, as I have already stated, occupied with representations of the Passion during Lent; and another theatre (de las Novedades) invites the public by announcing the performance of a drama of real life entitled *Troppmann*, the various scenes which illustrated the career of that illustrious criminal being carefully enumerated in the advertisements.

At Cordova, as at Madrid and the larger towns, there is a Lenten representation of the Passion; but it is not to be supposed that the plays, though based on the same holy subject, are everywhere the same. At the small Madrid theatre *Los Siete Dolores de Maria* commences with the Presentation in the Temple, and ends with the Descent from the Cross. The play now given at the principal theatre (Teatro Principal) of Cordova omits the Presentation and the Flight into Egypt, commencing with the Entrance into Jerusalem, and ending with an act representing the Resurrection, which seems to be an addition to the original work. The business-like announcement at the Cordova Theatre of the last performance of the present season, which is to be held to-night, might perhaps surprise some of your readers. I, therefore, translate it literally:—

"At the request of many persons who were not able to obtain places on the evening of Tuesday last to witness the religious drama which we have presented during Lent, we depart from our firm resolution not to give any more representations; and, although we thus put ourselves to a heavy inconvenience, inasmuch as the preparations for the season of Easter demand an immediate termination of the spectacle, nevertheless, give this last performance, intending that no one shall be deprived of the enjoyment of so magnificent a work, and thus rendering a just tribute of respect to the illustrious public which honours our Coliseum (Colleseo). Sixteenth performance of the grand and magnificent sacred-biblical-religious drama in four acts and in verse, written by Don Antonio Campoamer, with music by Maestro Salaric, entitled" (here comes a woodcut of the Saviour, leaning on the world, with the inscription 'Salvator Mundi') "*The God Man* (El Hombre Dios); *or, the Passion and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ*, increased with the new scene, entitled 'The Glorious Resurrection.'"

Then comes a list of the subjects of the several acts of which the piece consists. The highest price of admission to the performance is 20 reals (4f.) the lowest 1 real (25c.).

The fact is remarkable that the Spaniards have no regular "bill of the play," either in the separate form, which is adopted in England, or in the shape of an appendage to a theatrical newspaper, as in France. Consequently, there are no means of obtaining an official knowledge of the name of a single performer. The paper which I have translated is merely intended for distribution in reading-rooms, &c. The names of the plays, as in the political papers of France, with perhaps an enumeration of "effects" as an additional incitement, are all that is given to the Spanish public.

The interior of a second-class carriage on a long journey like that from Madrid to Cordova affords a vivid picture of a somewhat rough kind of Spanish life, illustrated by every variety of attire. The peculiarity of costume is its utter absence of uniformity, and those who fancy that the commonly assumed dress of the Spanish peasant will serve as the type of a crowd, just as a blue blouse will serve to typify a French mob, are greatly mistaken. The broad flapping *sombrero*, which your Andalusian is seen to wear on the stage, may indeed be seen, but is the least common of head-dresses. Much more ordinary is the so-called "Alpine hat," of late so familiar to London and Paris. Coats are to be seen of every colour and of every material. Indeed, the only distinctive article of attire that prevails among the lower class of Spaniards is the broad sash about the waist, and even this varies in colour *ad libitum*. But let me remark that, however capriciously the peasant chooses his habiliments, he always contrives to look exceedingly like a brigand, and the little crowds that are met at every country station on the road between Madrid and Cordova are remarkable for the specimens of certain idleness and apparent ferocity which they present. The manner in which your luggage is taken care of when you quit the train looks exceedingly risky. You are shown to the omnibus which takes passengers to the specified hotel, and you give up your luggage-ticket, and, perhaps, also the key of your box, to a rough man who emerges from a mass, and who, to all appearance, would do credit to the band of Captain Rolando. A new sensation arises on the way to the hotel, the driver lashing his mules with fury, and his vehicle rushing through narrow streets just wide enough to allow its passage, so that affrighted pedestrians can only save their lives by rushing into the open doors of the houses. When the hotel is reached a considerable time elapses before the arrival of your luggage, and you begin to reflect upon your condition. The only document which can prove your ownership you have surrendered into the hands of a man whom timid folks would not like to meet in a dark lane, and as to whom you suspect it would be but natural if, instead of bearing the trunk to its appointed place, he appropriated it to his own uses. But the trunk arrives safe, after all, and Lavater is ignominiously refuted.

The middle class of Spaniards seem an easy, life-enjoying set, like the similar order of Parisians, without a tinge of that apparent ferocity which so formidably marks their inferiors. They all understand bull-fighting, which they regard as an innocent recreation to which no one could possibly object, and the arrival of Easter, when the sport will begin in earnest, is anticipated with delight. The stormy politics of the day are likewise playfully discussed, and if a little *émeute* has occurred somewhere, with a loss of half a dozen lives, the event is regarded as rather facetious than otherwise. To the tedium of the journey from Madrid to Cordova an agreeable relief is given by the appearance of a trader at one of the immediate stations, who offers for sale a number of formidable daggers, with crimson sheaths, evidently answering the purpose of the American bowie knife. These are freely bought at the small price of a duro (5f.) a piece, and while the purchaser contemplates with satisfaction the broad blade, and tries it on his fingers, a merry soldier perhaps draws his sword, points at one of his fellow-travellers, and flourishes a revolver. But all are in perfect good humour, and the liberality with which cigarettes are given away is amazing. N. D.

Cordova, April 9.

BADEN.—The Kiosk Concerts, before the Conversationshaus will this year be better than ever; at least, the Administration have done all they can to render them so. Strengthened by a contingent of solo-performers from the Strassburg Conservatory, the Baden Orchestra, under the direction of Herr Könnemann, will number 60 members. From the 15th August, it will be reinforced by 14 first-rate soloists, headed by Herr Johann Strauss, from Vienna, and the said Johann Strauss will conduct in place of Herr Könnemann. These 14 soloists will bring the number of the orchestra up to 74. In order that the Promenade Concerts may not be interrupted during the operatic performances at which the above orchestra officiates, Mannsfeld's orchestra from Frankfort-on-the-Maine has been engaged. Thus there will be three orchestras performing, either separately or combined, and, in addition, there will be the Badish Badenish, or Baden (*au gré du lecteur*) military bands of Rastall and Karlsruhe.

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AFTERNOON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr. John Boosey gave the first of a new series of ballad concerts in St. James's Hall, on Saturday. There have been evening entertainments of the same kind in plenty, and the director has now wisely resolved upon appealing to the large class whose most convenient time for seeking amusement in central London is the afternoon. We have little doubt that success will reward the enterprise, especially as the programmes, judging by that of Saturday, will be carefully compiled, and the selections performed by competent artists. The singers who appeared were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Elton, Madame Bodda-Pyne, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Chaplin Henry. Miss Wynne was encored in Molloy's "Old Cottage Clock," but declined the compliment. She was hardly less successful in Virginia Gabriel's "Alone," and Aidé's "Little May," each being given with charming grace and expression. Miss Elton appeared to advantage in "The Land of Long Ago;" Mr. Cummings made a legitimate effect in Madame Sainton-Dolby's excellent song, "I am content," as did Mr. Chaplin Henry in Molloy's "Marching Along." Madame Bodda-Pyne obtained a recall for her characteristic rendering of Benedict's "Skylark." The solo pianist was Chevalier de Kontski, who played in brilliant style two of his own pieces—"Souvenir de Faust" and "Stelluza." An encore was demanded for each, but granted only to the latter. A "company of mixed voices," led by Mr. Fielding, varied the proceedings with some excellent part-songs, and Mr. J. L. Hatton was conductor. We may add that, unlike ballad concert programmes in general, those of Mr. Boosey are now long enough without being too long.

PROVINCIAL.

HEREFORD.—The following is from a correspondent:—

"The Amateur Philharmonic Society of this city gave its first concert at the Shire Hall, on Friday the 22nd, when a well varied programme, well performed, attracted a large audience. The concert began with a selection from *Acis and Galatea*, the parts of Acis, Galatea, and Polyphemus, being sung by the Rev. J. Hampton, Miss Leighton, and the Rev. W. D. V. Duncombe. The quality of the tenor voice, the style of the soprano, and the vigour of the bass were excellently displayed in the solos, and particularly effective in that trio of all pastoral trios, 'The flocks shall leave the mountains.' The chorus showed evidence of careful training. The second part was miscellaneous, commencing with a part of Beethoven's symphony in C minor, played most creditably. Mr. Macfarren's part-song, 'You stole my love,' was sung so well that it was encored and responded to. The *largo* and *rondo* from Beethoven's concerto in E flat for the piano were performed by Miss Hogarth in a manner that would have done credit to a professional pianist. Miss Leighton, in the French romance, 'Fleur des Alpes,' elicited an encore, and a similar compliment was paid to a MS. song by Langdon Colborne, sung by Mr. J. Twire. A part song by Signor Pinsuti gave the choir another opportunity of distinction, and the concert terminated with the overture to *Zampa*. The artists from London were Mr. Henry Leslie, conductor; Mr. Henry Blagrove, violin; Mr. Henry W. Goodban, violoncello; and Mr. White, contra basso. Mr. Townshend Smith must look out for his laurels. Mr. Leslie is a fearful competitor in a city populated like Hereford."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

SCHUMANN—BEETHOVEN—WAGNER.

The subjoined remarks are from that very young but deservedly flourishing illustrated weekly, *The Graphic*:—

"Schumann's overture to *Manfred* opened the last Crystal Palace Saturday programme; and was played but indifferently for reasons not obvious. We cannot here discuss the merits and demerits of a work sufficiently well known. Everybody is aware of the diverse opinions it calls forth. Some regard it reverently, as a thing of power and genius; others look at it scornfully as a thing of vain and weak pretence. Meanwhile it is played and people listen in the intervals of their squabbling; which fact contains the germ of a future agreement. The Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, it is needless to say, gave unqualified pleasure to the entire audience. About it there are no disputes, and in its presence Schummannite and anti-Schumannite forget their differences, as might two quarrelsome knights in the presence of the Queen of Beauty. The work was charmingly played, and every movement loudly applauded. We have no love for the prelude of Wagner's *Lohengrin*. It aims at producing new orchestral effects, and undoubtedly succeeds in its aim; but the effects themselves are such as few can admire. An irreverent listener on his occasion was heard more than once to mutter the word 'cats' while Herr Wagner's music went on. We will not be hard upon him for his rudeness, the provocation being manifest."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

ON Friday evening, a concert of vocal and instrumental music took place at Woolwich, under the superintendence of Captain Goodenough, in aid of the funds of the Royal Artillery Regimental Charities, when the following amateurs gave their assistance:—Misses Braham, Santos, Sagrini, and Stevens; Messrs. Tietkins, Lionel Benson, and A. Stevens. Miss Braham, in Rode's air, and Yradier's "Mejicana" (guitar accompaniment), being encored, she gave another Spanish song. In Weiss's "Village Blacksmith," Captain Goodenough was good enough; and Miss Sagrini, in Ascher's "Danse Negre," and "Chant des Naïdes," for the piano, displayed considerable talent. All these were deservedly applauded by a large audience.

THE Brixton Choral Society gave a performance of *Elijah* last Monday at the Angell Town Institution, for the benefit of their conductor, Mr. William Lemare. The hall was crowded; and the manner in which the arduous choral music in the oratorio was rendered was, in a very high degree, creditable to so youthful a society. The solo music was undertaken by Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Adelaide Newton, Mrs. Lucas, Mr. George Perren, Mr. G. T. Carter, and Mr. Renwick, from the mention of whose names it will be gathered that there was no cause for complaint in this direction. Mdme. Lancia gave a very expressive reading of "Hear ye, Israel;" Miss Newton was no less effective in "O rest in the Lord," an encore for which she declined. Mr. Renwick was very warmly applauded for his emphatic delivery of "Is not His word like a fire?" The tenor music in the first part was sung by Mr. Carter, and that in the second by Mr. Perren, each of whom received a good many plaudits. Mr. John Harrison played the pianoforte, and Mr. F. H. Lemare, the harmonium accompaniments.—W. H. P.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society's third concert took place on Monday, in St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Symphony in E flat (first time) Schumann; Preislied (Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg), Dr. Gunz, Wagner; Concerto in G for Pianoforte, Madame Schumann, Beethoven; Aria, "Voi che sapete" (Nozze di Figaro) Madame Monbelli, Mozart; Overture (Melusine), Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Symphony (No. 7) in A, Beethoven; Cavatina, "Bel raggio" (Semiramide), Madame Monbelli, Rossini; Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini.

Schumann's symphony has been played repeatedly at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, with a result on the whole favourable to its pretensions. That it will ever take the high rank claimed for it by the partisans who are ready to swear by the name of its composer we do not believe. The fourth and fifth movements stand in the way. At each performance the audience tacitly reject all that follows the slow movement. Their interest, lively up to that point, flags, and the end of the symphony is a visible relief. There is nothing to wonder at in this, even though Mr. Macfarren, the society's analyst, talks of "deeply solemn harmony" and "singular melodiousness." The characteristics he points out are far from plain; indeed, the common eye sees something very like their opposite. We agree, however, with Mr. Macfarren in his estimate of Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto as a "truly perfect work, whose beauty is incessant, and whose interest is unbroken." Madame Schumann's performance was distinguished by even more than customary energy, especially in the *cadenza* (presumably her own), the labour of playing which necessitated exertion of an unwonted kind. It is needless to say that every movement was loudly applauded, and that, at the close, Madame Schumann was recalled. Mendelssohn's beautiful overture was much better played than we anticipated, the difficult wind parts being rendered in a manner nearly approaching perfection. How much pleasure was given, under these circumstances, those who know the overture can imagine. "One of my best," wrote Beethoven, when negotiating for the sale of his symphony in A; and his opinion, contrary to the often-cited precedents furnished by Milton among poets and Handel among musicians, has been ratified by the public. We may spare ourselves comment upon the wealth of beauty revealed in this masterpiece. What amateur does not know all that can be said in its praise, and what can be said in its praise that has not been printed a thousand times? We have heard better performances; though, in justice to the Philharmonic orchestra, it must be said that the work had a spirited and intelligent if not a finished reading. Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon* fitly closed the concert.

Madame Monbelli sang in her usual charming style, and was applauded as only those are whose success is unqualified. Dr. Gunz's air, may be very well in its proper place—the *Meistersinger* and the "future." Nevertheless, Dr. Gunz sang well, and was called back by the Wagnerites present.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Beethoven Recitals.

1870.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his TENTH SERIES of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

Friday, May 6,	Friday, June 3,
Friday, May 13,	Friday, June 10,
Friday, May 20,	Friday, June 17,
Friday, May 27,	Friday, June 24,

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The present year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, who came into the world, at Bonn, on the Rhine, December 17, 1770, Mr. Hallé considers it becoming and appropriate to devote his forthcoming series of Recitals exclusively to the music of that illustrious composer. The sonatas for pianoforte *solus* offer as complete an epitome of Beethoven's artistic life as do the string quartets, or the orchestral symphonies. The progress of a great genius, from its early budding to its ripe maturity, could not be more completely illustrated than in these truly wonderful compositions—a striking characteristic of which is that no two of them resemble each other, or have anything in common beyond their unsurpassed excellence. Mr. Hallé will have the honour of playing, with two exceptions, all the pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven, in strictly chronological order—commencing with the three sonatas, Op. 2 (dedicated to Haydn), and ending with the sonatas in E major, A flat major, and C minor, Ops. 109, 110, 111. The exceptions referred to are the sonatas in G major and G minor, Op. 49, the comparatively trifling character of which unfits them for public performance. For these Mr. Hallé will substitute the *Andante* in F major, originally intended for the grand sonata in C, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), and the 32 Variations on an Original Theme, in C minor.

The programmes will, as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from Three o'clock to Five, p.m.

Mr. Hallé will be assisted at all the Recitals by

HERR STOCKHAUSEN,

who will sing four of Schubert's collection of songs entitled "The Fair Maid of the Mill," at each of the five first concerts, accompanied by Mr. Hallé.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the sonatas will, as on previous occasions, accompany the programmes.

THE FIRST RECITAL

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 6TH, 1870,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SONATA, Op. 2, No. 1 .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Das Wandern" (Wandering) / "Wohin" (Whither) } —Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. *Schubert.*

SONATA, Op. 2, No. 2 .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, Op. 2, No. 3 .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Halt" (Stop) .. .. / "Danksagung an den Bach" (Thanksgiving to the Brook) } .. *Schubert.*

Herr STOCKHAUSEN.

GRAND SONATA, Op. 7 .. .. *Beethoven.*

Prices of Admission (for the Series)—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), £2 2s.; Balcony, £1.

For One Recital—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.

Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

MARRIAGE.

On the 23rd April, at St. Paul's, Lorrimore Square, by the Rev John Going, vicar, JOHN FREDERICK PAUL, eldest son of OTTO ERNEST GRISCHOW, Esq., of Stettin, Prussia, to CONSTANCE SUSANNA, eldest daughter of ROBERT USHER SNOW, Esq., of 10, Manor Road, Lorrimore Square. No cards.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870.

OUR FAITH IN MUSIC.

"WE walk by faith and not by sight," wrote St. Paul, who, nevertheless, saw much—we have it on the word of a gentleman and a scholar—denied to ordinary folk. But St. Paul wisely laid down religious dogmas meant to last. He knew there would come an age far remote from that of miracles, when the supernatural could only exist upon the basis of a feeling described as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." We have not to discuss here whether it is right or wrong to be as little children on questions of religion. As a matter of fact, the great majority find it convenient to believe what is told them, and would hardly thank any one for disturbing their quiet and comfortable trust. Let it be remembered, however, that even in religion there is a distinction between faith and credulity. The Bereans—a people of whom Bible readers would otherwise never have heard—saw this distinction, and acted accordingly; enquiring into the new doctrines preached to them, and getting a good word from the preachers (honest men) for their sensible behaviour.* We are not, then, even in matters essentially the objects of faith, to open our ears to all that is told us. "Prove all things," said a high authority, "and hold fast that which is good."

If in religion, still more outside is the practice of taking things upon trust to be avoided. A word of caution with regard to musical credulity, in particular, may be of use just now; and the utterance of that word is our chief object. For provocation, we have only to turn to the last Philharmonic programme, wherein the annotator, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, lays down two propositions of exceeding danger. Here are his words:—

"Every original thinker has some forms of expression peculiar to himself, which are unintelligible to his hearers until familiarity has withdrawn the veil of their novelty. Faith is the only medium through which the works of *such a man* can at first be estimated. The faith that was denied to Beethoven, denied to Mozart before him, is at present withheld from some of his successors, who, if not his equals, prove their kindred powers by their kindred earnestness."

Let us see what this remarkable utterance contains:—

I. An original thinker is more or less unintelligible;—therefore, he who is unintelligible, is, presumably, an original thinker.

II. The writings of a man who is unintelligible are proper objects of faith—*i.e.*, we must believe in the existence of merits not to be perceived.

III. Anybody with kindred powers to those of Beethoven should be trusted as Beethoven ought to have been trusted.

IV. The existence of kindred powers is shown by kindred earnestness.

Here are two pairs of propositions, each pair involving an absurdity so obvious as to need no pointing out. Admit the first, and we shall all be bowing humbly before the utterers of "dark sayings"—most humbly before him whose sayings are darkest. Admit the second, and we immediately find ourselves in presence of a thousand Beethovens—because to be Beethoven one has only to have Beethoven's earnestness. We may say, therefore, of Mr. Macfarren's propositions that they upset themselves and render any comment on our part superfluous. But the whole matter is instructive, as showing how thoroughly wrong are those who would apply the case of Beethoven to the rhapsodies of "Young Germany." In point of fact, they have only a remote contingency to rest upon;—Beethoven was unintelli-

* The Bereans were an obscure sect of seceders from the Scotch Kirk, who rejected all natural religion, and held unbelief in the plenary inspiration of Scripture to be *the* unpardonable sin.

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gible; so is "Young Germany";—Beethoven was a great master; so *may be* "Young Germany." But admitting as much, we have to point out a difference which removes this contingency to the farthest possible point. The man who wrote the "Choral Symphony" wrote also the Symphonies in C and D; and he who wrote the "Posthumous Quartets" wrote also the six dedicated to Lobkewitz. From one extreme to the other Beethoven travelled by well-marked stages; and, arriving at the last, he had some right to demand our faith. What has "Young Germany" done of a like kind? Where are its claims upon our belief? Echo answers, "Where;" and this is all the answer we are likely to get. "Young Germany" rushes forward with the unintelligible, and assumes to begin where Beethoven left off. No, Mr. Macfarren; we decline to play the childish game of "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see what Young Germany sends you."

—o—

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Our contemporary the *Choir*, and other journals, speak of the approaching performance in Paris of Herr Rubinstein's "new symphony, *The Ocean*." That the work in question was played years since at the Hanover Square Rooms is evidently not among things generally known.

The death is announced of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, whose labours in the cause of congregational psalmody made his name well known both in England and America. Mr. Havergal was, for 14 years, rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, during which time he enjoyed the respect and affection of all with whom he came in contact. Failing health compelled him to withdraw from public labour, and, for some time, he resided at Leamington, where he died. Mr. Havergal will be remembered as the author of several works on psalmody, and as the composer of not a few tunes held in general esteem. To the last he took a lively interest in the progress of sacred music, and may be said to have laid down his pen only with his life.

Among the thousands who thronged Westminster Abbey on Sunday evening, at the first "special service," it is impossible to say how many were gratified and how many startled, but it is certain that a portion of them felt outraged by the phenomenon of sound issuing from a brazen instrument concealed among the pipes of the organ. It is almost incredible, but nevertheless true, that during the performances of the "Easter Hymn" and "Hallelujah" the tones of the organ were broken in upon by the brayings of a cornet-à-piston. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Turle has so little faith in himself and in his organ as to require the latter to be supplemented by a "popular" wind instrument. We are sorry to nip in the bud this attempt of the Westminster Chapter to emulate the effects of a music-hall; but as the result was a failure, we may be spared a second desecration.

In his "analytical and historical programme" for the last concert of the Philharmonic Society Mr. Macfarren takes up a spear that can only be likened to that of Don Quixote, and rides a hobby only to be compared with Don Quixote's famous "Rozinante" (we will not insult Sancho Panza's Dapple), on behalf of the whole army of new German mystics militant, who build their hopes in the future on the ground that Weber, Spohr, and others did not appreciate Beethoven as he should have been appreciated, while the general public *did*. Apart from the fact that the general public *didn't*, we would suggest that times have changed. Moreover, the story of Beethoven's being not understood by certain musicians of his time being put forward, as an excuse for the arrogant pretensions of late composers who ape Beethoven without a spark of his genius, is simply absurd. For the man who cannot see the difference between Schumann (we name no other) and Beethoven, we are sorry.

English opera being extinct (save for one specimen occasionally shown under glass at Sydenham) we may now safely call opera in London an exotic. It comes to us from foreign climes, lives awhile under more or less artificial conditions, and then dies to be renewed by fresh importations. It has its varying seasons. Now it flourishes and waxes strong; anon it languishes and becomes weak. The present is a season of apparent flourishing and waxing strong. Opera has come upon us like the April heat, and may be classed among phenomena. We have serious opera at Covent Garden; serious opera at Drury Lane; *opéra bouffe* at the Lyceum; *opéra bouffe* at the Gaiety; and an immediate prospect of *opéra bouffe* at the St. James's. This is pretty well for a town which, during many months in the year, cannot support even a revival of *Acis and Galatea*. But the preponderance of *opéra bouffe* over its serious rival signifies movement, because a while ago the opera, *genus* Offenbach, had not been transplanted to where the people "take their pleasure sadly;" and now we have it rampant. Is not the divinity of Offenbachism—we mean Mdlle. Schneider—making triumphal progress through the provinces, and among people the last to be corrupted or improved (which the reader pleases) by change? With regard to this movement we may reasonably ask "Whither?" Only let not those who sympathize with it put any such question to the Muse of serious opera. Imagine the feelings with which that haughty and beautiful lady—confident of her claims upon public affection, if not conscious of the smirches upon her classic robes—regards the rivalry of the pert French minx, who comes in scant attire, with saucy tongue and significant gesture! It is the old story of the lawful wife and the unlawful Anonyma in a new form. Will the Anonyma of opera chain "the town" to the wheels of her pony carriage and drive through "society," mistress of the situation?

To-day is to witness the first performance in Paris of Mr. Benedict's *St. Cecilia*, under the composer's own direction. The cause, as our readers know, is good; Mdlle. Nilsson having, beforehand, devoted the proceeds to a charitable object, which Mr. Benedict also has at heart. Note, in proof, the following letter, addressed to Baron Taylor, President of the Association des Artistes Musiciens:—

"To the President,—A great honour is about to be paid to my little oratorio, *The Legend of St. Cecilia*, an English poem, by Mr. H. F. Chorley, translated into French by M. Tagliafico. The orchestra and chorus of the Grand Opéra are to assist at the farewell performance of Mdlle. Nilsson, fixed to take place on Saturday, the 30th of April: the solos to be supported by MM. Faure, Colin, Madame Gueymard, and Mdlle. Nilsson.

"I feel deeply and recognize as a composer the honour France does to my work. I am also anxious to join with Mdlle. Nilsson in her liberality in offering the proceeds of her benefit to your charitable relief fund for the 'Association des Artistes Musiciens Français' in presenting the copyright and engraved plates of my score of the *Legend of St. Cecilia*. Perhaps your Philharmonic and Orpheonist Societies will take some interest in repeating this little oratorio after the splendid performance which it is sure to have at the Grand Opéra.

"With every sentiment of esteem, I remain, Mr. President, yours, &c., "Jules Benedict.

"*London, April* 14, 1870."

The irreconcilable members of the Hanover aristocracy have, since the incorporation of the Kingdom with Prussia, hitherto been in the habit of displaying their sympathies with the dethroned dynasty by pointedly stopping away themselves, and not allowing others to occupy the boxes they rent by the year, at the Festival Performance given in celebration of the birthday of the monarch *de facto*. They have just received a notice from the Intendant informing them that a continuance of this conduct will result in their boxes being taken from them and let to others of less ex-royalist proclivities.

"Model performances" of Herr R. Wagner's *Rienzi*, *Fliegender Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Meistersinger* are, to be given in June, at Weimar, immediately after the Beethoven Festival got up by the General Musical Association of Germany. A Beethoven Festival followed by "model performances"—whatever they may be—of Herr R. Wagner's lucubrations! Among the artists to be engaged expressly for the occasion rumour mentions Mesdames Mallinger, Brandt, Herren Niemann and Betz. It is also said that the Abbate Franz Liszt, to do honour "to his son-in-law *in spe*"—as a German paper terms the Prophet of Lucerne—will conduct one of the said "model performances."

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

At the second performance of *Il Flauto Magico* Mdlle. Sessi maintained her position, singing both the trying airs allotted to the "Queen of Night" with remarkable ability. They, perhaps, in places, slightly overtax her means, but there is an indomitable energy about this young artist, which seems to show that no impediment which perseverance can surmount will be allowed to stand in her way. She has already won the sympathies of the operatic public, and, it must be admitted, on thoroughly legitimate grounds. About the rest of the performance of Mozart's now happily familiar opera, as played at Covent Garden Theatre, little need be said. That Dr. Gunz possesses all the traditions of Tamino was proved some years ago, when he first assumed the character at Her Majesty's Theatre. One word about the Pamina of Mdlle. Tietjens would be superfluous; nor could the imposing music of the High Priest, Sarastro, have been given to a singer with a voice more rich and sympathetic than that of Signor Bagagiolo. Another novelty in the distribution of parts, however, demands special mention—we refer to the Papageno of Signor Cotogni. Although the comic humour of this ready and clever artist is not superabundant—and in this respect he can no more aspire to be a Ronconi than he can aspire to be Shickaneder, Mozart's original Papageno, and author of the libretto—he may justly be complimented on the admirable manner in which he sings the music throughout. Signor Cotogni has evidently studied it *con amore*, as though, instead of an Italian, he had been a true born Teuton. Mdlle. Olma, who made her first appearance in London as Papagena, has a pretty light soprano voice, with which a great deal might, and probably will, be done; but, at present, she is inexperienced and has everything to learn. The parts of the three good genii and the three attendants on the "Queen of Night," to whom Mozart has assigned so much that is of importance in the concerted music, are more than adequately sustained, especially the latter, by Mdlles. Bauermeister, Madigan, and Scalchi. Mr. Crellin, who plays Monostatos, chief of the Slaves, is another new-comer, about whose capabilities we are unable, as yet, to offer an opinion. Other small parts are well filled by Signors Capponi, Marino, and Fallar. Not the least difficulty in an efficient representation of *Il Flauto Magico* is the unusual number of minor characters which have more or less to do with the concerted music; and that these are nearly in every instance in the hands of more or less competent singers speaks well for the strength of the Covent Garden company. How the orchestra plays the overture and all the picturesque and fanciful accompaniments it is unnecessary to say, while the great improvement in the chorus noticed so often last year is just as noticeable now.

On Saturday night Mdlle. Sessi appeared in a fourth character—*La Traviata*—and again gave excellent proofs of the versatility of her talent. Our readers must be pretty well tired of descriptions of this notorious opera, for the sins of which, in a moral sense, some remarkably pretty music, and a very ingenious and admirable *finale* (Act 2), do not by any means atone. They need stand under no apprehension. All we have to say is a word or two about Mdlle. Sessi's performance of Violetta. We may observe, *en passant*, that Violetta is about the easiest part with which to make a tolerable figure in the entire repertory of modern opera. Mdlle. Sessi, nevertheless, makes more than a tolerable figure; and in one or two situations may be said to hold her own against some of her most renowned predecessors. Her general view of the character approaches more nearly to that quiet unobtrusive view adopted by the late Madame Bosio and others than to the, at times, obtrusively "realistic" view of Mdlle. Piccolomini—who, in 1856, under Mr. Lumley's management, first made the English public familiar with the beauties of *La Traviata*. Mdlle. Sessi coughs occasionally, but not over much; nor does she continually endeavour to make the audience aware of the fact that Violetta is under the melancholy affliction of phthisis. Although short in stature, she is somewhat too robust to look the "*traviata*" to the life; and in the last scene it is difficult to regard her as "moribund," notwithstanding her stage "make-up," which is all that the most fastidious could desire. She, at the same time, throws herself heart and soul into the character, and here and there—as, for example, in the scene with Giorgio Germont, by whom Violetta is persuaded to renounce Alfredo for ever, and that in which her immaculate lover casts the money he has won from the Baron Douphol (her temporary protector!) at her feet, as remuneration for her past love—she exhibits far more dramatic talent than we had given her credit for. But Mdlle. Sessi sings the music even better than she acts. There were brilliant points in the first duet with Alfredo, and still more brilliant points in the *cavatina*, more especially in the *cabaletta*—

"Sempre libera degg'io
Trasvolar di gioia in gioa"

—where Violetta, throwing off the illusion described so pathetically in the first movement, "Ah forse è lui," vows the remainder of her life to gaiety and pleasure. But best of all, in our opinion, is the plaintive air of the last scene, "Addio del passato bei sogni ridenti," in which Violetta, having lost, as she imagines, the affections of Alfredo, looks to death for consolation. This was given with such genuine feeling as to merit heartier applause than it obtained. On the whole the new Violetta may be regarded as a success; and when it is remembered that such singers as Madame Bosio and Madame Patti (to name no others) have played the same character on the same boards, this is saying no little. Mdlle. Sessi was repeatedly and warmly applauded, besides being several times called forward. The part of Alfredo was sustained by the versatile Signor Naudin, to whom everything—from Vasco di Gama, in the *Africaine*, downwards—seems to come easy, and who in the music of Verdi is just as much at home as in the music of Meyerbeer; that of the elder Germont, with his supersentimental air, "Di Provenza il mare" (encored, of course), was represented by Signor Graziani as only Signor Graziani can represent it. Mdlle. Locatelli made a charming Flora Bervoix; and Signor Tagliafico a most uncompromising Baron Douphol, just as ready to shoot Alfredo Germont as to lose money to him at cards, and showing, with real dramatic truth, an innate contempt for, perhaps, the most contemptible personage ever depicted in novel or drama. In these subtle distinctions Signor Tagliafico, considering the rank now assigned to him, stands alone. A man who gives life and meaning to comparatively subordinate personages as this gentleman does is rare. It is scarcely necessary to add that the decorations and "*mise-en-scène*" of the *Traviata* are what they have never failed to be at Covent Garden, or that the orchestra and chorus, under Signor Vianesi, were all that could be wished.

The operas performed during the week have been *Guillaume Tell* (Monday); *Il Flauto Magico*—owing to the indisposition of Signor Mario (Tuesday); and *La Traviata* (Thursday). Cherubini's magnificent *Medea*, with Mdlle. Tietjens, naturally, as the heroine, is to be given to-night—for the first time at Covent Garden.

—o—

MR. MANNS'S BENEFIT CONCERT.

"Benefits" are sometimes given on very small provocation. They are, not unfrequently, routine affairs, in which the slightest possible sympathy exists between the person complimented and those who compliment. The benefit concert given in Mr. Manns's name at the Crystal Palace on Saturday had no connection whatever with this class. Between the Crystal Palace conductor and the Crystal Palace audience there is a more than ordinary tie. Each is indebted to the other for favour received or pleasure conferred; and both have at heart a common interest. Saturday's proceedings were, therefore, exactly what they pretended to be, while the crowd drawn together, we may hope, made the "benefit" something more than a benefit in name. Even those who, like ourselves, frequently differ from Mr. Manns on questions of musical faith and practice will be glad of this result. On the whole, he is undoubtedly doing much for music. If proof were wanting, it would be found in the list of works performed during the past winter. The list in question begins with twenty symphonies, of which seven are by Beethoven; Haydn, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann contributing two each. Following the symphonies, come fifty-two overtures and orchestral pieces, the composers most largely drawn upon being Mendelssohn (10), Beethoven (6), Weber (5), Mozart (4), and Schubert (4). As showing impartial selection we may place opposite to the works of these masters others by Berlioz, Raff, Reinecke, Rubenstein, and Wagner, which have been presented, let us hope, that the public may, by a knowledge of that which is weak, incline to that which is strong. The concertos and other instrumental solos number twenty-three; Beethoven and Mendelssohn again heading the lot, followed closely by Bach and Weber, Ries and Piatti bringing up the rear. The catalogue ends with eight vocal works of importance, to which Beethoven and Mendelssohn, yet again, most largely contribute. Of these one hundred and three works, twenty one were played for the first time at the Crystal Palace, the number being made up thus:—Four Symphonies, by Mozart, Bennett, Hiller, and Cowen respectively; eight overtures, &c.; seven instrumental solos; Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, and Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*. The names just mentioned show that regard has been paid to native talent, and, fairly considered, the entire list must give satisfaction. Anyhow, there is no denying that in the department of orchestral music it stands alone, and claims the highest honours of successful labour. "The Saturday Concerts"—so runs a note at the end of the catalogue—"will recommence on the first Saturday in October next." To lovers of classical music it would be hard to make a more grateful announcement.

In drawing up his programme Mr. Manns was careful to aim at the gratification of varied tastes as far as consistent with his general plan. For the popular taste he provided a selection of vocal music ranging from songs by Schumann downwards. Mdlle. Reboux sang Rode's air with variations and Arditi's valse, "L'Estasi" (both utterly unsuited to her voice and style); Madame Florence Lancia gave "Ardon gl' incensi;" Mr. Vernon Rigby was heard in "Come, ye children," from

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Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, and two of Schumann's songs (scored for orchestra by Mr. Manns); Signor Urio contributed Mercadante's "Bella adorata;" and Signor Mongini, "M'appari" (encored) and "La donna è mobile." The orchestral music requires more notice. In the first place it was played by an augmented band of 100 performers, and played to perfection. Rarely has such an orchestra been brought together; still more rarely has it been used to such purpose. Next, the works chosen were in great part admirable, wholly interesting. Mozart's overture to *Der Schauspiel Director* led the way, and was dashed off in a style harmonizing with its agreeable and spirited character. The entire opera—a "Comedy with Music" Mozart himself called it—was written with special regard for particular circumstances and particular voices. Therefore it has become obsolete; the overture alone remaining. Nobody fears for this relic, at least till the "future" comes which is to bring the apotheosis of Herr Wagner. Then, not only the overture to *Der Schauspiel Director*, but also much other music will have a place on the upper shelves of dusty libraries. Beethoven's seventh symphony, so often played under Mr. Manns as to be among the works with which his audience are most familiar, calls for neither description nor criticism. In justice, however, we must dwell for a moment upon a performance of more than usual merit. The orchestra rendered the symphony with the precision of a machine, plus the artistic insight which can discern and the artistic power which can express the composer's idea. No more remarkable effort has been made during the season.

Weber's *Concertstück* in F minor, played by Madame Schumann, was a contribution to the popular element in the programme. Everybody knows this much used—often ill-used—work, and a recall for the artist was the certain result, especially as Madame Schumann exhibited all her distinctive qualifications. Bach's violin prelude in E major was given in peculiar and questionable form. Fate has made grim sport of this work. Bach himself adapted it as an organ solo with orchestral accompaniments leading to his anthem, "Wir danken dir, Gott." This was played at the Crystal Palace three years ago, with the solo relegated to the violin. On Saturday the prelude appeared as arranged for a number of violins with new and entirely different accompaniment by Herr Stör. How next, we may ask, will the unfortunate work be treated? By way of comfort, the programme assures us that "nothing can subdue the astonishing vigour and *entrain* of the original." From this comfort may undoubtedly be derived; nevertheless, we can hardly agree with the policy of playing tricks upon great works simply because their greatness cannot be hidden. Her Stör's version of Bach, though executed with much spirit, produced little effect. Some ballet music (MS.) from Mendelssohn's *Wedding of Comacho*, played for the first time in England, was agreeably interesting, and the concert fitly ended with a masterly performance of Weber's overture to *Oberon*.

P. M. G.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S LECTURES ON MUSIC.

In pursuance of the scheme of instruction in science and art for women, which has for some months been working successfully at the South Kensington Museum, under the direction of a committee of ladies, with the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng as secretary, Mr. Arthur Sullivan commenced the other morning, in the Lecture Theatre of the Museum, a course of twelve lectures on the theory and practice of vocal music, to be continued on successive Tuesdays and Fridays. The object of these lectures is to give some idea, in a concise and comprehensive manner, of the requirements for the practical study of vocal music, with special reference to choral singing. It is intended that the future lectures of this course shall be interspersed with examples of part-songs, to be sung by ladies attending the course. After a pathetic description of the agonies suffered by persons with an educated taste at an ordinary musical party, Mr. Sullivan remarked that, though the study of music was no longer proscribed, as it was by Lord Chesterfield, under a social ban, yet in vocal music we were far behind our ancestors. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was part of the ordinary education of every lady and gentleman to be able to sing a madrigal or roundelay to notes. In the present generation vocal music had not kept pace with instrumental; indeed, singing, as an art, threatened to die out. The public were to blame in the matter; for so long as singers found that with a good voice, including of course a few ringing high notes, or one or two exceptionally low ones, they could command money and fame, they said it was not worth their while to devote themselves to study and hard work. When the public should demand of a singer this cultivation, as they did now of a pianist or violinist, and would be satisfied with nothing else, then singing would become a fine art again. After an explanation of the different "intervals" in music, Mr. Sullivan remarked that harmony, like many useful and beautiful things, sprang from the monks, whose creation it was, and not a revival of something forgotten or lost. The old Greek music died out; there was no heart in it, but for a time its clumsy nomenclature was retained. Afterwards came the cold unimpassioned solemn Gregorian chants. There was not much heart in these either, but they strangely moved one by their very absence of passion. They were in keeping with the long still aisles in which they were sung, and with the austere lives of the men who sang them. The solemn church song or hymn, which was first sung in one voice only, or in octaves was indeed the basis of music. It was sung without rhythm or time (*in canto fermo*). The monks soon found that certain different sounds sung at the same time had a new and pleasant effect, and they set to work on scientific principles, to develop the science of "counterpoint"—the grammar of part-writing. Mr. Sullivan concluded his introductory lecture by observing that much of the latter part of his discourse was advice to composers rather than singers; but, he added, "to know the cause of an evil is very often to know its cure; and if you come upon a difficult passage to sing, and are able to analyze it, and know exactly what constitutes its difficulty, you will the more easily be able to overcome it. Besides, I have already explained to you that my desire is to sharpen your critical faculties, and make you form a discriminating and appreciative audience. It is better to be a good listener than an indifferent performer. The one assists and advances art; the other retards it." There was a large and attentive audience, almost exclusively composed of ladies.

MUSIC IN PASSION WEEK.

By an invariably late contributor.

The concerts of Passion Week always take their cue from the week itself. Time was when, throughout the six days, theatres were closed, or else given up to orreries, a species of entertainment in connection with which it was the right thing to quote Addison (or Marvell)—

> What though in solemn silence all
> Roll round this dark terrestrial ball

—and from which we were supposed to come as from a sermon, whereof Addison (or Marvell) is also *àpropos*—

> In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice,
> For ever singing as they shine—
> The hand that made us is divine.

Orreries are gone, but music remains; not that of the spheres, we grant, yet music not bad in its way. The advance of latitudinarianism has not disturbed the dominion of religious art over the most religious week of the year, and just as much as ever oratorios hold their own. On personal grounds, no musical critic will regret this state of things. Passion Week is to him a holy week, in the sense that it brings relief from toil. When the *Messiah* and kindred works are to the fore, he can shut up his note-book and retire. Who wants to be told anything about music as familiar to all as the marriage service to "sweet seventeen," or who is anxious to know how this popular soprano gave "I know that my Redeemer liveth," or that well-known bass declaimed "Why do the nations?" Even if the case were otherwise, at least as regards the music, who could say anything that has not been said a thousand times? For these reasons we shall pass over the *Messiah* performances of last week. Taking all London into consideration, from Exeter Hall with its 700 executants to outlying school-rooms, where scratch companies give the sacred oratorio "for a charitable purpose," those performances were legion, and an exhaustive list would not be less surprising than instructive. At all events, it would prove the extraordinary popularity of Handel's masterpiece—a popularity so great as to be one of the curiosities of art.

But Passion Week did not leave us quite destitute of topics. Two series of classical concerts ended respectively on the first and last of the six days, and will only be resumed when the winter approaches. Unconsciously, it would appear, human arrangements help Nature in her grand work of compensation. "The time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the nightingale is heard in the land." We are all glad of it, and look forward to the enjoyment of nature's music with keen anticipation. Whereupon, the

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"Monday Populars," and the "Crystal Palace Saturdays" retire, as the aurora disappears from the Arctic sky when the long Arctic day sets in. True, we shall have music still with us, but for the most part, of the bee or the bird order, and therefore quite appropriate to the time. The little toiler which

Gathers honey all the day
From every opening flower,

has its representatives in the givers of benefit concerts, whose season is close at hand. These, with their keen eyes for eligible families—probable ticket buyers—and their sensitive appreciation of every opening for an extended "connection," will soon swarm forth. Their long dreary concerts will again be attended by languid ladies, and the artists who are always giving their services on such occasions, will again practise "bolting" from the feeble rustle of silks which does duty for applause. Happily, there will come bird music also. The "nightingales" and other songsters of passage may be expected to warble their strains amid the sunshine of the Crystal Palace transept—strains the value of which rests upon their fitness for the time and place. On the whole we cannot complain of these arrangements. Some among us may regret that classical music ever gives way to that which is ephemeral, but the change works well.

April 23, 1870. T. E.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

Mr. Kennedy, the famous exponent of Scottish Songs, gave the first of seven entertainments at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday last, to a large and appreciative audience. He was assisted by Miss Kennedy, whose performance of a selection of reels and strathspeys varied the proceedings in a most agreeable manner. Mr. Kennedy's first part contained such popular ballads as "Caller Herrin'," "Auld Robin Gray" "Green Grow the Rashes O," and "Wha wad na fecht for Charlie;" while the second was not less distinguished by the presence of "My Nannie O," "Johnny Cope," and "Auld Lang Syne." To say how these songs and others were given is entirely superfluous. Enough that the audience waxed enthusiastic, and applauded the singer with might and main. Between the parts Mr. Kennedy recited Wilson's "Watty and Meg" with excellent effect. The entertainment will be repeated on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in next week.

SUNDAY MUSIC IN THE PARKS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—By the reports and articles on our interview with the Chief Commissioner of Works, the public would infer that the Band Committee had all along been prohibited from playing "dance music" as one of the conditions on which we held the management. While we have been in communication with every Chief Commissioner since 1856, it was not until Mr. Ayrton's letter, April 11, that any conditions, prohibitions, or complaints from frequenters of the parks were ever breathed to us. In taking the place of the military bands, our programmes were framed as closely as possible on theirs, and fourteen years' experience has confirmed the good judgment of alternating marches and selections with quadrilles, bringing together the national melodies. Of these (the salt to the programme) the people are to be deprived, in favour of, as Mr. Ayrton suggests, any other light and cheerful music not "dance." The transference of Regent's Park band from the committee to a private individual had occasioned interviews with Mr. Layard while Chief Commissioner, whose word was given to reconsider it. On Mr. Ayrton taking office this fact was communicated to him, a correspondence followed, and previous to our deputation a memorial signed by the committees of the three parks forwarded. We did not give ourselves the title of "trustees of the people," but set forth that the band committees were appointed at public meetings held in all parts of London on the stoppage of the military bands, and that the several Governments have since recognized the functions of the executive.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, R. M. Morrell, Hon. Sec.

National Sunday League, 256, *High Holborn*,
April 15.

The Festival at Bonn, on the Rhine, in celebration of the centenary of the birth of Beethoven, is to be held on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of September—conductor, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. The orchestral rehearsals commence on the 9th of September.

Mr. W. D. Hall, from St. John the Divine's, Fairfield, has been appointed organist to the Church and Schools for the Blind, Liverpool; and Mr. James J. Monk (College of Organists), from St. John's Waterloo, has been appointed organist to St. Philip's, Liverpool.

WAIFS.

Mr. Gye has returned from Paris.

Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, whose assiduous and successful cultivation of Russian literature is well known, proposes to give, at four in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 4th of May, the first of what we hope may be a long series of "Recitals" derived from Russian legends and tales. No charitable institution is to be benefited; no money to be taken at the doors; admission on presentation of card at the doors of St. George's Hall, Regent Street. *Zim za Tsaria!*

Madame Adelina Patti is to make her first appearance this season, with Signor Mario, in the *Barbiere*, on Thursday. Mdlle. Pauline Lucca appears on the Tuesday following (in *Faust*).

M. T. Lotto, the violinist, has arrived in London—it may be presumed for the musical spring and summer season. He was last heard, years since, at the Monday Popular Concerts.

No less a personage than M. Offenbach himself was present during the first performance of the *Princess of Trebizonde*, at the Gaiety Theatre.

Mr. Oberthur's overture, *Rüberzahl*, has been arranged for military band by Mr. Kappy, bandmaster of the Royal Marines (Chatham division), and will be performed at the *conversazione* at the South Kensington Museum, May 4th. The overture has also recently been played at one of the "Musician's Concerts" in Nuremberg, where at the same time the author played his concertino for harp and orchestra.

"Aristocratic composers (says the *Choir*) are coming to the front on the Continent. To the names of the Comtesse de Grandval and the Baroness de Maistre must now be added that of the Comtesse Perrière-Pillé, whose first opera was performed at her hotel last week by some of the chief artists in Paris. The work, entitled *La Dryade*, was listened to by a distinguished circle, including M. Perrin, M. Carvalho, and M. Victor Massé. The orchestra of the Theatre Italian and the chorus of the Conservatoire were engaged for the occasion."

The production of two versions of *Frou-Frou* and legal proceedings before the Vice-Chancellor have rendered that "comedy-drama" familiar in every mouth. The St. James's version is not authorized by MM. Meilhac and Halévy; the Olympic has been prepared under their sanction. The splendid dresses which now take the place once occupied by upholstery, as the foundation of managerial hopes, are in both cases all that could be desired; the scenery at the St. James's, however, is old and faded—that of the Olympic bright and for the occasion. How many more *Frou-Frous* shall we expect?

REVIEWS.

We have received the following letter from the gentleman who undertakes the duty of reviewing new music in our columns:—

"To the Editor of the 'Musical World.'

"Sir,—I have unwittingly done an injustice to Madame Oury. The 'Twilight' piece to which my remarks applied was by ———.* But, in the hurry of writing, another by Mdme. Oury being before me, I put the saddle on the wrong horse, which, a glance at the two title pages would have saved me from doing. About Madame Oury's new *nocturne* I wrote quite in another strain—as by this time you must know. I am sure you will print this, in justice to Madame Oury, and to Your Reviewer."

* It is only fair to give the author of the other "Twilight" piece the benefit of the accident, by not publishing his name. Our reviewer will have the opportunity of taking his revenge. Another time he will carefully inspect title pages.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Dear Sir,—I read with satisfaction a small paragraph in your impression of last week relative to the performance of *L'Africaine* at Dantzic. Until Meyerbeer is better understood the prejudice will continue to exist that the merit of his operas chiefly depends on the subject and *mise-en-scène*. Take for instance the *Huguenots*; in the great duet between Valentine and Marcel, the septet in the duel scene, the "complot," the magnificent duet between Valentine and Raoul—is the music depending on scenic effects?—if so, where are they? It is, on the contrary, in my humble opinion, the gorgeous display of scenery, etc., etc, that prevents the full appreciation of the corresponding splendid music. A master like Meyerbeer, who has always chosen grand noble subjects for his operas, must have been possessed of extensive musical means and genius to cope with such exacting subjects.

Let us hope that the promised performance of *L'Africaine* at Covent Garden will be met this time with a little more due appreciation than hitherto. Hoping you will excuse this little intrusion, I remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant, O. L.

London, 26th April, 1870.

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May.

(*From "Life Lyrics," by* ELIZA F. MORRIS.)

Come let us dance and sing,
'Tis the merry, merry spring;
See, the earth in joy and gladness is smiling everywhere:
Now the fields put on their green,
And they glitter in the sheen
Of the bright and pleasant sunbeams that sparkle through the air.

There's music in the breeze,
As it sighs among the trees,
And sets the buds awaking from their long, long wintry sleep;
And in the little rill,
As it dances down the hill,
And seems to laugh for gladness at every bounding leap.

There's beauty all around,
On the blossom-spangled ground,
Where the buttercups and cowslips in golden clusters lie;
And in the changeful hue
Of the silver and the blue,
As they float in graceful fancies across the clear, broad sky.

There's gladness in the song
Of the little joyous throng,
That fill the woods with music in the charming month of May;
And in the noisy shout
As the children trip about,
And dance beneath the garland with a merry roundelay.

Hark! how the echoes ring
With the melodies of spring;
The cawing, warbling, bleating, how they charm the listening ear!
Come, and let us all be gay;
Let us sing and dance and play;
'Tis the month of joy and beauty—the birth-day of the year.

BONN.—Thanks to the exertions, and, likewise, the munificence of Herr Kullmann, a member of the Town-Council here, the Mozart Library, formerly belonging to the late Professor Otto Jahn, has been secured for the Royal Library, Berlin. The local public consider the prices fetched very satisfactory. The 489 lots (historical department), constituting the first day's sale, went for 625 thalers. The highest prices were obtained by Burney's *History* (a fine copy), 28 thalers; Mattheson's *Ehrenpforte* (now exceedingly rare), 31 thalers; and Winters' *Evangelischer Kirchengesang*, 26 thalers. The manuscripts, on the other hand, went for comparatively little. The 263 copies of Beethoven's Letters fetched 15 thalers; Haydn's Letters, 16 thalers; the valuable Mozart Correspondence, 29 thalers; and the copy of Mozart's *Biography*, corrected by Sonnleithner, and enriched with additional matter, 12 thalers.—The programme for the grand Beethoven Festival, at the end of August, or the beginning of September, is now definitely arranged, at least as far as regards the principal works, which will be as follow:—*Missa Solemnis*; C minor Symphony; *Eroica*, Ninth Symphony; Overture No. 3 to *Leonore*; E flat major Concerto, for Pianoforte; Violin Concerto; and overtures to *Egmont* and *Coriolanus*. As already announced, Herr Ferdinand Hiller will be the chief conductor. The second conductor will be Herr Wasielewski.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

HAMMOND & Co.—"Violet Bloom," Idylle, by T. Oesten; "Feuer Klange," "Les Adieux," and "Casino Tanze," waltzes, by Joseph Gung'l; "Fantasia," quadrilles and waltzes, by P. Hertel; and "Am Schönen Rhein," waltzes, by Keler Béla.

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MDLLE. FLORA CRIVELLI will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S waltz-aria, "THE NAIADES," at the Eyre Arms, May 11th, for the benefit of the Kilburn Literary Institution.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on Tuesday next, at St. George's Hall; and with Signora Mocca and Mr. F. Penna, "I NAVIGANTI.'

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" This popular romance will be sung at Blackheath Assembly Rooms on the 11th of May, by Mr. Alfred Baylis; and on the 17th he will also sing it at his first Matinée, to be given at his Residence, 18, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MISS LILY SIMESTER, MR. GEORGE PERREN, and MR. FOX, will sing RANDEGGER'S popular trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at Miss Lily Simester's Concert, Manor Rooms, Hackney, Tuesday, 10th May.

MISS LILY SIMESTER will sing BENEDICT'S new song, "LITTLE WILLIE," at the Vestry Hall, Cranbrook, May 5th.

MRS. ALFRED J. SUTTON and MR. MONTEM SMITH will sing A. J. SUTTON'S duet, "VOICES," at West Bromwich, on Tuesday next, May 3rd.

MR. J. H. SUTCLIFFE will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," at the Eyre Arms, May 11th, and Hanover Square Rooms, May 25th.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ, MR. ALFRED BAYLIS, and MR. H. VINNING, will sing "I NAVIGANTI," at Blackheath (Mr. A. Baylis's Concert), on the 11th of May.

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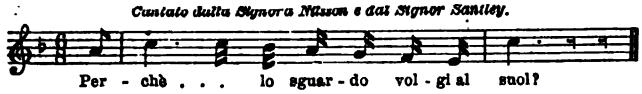

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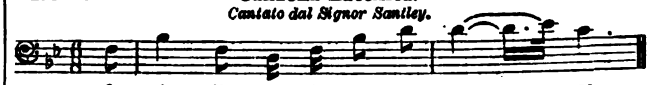

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street.—*Saturday*, May 21, 1870.

The Musical World.

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VOL. 48—No. 22. SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870. PRICE { 1. Unstamped. 3. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (Saturday). QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.—Combined Attractions.—GRAND SUMMER CONCERT. Fashionable Promenade, and Great Display of 3,000 Roses in pots. Artists in Concert: Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Sinico. Mdlle. Orgeni. Signor Verger, Signor Costelli, Signor Raguer, and Signor Mongini. Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor, Mr. MANNS.

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

This Evening (SATURDAY), MOZART'S "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Il Conte, Mr. Santley; Figaro, M. Faure; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Don Curzio, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellina, Madame Corsi; Cherubino, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky (her first appearance in that character); Susanna, Mdme. Volpini (her first appearance in that character in London); and La Contessa, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in that character). Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

On MONDAY, "MARTHA." Lionello, Signor Mongini; Plumketto, Mr. Santley; Lord Tristrano, Signor Zoboli; Un Sheriffo, Mr. Lyall; Un Servitore, Signor Archinti; Nancy, Mdlle. Carl (her first appearance at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane); and Martha, Madame Volpini.

On TUESDAY, May 31, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Roberto, Signor Mongini; Raimbaldo, Signor Gardoni; Bertrama, Signor Foli; Un Prete, Signor Gassier; Alberti, Signor Raguer; Un Araldo, Signor Rinaldini; Cavalieri, Signor Archinti, Signor Castelli, Signor Zoboli, Signor Trevero; Elena, Mdlle. Fioretti; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; and Alice, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

On THURSDAY, June 2, "FAUST." Mephistopheles, Mons. Faure; Faust, Signor Gardoni; Valentino, Mr. Santley; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Acting Manager .. .. MR. JARRETT.

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on FRIDAY, June 10th, supported by all the principal artists. Band and Chorus of the Italian Opera, Drury Lane.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

SATURDAY, May 28, Rossini's Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Rosina Madame Adelina Patti; Basilio, Signor Tagliafico; and Almaviva, Signor Mario.

Next Week there will be Five Performances, viz., Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

EXTRA NIGHT.—On MONDAY NEXT, May 30 (first time this season), Mozart's Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Cherubino, Madame Pauline Lucca; Susanna, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi (her first appearance in that character); Antonio, Signor Tagliafico; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

On TUESDAY NEXT, May 31, Meyerbeer's Opera, "DINORAH." Dinorah, Mdme. Adelina Patti; and Hoel, Signor Graziani.

EXTRA NIGHT.—On THURSDAY NEXT, June 2, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Madame Pauline Lucca, Signor Graziani, Signor Tagliafico, and Signor Mario.

EXTRA NIGHT.—On FRIDAY NEXT, June 3, "DON GIOVANNI." Zerlina, Madame Adelina Patti; Don Ottavio, Signor Mario (his first appearance in that character these three years; Don Giovanni, Signor Graziani; and Donna Anna, Mdlle. Tietjens.

On SATURDAY, June 4, "HAMLET." Ophelia, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi; Hamlet, Signor Cotogni; and the Queen, Mdlle. Tietjens.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

A Grand Morning Concert will take place in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, on Saturday, June 18, supported by all the principal artists of the Royal Italian Opera. To commence at Two o'clock. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 5s.

MADAME PATEY will sing RANDEGGER'S admired song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at Herr Kuhe's Concert, St. James's Hall, May 30th.

PUBLIC HALL, CROYDON.—Programme of Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL'S RECITAL of Classical and Modern Pianoforte Music, on MONDAY Evening, May 30th, 1870, assisted by Madame Florence Lancia and M. Paque. Part I.—Sonata duo, for Pianoforte and Violoncello, Mr. George Russell and M. Paque—W. S. Bennett, Mus. Doc.; Song, "Voi che Sapete," Madame Florence Lancia—Mozart; Solos, Momens Musicaux, Mr. George Russell (first time in Croydon)—Schubert; New song, "Good night, sweet mother," words from the Poet Laureate's "May Queen," composed for Madame Florence Lancia—Diodonato; Sonata Quasi Fantasia, "The Moonlight Sonata," Mr. George Russell (first time in Croydon)—Beethoven. Part II.—Fantasia sur Violoncello, M. Paque—Paque; Grand Aria (Lucia), Madame Florence Lancia—Donizetti; Fantasia (by desire), "The Recollections of Ireland," Mr. George Russell—Moscheles; Sonata duo (in D major), for Pianoforte and Violoncello—Mr. George Russell and M. Paque—Mendelssohn. Prices of Admission:—Reserved Seats, 3s.; Unreserved Seats in the Body of the Hall, 2s.; Balcony and Back Seats, 1s. Tickets and Programmes to be had of Mr. Warren, Bookseller, High Street, where a Plan of the Seats may be seen; and of Messrs. Webb, Musicsellers, North End, Croydon.

MDME. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to announce to her Friends and Pupils that her GUITAR RECITAL will take place on WEDNESDAY, June 15th, 1870, at Three o'clock, at 27, Harley Street, CAVENDISH SQUARE, when she will be assisted by Eminent Artists, whose names will be duly announced. Madame Pratten will play Selections from the Compositions of Sor, Giuliani, Leonard Schulz, and her own; and two Grand Duets for two Guitars, Giuliani's two Rondos, and "Di tanti palpiti," accompanied by a Pupil of hers, an Amateur, who has kindly consented to do so for this occasion. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 15s. To be had at Madame Pratten's Residence, 38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

WALTER MACFARREN'S New Pianoforte Solos, "LA PENSEROSA," Nocturne, "GOLDEN SLUMBERS," Berceuse, will be played by the Composer at his Matinée Musicale, THIS DAY, at the Hanover Square Rooms.—LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

MR. CUMMINGS will sing WALTER MACFARREN'S new sacred songs, "LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH," "O SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG," at Mr. Walter Macfarren's Third Matinée, THIS DAY.—LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

MISS MARIE D'ETIENNE and MR. HENRY GORDON, will sing NICOLAI'S Duet, "ONE WORD," at Herr Lehmeyer's Concert, Store Street, June 1st.

MISS MARION SEVERN will sing HENRY SMART'S popular song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Miss Ida Henry's Concert, THIS DAY, at the Beethoven Rooms.

CONCERTS, Bazaars, Hebrew Weddings, Readings, Meetings, and Balls.—The QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square. Early application is invited for securing available days. Apply to Mr. Hall.
ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Scholarships and unusual advantages. Concert Tour commencing at Ramsgate, June 8th. Artists—Mdlles. C. and R. Doria, Alexandrina Dwight, and Delise; Messrs. Sutcliffe, Waldeck, and W. C. Bell. Students' Concert, Hanover Square, June 25th.—Norfolk Road, Bayswater. F. WEBER, Sec.

MONS. PAQUE has the honour to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on THURSDAY, 2nd of June, at Three o'clock, by the kind permission of the Most Noble the Marquis of Downshire, at 24, BELGRAVE SQUARE. Tickets to be obtained only at M. Paque's, 120, Great Portland Street, W.

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SACRED CANTATA, "BLOW YE THE TRUMPET IN ZION," by C. WARWICK JORDAN, Mus. Bac., Oxon. Price, handsomely bound, 5s.; in paper covers, 3s. Suitable for Choral Societies. Advantageous terms may be made with the composer for large quantities, and the Band parts obtained. NOVELLO & Co., London.

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MR. ALFRED CAINK will sing Mr. WILFORD MORGAN'S popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Highbury, May 31st.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at St. James's Hall, June 4th.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce his ARRIVAL in Town for the Season. Address, 5, Beaumont Street, Portland Place.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" at Mr. Alfred Baylis's First Matinée, 30th May.

MDME. MONTSERRAT has the honour to announce to her Friends and Pupils that she has REMOVED to 10, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W., where she requests all communications may be addressed.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA begs to announce his arrival in Town for the Season. Address, 9, Mortimer Road, Greville Road, St. John's Wood.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing DUGGAN'S great baritone song, "SAMSON," at his principal Engagements — St. George's Hall, June 8th. Address, 28, Old Bond Street.

THIS DAY.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME OURY'S WALTZ," composed by CHOPIN, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

MADAME NADINE DUNORD (Soprano) has arrived in London and is open to Engagements for Operas, Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

PUPILS WANTED.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 16, son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for Instruction in the earlier branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter. Apply to Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

"LITTLE WILLIE," by JULES BENEDICT. This charming new song (by the popular composer of "Rock me to Sleep") is now being sung with distinguished success by Miss EDITH WYNNE. Price 3s., and may be obtained for 19 stamps from the publisher, DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"FLY LIKE A BIRD," sung by Miss Ferrari, and "THE ABBESS," sung by Miss Anyon, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART'S new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street (sent free by post for 19 stamps each).

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"O LADY, TWINE NO WREATH FOR ME."

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THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

The 216th Anniversary Festival of the Sons of the Clergy was held under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral on the afternoon of the 18th inst., when, as usual, there was the full choral service which, time out of mind, has added to the importance of the occasion. Upon the origin and purport of this excellent charity it would be superfluous now again to dwell, so universally familiar are they to all who take an interest in the subject. Instituted as far back as 1665, and established in 1678, by Royal Charter (under Charles II.), the "Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy" has been largely instrumental for good. Originally designed chiefly, if not exclusively, to give needful assistance to the widows and orphans of clergymen endowed with less worldly riches than devotional zeal, its influence has been from time to time considerably enlarged. Take, for example, the following from the latest report (1869):—

"The charitable operations of the corporation are directed to the following purposes:—To afford continuous or occasional assistance to clergymen of the Established Church in England and Wales, when in need, from mental or bodily infirmity, the reverses of fortune, or the heavy expenses incidental to large families, or from any other cause of impoverishment beyond their own control. To grant pensions to widows of clergymen, and donations to widows in temporary difficulties, ineligible for pensions. To grant pensions to maiden daughters of deceased clergymen upon attaining the age of 45 years, and donations to unsuccessful candidates and other single daughters under the age of 45, who are incapacitated by want of health from earning their own maintenance. To apprentice clergymen's children, orphans or not, to schools, professions, and trades; to assist in their education at schools or colleges, and to provide outfits for them on being placed out in the world."

Clergymen in full orders, residing in England and Wales, and having been licensed to a cure of souls, are entitled to the benefits of the charity; and during the last year (1869) as many as 241 clergymen, rectors, vicars, perpetual curates, chaplains, &c., were thus assisted with a sum of no less than £4,078. But further to promote the objects of so praiseworthy a cause we are happy to publish an exhaustive paragraph from the printed appeal of the Governors in reference to the "Special Proceedings" of 1869:—

"In 1853 very few of the pensions, 712 in number, exceeded £10 per annum, whereas now the great majority are £20 per annum, and a few are £25. This has been effected by investment of legacies, improved rents on the corporation estates, and increased receipts from donations and subscriptions. The result is encouraging, and the Governors, earnestly trusting the support given by the clergy and laity to this corporation for so many generations may be continued and enlarged, look forward to the time when the society will be in a position to secure to all widows and aged single daughters of the poorer clergy a sufficient provision. . . . Additional assistance is also needed for sick and infirm clergymen in all parts of the kingdom, who, incapable of doing duty, have little or no other resource than the funds of the corporation. The Governors would also rejoice to find their means enlarged for educating and placing out the children of poor clergymen, this being a branch of the society's operations which is found by experience to offer an almost unlimited field for the contributions of the benevolent and to effect great and unmixed good."

The foregoing extracts will answer all purposes.

Among the foremost attractions of the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy is, and must always be, the cathedral choral service. On this occasion even a larger congregation than usual was assembled, not merely filling the choir and the space under the dome, but extending almost as far as the west door. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs arrived, in semi-State, received by the choir and clergy, who conducted them up the nave, in a procession including the Bishop of London, the committee and stewards of the Festival, with others more or less directly interested. Prayers were intoned by the Rev. Minor Canon Simpson, and Lessons read by the Rev. Minor Canon Milman. The musical part of the service was again noticeable for the improvement which has of recent years been slowly going on. Mr. Winn was conductor, and the surpliced choir under his control was made up from the choirs of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Temple, and Lincoln's Inn, strengthened by delegates from Canterbury, Winchester, Rochester, &c. That the "suffrages" were sung to Tallis's "Festival use" it is scarcely necessary to say. The time is long distant when that custom will be changed. The solemn and majestic effect of these, from so large a body of well-trained voices, may be easily imagined. Passing over the chanting of the Psalms, with a word of acknowledgment for the obvious results of a uniform system of "pointing," we should make special mention of a new Service, in B flat, by Mr. Henry Smart (selections from whose noble Service in F made the music of the Canticles in 1868). Mr. Smart's setting of the "*Magnificat*" is one of the finest examples of modern English church music with which we are acquainted. The opening, for full choir, at once arrests attention; and the interest thus created at the outset is sustained to the end by writing which is everywhere as masterly and scholastic as it is beautiful. The "*Nunc Dimittis*" is not unworthy to associate with the "*Magnificat*;" and, in short, the whole offers a fresh instance of that kind of thoughtful church music which is gradually superseding the vapid pedantry of bygone times. Three anthems were sung—"O Saviour of the world," by Mr. John Goss, organist of the Cathedral (composed for the Good Friday Service of last year), the expressive beauty of which is worthy of Mendelssohn himself; Dr. S. S. Wesley's "Blessed be the Lord," a recognized masterpiece in its school; and (more ancient) Dr. Greene's "O clap your hands together." All were extremely well given, and, indeed, the musical service was worthy the place and the occasion.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. P. Liddon, M.A. (Canon of St. Paul's), whose text was Galatians vi. 10—"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." At most our space could merely allow an abstract of the rev. gentleman's appeal, and an abstract could by no means do it justice. Perhaps the best commentary on its eloquence lies in the fact that the collection at the doors of the Cathedral (£346) amounted to more than double the ordinary sum of contributions on any previous occasion. The dinner was held, as of old, in Merchant Taylors' Hall. President, the Lord Mayor. Among the company were a more than usual number of distinguished persons. After the usual conventional toasts, the Lord Mayor, in practical language, proposed "the President of the Sons of the Clergy," and the Lord Bishop of London, in reply, advocated the pressing claims of the Corporation. Other toasts followed, and a collection was made on behalf of the charity. The musical arrangements, directed by Mr. Francis, were as efficient as usual.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The operas represented since our last notice of the performances at this theatre have been *Faust e Margherita*, *Martha*, *Hamlet*, the *Barbiere*, the *Africaine*, *Don Giovanni*, and the *Favorita*. About the first, fourth, sixth, and seventh of these we have already spoken. *Martha* too, might pass with the simple recognition of the fact of its having been produced, but that a tenor, new to our stage, took the part of Lionel. Signor Urio is not literally a stranger, inasmuch as he has been heard at the Crystal Palace Concerts—most frequently in the great orchestra of the middle transept, for which his sonorous voice and emphatic delivery render him best fitted. Whether he is destined to take a position at the Italian Opera must remain an open question until further opportunities have been given of discussing his pretensions. Lionel, with some very pretty music to sing, is, at the best, an insipid personage, whose ebullitions of sentiment can possess but small interest for any but the lady to whom they are especially addressed, and such a part, judging from a single experience, does not appear to us well suited to Signor Urio's peculiar gifts. The encore he obtained in "M'appari tutt' amor" forms no criterion; for that famous apostrophe to the absent fair one is invariably asked for again, no matter who may be the lack-a-daisical utterer.

About Madame Adelina Patti's lively and fascinating impersonation of Lady Enrichetta (Martha), we shall say no more than that it was as lively and as fascinating as on former occasions, and that the accomplished lady's delivery of the romance, "Qui sola vergin rosa," first in Italian, then, after a rapturous encore, in the familiar language of the Irish poet, reached the ideal perfection of ballad singing. What more need be said about Signor Graziani (Plunkett) than that he was, as a matter of course, compelled to repeat the song in praise of beer, which he gives with such apparently sympathetic heartiness? Surely nothing. Mdlle. Scalchi acted Nancy well, and sang the music for the most part fairly; while Signor Tagliafico played the amorous Lord Tristan with his ordinary humour, and in a costume somewhat extraordinary for a peer of England, no matter of what date. Besides the encores we have named, there was another for the quartet at the Spinning-wheel—chiefly attributable to the wonderfully piquant execution of the soprano part by Madame Patti, whose "*staccato*" embellishments in the last verse never fail to create a sensation. How full of bustling life is the *mise-en-scène* of M. Flotow's opera at Covent Garden all are aware.

So much was written last season about the *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas—one of the most conscientiously laborious lyric dramas of French manufacture since the time that Meyerbeer, followed by Halévy, &c., showed how operatic representations might, without risk, be interminably spun out—that a word or two about the performance will suffice. There was a new Ophelia, in Mdlle. Sessi; a new Queen, in Mdlle. Tietjens; and a new Hamlet, in Signor Cotogni—all three successful. The gain accruing to the opera by the fact of such an artist as Mdlle. Tietjens undertaking the part of Gertrude is incalculable. The finest scene of all—the scene of the portraits and of Hamlet's

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solemn admonition to his mother—now, for the first time, had its due importance. In this Mdlle. Tietjens was so impressive as to cause those who know what a perilous venture is that of using one of Shakspere's tragedies as a vehicle for music to think more highly of the composer than they had thought before. It was a rare exhibition of vocal and dramatic power combined. Whatever Mdlle. Tietjens had to do was thoroughly well done; her declamation was superb; her acting subtle, and at the same intensely real throughout, and—thanks to her—the foremost character of the opera is now incontestably that of the Queen. Mdlle. Sessi afforded fresh proof of her remarkable versatility by the manner in which she represented Ophelia. Nothing seems beyond the range of this artist's powers. That she has achieved greatness in any part she has yet essayed it would be untrue to assert, but that in everyone she has displayed a certain degree of excellence is unquestionable. As a piece of acting, Mdlle. Sessi's Ophelia may rank with her preceding assumptions. It is not, however, as an actress, and particularly as an actress in serious opera, that this lady shines, but as a singer—each new part she tries further exhibiting the agreeable tone, wide range, and flexibility of her voice, added to a more than common proficiency in the vocal art. Her Ophelia in this respect was almost everywhere good. In the last *finale*—where M. Thomas has made as happy a use of a melody not his own as M. Flotow has done in *Martha*—Mdlle. Sessi sang with equal taste and fluency, mastering the most difficult passages with ease. The Hamlet of Signor Cotogni was a surprise. Few, even among those who admire this gentleman in comedy, expected that he would acquit himself so well in a part which one might have imagined to be altogether out of his sphere. Signor Cotogni nevertheless, exhibited both dramatic intelligence and a self-reserve for which his earlier assumptions had not prepared us. In the great scene between Hamlet and Gertrude, Signor Cotogni seemed inspired by the example of his accomplished partner. He was recalled after his spirited delivery of the drinking song (Part 3), and frequently applauded during the performance. Signor Bagagiolo's King Claudius was a king with a deep bass voice, and Signor Capponi's Ghost was a ghost with a deeper. Signor Larocca played Laertes. About the opera itself, the performance of which was directed by Signor Bevignani, we have not another word to say. That under any circumstances it can achieve an extended popularity in this country is, we think, out of the question.

With Mdlle. Pauline Lucca at hand, that the *Africaine* of Meyerbeer would be one of the productions of the season might have been taken for granted. We have no more to say about the last great work of one of the greatest operatic composers of our time. Its wealth of melody, its picturesque colouring, and its dramatic power are now universally admitted. Despite Herr Richard Wagner, the *Africaine* lives and is likely to live—the moral and physical absurdities of its libretto, together with its excessive length, notwithstanding. Mdlle. Lucca's Selika is more than ever instinct with poetic feeling. To single out one situation from many others, each full of interest, the final scene, where the unhappy African Queen, like Dido of old, is abandoned by her fickle lover, is exquisite in its truthful and unaffected pathos. The death from the insidious poison of the mancanilla tree, under the shadow of whose branches Selika laments her bereavement, and slowly expires, is depicted with a power that makes itself felt. The tremulously failing tones of voice impart to her last accents a tenderness which if it failed to evoke sympathy true art would count for nothing. The other characters of importance in the *Africaine* are sustained by Mdlle. Vanzini a fairly acceptable Ines; Signor Graziani, with whose earnest and demonstrative Nelusko we are familiar; and Signor Naudin, Meyerbeer's own Vasco di Gama—as yet the very best that has been seen and heard. About the gorgeous ballet and *mis-en-scène* which recommend the *Africaine* to the sympathies of those for whom the music not thus supported would have, perhaps, less abiding charm, we need not speak.

La Sonnambula, with Signor Naudin instead of Herr Wachtel as Elvino—a change manifestly for the better—was given on Thursday; *L'Africaine* was repeated last night; and the *Barbiere* is promised for this evening.

Copenhagen.—Herr Richard Wagner's Muses have at last found their way to this northern capital, *Lohengrin* has been produced at the Royal Operahouse, and, as it appears, with such satisfactory results, that *Tannhäuser* will shortly follow. By the way, the date selected by the management for introducing *Lohengrin* to the Danish public was the thirtieth of April. Would not the first have been a more appropriate day?

Munich.—At length a conductor has been found for Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre*. This *rara avis* is Herr Marpurg, hitherto second conductor at Darmstadt. It is to be hoped he has duly studied Herr R. Wagner's pamphlet on "Conducting." If not, he had better have remained at Darmstadt, than run the risk of exciting the somewhat ready rage, and consequent vituperation of the modest Hermit of Lucerne.

REVIEWER'S WAIL.—No. 2.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—I had no idea that you would hand me up to your devil (printer's), and still less did I imagine that you would hand me down to the real gentleman; or even be riled at my temerity in writing to tell you what you must have assured yourselves would have been the opinion of all people not entirely obfuscated, had either of you given the matter a moment's serious thought.

As a young man I was called Abraham the Placid (Abraham Smooth was another man); and if the allusion to the late Duke of Wellington and Harriet Wilson was meant to designate me an old woman, I don't at all object to being likened to one in my settled maturity. Old women are generally sensible, often clever, and always better and "truer hearted" than men. That I may possess this latter attribute is what I heartily desire. As a reviewer (not of music) I had but one object—to help the crushed, the weak, and the powerless, and to give talent its due.

The gentleman who so generously votes me damnation has cast upon himself a reflector, by which he enlightens and enables me to estimate him and his reviews by a standard not hitherto accessible to me. When he dies may *his* soul rest—*not* with the damned.

Pleased as I was with his paper upon the Manns-Heller subject, I am infinitely more charmed with Mr. Tolhurst's letter in your last number; and I am thankful that some one has the moral resolution to write what he thinks, and so endeavour to put some check upon the monopolizing publishers and down-writing reviewers, who, when to write "down" would be too flagrant, or, for special reasons, impolitic, are eloquently *silent*. A broader and more generous spirit is needed in London journalism generally (*vide* extracts from the *Economist* and *Echo*, which I enclose); and I am truly gratified to find that you have been largely-minded enough to insert Mr. Tolhurst's letter.

Assuredly, the question is, *not* whether a composer or author is new, *but* whether his productions bear the impress of talent. I fear, though, that this is a view which vested interests and the jealousy of a certain class of established authors will not recognise.

Agreeing, still further, with Mr. Tolhurst, I would add that I subscribe to three musical papers, and I have been frequently inclined to ask—"What do we pay our money for?" Certainly, up to a given point, my family, reading the stereotyped advertisements and fulsome panegyrics which these papers contained, have expended many pounds in purchasing the laudated publications of monopolizing publishers and the cliquehood, only to find them utter trash, while compositions that have been avoided on account of the severity of condemning reviewers in these papers, have, when accidentally met with, turned out to be gems.

I hope the success which has hitherto attended the practice of thrusting rubbish upon us by means of forced advertisements, reviews, and notices, is receiving the result it deserves. I wish the public would decide for themselves, and not be guided by press leading-strings and criticisms.

With many sincere apologies for my extreme tediousness, believe me much more than ever and always,—Yours,

Another Reviewer
May 24th, 1870. (*In another School*).

["Another Reviewer" ought now to be satisfied. He has hit upon a method by which all chance of being taken in for the future is averted. Let him purchase the new pieces, oratorios included, that are abused in the papers he refers to, and carefully eschew the new pieces, oratorios included, that are praised. He will then be spared the "utter trash," and find himself possessor of countless "gems." "Another Reviewer" need not apologize for his "extreme tediousness," inasmuch as were he "tedious as a king," the fact of his being "much more than ever" *ours*, whereas two weeks since he was no more than "muchly" ours, would reconcile us to his short—or rather long—comings. We cannot hear from him too often, and, provided he has not composed an oratorio, we shall be glad to make his acquaintance. We apprehend, however, that it is six to four the other way. He is *so* tender on the point.—A. S. S.]

St. Petersburgh.—A subscription is being got up to erect at Smolensk a monument to the well-known Russian composer, Michael Nicholajewitsch Glinka, born at the village of Nowospask, in the Jelna district of the Smolensk Government, and died the 3rd February, 1857, at Berlin. His opera, *Life for the Czaar*, was produced for the first time at St Petersburgh, on the 27th November, 1836, and his other opera, *Russlan and Ludmilla*, on the 27th November, 1842.

Florence.—Herr Hans von Bülow has returned from Berlin. He will shortly carry out a project he has long cherished, namely—the formation of a permanent "*Sinfonie-Capelle*," for the purpose of giving popular orchestral concerts. The first of such concerts will be given in the Teatro Principe Umberto, and the programme thus constituted: "Jubel Ouverture," C. M. von Weber; Symphony in G minor, Mozart; Pianoforte Concerto, Beethoven; Overture to *Struensee*, Meyerbeer; "Reapers chorus," from *Prometheus*, Liszt; and Symphony in C minor, Beethoven.

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

Two more performances of *Robert le Diable* have confirmed the success of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, and strengthened the conviction that Alice is destined to become one of her most popular, as it is assuredly one of her most finished, parts. A word or two about the other characters, which want of space prevented us from giving last week, may not be out of place. The Robert of Signor Mongini shows decided improvement. He has now made himself so familiar with the music that his splendid voice has full play, and it is only in the last act that occasional criticism is called for. No one ought to sustain this arduous character better, for no one has more ample means at disposal. Signor Foli, too, has every requisite for a Bertram if not equal to the Bertram of Formes and the Bertram of Mariui, in days gone by, at least equal to any now easily met with. As it is, Signor Foli leaves little to desire, except in the last act, which he has not yet completely mastered. By no means the least commendable feature in this performance of *Robert le Diable* is the Raimbaud of Signor Gardoni. Many years ago Signor Mario "condescended" (we use an expression of the time) to represent this character, representing it so effectively that the "condescension" was lost sight of, and Raimbaud became a personage of as comparatively great importance as Robert or Bertram, while psychologically more agreeable than either. Signor Gardoni—an artist if there ever was one—is now doing what Signor Mario did years ago (when Signor Tamberlik played Robert); and it is but just to say that in the general performance his Raimbaud ranks only second to the Alice of Mdlle. Nilsson. If singers of ability felt inclined to yield more in this direction, composers would be manifest gainers. No artist loses *status* by playing a small part well, and thereby enhancing the efficiency of the "cast;" and Signor Gardoni, recognized at the very outset of his career in England as an artist of high pretensions, was always received, when his turn came to assume a leading character, with the same favour as if he had never "condescended" to strengthen an opera by undertaking a subordinate one. Thus, he succeeded in winning the gratitude of managers, the esteem of composers, and the favour of the public. A more admirable Princess Isabella than Mdlle. di Murska could not be named; nor, probably, has there in our time been an Elena superior to Mdlle. Fioretti, whose exquisitely refined (and modest) art might almost create a renewed taste for the now so entirely neglected ballet.

Martha, the irrepressible *Martha*, brought with it a new attraction. Many will remember Madame Volpini, who six years ago made so favourable an impression with the small character of a "Shepherd Boy," in M. Gounod's *Mirella*, at Her Majesty's Theatre. Since then she has played at some of the chief theatres of the Continent, and is now not merely a singer but an actress of real distinction. The audience of Drury Lane had possibly forgotten her, though connoisseurs had not. Her reception was far from cordial; but she speedily carried the house with her. Madame Volpini looks now much as Madame Volpini looked in 1864; but she is a more thorough mistress of her art. As an example of facility in making a great deal out of little, her performance of Lady Enrichetta may be cited. Other Marthas (instance Madame Bosio) were contented to look like ladies and sing like nightingales; but Madame Volpini, like her famous contemporary, Madame Adelina Patti, sees something dramatic in the character, and her impersonation is both natural and graceful—half comedy, half sentiment, altogether genuine and true. The earlier scenes, before Lady Enrichetta changes her name and Martha becomes love-sick, are not less well conceived and carried out than what follows. But we really cannot go into a new description of *Martha*. Enough that Madame Volpini's performance was dramatically irreproachable, and that the well-known air, "Qui sola vergin rosa," was sung with such genuine expression as to call forth a loud and unanimous encore. Madame Trebelli-Bettini, as Nancy, and Mr. Santley, as Plumkett, have no superiors. Signor Bettini, as Lionel, gave the usual sentimental tone to "M'appari tutt' amor," and obtained the usual 'encore.' A similar honour was conferred upon Mr. Santley, in the apostrophe to "Beer," and also upon the "Spinning-wheel" quartet. Signor Zoboli was a quaint Lord Tristan. We hope shortly to judge of Madame Volpini's progress in an opera less hackneyed than that which has made the reputation of M. Flotow, and to which we have been compelled to listen so often.

On Saturday night there was an enormous house, not merely to see Mdlle. Nilsson as Margaret in *Faust*, but to welcome back a very popular and distinguished artist, after an absence of four years. That Mephistopheles was one of M. Faure's most characteristic and successful impersonations when he was last among us all our opera-going readers know. But since then he has played the part at the Grand Opéra in Paris (with Mdlle. Nilsson) so often, and with such success, that it is not surprising he should have brought it to a high degree of perfection. In short, the Mephistopheles of the renowned French singer may now, without hesitation, be pronounced the best on the stage, whether judged from a musical or a dramatic point of view. M. Faure—whose costume is similar to that so frequently adopted at German theatres, and, though hardly appropriate to the "*fahrender Scholasticus*" of Goethe, still, we may presume, acceptable to the German mind—had no sooner made the sudden apparition which astonishes Faust than he was received with acclamation. His performance of Mephistopheles is so well known as to absolve us from the task of detailed criticism. Each of the salient features—from the first dialogue with Faust to the animated duet which ensues; from the characteristic song about the "Calf of Gold" to the crouching of the Evil Spirit incarnate before the semblance of the Cross, and so on up to the mock-serenade (uttered with that quiet irony of which M. Faure is so admirable a master), and the final scene, where the unswerving religious faith of the stricken but repentant Margaret prevails over all the artful persuasions of her enemy—was brought out with the skill and effect of former years, and, as may be imagined from what we have already stated, with even more elaborate refinement. M. Faure, indeed, well repaid an enthusiastic reception by a performance of singular merit.

The Margaret of Mdlle. Nilsson, it need hardly be said, is one of the chastest and most touching delineations of the character ever witnessed. In looking at the performance of this consummate artist from first to last, we are above all impressed with the idea of that absolute purity of innocence which, before the severest tribunals, would acquit Margaret of any witting sin. Never was unconscious victim of remorseless fate more strikingly portrayed. That such was the ideal of the poet none who have read him can dispute. Of Mdlle. Nilsson's execution of the music we have spoken on several occasions, and we need only add here that it remains in a technical sense as pure as in a dramatic sense is her conception of the personage—a personage that even the often so-styled "cynical" Goethe, worldliest of inspired poets, could do no less than send to heaven. But except to add that Mr. Santley made the death scene of Valentine as he never fails to do, one of the most impressive and striking passages in the opera, that Madame Trebelli-Bettini was a Siebel beyond reproach, and Signor Gardoni the earnest and artistic representative of Faust we have recognized so long, we shall be expected to say no more about so familiar an opera—a performance of which, moreover, has already once this season been recorded.

On Monday, the operas of *Abu Hassan* and *L'Ocs del Cairo* (of which we have more to say) were repeated, and on Tuesday, Meyerbeer's charming pastoral opera, *Dinorah*, was given for the first time, with Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Gardoni, and Mr. Santley—one of the best performances of the season, and altogether too remarkable to be dismissed in a sentence. The opera for Thursday evening was *Faust* (second time); and to-night we are promised the *Nozze di Figaro* (first time)—with Mdlles. Nilsson and Lewitzky, Madame Volpini, Mr. Santley, and M. Faure in the principal characters.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Athenæum* speaks thus of Mr. Limpus's oratorio, *The Prodigal's Return*:—

"The composer is an amateur clergyman, who holds the post of Minor Canon at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. We will not counsel the Rev. H. F. Limpus to inwardly digest the proverb, 'Ne sutor,' &c., because it is evident that he has ability enough to warrant a use of the pen. But there is music and music—psalm-tunes and oratorios for example; and our advice to Mr. Limpus is—avoid the latter, since it can only result in much wasted labour, and more disappointment. It is hardly worth while to dwell upon the libretto of a work not likely to occupy much attention; but we may say that the story is treated in a clumsy fashion. Certain verses are taken from the parable; and upon each is hung a string of reflections. The narrative itself is smothered under this load of moralising, and becomes, at best, of secondary concern. Whether such an arrangement be right or wrong the reader may safely be left to decide for himself. The music is for the most part correctly and agreeably written, and shows an easy production of commonplace melody. This is nearly all we can urge in its favour. In the matter of original invention and independent thought the work is sadly wanting. We may even go so far as to say that Mr. Limpus appears to have copied Handel assiduously, only drawing a line at the actual reproduction of the great master's themes. If it were worth while, we could bring forward example upon example of this; but it is not worth while, and we refrain. Let us, however, ask what is the use of producing such tame and colourless music in the days when the great masters are known and admired by everybody. Oratorios like *The Prodigal's Return* have not the ghost of a chance; and their sure fate is speedy forgetfulness—a fate the composers should look upon as merciful."

HAMBURGH.—Herr Niemann has been singing with great success in a round of characters. He concluded his engagement by appearing as Masaniello in *La Muette*.—Certain leading men here, considering the size, wealth, and taste for art of this old city, have set on foot a project for the establishment of a Conservatory of Music.

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THE DRURY LANE NOVELTIES.

It is much to be desired that some competent hand would do for Weber what Jahn did for Mozart and what Thayer is doing for Beethoven—write an exhaustive account of his life and works. Such biographies of the composer as now exist, not excepting that by his son, Baron Max von Weber, are very unsatisfactory, and hence the few particulars which can be obtained with regard to *Abu Hassan*. Only the simplest facts being available, if our notice of the work be meagre, the fault lies elsewhere. *Abu Hassan* is Weber's second opera, and closely followed *Sylvana*. The third, *Der Freischütz*, was written ten years after, so that *Abu Hassan* may be said to have ended the first period of Weber's career as a dramatic composer. It will be assumed that a material difference is observable between the style of Weber at 24 and 34. In point of fact *Abu Hassan* and *Der Freischütz* have very little in common. When writing the earlier opera, Weber had not found his proper *metier*. He was, above all, a composer of the romantic school, and must have felt as little at home with comic music as can be imagined. A man of genius, however, can touch nothing without adorning it; and in *Abu Hassan* we have comic opera face to face with which that now passing as such may well blush for shame. But we must return to the few historical details of which mention has been made. The libretto was written by Herr Heimer, a friend of the composer, and is based upon the well-known story in the *Arabian Nights*. About August 1810, Weber had the work in hand, beginning when on a visit to Mannheim; and, we should say, getting on very slowly, for in December it was not completed. What happened between December and June, 1811, history sayeth not; at all events, *Abu Hassan* was brought out in the Munich Theatre at the latter date, and, according to Weber himself, "played twice with great applause." Other representations followed, in various parts of Germany, and the little work was soon accepted as an honour to contemporary act. It was first heard in England at Drury Lane Theatre; a comic drama in two acts, called *Abu Hassan*, being produced in 1825, with Weber's music as an illustrative and incidental accessory. Since then it has lain neglected, and only exceptional knowledge and enterprise such as now directs the Drury Lane operas could have determined upon its production. Lightness and grace are characteristic of the music from beginning to end. Here and there, indeed, the inspiration of Mozart becomes apparent to a degree nobody can overlook, and by no means, we need scarcely say, to the disadvantage of the work. If the question be asked—Was it worth while to revive *Abu Hassan?* our answer is emphatically—Yes. It presents to us a phase of the composers's genius not otherwise apparent. The author of *Der Freischütz* has long been familiar, but what Weber was as a dramatic musician, ten years earlier, *Abu Hassan* alone can show.

The story of *L'Oca del Cairo* is better known. It was begun in 1783, one year after the production of *Il Seraglio*, and three years before that of *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The work is, therefore, an outcome of Mozart's genius when in its prime, and not, as some have supposed, a youthful effusion he was only too glad to keep in manuscript. That the illustrious master left *L'Oca del Cairo* unfinished is true, but the explanation can be found apart from any question of its merit. Readers of musical biography know that Mozart had more than one quarrel with the Abbé Varesco, court chaplain at Salzburg, who dabbled largely in libretti. This reverend gentleman prepared the book of *Idomeneo*, and in connection with it a rupture took place between composer and *litterateur*. Varesco was an obstinate man, with supreme confidence in his own ability, and a determination to see himself right, everybody else wrong. Mozart, however, gave him another trial, with a result even more unfortunate. The composer's letters show with what difficulty the two worked together so long as they did. At last the time came when Mozart could stand it no longer, and he quietly laid the opera aside never to resume work upon it. At his death, therefore, *L'Oca del Cairo* consisted of only six, or at most seven numbers, more or less incomplete as regards scoring for the orchestra. These were the "Air de la Déclaration" (doubtful), the "Ariette de la Soubrette," the "Duo du Dépit Amoreux," the "Quatuor du Balcon," the "Duetto des Cadeux," the "Ariette de Basse," and the *Finale*. In this condition the MS. passed from Mozart's widow to Herr André of Offenbach, whose descendant, the music publisher of that town, printed it nine years ago. As so printed the work was, of course, unfitted for stage use, and would have remained in that condition but for an ingenious and clever Frenchman, M. Victor Wilder, to whom occurred the happy thought of completing it. M. Wilder's plan was to re-write the libretto with the assistance of such indications of Varesco's plot as were available; to expand the music by adding other of Mozart's pieces not generally known and to have scored for orchestra those parts left incomplete by the composer. The first portion of this triple task he did well; though it must be said that the story is very absurd and silly. In the second portion he displayed judgment which the result proves to be sound. We translate his own account of the procedure:—"Mozart had written neither overture nor introduction, but just when he busied himself with *L'Oca del Cairo* he had begun to set music to an old opera, *Le Sposo Deluso*. He soon gave up the idea, though not before the overture and introductory quartet which, by a curious chance, presented a complete analogy with the first scene of *L'Oca del Cairo*, were completed and scored for the orchestra. This overture and quartet naturally, therefore, take the place of the absent introduction. I find the rondo of Isabel also instrumented in a score of the master of which title and words are lost. (Here M. Wilder is wrong. The rondo is part of the opera of *Zaïde*, as any one can see by looking into the thematic catalogue of Mozart's works.) As regards the final trio, it completes the first act of Bianchi's opera, *La Villanella Rapita*, played at Vienna in 1785, for which Mozart, that grand prodigal, wrote this admirable *chef d'œuvre*." All the music in *L'Oca del Cairo*, as now performed, is, therefore, not only Mozart's, but was written about the time when the opera was in hand. This accounts for the singular unity there is about it; a unity so complete that one can scarcely regard the work as a *pasticcio*. We shall not enter upon a critical examination of its merits for reasons of space. Enough that not a bar is unworthy to be connected with an illustrious name. T. E.

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NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fourth of these entertainments took place in St. James's Hall last Wednesday week, when the following selection of music was performed:—

PART I.

Overture, "Der Wassertrager"	Cherubini.
Aria, "O mio Fernando" (*La Favorita*)	Donizetti.
Concerto in A minor, Violin	Spohr.
Aria, "Di qui io vedo" (*L'Africaine*)	Meyerbeer.
Symphony, in B flat	Beethoven.

PART II.

Rondo, Pianoforte and Orchestra, "Le Retour de Londres" ...	Hummel.
Aria, "Vedrai carino"	Mozart.
Variations, Violin	Paganini.
Aria, "Le Vallon"	Gounod.
Symphony, "Finale of the Jupiter"	Mozart.

The vocalists were Madame Pauline Lucca and M. Waldeck, the solo violinist, Herr de Graan, and the pianist, Miss Kate Roberts. The *pièce de résistance* was the symphony in B flat by Beethoven. In the *adagio* the excellent playing of Mr. Radcliff (flute), Mr. Barret (oboe), Mr. Lazarus (clarionet), and Mr. Butcher (bassoon) was heard to the best advantage. Spohr's dramatic concerto served to introduce Herr de Graan to a New Philharmonic audience. With his style, intonation, execution, and expression, Herr de Graan is entitled to be considered one of the players of the day. He was applauded and recalled. The pianist, Miss Kate Roberts, is an established favourite at the New Philharmonic Concerts. Her playing of Hummel's "Retour de Londres" was characterized by those charming qualities which early brought her into notice as a pianist. The audience were enthusiastic in their applause. Instead of detailing how Madame Lucca was applauded and encored, it is simpler to say she met with the same success in the concert-room as always attends her appearance at Covent Garden Operahouse. M. Waldeck, in Gounod's "Le Vallon," made a favourable impression, and sang with much taste and refinement. Dr. Wylde conducted the orchestral works. Signor Bevignani and M. Zerbini accompanied the vocal music.

At the next concert, June 15th, Liszt's *Legend of St. Elisabeth* is announced for performance. Mdlle. Tietjens has undertaken the character of St. Elisabeth.

CARLSRUHE.—The Theatre will be closed at the end of the present month. Herr Niemann, and Mdlle. Schneider (the latter from Leipsic), will, however, previously sing a few nights. From all accounts, it appears that the retirement of the late stage-manager, Herr Devrient, is severely felt, and that the operas are not produced with anything like the completeness for which they used to be distinguished in his time.

VIENNA.—The ex-King of Hanover continues to distribute his orders right and left. He is as lavish in that respect as certain London managers. He has just conferred the Guelph Order upon Herren O. Dessoff, Hellmesberger, L. A. Zellner, and Mosenthal.—Mr. Adams leaves the Imperial Operahouse at the end of June. He wished to get a higher salary, and so did the management—wish he might get it. It is his intention to return to America.—A juvenile Italian Opera company is announced to appear at the Vaudeville Theater. They will perform in costume *Il Barbiere, Il Trovatore, La Sonnambula*, &c. Every real lover of art will assuredly hope that the success of the undertaking may be as small, in proportion, as the size of the artists.

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PROVINCIAL.

GREENOCK.—A local paper of May 21st says:—

"The fourteenth session of the Choral Society was brought to a close last night by a private concert in the Town Hall, under the conductorship of Mr. D. Middleton—Mr. A. L. Peace being accompanist and organ soloist. After a brief prelude on the organ by Mr. Peace came a sacred cantata, *Supplication*, by Mr. Middleton. The soloists and choristers did ample justice to Mr. Middleton's work, and if that gentleman was as contented as the audience were delighted with their efforts, he has every cause for gratification. Next came Meyerbeer's grand march, composed for the coronation of the present King of Prussia. Mr. Peace was thoroughly at home in its rendering, and passed through it with complete success. Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm followed, the orchestral accompaniments to which were played by Mr. Peace upon the organ. Dr. Bennett's ever-welcome *May Queen* formed the second part of the concert. Thus a rich treat was provided, and the society earned at once the thanks and the applause of those who were privileged with an invitation to be present."

EXETER.—*Jephtha* was performed on the 16th inst., in the Victoria Hall, by the Exeter Choral Society. With regard to it we read as follows in the *Western Morning News*:—

"The solos were taken by Miss Banks (Iphis), Mrs. Patey-Whytock (Storge), Mr. Vernon Rigby (Jeptha), and Mr. Patey (Zebul). Miss Banks, in 'The smiling dawn of happy days,' was warmly applauded, and 'Happy they' would have been re-demanded but for the lateness of the hour. 'Let other creatures die,' was given with impassioned earnestness by Mrs. Patey, who sung magnificently her husband's most artistic effort, the recitative, 'But Jephtha comes.' Mr. Rigby, in 'O Zebul,' and 'Hide thou thy hated beams,' won most applause. We must mention an amusing incident nearly at the close. Miss Banks was singing her very best in the air 'Farewell, ye limpid streams,' when a railway engine, passing close at the back of the hall, gave a discordant screech three or four notes above the singer's voice; a minute after the break whistle sounded the exact pitch of the note Miss Banks was at the instant holding out; had it been the silver flute itself the effect could not have been more harmonious."

DINORAH AT DRURY LANE.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph" May 26.*)

Whether Mr. Wood's acting manager produced *Dinorah* on Tuesday night for its own sake, or for the sake of the artists who took part in it, is a matter of no consequence. Anyhow, the provocation was adequate; but, if moved solely by admiration for Meyerbeer's most charming opera, the services of Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Signor Gardoni, and Mr. Santley, gave admiration the quality of special timeliness.

It will be remembered that, when *Dinorah* was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Mr. Mapleson, the artists just named were acknowledged on all hands as thoroughly efficient in their respective parts. Mdlle. di Murska does most things well—those things most well which give scope for a somewhat erratic genius; and hence the success of her Dinorah has, perhaps, exceeded that of any other character in which she appears. Signor Gardoni is admittedly the best Corentino on the stage; and Mr. Santley's Hoel, from what it was in the days of the Pyne-Harrison *régime*, has come to rank among the most striking of vocal and dramatic achievements. The conjunction of three such artists gave a special value to Tuesday's performance, and when we say that the subordinate parts were, without exception, well filled, it is evident that a treat of no ordinary kind was afforded. There is hardly need to travel once more over ground so well trodden, and to point out in detail the merits of a very familiar representation. Enough that Mdlle. di Murska reasserted her old superiority, and that her execution of the "Shadow Song"—most fanciful of operatic conceits — roused the house to enthusiasm, and elicited the noisiest of encores. Not the least effective part of Mdlle. di Muraka's work, let us add, was done in the last act, after the "cold water cure" brought about by Dinorah's immersion. The gradual comprehension of actual facts was shown in the simplest, most unaffected, and most natural way conceivable. Signor Gardoni once more acted the cowardly Breton peasant to the life; that he sang very unlike a Breton or any other peasant we need not assert. With regard to Mr. Santley, who was perfect from first to last, it must be mentioned that his touching delivery of Hoel's lament over the senseless form of Dinorah obtained a thoroughly deserved encore. The charming pastoral which succeeds the storm, and comes with such welcome brightness, had its beauty heightened by the singing of Mdlle. Vinta and Madame Trebelli (shepherds), Signor Rinaldini (reaper), and Signor Raguer (hunter); and the choral music has not often been given with greater effect. The principal artists were "called" after each act.

FRANKFURGH.—The Grand Baden Vocal Festival, to be held here after Whitsuntide, bids fair to be exceedingly good. About 2,000 singers are expected to take part in it.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Spohr's symphony, *The Power of Sound*, to adopt a misnomer even more expressive than the rightful title—was played at this society's fifth concert on Monday last, and again asserted itself as the composer's masterpiece. There are reasons in plenty why the symphony should be popular. It is full of melody, and of the charm arising from refined treatment; moreover it illustrates a theme that appeals to every heart. The work was heard on Monday with unflagging attention, and a generally good performance presented it under favourable, if not the most favourable, conditions. Beethoven's second symphony (in D) is too well known even for such general remarks as the foregoing. There was room for improvement in the execution of certain passages; but this is usually the case with one or other of the symphonies at the Philharmonic concerts, and it arises, we presume, from want of time for adequate rehearsal.

The concerto was Weber's in E flat for piano, a work rarely heard, owing, perhaps, to the overshadowing popularity of the *Concert-stück*, which seems to monopolize all the attention pianists are able to give its author. The concerto in E flat is Weber's second, and was written at various times during the years 1811-12. It ranks, therefore, in chronological order soon after *Abu Hassan*, and, like that pleasant little opera, illustrates the master's less characteristic style. That it is a work of great merit we cannot say; at the same time its claims to an occasional hearing are undeniable. The pianist was Herr Pauer, who suggested the thought that, amid the incessant demands made by a London season upon artists of eminence, it is barely possible for them to do justice to their fame when the work in hand requires careful preparation. Under all circumstances, however, Herr Pauer shows himself a genuine artist, and the recall he obtained was a due recognition of merit. The overtures were Meyerbeer's *Struensee* and Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, widely-contrasted examples of composers who had very little in common. That the audience heard Mozart with delight, and Meyerbeer with curious interest, need not be said. As regards *Struensee*, however, we may question if it appears to advantage out of the place assigned to it by the composer. Mdlle. Orgeni, who will be remembered as one of the Royal Italian Opera company some time ago, sang the great scena from *Der Freischütz*, and Donizetti's "Ardon gl'incensi" (flute *obbligato* capitally played by Herr Svensden) so as to obtain considerable applause. Mr. Santley also appeared, his selections being Spohr's "Di militari onori" (*Jessonda*) and "Non più andrai," both given perfectly.

THADDEUS EGG.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The second of the summer series of four performances took place on Wednesday afternoon at St. James Hall. It will be remembered that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson was unable to sing at the first in consequence of indisposition. On Wednesday, however, the accomplished Swedish vocalist duly appeared, and again created a profound impression by her admirable delivery of the principal soprano solos in the *Messiah*. She was encored in "I know that my Redeemer." We have before dilated on the high qualities, executive and intellectual, which Mdlle. Nilsson brings to the interpretation of this sublime music; and therefore need only now say that the effect produced was fully as great as in previous instances. "Rejoice greatly," was brilliantly sung by Madame Sinico, and the other solos were efficiently rendered by Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli. As on some former occasions, Mr Perren was a ready and well-prepared substitute for Mr. Sims Reeves, who was to have made his re-appearance at this concert after his recent sojourn in Italy; but was prevented by an attack of hoarseness, for which an apology was made Mr. Leslie, who stated that he had received but short notice of the disappointment. Some strong expressions of dissatisfaction were changed to general applause at Mr. Leslie's temperate self-justification in a matter wherein he is himself much more injured than his audience, and quite as little to blame as they.

ORATORIO CONCERTS.

The ninth and closing concert of the season took place on Wednesday, when the programme included Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Beethoven's Choral Symphony. The association of two such masterpieces is peculiarly appropriate, and formed a grand climax to an interesting series. The performance was generally efficient, especially in the *Lobgesang*, which appeared to have had the advantage of more preparation and rehearsal than the symphony. The solo vocalists were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Sinclair, Mr. Cummings, and Herr Carl Stepan. Mr. Barnby conducted with his usual judgment and care; and his capital choir did good service in the choral movements of both works.

The series of concerts just terminated commenced on December 8 with Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* and *Acis and Galatea*—both for the first time with Mendelssohn's additional accompaniments—which were followed by the *Messiah*, the *Seasons*, *Jephthah*, Beethoven's *Missa Solennis*, Bach's *Passion Music*, *Elijah*, Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah*, and *Alexander's Feast*.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

BY SPECIAL DESIRE.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S

Beethoven Recitals.

1870.

This year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, Mr. Hallé has considered it appropriate to devote his Recitals exclusively to the music of that Illustrious composer.

The programmes, as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from Three o'clock to Five, p.m.

Mr. Hallé is assisted at all the Recitals by

HERR STOCKHAUSEN.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the sonatas, accompany the programmes.

THE FIFTH RECITAL

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 3RD, 1870,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

SONATA, Op. 29, No. 2	*Beethoven.*
RECIT. and AIR, "Tyrannic love"—Herr STOCKHAUSEN	*Handel.*
GRAND SONATA, Op. 29, No. 3	*Beethoven.*
SONGS, { "Mit dem grünen Lautenbande" (With the green ribbon) / "Der Jager" (The Hunter	*Schubert.*
Herr STOCKHAUSEN.	
ANDANTE, Op. 35	*Beethoven.*
THIRTY-TWO VARIATIONS on an Original Theme	*Beethoven.*
SONGS, { "Eifersucht und Stolz" (Jealousy and Pride) / "Die liebe Farbe" (The dear Colour)	*Schubert.*
Herr STOCKHAUSEN.	
GRAND SONATA, Op. 53 (Dedicated to Count Waldstein)	*Beethoven.*

The LAST FOUR RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

Friday, June 3, | Friday, June 17,
Friday, June 10, | Friday, June 24,

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

Prices of Admission (for the Series)—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), £2 2s. Balcony, £1.

For One Recital—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.

Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

DEATHS.

On May 15th, at Londonderry, HENRY, eldest son of the late J. B. LOGIER (author of *Logier's System*).

On May 24th, CHARLOTTE JACKSON, for many years known in the musical profession as Miss CUBITT.

On May 25th, ELLEN, daughter of Mr. FREDERICK WHITE, music-seller, of Oxford Street—aged 20 months.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870.

COSTUMES AT COVENT GARDEN.

A REFRESHING breeze has sprung up around Covent Garden, and is likely to ventilate the obscure places where questions of operatic dress are determined. We hail it, as another evidence of the movement which gathers force year by year in the direction of stage realism. Let us not be understood to believe that realism in opera is of equal importance with realism in the spoken drama. The dramatic stage assumes to illustrate life as it is; the lyric stage claims, and does so of necessity, a certain degree of license. We may illustrate these positions by reference to the prose writer and the poet. The former is held strictly to the rules of grammar; the latter may, if he pleases, violate those rules, where they stand in the way of effect. But though realism in opera has limits which, from the very nature of the case, cannot be overstepped, there is no excuse whatever for falling short of them. Even the lyric drama is life-like to a certain point; and so far realism has claims that deserve attention. With this preface we revert to the Covent Garden incident—a history of which may be thus told.

At a recent performance of *Marta*, Signor D. Tagliafico played the English nobleman, Lord Tristan di Mickleford, &c., &c., and did so in bi-coloured "tights," whereof one leg was green and the other white. As the incidents of the opera are supposed to take place at Richmond ("Star and Garter," Richmond), in the reign of the late Queen Anne (whose death is by this time generally known and lamented), and as the other costumes, though not historically correct, could fairly be brought under the ægis of poetic license, our contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*, took note of Signor D. Tagliafico's "tights," and suggested that they were, perhaps, borrowed for the nonce from the wardrobe of "Rigoletto the Jester." The critic, however, did not know that Signor D. Tagliafico (according to his own account) is a severely historical artist, prepared to go any lengths and wear any "tights" that may become a connoisseur. Being this, we can imagine how the ire of Signor D. Tagliafico was kindled when he saw himself accused of an anachronism in the columns of our widely-circulating contemporary. His first impulse was, no doubt, to "write to the Editor"—most dangerous of rash thoughts—and upon it he acted. This is how Signor D. Tagliafico appeared in print:—

"MONSIEUR,—Accusez-moi d'avoir voulu renverser la Colonne de Trafalgar Square, si tel est votre bon plaisir; mais ne m'accusez pas d'une erreur historique comme celle que le *Daily Telegraph* me reproche aujourd'hui àpropos de la *Martha* d'hier à Covent Garden. Tout le monde sait que bien qu'il repose sur un fait due 17e siècle, l'opéra de *Martha* se joue depuis 20 ans en Angleterre et partout avec des costumes du 14e. Me voyez-vous venant faire ma cour à Mdlle. Patti costumée en Agnès Sorel, avec des chausses du temps de la Reine Anne et une perruque à la Louis XIV? Si votre reproche était fondé, il s'adresserait non pas à moi seulement, mais à tous les personnages de la pièce. Que voulez-vous? Tout ça c'est la faute à Mario, qui n'a jamais voulu couper sa barbe, et qui nous a fait aussi jouer *La Dame aux Camélias* avec des costumes Richelieu! Je vous en prie, Monsieur, relevez-moi d'une pareille accusation d'ignorance. Chacun a son faible! Le mien c'est de me croire assez bon connaisseur en fait de choses d'art et d'histoire.—Votre tout dévoué, "D. TAGLIAFICO.

"*Covent Garden Théâtre, Mercredi, 11 Mai.*"

The first part of this letter is somewhat evasive. With regard to the costumes of Henrietta, Nancy, and the peasants, in *Marta*, we have only to say that they are not glaring anachronisms which at once offend every intelligent observer. The dress of Lord Tristan, as worn by Signor D. Tagliafico, is very different. It is an anachronism that not only irritates as such, but irritates all the more because there is no beauty to extenuate its defiance of chronology. An English nobleman of Anne's time, with one leg green and the other white, ought to be hissed off the stage. Signor D. Tagliafico's reference to Signor Mario was hardly called for. Either Lord Tristan's costume was right or it was wrong. If right, why say "Tout ça c'est la faute à Mario?" No wonder that the distinguished tenor's friends took up his quarrel, or that one of them wrote as thus to the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"SIR,—With reference to Monsieur Tagliafico's letter in yesterday's *Daily Telegraph*, about the costumes of *Martha* and the *Traviata* at Covent Garden, I beg to observe that it is not fair to saddle Signor Mario with the responsibility for those costumes. In the case of the *Traviata* the question of 'dress' had been settled, and the opera had been sung in London and elsewhere for some

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years, before Signor Mario undertook the part of Alfredo; and no change of costume was introduced by him. As regards *Marta*, I need only remark that, as 'a well-to-do peasant,' it could signify very little to Signor Mario, or his beard, whether the scene were laid in 1300 or 1700. Monsieur Tagliafico might inquire of Messieurs St. Georges and Flotow why they selected the former period.—I am, Sir, &c., "J. W.

"*May* 21."

The *Traviata* question thus settled—on, no doubt, the best authority—Signor D. Tagliafico has no more to say about it; but he returns to the charge *àpropos* of *Marta*, in the following letter, also addressed to the *D. T.*:—

"MONSIEUR,—Je vous prie d'avertir, avec le plus de ménagement possible, mon honorable contradicteur que les paysans ne portaient pas plus de barbe au 17e Siècle que n'en portaient les policemen de Londres il y a deux ans. J'ai du reste suivi son avis en écrivant à M. de St. Georges, et en lui demandant en même temps pourquoi dans *Un Ballo in Maschera*, dont le sujet est l'assassinat de Gustave de Suède par Ankastroom, les artistes ne sont pas tous coiffés avec le poudre à la Maréchale?—Votre tout dévoué,

"*Londres*, 24 *Mai*, 1870. D. TAGLIAFICO."

Mark, here, the reverential accuracy of Signor D. Tagliafico. He has found out that the English peasantry of the "17e Siècle" (Signor D. Tagliafico should have said the 18th) used razors, and as Signor Mario will not use razors, he is, of course, disqualified from playing Lionello unless the period be thrown further back. The writer should have been satisfied with this retort; but, instead thereof, he chooses to plunge still further *in medias res*, after an argument based on the accepted costumes of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Here Signor D. Tagliafico comes to very conspicuous grief. He asks why the assassination of Gustavus is not represented by bewigged and bepowdered actors—forgetting that *Un Ballo in Maschera* has nothing at all to do with Sweden or its king. At Covent Garden, the scene of the opera is laid in Naples, and the victim is a suppositious Duke Richard, who may have lived at any age, and worn any dress.* Had Signor D. Tagliafico remembered this it would have been much better for his case, which sorely needs all the strength available.

The upshot of the matter must be a new standard of judgment with regard to Signor Tagliafico's Lord Tristan. There now remains to be discovered whether English noblemen, who wore green and white "tights," were also buffoons; whether they had no sense of dignity even in the presence of a high-born lady; and whether, when compelled against their will to take a lesson in country dances, they stood on one leg and aped the tricks of modern ballet girls. These things, we repeat, are now matters for inquiry; and it is possible that Signor D. Tagliafico will learn the result of the investigations made. We have said nothing of the Tristan at the other house, because the only difference between the two (apart from costume) is that the Covent Garden Lord stands on one leg, and he of Drury Lane stands on both. *Va pour* ZOBOLI!

* At the Lyceum, and Her Majesty's Theatre, the scene was laid in Massachusetts; and Gustave became a "Governor of Boston." How would Sig. Tagliafico dress this?—A.S.S.

MARK LEMON.

Our readers will learn with sincere regret the death of Mr. Mark Lemon, which happened on Monday morning, at his residence at Crawley, Sussex. He had occupied the editorial chair of *Punch* (the enormous responsibility of which position may be easily imagined) for nearly thirty years. Mr. Lemon was born in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street on the 30th of November, 1809, so that he had only got halfway through the 61st year of his age. His kindly and genial disposition was well known to a large circle of authors and literary men. He was married and has left a family of sons and daughters.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Der Freischütz was to be given in Paris, on Monday, in the Opéra Impériale, with Mdlle. Hisson as Agatha, and M. Villaret as Max. A ballet was to be played on the same evening, which necessitated sundry ugly cuts in the masterpiece of Weber. This recalls to the *Ménéstrel* an action once brought against the director of the Opéra by a gentleman who had purchased a stall, as he alleged, to hear *Der Freischütz*, and especially certain pieces in *Der Freischütz* which were his favourites. The pieces in question were precisely those omitted; the action was brought by the indignant admirer of Weber—and *gained*. Who will bring an action about a still greater opera—Rossini's *Tell*?

VERILY American criticism is a wonder. It sounds the depths, soars to the heights, and embraces the length and breadth of what is known over the water as "high-falutin." Ole Bull is not a great man; he is not even a great fiddler, but he can touch the hidden springs of the poetry in an American critic to some purpose. The very name of him sent our reporting friend to a study of Scandinavian mythology, and here is the result:—

"When Ole Bull appeared upon the stage, we thought that the mighty shades of Thor and Odin moved behind him, who should have been a minstrel demi-god of Eld—who should have wielded the brand in the battle, and struck the harp in the banquet hall—a warrior and a bard combined, owning mighty sway in both. No artist who ever trod the stage conveyed so marked a sense of strength as Ole Bull does. He seems as though he could tear the heart out of the Nemean lion, even while the sotest music exhales from his fingers; and it is possible it is this contrast between his grand physical strength, and the exquisite sentiment, and delicacy of his manipulations that heighten the effect of his marvellous playing!"

If thus about Ole Bull, what when the Scandinavian Nilsson appears? Good friends, reserve some eloquence for that advent.

PANSERON was a friend of Berlioz, and, likewise, his constant butt. But one fine day he revenged himself upon his tormentor. At a concert given in the Operahouse by Berlioz, when the programme contained music by no other composer, the band played a funeral march which seemed as if it would never end. The entire audience began gaping and stamping with impatience; still the band went on, and some of the audience fell off to sleep. Berlioz, of course, was conducting. Catching hold of him by the tail of his coat, Panseron halloed out in a loud voice: "I say, my dear colleague, it strikes me the churchyard is a very long way off." The house rang with uncontrollable laughter, which did not stop as quickly as the funeral march.—The worm will, &c., when, &c.

M. VACHOT, the manager of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, at Brussels, has just written to invite his colleagues, the French managers, to hold a Congress next month in Paris, for the purpose of adopting some measures calculated to stop the continually increasing terms of lyric artists. "Such a measure can only be," says the *Guide Musical*, "an agreement of the managers never to give more than a fixed maximum for certain lines of business." "Perhaps," the same paper goes on to observe, "some result, which we do not perceive, may spring from the Congress. This is highly desirable, for it cannot be denied that the evil imperiously demands a remedy, and that the ridiculously large amount of the salaries paid to singers causes the ruin of most managers of lyrical theatres. While they are assembled, the managers would do well to see whether they might not derive advantage from forming associations which would enable them to establish an interchange of virtuosoes. Singers might then be engaged by the associated managers to sing three or four months in one town, and as long in another. The company would thus be renewed at each theatre three or four times a year. This would infuse variety into the performances, and stimulate the curiosity of the public. The idea might prove not to be bad; at any rate, we do not think that its realization would be attended with such serious obstacles that a trial should not be made. What would not have been possible formerly has now become easy, thanks to our rapid modes of communication." True, respected *Guide*, our modes of communication are changed, but man's nature remains pretty much what it used to be. To put only one question: Do you suppose managers would ever agree among themselves? If you do, you are of a sanguine temperament, to say the least of it.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Saturday last Mrs. Roney gave her annual *matinée d'invitation*, when amongst the artists who appeared was the young pianist, Miss Amy Weddle, who played Ascher's "Chant des Naiades," to the evident gratification of the audience.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union.—Amongst our musical associations none is more worthy notice than the London Glee and Madrigal Union (established 1859), so ably conducted by Mr. Land—consisting of Miss Jane Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Coates, and Mr. Lawler. On Thursday last the society commenced its twelfth annual series of five "afternoon concerts" at St. James's Hall, when a varied and interesting selection of part music was sung with the old charm—the charm of precision, grace, and taste. The applause was enthusiastic; the audience large and fashionable. Mr. Sydney Smith was the solo pianist.

Miss Julia Sydney, from New South Wales, gave an evening concert on Wednesday, at the Hanover Square Rooms, which was well attended. She possesses a mezzo-soprano voice, which she displayed to advantage in Arditi's "Reminiscences in omagio del Bosio" (accompanied by the composer), "Voi che sapete," "The birds were telling one another" (Smart), and "La Dove Prende" (with Signor Raguer). She was assisted by Mesdames Florence Lancia, Osborne, Williams, Drasdil, Montserrat, Patti Laverne, and Miss Marie Arthur (who possesses a charming voice), Messrs. J. H. Sutcliffe, F. Elmore, Harley Vinning, and Castelli. Miss Marie Strindberg played Pfeiffer's "Quatrième Mazurka" in a brilliant manner on the pianoforte. Signor Arditi, Messrs. Frank Mori and Van Noorden were the accompanists.

Mr. Ignace Gibsone gave his first pianoforte recital on Wednesday, at St. George's Hall, which was crowded. Mr. Gibsone has an expressive style and fluent execution, which he displayed with great effect in several of his own compositions, among which "Song of Spring," "Suabian Lied," and "Dans les nuages" were most applauded. His *Meditations*, Book I., consisting of six pieces, were listened to with much pleasure, each number being received with favour. The recital ended with a brilliant solo, "Thême militaire," a highly characteristic piece. Mr. Gibsone was recalled several times. He was assisted by Miss Katherine Poyntz, who gave several songs, and Mr. Boleyne Reeves, the well-known harpist. Mr. Henry R. Eyers (Royal Academy) presided as accompanist.

The third of Mr. and Madame Alfred Gilbert's chamber concerts took place at 9, Conduit Street, on the 11th inst., when an excellent selection of classical music was performed. The instrumental pieces comprised two movements of Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, Op. 66 (Messrs. Gilbert, Holmes, and Pezze); Boccherini's sonata in A for violoncello (Sig. Pezze); Beethoven's sonata in E flat, for pianoforte, Op. 81 (Mr. Gilbert); the same composer's sonata in G, for piano and violin (Messrs. Gilbert and Holmes); and his trio in B flat, Op. 97, for piano, violin, and violoncello (Messrs. Gilbert, Holmes, and Pezze). All these were played in excellent style. Madame Gilbert, Mr. Perren, and Mr. F. F. Reilly supplied the vocal music; the lady being especially successful in Handel's "Where'er you walk," and Haydn's duet from *The Seasons*, "Ye gay and painted fair," sung with Mr. Perren.

Mdlle. Bondy's annual morning concert took place in the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday last. A numerous and fashionable audience attended, and the programme—a capital example of what such a thing should be—gave entire satisfaction. Mdlle. Bondy first joined Herr Straus and M. Paque in Hummel's trio in E major (Op. 83); after which she gained the heartiest applause by her rendering of three small pieces respectively by Schumann, Moscheles, and Weber. The concert-giver was not less successful in performing (with Herr Straus), the "Kreutzer" Sonata, and Benedict's excellent fantasia on *Der Freischütz*. To say that each display elicited hearty applause, would be superfluous. The vocalists were Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Cummings, the latter obtaining an encore by a charming delivery of Dr. Sterndale Bennett's charming "Better Land."

An amateur concert, in aid of the Maternity Institution connected with University College, took place in Hanover Square Rooms, on the 16th inst., presided over by Mr. W. G. Cusins. The first part began with Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, the solos in which were ably sustained by Miss Sophie Ferrari, Mrs. Glennie, Miss Butt, Mr. W. P. Mills, and Mr. Lloyd. A word of special praise is due to Miss Ferrari, who also sang Mozart's "Non più di fiori" in a style which promises a large share of future success. Schumann's duet, in B flat, for two pianos, was capitally played by Lady Thompson and Mr. Cusins; the latter, moreover, earning great applause in Thalberg's fantasia on *Mosè*. A new duet for piano and clarionet, the work of Mrs. F. M. White (Alice Mary Smith), was ably rendered by the composer and Mr. Lazarus; and, not to particularize other things, the concert, generally, was a success.

Herren Leopold and Gerard Brassin (pianist and violinist), by kind permission of Messrs. John Broadwood & Sons, played Bach's sonata, for piano and violin, in E major, and a *chaconne*, for violin solo, as well as Chopin's *scherzo* in B minor, for piano solo, at Great Pulteney Street, last week, before a select number of connoisseurs, who expressed themselves much pleased.

Mons. E. M. Delaborde gave a *matinée musicale* at the Queen's Concert Rooms on Monday, when he introduced the Pleyel Wolff Pedal Pianoforte to a London audience. The instrument has three octaves of pedals (with independent strings), in the same manner as those of an organ. How much the addition increases the capacity of the piano must be apparent. Mons. Delaborde performed a selection of music ranging from fugues by Bach, to ballads and romances; not only exhibiting with extraordinary effect the resources of his instrument, but proving himself an excellent artist.

Miss Philp gave a concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 13th inst., assisted by Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Carola, Miss Poole, Miss Fairman, Mdme. Patey, with Mdme. Alice Mangold, Herr Carl Reinecke, and Herr van Biene as instrumentalists. A good deal of the programme was devoted to the concert-giver's own songs, among which were several novelties:—"The Story of a Year," sung by Miss Philp herself; "The Knight's Reveille," an animated effusion to which Mr. Patey did ample justice; "Soft, soft, wind," in which Miss Philp was again heard to advantage; and, "Lillie's Good Night," which, aided by the charming singing of Mdme. Patey, obtained an encore. Mr. Cummings was much applauded in a pretty song by Miss Amy Coyne, entitled "Maddalena;" and Mdme. Rudersdorff made a great effect with Miss Philp's "La Pazza" (MS.). The admirable pianoforte playing of Mdme. Alice Mangold was a striking feature in the concert, and, as a matter of course, Herr Reinecke appeared in the capacity of "lion."

Miss Lily Simester's annual evening concert took place at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, on the 10th instant, and attracted a crowded audience. The lady was assisted by Miss Lucy Franklein, Miss Kate Gordon, Messrs. Perren, Stedman, Fox, J. B. Chatterton, Regondi, and Schuberth; but her own doings naturally claim most attention here. Miss Simester sang in excellent style Gounod's "Ave Maria" (violoncello *obbligato*, Herr Schuberth), took part with Mr. Perren in Nicolai's popular duet, "One Word," with Messrs. Perren and Fox in Randegger's "I Naviganti," sang "O, luce di quest' anima," joined Miss Franklein in Bishop's "As it fell upon a day," obtained an encore for Benedict's "Bird that came in Spring," and, finally, joined Miss Franklein, Messrs. Perren and Fox, in Costa's "Honour and Glory." This was a pretty good evening's work, but Miss Simester went through it with uniform success, and deserved all the honours awarded to her by an appreciative audience. Messrs. Lehmeyer and W. Miller, jun., acted as accompanists.

St. George's Hall was crowded last Wednesday week with an audience, attracted by the programme which Mr. Ridley Prentice had issued, on the occasion of his annual concert. The principal works were Beethoven's quintet in E flat for pianoforte, oboe, clarionet, horn, and bassoon, and the same composer's sonata in C, Op. 50, dedicated to Count Waldstein, besides Weber's sonata in E flat, for pianoforte and clarionet. In all Mr. Prentice not only showed classical taste and refined style, but also admirable skill, executing them with a precision and brilliancy which called forth repeated expressions of approval. The shorter pieces which Mr. Ridley Prentice introduced comprised the prelude and fugue in E by Bach, and Mendelssohn's caprice in E major. In the rendering of these he was no less successful than in the concerted music. Mr. Ridley Prentice's efforts to establish in one of the environs of London a regular succession of classical chamber concerts merits encouragement, and the display of his talents on this occasion was so satisfactory that it is likely to strengthen his hands in the good work he has undertaken.

Miss Emma Busby's morning concert took place in the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday week and attracted an appreciative audience by a programme of more than average merit. Miss Busby herself did an important share of the work, playing (with Mr. Carrodus and Signor Pezze) Beethoven's familiar trio in C minor; Schuberth's sonata in A minor—the most beautiful of that master's pianoforte compositions, not even excepting his so-called sonata-fantasia in G major; Schumann's "Stücke im Volkston," for piano and violoncello (with Signor Pezze); and, lastly, Haydn's "Adagio and Rondo all' Ongarese," in which the concert-giver enjoyed the able co-operation of the gentlemen already named. The best testimony to Miss Busby's playing may be found in the unmistakable satisfaction of an audience well able to appreciate the talent she possesses, and the skill displayed. Mr. Carrodus rendered Ernst's solo, "Il Pirata," in masterly fashion, and Signor Pezze exhibited his powers to great advantage in Boccherini's somewhat weak, if pretty, sonata in A major. The vocalists were Mdlle. Angelina Salvi and Miss Jewell, the latter of whom sang in good style the charming rondo from *L'Oca del Cairo*. The accompanists were Messrs. Deacon and Callcott.

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The fourth concert of the Schubert Society took place on Friday, 20th May, the second part of the programme being devoted to Benedict's vocal and instrumental compositions. Mr. Benedict himself played his charming sonata for pianoforte and violin (with Herr Hugo Hermann), which was received with great applause. Miss Lucy McManus introduced the fantasia on *Der Freischutz*; and the vocal part included "Ange adoré," sung by M. Waldeck; "The Bird that came in Spring" (Miss Lily Simester); "The Maiden's Dream" (Mdlle. d'Etienne); and "Rock me to sleep" (Miss Amy Strangways). The other part of the programme was, as usual, miscellaneous, including—Trio, Mendelssohn; solo, violin, romance, Beethoven, Herr Hermann; solo, violoncello, air, J. S. Bach, Herr Schuberth; solo pianoforte, sonata (Mozart) and impromptu and waltz, Herr Schrattenholz. Smart's "Wake, Mary, Wake" (Miss Strangways); cavatina, Donizetti (Miss Simester); canzonet, Haydn (Mdlle. d'Etienne); and "Thaddy O'Flin" were the vocal selections. Mr. Benedict, Herr Schrattenholz, and Herr Schuberth were accompanists. The rooms were crowded. The last concert of the present season is to take place on Thursday, 16th June, when the director will take his benefit.

On Saturday last the large room at Hanover Square was crowded by a fashionable audience; the announcement of a new pianist (member of Mr. Cottel's Academy) having created no little interest in the musical world. Miss Amy Perry, notwithstanding evident nervousness, which was natural in one so young, in presence of so large an assembly, proved herself a pianist of excellence. She was unanimously recalled after Woelfl's *Ne plus ultra*, and gave much satisfaction in Ascher's "Alice." Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunda Doria sang to perfection a new duet by Francesco Berger, entitled "Love and Peace," accompanied by the composer. In their solos these ladies also showed themselves artists of the first rank. Miss Alexandrina Dwight does credit to her master, Mr. Cottell. She was encored in the "Nightingale's Trill." Mdlle. D'Elise, contralto, was recalled after "The Naiades," a new waltz song. Madame Montserrat was encored in Berger's "Night Bird," Mr. Fred. Childerstone obtaining a like honour in Ascher's "Alice." Mr. Sutcliffe (from New York) sang well, and possesses a voice of quality and power. Mr. W. C. Bell, was warmly encored in "Hybrias the Cretan." He has a fine bass voice. Mr. Walter Reeves gave "The Vagabond" with much expression; and Mr. Bishenden's "Dearer to my soul" was in his well-known style. The concerted music gave satisfaction, as did also M. Waldeck's singing. The other artists were Miss Agnes Sutcliffe and Miss Andromeda Oxley; the conductors were Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, Mr. C. F. Weber, Herr Lehmeyer, and Mr. Francesco Berger. Praise is due to Mr. Cottell for the admirable direction of the whole arrangements, and congratulations to Miss Amy Perry on the genuine success of this, her first London probation.

Madame Rosalie Lonsdale-Themar gave an evening concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday, the 18th instant. The vocalists were Mesdames Edith Wynne, Wells, Lucy Franklein, and Czerniel; Messrs. George Smith, Winn, and Trelawny Cobham. Miss Edith Wynne was encored in Madame Sainton-Dolby's "You said you wouldn't"—a song requiring the particular sprightliness and archness it received. In Loder's "Diver" Mr. George Smith was eminently successful, while Mr. Cobham was much applauded in "The Violet" of Mozart. Mr. Winn sang a new song, "The Flight of Time," in his approved and well-known style. Mdlle. Czerniel made her first appearance in this country, and gave promise of becoming a valuable addition to our concert singers. She rendered well a canzonetta-polka by Badia, called "Bel Moretto." The instrumentalists began with Mayseder's trio in A flat (Op. 52). They were Herr Ludwig (violin), M. Vieuxtemps (violoncello), and the *bénéficiaire* herself (pianoforte). Madame Lonsdale-Themar exhibited a clear light touch, skilful fingering, and judicious phrasing, aiding much the very good playing of the gentlemen. M. Vieuxtemps was much applauded for his fine tone and expressive rendering of the *andante* movement. Madame Lonsdale-Themar also contributed a vigorous composition of her own, on themes from *La Sonnambula*, and two minor compositions of Döhler and Littolff. She was recalled after each performance and loudly applauded. Herr Sjöden contributed two solos for the harp, playing them carefully and correctly, but with *pianissimo* effects, more suitable to a drawing-room than to the Queen's Concert Rooms. Altogether, the concert gave satisfaction.—H. L.

Bonn.—The erection of the grand hall for the approaching Beethoven Festival is being actively carried on. The outer walls are already run up higher than the first gallery.

A New lyrical opera, entitled *Die Bettlerin*, has been produced at Würzburg. The music is by Herr Vincent. The great feature is the grand air and scene of the third act, during which the first tenor endeavours to put an end to his existence by—coal damp! Of a truth, a strange, and fanciful means of suicide. However, variety is charming.

WAIFS.

Gottschalk began his professional career in Boston receiving his first encouragement from the late Mr. Jonas Chickering.

Signor Tito Mattei has just completed a new Italian opera, the libretto written by Signor Cimino, entitled *Maria di Gant*.

Watts composed 697 hymns, and Wesley 600; and about a tenth part of them live to this day, and are sung in every Christian church where the language is used.

A reader of the *Buffalo Commercial* submits the following:—"Why is one of Chopin's compositions like a battered coffee pot?" "Because it is a nocturne" ("Knocked-urn").

An Indiana young lady, attending a private party, excused herself when asked to sing, saying, "You must excuse me, for I never attempt to sing except to warble a few wild notes for pa at eventide."

The *Figaro* proposes that three representations shall be given each week at the Grand Opéra, with "popular prices," and with artists, band, and choruses, made up of every available source. The *Figaro* dreams.

We understand that Messrs. R. Cocks & Co. purpose erecting a suitable organ in the Hanover Square Rooms. The need for such a step has long existed, and the result will be, no doubt, satisfactory in all respects.

A minister in Pittfield, Mass., at whose church congregational singing is practised, gave out a hymn of six verses on a recent Sunday, remarking that if the congregation sang it well the entire hymn might be sung; but if it was to be poorly performed, one or two verses would be enough.

A little boy of Provincetown, four years old, very anxious for a drum, on going to bed made the following prayer:—"'Now I lay me down to sleep,' *I want a drum*, 'I pray the Lord,' *I want a drum*, 'my soul to keep, And if I should die before I wake,' *I want a drum*." His prayer was answered.

A major in the United States Army was crossing from England in one of the Cunard steamers, when one afternoon a band on deck played "Yankee Doodle." A gruff Englishman who stood by inquired whether that was the tune the old cow died of. "Not at all"—retorted the major—"that is the tune the old Bull died of!"

According to *L'Art Musical*, the programme of Mdlle. Nilsson is complete up to the point of her retirement from the profession. After the present London season she goes to America, remaining there thirteen months. Returning, she takes the place of Madame Patti at St. Petersburgh, and then bids farewell to the Lyric stage.

Music is to be introduced as a curative treatment for insanity, hypochondriasis, and other chronic diseases of the mind, in some of the great asylums of Paris. Several of the greatest physicians have stated that, in their opinion, music, if well and skilfully applied, will cure, or at least moderate, or check insanity and kindred diseases.

A young and pretty lady in New Orleans has undertaken a novel missionary work, which is likely to expose her to criticism, though she is evidently in earnest. She is visiting the concert saloons in that city for the purpose of reforming the *habitués* of those establishments. Her method is to sing a few hymns at each place accompanying herself on the piano.

The committee who have conducted the musical performances in Victoria Park during the past fourteen years are again at their post, and commenced their fifteenth season on Sunday week. The First Chief Commissioner, trustee for the people, having communicated to the committee his desire that dance music should be discontinued, they have made arrangements with their musical director to that effect, and sacred and operatic selections will henceforth be performed. It should be observed that the band is supported by voluntary contributions.

The inauguration of the statue of Ponsard the dramatist, took place on Sunday at his native town of Vienne, on the Rhone. The fête brought strangers enough to fill all the hotels to overflowing. M. Emile Augier was principal speaker at the banquet, which was attended by a great many Parisian dramatists and journalists. In the evening scenes from Ponsard's principal plays—*Charlotte Corday*, *Horace and Lydie*, and *Lucrèce*—were performed, some of the characters being taken by actors who had originally represented them at the Théâtre Français.

A work of considerable interest to musical antiquarians is about to be published by M. J. B. Labat, the veteran organist of the cathedral of Montauban, consisting of the fourth book of the organ music of Claude Merulo, a Venetian organist, the original of which, three hundred years old, exists in the library of the Augustine Convent at Toulouse. The book contains no less than three complete Masses and three *Credos*. M. Labat has devoted much time to its editing and to the somewhat arduous task of transcribing it in our modern notation.—*Choir*.

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At the fourth sitting of the Commission now engaged in remodelling the Paris Conservatoire, M. Edmond About suggested that the pupils should go through a course of elementary instruction, including reading and writing, it being notorious that a tenor engaged at one of the largest theatres in the capital could not sign his name. Taking higher ground, M. Gounod proposed the addition of a course of philosophy, to include Cicero and the Bible. Eventually it was decided that candidates should be examined as to their general knowledge, and not passed unless properly qualified.

Some of our French contemporaries appear to be imitating their *confrères* of the New York Press in the practice of slightly departing from the truth in their efforts to convey to the world a forcible account of the success of favourite artists. Thus in a recent issue we are assured that after a concert at Milan M. and Mdme. Jaell were recalled twenty times! Verily, as the reporter adds, the audience must have applauded "*con furia*;" but as far as the pianists were concerned (if endowed with the smallest grain of modesty), we should imagine that they would have preferred a less enthusiastic reception.

After a tolerably successful effort on the part of the New World concert directors to keep the "Music of the Future" out of their programmes, it is at last making itself heard, and at Mr. Theodore Thomas's orchestral concerts at Boston, the works of Wagner, Berlioz, and Liszt, have recently been performed. Up to the present, however, the composers of modern Germany have not made many friends, and the critics tell us that they "turn with a joyful, restful feeling" from one of these astonishing modern efforts "of Liszt, Wagner, and their fellow madmen," to a movement from one of Beethoven's symphonies.

The will of Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the pianist, who died at Rio Janeiro lately, was recently admitted to probate in Philadelphia City. The will was made in Philadelphia as far back as January 14, 1856. All the property, real and personal, is left to the mother as a life estate. After her death it reverts to the brothers and sisters of deceased. These are the provisions, and as Mrs. Gottschalk died before her son, the surviving children come into immediate possession. Mr. Charles Vezin, merchant, of Philadelphia, is appointed executor under the will. The value of the estate is estimated at twenty-five thousand dollars.

The coming season at Baden-Baden bids fair to be no less full of attraction than it usually is. Italian opera will be the order of the day, from the middle to the end of this month; June will be chiefly taken up by concerts, MM. Seligmann and Rubinstein being among the performers; in July the Palais Royal company will appear, and—strange juxtaposition—the International Chess Congress will take place; the Théâtre Français actors, including Mdlle. Favart, MM. Delauney and Coquelin, will amuse the August visitors; and they will be followed by a second instalment of Italian singers. Lastly, there is to be an important musical festival on the 14th of September.

Recently we recorded the christening of a new ship after the celebrated Rossini, and suggested to Mr. Childers the advisability of adopting a similar course in naming the new Ironclads in the British Navy. This week we have to announce the wise resolution of the Belgian municipal authorities to introduce a similar fashion in street nomenclature the name of De Beriot, the late violinist, having been given to a new thoroughfare in Brussels. As the members of our own Metropolitan Board of Works are fond of changing street names, perhaps they might consider this example worthy of imitation, instead of perpetuating the anything but euphonious titles to which we are accustomed.—*Choir.*

A pianoforte duel has actually occurred at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The challenge was offered by a Mr. Matheson and accepted by a Mr. Rooney. Gottschalk's "Last Hope" was played by Mr. Matheson in six minutes and a half, while Mr. Rooney came through it in five minutes and a half. In a piece called "The Rivulet," Mr. Rooney walked right away from his competitor, beating him by just four minutes and fifty-nine seconds. The umpires on this occasion were ladies, and their decision was quite in accordance with the artistic spirit of the contest. They awarded the laurels to Mr. Rooney, "not because Mr. Matheson proved himself less skilful, but because Mr. Rooney displayed superior skill." This strikes us as about the richest Hibernicism of the present century.

Gottschalk was very proud of his nativity, and on all his bills could be seen "Le pianista Americana;" he was as generous as talented, and gave away much money to needy Americans who had gone to Brazil after the late war, and had been deceived regarding the country, without the means of returning home, yet unable to make a living there. Don Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, invited him to Court, while his good wife, a deformed lady, beloved by all, fairly worshipped his genius, and while at Tijuco sent often inquiring about his health. Gottschalk would rise in the morning about nine o'clock, and after having partaken of a cup of coffee, run his fingers over the keys of the piano until two; this rule he never varied from. Should any friends call to see him during those hours he would converse with them while he continued his practising. He was a master of seven languages, and was as fluent in one as another. At the time of his death his presents were worth about fifty thousand dollars in gold, while his property in all amounted to about two hundred thousand dollars. He supported his sisters and mother up to her death. Had he not been lavish, he would have left one million in money, but at all times his purse was open to a friend.

The coldness of the reception accorded to English composers in Paris forms a striking contrast to the heartiness with which even the most trivial and worthless of French music is greeted in London. Mr. Benedict's *St. Cecilia* having been performed in the cause of charity, and the plates of the cantata having been presented to the Society of Musical Artists, the critics could scarcely refuse a kindly word to the pupil of Weber, but the brevity of their remarks, and the small reference made to the merits of the music were striking. Still more noticeable is the language adopted with reference to *Jeanne d'Arc*, the dramatic symphony by our countryman, Mr Henry Holmes, performed last week in the French capital. This work, which was received with satisfaction at St. Petersburgh, is frowned upon in Paris; and, after carefully reading the notice given by our contemporary, *La Revue et Gazette Musicale* it is difficult to see there is a single good point in the composition of the English violinist. Mr. Holmes, we trust, will not be disappointed, but rather will retaliate on the Frenchman with his own proverb, "Chacun à son gout," for there can be very little question that in this as in too many other cases the pen of the critic is far from impartial, and that the nationality of the composer lies at the root of a good deal of the severity of criticism.—*Choir.*

A correspondent of *Church Opinion* gives the following account of a visit to the great French cathedral:—

"I got down to the Isle de la Citè, and safe within the walls of Notre Dame, some minutes before nine o'clock a.m. on Sunday morning. I subsequently learned from the magnificent huissier in command, that Service would not begin for an hour; but I determined to abide with patience the eagerly expected moment. By ten o'clock not a hundred people were in the nave of the cathedral (though it was much fuller afterwards), and a very few choristers made their appearance. The Service, instead of being grand, thrilling, nay, overwhelming even, was the tamest and most unmusical (I say it advisedly) that could possibly be conceived. Being within the octave of the Festival of the Annunciation of our Lady, I naturally supposed that the service in the cathedral specially dedicated to her, and bearing her name, would be, to say the least, somewhat ornate. But I was miserably disappointed. The whole Office was sung to the dismallest of Gregorian tones in unison; and how dismal they are to one whose mind craves for harmony in music as much as colour in painting, I can safely leave you to guess. The organ accompaniment was harmonized, and two violoncellos helped to break the harsh monotony of the Service; but the whole thing was as hard and dull and blank as an elementary singing-class going through their scales."

One morning, says the *New York Tribune*, the secretary of the board of managers, Mr. John W. Chambers, was having his boots blacked at the entrance of the Fair of the American Institute, by a small boy, shoeless and stockingless. The secretary told this boy that if he would wash himself and come the next day he would admit him to the Exhibition. The next morning, a young lad, with his face polished, appeared in the office, and asked to be admitted, as he had been promised. Half an hour afterwards, while the Secretary was passing one of the pianos, he noticed a crowd surrounding the instrument, and, to his surprise, found the young bootblack delighting the audience by the brilliant tones he was drawing from the instrument. It is a pleasure to record that this young lad has been taken into the store of the manufacturers whose piano he was then playing. These gentlemen have furnished him with a new suit of clothes, and every evening he has been heard at the Exhibition playing equally well on the piano or electric organ. The boy is an orphan. His father, a German musician, taught his infant son to play; but after the former's death, his son was thrown unprotected upon the world, and, finding nothing to do, earned a precarious living by blacking boots. His name is Charles Knubel; he is now fourteen years of age, and we have no doubt that he will be heard of in the future.

A correspondent, whose veracity is unquestionable, calls our attention to a fact which, at first sight, seems almost incredible—the *Te Deum* is read at the parish church of Whitechapel, by the desire of the Rector, the Rev. J. Cohen. A more extraordinary evidence of the vast love of priestly dominati n which still exists among those who profess to be most sternly Protestant, could scarcely be found, and we should be curious to hear the arguments by which the worthy cleric would sustain his inconsistent practice. Of all the sacred hymns in our Prayer Book, that of St. Ambrose seems pre-eminently to call for musical treatment of the most elaborate character, and the man who would condemn a congregation to repeat

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its inspiring words in the colloquial tone of voice almost deserves to be described in the words of Scott as possessing "a dead soul." In the church of this ancient parish, hideous though it is, there is one of Harris's organs, rebuilt some years ago by Hill, while the presence of a good peal of bells completes the instrumental resources; and yet, in the face of this provision for music making, at the fiat of an individual, the people are silenced in one of the noblest portions of their worship. Our advice to the congregation—if the state of affairs remains the same as at the date of our correspondent's letter—is to memorialize the Bishop and request his Lordship to use his influence with the Rector.—*Choir.*

BADEN.—At the first performance given by the company from the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Carlsruhe, the programme included two operas. Of these, one, entitled *Cartouche*, was a novelty. It is in three acts. The words are by Herr Fellechner, and the music by Herr Heinrich Hoffmann. Both words and music were much liked.—Herr Johann Strauss is to receive from the Administration of the Kurhaus, for conducting a series of twelve concerts in August, the highly respectable sum of 24,000 francs for his own particular share. The Viennese papers make it 24,000 florins. But supposing Herr Strauss receives only the former amount, he will not have made such a bad haul. It is to be hoped he will be satisfied, and not try his luck at the celebrated green table. This, we know requires a great deal of resolution, for, though 24,000 francs is a "lot" of money, do we not recollect Horace's assertion, enclosed in a question to his friend:—

"Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat?"

and why should we expect Herr Strauss to be more contented with his "lot" than other men with theirs?

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

M. ETHERINGTON (Richmond).—"Kathleen's Dream." Song by Christabel.
NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"Lonely" and "May Song," by Christabel; *Blow the trumpet in Zion*, sacred cantata by C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Bac., Oxon.
LAMBORN COCK & Co.—"Come, May, with all thy flowers" and "Oh! Charity blest gift of Heaven," songs by Claudius H. Couldery; "Where the bee sucks," transcribed for the pianoforte by Arthur O'Leary.
OLIVER DITSON & Co. (Boston).—"Ad almam Matrem," solo, with chorus *ad lib.* by F. Boott.
CHAPPELL & Co.—"The Stars' Message," sung by Berthold Tours.

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On MONDAY, June 13, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Roberto, Signor Mongini; Raimbaldo, Signor Gardoni; Bertramo, Signor Foli; Un Prete, Signor Gassier; Alberti, Signor Ragner; Un Araldo, Signor Rinaldini; Cavalieri, Signor Archinti, Signor Castelli, Signor Zoboli, Signor Trevero; Elena, Mdlle. Fioretti; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; and Alice, Mdlle. Reboux.

On TUESDAY, June 14, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

Acting Manager .. .. MR. JARRETT.

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

JUNE 20TH.—GREAT COMBINED ATTRACTION.—MR. GANZ'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, at ST. JAMES'S HALL. Artists—Mdme. Adelina Patti, Mdlle. Madigan, and Mdlle. Scalchi; Sig. Bagagiolo and Sig. Graziani; Mdme. Monbelli and Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; Sig. Bettini and Sig. Foli; Mdlle. Liebhart, and Mdlle. Enequist; Mdlle. Carola, Mdlle. Leon Duval, and Mdlle. Orgeni; Miss Edith Wynne and Mdme. Patey; Herr Reichardt and Mr. George Perren; M. Jules Lefort and Mr. Patey. Piano—Mr. Ganz and Chevalier de Kontski. Violoncello—M. Paque. Conductors—Messrs. Bevignani, Randegger, Lehmeyer, and Wilhelm Ganz. Commence at Two o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. Tickets at the principal Musicsellers; at Austin's Ticket Office; and of Mr. Ganz, 15, Queen Anne Street, W.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, JUNE 22, at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, under the immediate patronage of the Royal Family. Artists already engaged—Mesdames Christine Nilsson, Volpini, Sinico, Monbelli, Lewitzky, Reboux, Carola, Orgeni, Duval, Rudersdorff, Liebhart, Edith Wynne, and Ilma di Murska; Mademoiselles Carl, Drasdil, Patey, E. Angèle, Watts, Osborne Williams, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini.—The doors will be open at 12.30; to commence at 1.30 precisely, and terminate at 6 o'clock.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, JUNE 22.—MM. Mongini, Gardoni, Bettini, Reichardt, George Perren, W. H. Cummings, Faure, Foli, Verger, Jules Stockhausen, Bossi, G. Garcia, Jules Lefort, Waldeck, Patey, and Santley.—Tickets at the principal Libraries and Musicsellers; and at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, JUNE 22nd.—Instrumentalists—Madame Arabella Goddard, MM. Lindsay Sloper, Benedict, F. H. Cowen, M. Rendano, Osborne; Herr Auer, and Mdlle. Castellan; Sig. Piatti and M. Paque; Mr. John Thomas. Conductors—MM. W. J. Cusins, Pinsuti, Benedict, Sullivan, E. Berger, W. Carter, and Randegger. Tickets of Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square, W.

UNDER the PATRONAGE of H.R.H. the DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE, H.R.H. the PRINCESS MARY OF TECK, &c.—Mr. CHARLES FOWLER (of Torquay) will give his EIGHTH ANNUAL CONCERT, on FRIDAY, June 17th, at 1, Stratton Street, Piccadilly (by the kind permission of Miss Burdett Coutts), at Three o'clock. Artists—Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Alice Ryall, Mdme. Patey; Mr. W. H. Cummings, M. Lemmens, Mr. Charles Fowler. Tickets—Reserved Seats, One Guinea; Unreserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; at Messrs. Lamborn Cock & Co.'s, 63, New Bond Street; or of Mr. Fowler, 26, Bedford Place, Bloomsbury Square.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—President, Mr. BENEDICT. Director, Herr SCHUBERTH. FOURTH SEASON, 1870. The LAST CONCERT of the SEASON (Director's Benefit) will take place on THURSDAY Next, June 16th. The programme will include Schuberth's Elegie for two Violoncellos; "La Carita," Rossini, sung by the Ladies of the Society; a new song by Reichardt, sung by the Composer, &c. Tickets at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co's., 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS EMMA WILDISH'S (Pupil of Madame Eleanor Ward) FIRST EVENING CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, June 15th, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, Harley Street, W. Artists—Mdme. Montserrat, Miss A. Newton, Miss L. Simester, Mdlle. Angelina Salvi, Miss M. Galloway, and Miss A. Fairman; M. Köster and M. Waldeck. Piano—Madame Eleanor Ward and Miss Emma Wildish. Violin—M. Chandeau Lane. Violoncello—M. Albert. Conductors—Herr Lehmeyer, Mr. E. Berger, and Mr. Benedict. To commence at Half-past Eight. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Admission, 3s. Tickets at Nimmo's, 3, Wigmore Street; and of Miss Emma Wildish, Vine Cottage, Park Village East, Regent's Park, N.W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—"ELIJAH," FRIDAY Next, June 17th.—Band and Chorus of the National Choral Society. Conductor—Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Mr. Santley, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and other artists. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., to be had at 14, 15, Exeter Hall, where also may be had Mr. Martin's new song, "Lothair," post free, 25 stamps.

JUNE 22ND.—MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT at the ST. JAMES'S HALL. Under the immediate Patronage of the Royal Family. Artists already engaged:—Mesdames Christine Nilsson, Volpini, Sinico, Monbelli, Lewitzky, Reboux, Carola, Orgeni, Duval Rudersdorff, Liebhart, Edith Wynne, and Ilma di Murska; Mdlles. Carl, Drasdil, Patey, E. Angèle, Watts, Osborne Williams, and Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; MM. Mongini, Gardoni, Bettini, Reichardt, George Perren, W. H. Cummings, Faure, Foli, Verger, Stockhausen, Bossi, G. Garcia, Jules Lefort, Waldeck, Patey, and Santley. Piano—Madame Arabella Goddard, MM. Lindsay Sloper, Benedict, F. H. Cowen, M. Rendano, and Osborne; Violin—Herr Heerman and Mdlle. Castellan; Violoncello—Signor Piatti and M. Paque; Harp—Mr. John Thomas and Mdlle. Heerman. Conductors—MM. W. J. Cusins, Pinsuti, Benedict, E. Berger, W. Carter, and Randegger. The full programme will be published on June 10th.

NOTICE.—The Doors open at Half-past Twelve; Concert to commence at Half-past One precisely, and terminate at Six o'clock.—Tickets at the principal Libraries and Musicsellers; at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; and of Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square, W.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'S EVENING CONCERT, June 17th, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, when a Selection from his Compositions will be given, including some new sacred music, and his Welsh National Songs, "The Cambrian War Song" and "The Cambrian Plume," with a Select Choir of Seventy Voices. Mr. Brinley Richards will play (with Mons. Paque) a duet composed expressly for him by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and solos by Scarlatti and Henselt. He will also play, for the first time, "The Morgan-March" (Welsh National Air) as a Fantasia for the Pianoforte. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Edmonds, and Madame Patey; Mr. Cummings and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Conductors—Messrs. Benedict, Callcott, and Eyers. Tickets, 7s., 5s., and 3s.; at the Musicsellers, and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 6, St. Mary Abbott's Terrace, Kensington.

MDME. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to announce to her Friends and Pupils that her GUITAR RECITAL will take place on WEDNESDAY, June 15th, 1870, at Three o'clock, at 27, Harley Street, CAVENDISH SQUARE, when she will be assisted by Eminent Artists, whose names will be duly announced. Madame Pratten will play Selections from the Compositions of Sor, Giuliani, Leonard Schulz, and her own; and two Grand Duets for two Guitars, Giuliani's two Rondos, and "Di tanti palpiti," accompanied by a Pupil of hers, an Amateur, who has kindly consented to do so for this occasion. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 15s. To be had at Madame Pratten's Residence, 38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MDLLE. DRASDIL will sing "HE IS UPON THE LONELY DEEP" (new song by the composer of "The Weaver"), on June 13th, Mr. William Carter's Concert; and on the following dates:—June 15th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 27th; July 7th.

MISS BANKS will sing "AH! MY HEART IS WEARY" (by the composer of "The Weaver"), at Miss Walton's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, June 27th.—Weekes, & Co., 16, Hanover Street.

COMMUNICATIONS for MISS FENNELL respecting Concerts and other Musical Engagements may be addressed for her to Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street, or to Miss Fennell's Residence, 92, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin. Miss Fennell hopes to be in London on the 20th of June, and will remain for one month.

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JUNE 17TH.—"THE CAMBRIAN WAR SONG" will be sung by Mr. Lewis Thomas and a Choir of Seventy Voices at Mr. Brinley Richards's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

JUNE 17TH.—"THE CAMBRIAN PLUME" will be sung for the first time in London by Mr. Cummings and a Choir of Seventy Voices at Mr. Brinley Richard's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

MISS MARIAN ROCK will play E. SAURBREY'S new transcription of "LORELEY," at Barnsbury Hall, Islington, on Friday, June 17th.

NEW SACRED CANTATA, by ALEXANDER ROWLAND, performed at Southampton, June 2nd. The words from the 70th Psalm. The following Pieces published separately :—

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Air, "AND LET ALL SUCH AS DELIGHT IN THY SALVATION"	3	0
Air, "AS FOR ME I AM POOR AND IN MISERY"	3	0
Air, "LET THEM BE ASHAMED"	3	0
Quartet (unaccompanied) "LET THEM FOR THEIR REWARD" ..	3	0

LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing L. EMANUEL'S new song, "THE CHARM," at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 24th; St. George's Hall, 25th. Address, 28, Old Bond Street.

MISS BANKS will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S romance, "A SUMMER EVE," at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Miss Elizabeth Walton's Grand Concert, June 27th.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Beethoven Rooms, June 18th, Miss E. Walton's Matinée.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS will sing ASCHER'S popular romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" BENEDICT'S "NULLA DA TE BEL ANGELO," and the tenor part of RANDEGGER'S trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at the Beethoven Rooms, June 18th.

CONCERTS, Bazaars, Hebrew Weddings, Readings, Meetings, and Balls.—The QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square. Early application is invited for securing available days. Apply to Mr. Hall.
ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Scholarships and unusual advantages. Students' Concert, Hanover Square, June 25th.—Norfolk Road, Bayswater. F. WEBER, Sec.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, REGENT STREET. The Hall and Theatre are to let for Concerts, Operatic and Dramatic Entertainments, Public Meetings, and Lectures. The Hall can be hired by the night or for a term.
N.B. All the Afternoons are let up to July. For terms, apply to Mr. Wilkinson, Manager. Office, 4, Langham Place, Regent Street.

MDME. MONTSERRAT has the honour to announce to her Friends and Pupils that she has REMOVED to 10, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W., where she requests all communications may be addressed.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA begs to announce his arrival in Town for the Season. Address, 9, Mortimer Road, Greville Road, St. John's Wood.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

PUPILS WANTED.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 16, son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for Instruction in the earlier branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter. Apply to Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

"FLY LIKE A BIRD," sung by Miss Ferrari, and "THE ABBESS," sung by Miss Anyon, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART'S new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street (sent free by post for 19 stamps each).

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FERDINAND HILLER ON RICHARD WAGNER.*

(*Continued from page* 330.)

With regard to the style in which the members of the new community compose, their great principle, according to Wagner (which principle, also, is said to emanate from Mendelssohn), is never to aim at producing an "impression or effect."† Wagner places these words sophistically enough side by side, as synonymous. He knows very well, however, that no one aims at not producing an impression, while the notion of producing an effect has obtained in Germany an unfavourable secondary signification. But when we see that the desire for effect has led a man like Wagner to absolute cudgelling in the *Meistersinger*, to the most violent outrage ever known upon art, good taste, music and poetry, some slight anxiety on the subject is very natural. "But this repugnance for effect sways this school even when performing classical music." A tribute is here paid Liszt as a pianist; as though it had ever entered the head of the partisans of any school in existence to doubt his enormous geniality in rendering any kind of music whatever, a geniality of which Mendelssohn himself spoke as of something marvellous. Hans von Bülow, also, Liszt's "*einzig berufenster*"‡ successor is so supremely fortunate as to be praised. But why does not Wagner say a single word about Liszt's compositions? Why does he not mention Bülow as a conductor? The fact is, there is but one God, who is his own Prophet, and his name is Richard Wagner.

"The principal ingredient of this new school," the god goes on to say, "is a certain circumspectly reflective cautiousness of what it cannot do, with defamation of what it would like to do." That it was possible to "entangle so sterling a nature as Schumann in this," he finds, "above everything sorrowful." From what is then said concerning Schumann, who is described as "amiable and thoroughly charming," but of whom it is also asserted that the "narrowness of his natural gifts was displayed, and he became bombastic and unnatural," we are completely incapable of gathering what Wagner really likes, and what he dislikes in him. This, however, is a matter of supreme indifference.

"But, under the power of these musical eunuchs, what becomes of our great and unspeakably magnificent German music?" exclaims Wagner, and he is overtaken by a slight feeling of anxiety for this wondrous inheritance of German genius. We do not find the answer to the question before we reach a subsequent page, after going through some long dissertations, which enter minutely into details, on the way in which his *Meistersinger* has been performed. He is supported "by the eminently consolatory conviction that, despite the very unintelligent way in which this work has been handled, its *effective power* is not to be destroyed—the fatal gift of effectiveness, against which the Leipsic Conservatory so zealously warns us, and which, as a punishment, cannot be got at, even in the way of destruction." This must strike him as the more marvellous, as he can no longer prevail on himself to be present at a performance of his works, and he therefore "draws, wonderful to say" (very wonderful) "from their said almost incomprehensibly effective power, a conclusion, peculiarly gratifying to him, respecting the relation of musicians conducting such compositions to our great classical music, the continuing existence of which, ever warming us anew, despite the stunting cultivation of such individuals, is, by this very thing, rendered intelligible to him. The fact is, they cannot destroy such things—and this conviction appears, strangely enough, to be growing into a sort of consolatory dogma for the Genius of Germany, with which dogma it tranquillizes itself on the one hand, believingly and comfortably, while, on the other, it goes on creating in its own way!" (Let us take breath!) ‖

"But what we should think of the wondrous conductors" (everything and everyone is wondrous!) with a celebrated name, considered as musicians, remains to be asked," Wagner goes on to say. He tells us that: "The assumption of their excellence is firmly established—though he does not know one to whom he should consider himself justified in trusting with confidence a single *tempo* in his operas." (How terrible for the conductors!) He doubts their being "real musicians, for it is incontestable that they exhibit no musical feeling." Mozart explains it to him "by his enormous aptitude for arithmetic;" they are musical arithmeticians, but deficient in everything else, men to whom "the correct *tempo* of our music must be explained according to the *regula de tri*, since nothing can be imparted to them by the instrumentality of feeling."

The battle-field is strewn with corpses—we breathe death and corruption. But the tyrant now experiences a human emotion, and, on the last page, flings our admirable Joachim a half encouraging greeting. He has not heard him himself, but he has heard others speak of him—and he is glad to believe that in his playing we "recognize the beneficial result of a many years' intimate intercourse with Liszt." However, "the conductor's stick is said not to have obeyed him well; composing, too, appears to have embittered him more than it has delighted others." Wagner is rendered, moreover, suspicious by having been informed that: "Joachim is expecting a fresh Messiah for music." But: "Bravely, forwards!" he exclaims to him. "If he himself should happen to be the Messiah, he might at least hope not to be crucified by the Jews!" And with this delicate, cheerful, and clever turn, Wagner concludes.

But what can have impelled Wagner to indulge in these outrageous diatribes? Above aught else, anxiety for his works. Whenever anything in them does not please, the fault is attributed to the bad execution, and if they strike many persons as too long, it is because they have been cut too much. For "Cut, Cut — is the *ultima ratio* of our worthy *Capellmeister*." There can be no question that a great deal too much is done in this way, yet it is a "wonderful" fact that this violent system of curtailment was never applied to such operas as *Figaro*, *Die Vestalin*, *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz*, *Jessonda*, etc. The system was first adopted in Germany for grand French operas. The latter were composed for a public who do not sup; they were, therefore, in their original length insupportable to persons who are hungry when they come into the theatre. Why has not the German Wagner accommodated himself to the German custom? He must console himself with his cousins, Shakspere and Schiller, with whom very different liberties are taken than with him, but whose pieces may very well be witnessed even after his "Musicdrama."—Another reason why Wagner attacks every mortal thing in the way of music is that as yet all German musicians have not sworn allegiance to his standard. If we reflect how short was the active public career of Mendelssohn, and what a comprehensive influence Wagner ascribes to it, though, it is true, only in a bad sense, even now, twenty-three years after Mendelssohn's death, it seems indeed "wonderful" how insignificant, and how superficial is Wagner's influence on the majority of his artistic contemporaries, after a very noisy, and, to some extent, successful career of thirty years.—According to Wagner himself there is only one way of explaining this—his contemporaries are too narrow-minded, too shallow, too deficient in character; "their love, their belief, their hope, all is artificial." In Wagner, it must be confessed, all these qualities are in the highest degree natural: he is his own love, his own belief, his own hope, his own all.

His sudden and tender anxiety for the prosperity of our "unspeakably magnificent music," can, therefore, merely conjure up an incredulous smile. Not that he is incapable of appreciating Beethoven's or Weber's music—the former master, according even to the assertions of Wagner's own apostles, supplied him with "materials" for his monuments, and the other, in *Euryanthe*, had at least a "presentiment" of him. But whether Bach, Handel, Haydn, Cherubini, and Mendelssohn, are ever performed is to him a matter of utter indifference, and, when they are performed, the effect on him is rather disagreeable than otherwise.

The most outrageous thing, however, is that Wagner speaks about subjects, men, and works, of which his knowledge is most superficial. Living, for the last two-and-twenty years, in Switzerland, devoted to his labours and his pleasures, he has interrupted this existence on only a few occasions, to direct performances of some of his own works—and now and then to conduct a symphony or two. He lives so completely in a sphere peculiarly his own, that, as we know, he does not care about hearing any more music—it diverts his attention, impedes and annoys him. He never was present at the performance of any great work, or at one of our Musical Festivals, and nearly all our modern concert institutions, the musical blossom of Germany, are strange to him. Does he know aught of the compositions of recent times? We should hardly say so. Brahms once played him some variations, from which he saw "that he does not understand joking"—but, except this, he appears to have seen only his most trivial work—his "Waltzes with Song." Max Bruch is not mentioned—perhaps because he succeeds in producing an "impression or effect." Does Wagner know Bargiel's Overtures, which could certainly not fail to interest him? With what Joachim has done, he is acquainted only by hearsay. And thus he throws everything, indiscriminately, like a lot of vegetables, simultaneously, into one pot.

The majority of our "Music-Baukers" may be deficient in any great productive power—they may not all be admirable conductors—but, completely as they differ from each other in disposition, talent, and everything that constitutes individuality, we find in Germany, fortunately, at the present day, a common trait in innumerable instances: earnestness, and love of what is done. That these qualities frequently do not suffice, when the industrial, financial, and executive resources on which our art depends, are too small, is a matter of course. But it is touching to find that there are often in the smallest towns conductors who shun no labour, no sacrifice, to do their part towards the propagation and advancement of our great German music, and who succeed in obtaining most splendid results. In *this* respect, Mendelssohn's example has indeed produced its fruits. Notwithstanding the vast amount he did as a

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* From the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

† "*Wirkung oder Effect.*"

‡ "Solely most-having-a-call," a pretty specimen of Wagnerian style. Despite a fearful martyrdom while translating *Oper und Drama*, and other works of the Lucerne Anchorite, I am not even yet *quite* perfect in the language invented by him, to supply the place of German. As in the previous instances, therefore, I leave to those of our readers who possess a peculiar taste for riddles the task of saying what "solely most-having-a-call" signifies. It may be wisdom clothed in mystic garb, but, to the uninitiated, it resembles exceedingly unmitigated nonsense. Disbelievers in Herr R. Wagner's profundity may be pardoned if they sometimes feel tempted to adopt the theory that the Musician of the Future pads his sentences with grand words, to make believe that beneath them lurks a finely developed thought, just as some beauties call in the aid of cotton-wool to supply the place of certain charms which would otherwise be prominent only by their absence.—*Translator.*

‖ Yes! respected Dr. Hiller. With all my heart! The slightest respite is a boon.—*Translator.*

composer, he always managed to find time for devoting his talent, his energy, and his love to the works of our masters. If Wagner does not know of a single conductor but himself, and if he is so tortured by anxiety for our "unspeakably beautiful music," why does he not allow the light of his own example to shine upon us? He has in Munich the most magnificent means at his disposal; he possesses an amount of influence, such as, probably, no composer ever possessed before him—why does he not give model performances in the Bavarian capital, and thus form a new school of conductors? The attendance would certainly be numerous—for if a man has only confidence in himself, the rest of the world also will have confidence in him.

What tricks Wagner plays with musical history whenever it does not suit his purpose, I took an opportunity of showing on a former occasion. This latest work, also, swarms with similiar instances. Each instance, must characterize entire epochs, and, in consequence, it characterizes them falsely. But I leave these things to more learned colleagues, as there is reason to fear I have already run to too great a length, and I hate the pruning-knife no less than does the autocrat of the Lake of Lucerne.

That I am mentioned and, also, even when not mentioned, duly put down, in the pamphlet, is a matter of course. I do not, however, experience any impulse either to defend myself or to sound my own praises, but merely exclaim with Goethe's painter: "What I have painted, I have painted."

As a cheerful finish let me give one more short quotation: "The assumption of the excellence of the wonderful conductors is so firmly established," Wagner writes at page 82, "that the entire musical community does not feel the slighest hesitation as to who, when the nation determines to have something played (as, for instance, at grand Musical Festivals) shall beat time. It can be only Herr Hiller, Herr Rietz, or Herr Lachner. It would be utterly impossible for the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth to be celebrated if these three gentlemen were suddenly to sprain their hands." Quite correct! And since the great happiness and honour have devolved upon me of having to conduct at the said splendid festival, I will treat my hands with as much attention, and take as much care of them up to then, as though I were the most lovely Parisian coquette. Let me, therefore, quickly lay down the pen—and not be in too great a hurry to dip it again in the ink for another such fatiguing effort as the present.

—o—

RETURN FROM SPAIN.

No. IX.

From the trite quotation, "Facilis decensus Averni," we learn that the infernal regions of classical paganism had at least one advantage over Gibraltar,—namely, that they were easy of access, whereas the noted British possession is hard to enter and hard to quit. Having fought your way over by main force from Algeciras, you soon begin to reflect and to entertain serious misgivings that you might as well have remained at (say) Cadiz, or any other interesting Spanish town. The Rock, of course, is an admirably picturesque object, and the galleries are wonderful works of military art. But these may be "done" in a day, and, these done, what is to be done next? "Go away," answers some unsophisticated reader. That is all very well, but how? Here you are in a town which no railroad approaches, and where diligences are unknown; a town whither and whence the mails are carried on the backs of mules. Nurtured in an atmosphere of railroads, you are always forgetting your situation, and asking yourself when the next train will start. Then, remembering that trains are not, you walk into the hall of your hotel, and your heart beats high if you read on a placard that in about three days hence the P. and O. steamer will call at Gibraltar on her way from Malta, for you flatter yourself that you will be conveyed to Southampton.

Battening on hope, you brace up your nerves to endure three days more, although each proves more intolerable than the one preceding. Of Spanish life there is scarcely a trace, save in the shape of one wretched water-carrier, who wastes his lungs in the national "cry" "*Agua*," and a sprinkling of melancholy Moors, who glide about in pairs, and seem to discourse solemnly about nothing. English life is represented by the garrison and the friends of the garrison; that is to say, by a set of gallant gentlemen who are perfectly satisfied with each other, and have no desire for the society of strangers. At first, indeed, there is something exciting in the signal gun, which, fired from the summit of the Rock, shakes the whole town, and in the military music by which it is followed. You may likewise feel enthusiastic when, at a late hour, the National Anthem is played. But all this becomes terribly monotonous in a short time. The gun that startled you on the first evening has rather a lulling influence on the third; the tunes that the band has borrowed from the music-halls and from Offenbach begin to acquire a funeral ring, and even the dulcet sounds of the Scottish bagpipes grow unpleasing to the ear. But your greatest horror is the sentinel, who all through the night, at short intervals, is shouting, "Who's there?" to some inoffensive wanderer, and is sure to receive some satisfactory answer. You almost begin to wish that somebody may be shot, by way of creating a little variety, but your wish is even more vain than wicked. Everything is dreadfully secure. The impregnability of the fort extends to the whole population. Strict preservation of order, without the slightest fear of an attack, is the rule of the day. The lively knife of Andalusia is unknown in Gibraltar. However, the third day is waning, and the hour of deliverance is at hand. The approach of the P. and O. is announced, and you prepare to take leave of Gibraltar with a parting benediction. But a horrible telegram arrives, and you learn that, the steamer being completely full, a berth is not to be had for love or money. The information that another P. and O. will call a week hence is far from reassuring. In the course of the week you will be sorely tempted to commit some outrage that will induce the indefatigable sentinel to end your miserable existence, and if you conquer the temptation you are by no means sure that P. and O. the second will not be as full as P. and O. the first.

I myself have gone through all the misery which I have inflicted on the impersonal "you." Delighted, therefore, was I to learn that on the day after the departure of the English vessel the noble Spanish steamship (say) Cid Rodrigo, coming down the Guadalquivir, from Seville, will stop at Algeciras, and proceed to Marseilles, calling by the way at Malaga, Almeria, Carthagena, Valencia, and Barcelona. At each of these places a good part of a day would be lost, and therefore the journey would be long; but all trivial considerations vanished before the intense desire to quit Gibraltar. And I must own that, long as it was, the journey, preceded of course by a long, strong pull to Algeciras, fully repaid the expenditure of much time and a little money. There were very few first-class passengers on board, and as we all knew that we had to form a compact family for about a week, we each of us put our best sides forward, determined to make ourselves mutually agreeable. Like perfect nations, we were without history, the recurrence of breakfast and dinner being the only events of our day. But the dinner was racy of the Spanish soil, the chief dish being a kind of "olla podrida" (called a "Corsido"), composed of bacon, broad beans, chick-peas, and sausages, red and coal-black, strongly flavoured with garlic, the whole serving as a condiment to the *bouilli* of the soup. Moreover, our opportunities for observation were abundant.

I was stupid enough to get out at Malaga, where I saw nothing worth seeing, and only had the privilege of returning to the Cid Rodrigo for my pains. And here let me warn my countrymen not to be infected with the desire of seeing too many Spanish towns. They are terribly like each other, especially those on the eastern coast. A high mountain, which faintly repeats the Rock of Gibraltar, a row of trees, which at Barcelona is called the "Rambla," and everywhere else the "Alameda," are the principal objects in them all, and the mountain is best seen from the deck of the ship. On my return to the ship from Malaga in the evening, a strangely picturesque scene presented itself. The whole of the deck, from the quarter-deck to the bridge, was covered with large packages of cork, heaped up into the semblance of a group of craggy mountains, and sprinkled over with little family knots of Spanish plebeians, who were regaling themselves after the simplest and soberest fashion. Had a painter arranged the masses of cork and of humanity for the purposes of study he could not have formed a prettier picture. The cork had been brought all the way from Seville, and had been removed from the hold to make way for other commodities. The deck between the bridge and the forecastle was occupied by a herd of pigs, whose sweet music resounded throughout the night.

On the following morning we reached Almeria, where the chief article of import was lead, taken from the neighbouring mines, and brought in the form of pigs, which were slowly craned into the hold in bundles of seven. At the same time the position of some of the mines was rendered visible by the appearance of chimneys on the hilly coast. The lead was intended for Marseilles, where, I was informed, the silver it contained would be extracted. This operation, to which the Spaniards are unequal, having been duly performed, the baser metal was to be taken back to Spain. The groups who inhabited the cork mountains now became strongly varied by the appearance of uncouth male figures dressed in a style with which we are not familiar The English reader may easily bring this costume before his mind's eye by imagining a gentleman wearing his shirt, his white stockings, a black waistcoat, a broadish hat, and—nothing else. As to the vocation of these strangers accounts differed. Some said that they were miners, others that they were types of the Murcian peasant. At all events, they differed entirely from the normal Andalusians, always to be distinguished by their broad sash, their loose jacket, and the hat, with its brim turned up to a level with the crown. This hat, however, is of no ancient date. Of old the crown rose in a peak high above the brim, and the reduction of the former denotes a compliance with modern fashion. The picture also gained diversity from the attire of some Catalan Republicans, who were returning from exile, and were rendered most conspicuous by their red shirts, Magenta bands, and high crimson caps.

At Carthagena, which we reached on the following day, a new interest arose. We got rid of our (living) pigs, which numbered 200, but we took in nearly 600 African sheep, which had been sent to Carthagena from Oran, the corresponding port. Part of the cork was returned to the hold, to make way for these wretched animals, who covered almost the whole of the deck from the quarter-deck to the forecastle, the other part of the cork being chiefly formed into a barricade, so as to prevent an ovine invasion of the principal cabins. The manner in which the sheep were crushed together and knocked about was worthy of a bull-fighting people. One choice spirit even used them as means of transit, rolling himself over their backs from one end of the deck to the other. As the cook-house was situated by the chimney, our copious meals had to be brought every day across the mass of vegetable and live

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animal matter which the spirit of commerce had huddled together, the stewards, heavily laden with plates and dishes, bestowing incessant curses on the sheep. Nearly the whole eastern coast of Spain consists of a series of barren rocks, but this barrenness is perhaps the most conspicuous at Carthagena, the memorable peculiarities of which ancient town were celebrated of old by some local Martial, in the following epigram:—"*Monte sin lena,—Mar sin pescado,—Muger sin vergüenza—Nino mal criado.*" (Mountain without wood; sea without fish; women without shame; children badly educated.) The epigram was composed in the good old orthodox days; but of late some eminent person has increased—certainly not improved it—by the addition of this line, "*Y los curas locos.*" This would be, literally translated, "and the priests mad;" but the word "loco" is held to refer less to mental derangement than to oblivion of the vow of celibacy.

At Valencia, our next port, we landed several barrels of a salted fish called "tun"—I don't vouch for the spelling—which had come from Cadiz, and probably, in the first instance, from Portugal. The fish is of enormous size, and is cut into pieces before it is salted. In our English dictionaries will be found, I think, the word "tunny," which possibly corresponds to the Spanish "tun," but on this subject I speak from the depths of my ignorance. Of our fellow-passengers, the sheep, we took a most unpathetic leave at Barcelona. The miserable creatures had had nothing to eat or to drink since we first made their acquaintance at Carthagena, and now with their shrunken flanks they made a most dismal figure. At first they had attempted to satisfy the cravings of hunger by nibbling at the cork, and plucking at each other's wool; and in the course of a certain night, two, more spirited than the rest, had committed suicide by leaping overboard. But for the most part they had displayed a mournful resignation, and, abandoning all hope of sustenance, had even refused to notice some vegetable matter which a kind-hearted wight flung among them. They were, of course, disembarked without difficulty. One thrust into the boat, the others followed naturally, after the immortal precedent of "*Les Brébis de Panurge.*"

Waking in the morning after our departure from Barcelona we find ourselves at Palomas, having previously made a stoppage at another small port. The inhabitants of these places are chiefly cork-cutters, so to them we transferred our raw material, receiving in return several bags filled with corks cut and ready for use. Our ship now presented an appearance strangely clean and unpicturesque. Gone were our mountains of cork; gone were our mountaineers, and gone were our sheep. But the mountains became more and more green as we approached the territory of France, and we felt that we had bounded into civilization when we entered the port of Marseilles.

Marseilles, May 28. N. D.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Our opera season rarely passes without the occurrence of events which attract public attention to the exciting atmosphere of the lyric stage, and the excitable nature of those who breathe it. Artists of all sorts are famous for their sensitiveness, their readiness to fancy intended wrong, their quickness to resent it; and, generally, their entire unsuitableness to be members of any "happy family" whatever. Why this should be we need not stop to enquire; nor are we under obligation to explain why the phenomenon is specially obvious in connection with operatic artists. Enough that these sons and daughters of harmony have a sort of natural affinity with discord, and gravitate thereto as by the action of a natural law. An occurrence at Covent Garden has just come to hand in illustration of the foregoing, and may so be used because one version of the story has become public property. The facts may be thus stated:—At a recent performance of *Don Giovanni* in which Madame Adelina Patti and Herr Wachtel participated, the former imagined herself to be insulted by the latter, and felt the insult so keenly that she formally expressed her intention never to sing with the German tenor again. So far the incident had been talked of among operatic gossips for several days. It was reserved for Herr Wachtel to complete the case, and put it before the public in a definite form, which he did by writing as thus to the public journals. (The letter appeared in our last number.)

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The public being thus appealed to, we make no apology for whatever comments seem fairly called for by the merits of the case. Herr Wachtel gives no clue to the nature of the fancied insult, and, therefore we cannot say whether Madame Patti was or was not entitled to resent it in the strong manner she did. Undoubtedly, there are insults one artist may offer another which would fully justify extreme resentment. If, for example, a gentleman were, in coarse terms, to bid a lady quit the stage while he sang a solo, we should fully expect the lady to decline any further relations with him. Herr Wachtel, however, could hardly be supposed capable of such behaviour even if we had not his public disclaimer in this particular case. It must be assumed, therefore, that he unconsciously simulated an insult, and that Madame Patti resented it in mistake for the real article. What followed was equally unfortunate. Herr Wachtel explained to the lady the error into which she had fallen; and did it clearly enough to convince her that it *was* an error. In ordinary life, this would have settled the matter, and restored harmony. But artists are not ordinary folk; and it did nothing of the kind. The offender having proved that he meant no offence, and the quarrel having been made up, Herr Wachtel feels it his turn to be hurt at the suspicion which had attached to him, and to be even more indignant than Madame Patti. The lady simply declined to sing any more with Herr Wachtel; Herr Wachtel went further and declined to sing any more in the theatre, preparatory to shaking the dust of London off his feet and bidding us all adieu. Of course we are sorry to lose Herr Wachtel under such circumstances, particularly as they reflect little credit on anybody concerned. On the one hand we cannot but suspect that Madame Patti was too quick in her resentment, and too severe in her punishment, of an imaginary offence; on the other we feel sure that Herr Wachtel is too sensitive about his "reputation as an artist" and his "personal honour," neither of which was in question when once Madame Patti accepted his statement. The whole matter is suggestive of the irritableness which makes its home behind the scenes of lyric theatres, and transforms those regions into anything but abodes of the blessed. May we say, also, that Herr Wachtel's letter was scarcely called for. Had he left without writing it, nobody would have inquired why he left. London is big, its inhabitants are busy, and there are operatic tenors enough for all who care about the article. Hence Herr Wachtel may have silently taken his departure without giving rise to gossip possibly injurious to his interests.

Another incident of a less personal character deserves a word of comment before it drops out of sight, and is forgotten. The subject of realism in the matter of operatic costume was brought forward a week or two ago by some remarks in the *Daily Telegraph*, having reference to the parti-coloured "tights" worn by Signor Tagliafico in his character as Lord Tristan (*Martha*). These remarks led to the writing of several letters, the details of which would profit us nothing if we discussed them. They served to show, however, in what a very loose way matters of costume are regulated. According to Signor Tagliafico, the story of *Martha* is thrown back four or five hundred years because Signor Mario objected to shave his beard. As the result we have the noblemen, ladies, and peasants of Queen Anne's time dressed in the clothes of their forefathers and exposed to the ridicule of an observant audience. Signor Tagliafico as being the most ridiculous—he appeared with one leg white the other green—was the most unfortunate. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Does it not seem as though a dictator were needed on all such matters, who, knowing the right, should be able to enforce it, who, for example, should look sharply after the anachronisms and absurdities to which artists are prone where real or imaginary effect can be secured; and who, therefore, would stop Lindas from wearing sapphire bracelets, and peasant farmers from appearing in silken hose.

THADDEUS EGG.

LE NOZZE WITHOUT NILSSON.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

Mdlle. Nilsson again disappointed the public on Saturday night, when she should have played the Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. But as hoarseness was the cause, quiet submission was a duty—one, let us say, made tolerably easy to those who could appreciate Mozart's music and the merit of an *ensemble* not often surpassed. We recently pointed out the aggregation of talent made necessary by Mozart's great operas; and now an obvious remark is that they are very little affected by the accidents to which *prime donne* are liable. A favourite lady may fall ill, but even though her place be taken by one less competent, *Le Nozze* or *Don Giovanni* or *Il Flauto* goes on all the same, and with scarcely diminished pleasure to those real connoisseurs who are devoted to art rather than to the reigning soprano. An illustration of this was afforded on Saturday night, when with Mdlle. Reboux as the Countess, Madame Volpini as Susannah, Mdlle. Lewitzky as Cherubino, M. Faure as Figaro, and Mr. Santley as the Count—not to mention minor parts equally well filled—a most enjoyable performance was given. Having already discussed the representation at some length, we are absolved from entering upon details now. Enough that, under the the charm of Mozart's divine music adequately interpreted, the absence even of Mdlle. Nilsson, however regrettable, could not be looked upon as an eminently serious misfortune.

WEIMAR.—The grand Musical Festival has been duly held, with tolerable success. As most of the artists belonging to the operatic company were engaged in it, the Theatre was closed from the 24th to the 30th May.

VIENNA.—Miss Minnie Hauck is engaged for one season, beginning the 1st September, at the Imperial Operahouse. She is to receive 300 florins an evening, and the manager binds himself that she shall appear at least six times a month.—Herr Grau, the manager of the German Theatre, New York, is negotiating with Mdme. Wilt, of the Imperial Operahouse. He wishes to engage her for the summer season of 1871. He offers her 40,000 dollars, besides an additional sum for costumes, etc.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* is to be produced during the present month, with a magnificent *mise-en-scène*, at the new Imperial Operahouse.

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PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—The following is condensed from the *Morning Mail* of Tuesday, May 31st:—

"Professor Glover's concert, at the Antient Concert Rooms, in aid of Mercer's Hospital, was under distinguished patronage, and fashionably attended. The feature of the programme was the first performance of the Professor's cantata, *St. Patrick at Tara*, for which several leading artists were engaged, with a numerous and efficient orchestra and chorus. The argument is founded upon St. Patrick's visit to Tara, with a few Christian followers, in the fifth century, while the King and Court were celebrating the great Bealtina Festival of the Druids, and the subsequent introduction of Christianity into Ireland. Of the music, there can be but one opinion—that it is sweet and expressive throughout, devotional and effective in many passages, and admirably arranged. The composer has evidently taken special pains with the instrumentation. The overture is of a high order, and, played as it was last evening, must ever be listened to with pleasure. 'The March of the Heralds' is also full of melody, and was warmly encored. The music allotted to the Saint, the best in the work, was sung by Mr. Richard Smith, who was in capital voice, and gave the recitative passages, as well as the beautiful sacred song, 'Lord, have mercy upon me,' with great judgment, especially the latter, which he had to repeat. Miss Fennell interpreted the part of the King's daughter, Fethlema, with a skill worthy of a finished artist, singing with charming taste and expression. Miss Lina Glover also gave the music of Ethnea, another daughter of the King, in a manner to please all present. The other characters—the King, and Dufa, a bard—were represented by Mr. Peele and Mr. Hemsley. The former was not in good voice; but Mr. Hemsley acquitted himself with skill, and amongst his other solos, the alto air, 'I often wish this trembling lyre,' was warmly applauded. The chorus had evidently not been well rehearsed; nevertheless, two or three of the choruses were executed in creditable style. On the whole, the cantata passed off most successfully, and the majority of those present will doubtless avail themselves of the next opportunity afforded of hearing it. The effect was enhanced by the skilful harp accompaniments played by Miss Emilie Glover. The composer conducted with his usual skill, while the direction of the orchestra was entrusted to Mr. R. M. Levey. The remainder of the entertainment included operatic selections, all well executed."

SOUTHAMPTON.—The concert given by Mr. Alexander Rowland, the well-known double-bass player, at the Hartley Hall, on Thursday, the 2nd inst., was attended by the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood, who listened with great attention and evident pleasure to a sacred cantata (the text taken from the 70th Psalm) composed by Mr. Rowland. The cantata had already been given at Southampton (June 2, 1869), when it was received with favour. Some excellent solo singers were engaged for the present occasion. Miss Sophia Vinta, Miss Marion Severn, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, were the principals; Mr. Weist Hill led the band. A well trained chorus sang "Haste Thee, O God," and "Thou art my helper and Redeemer," with precision and effect. Among the most admired of the solo pieces were the airs, "Let them be ashamed" (Mr. Lloyd), "Let all such as delight in thy Salvation" (Miss Vinta), and "As for me I am poor and in misery" (Miss Severn). The unaccompanied quartet, "Let them for their reward," by the vocalists just named, was one of the gems of the cantata, and was remarkably well sung. The second part of the concert was miscellaneous, including a duet for piano and double-bass, played by Mr. Rowland and a young lady pupil. Mr. Rowland's command over his ponderous instrument is great and the playing of his pupil showed he was a good pianoforte instructor. Mr. Weist Hill played a solo on some well-known operatic airs in the style of an accomplished violinist, and was deservedly applauded and recalled. Miss Marion Severn did ample justice to a song by Signor Randegger (violoncello *obbligato*, Mr. Guest). Miss Vinta gave "Una voce poco fa," from Rossini's *Il Barbiere*, in finished style and was recalled. The same compliment was also deservedly paid to Mr. Lewis Thomas after "When time has bereft thee," and to Mr. Lloyd after "Good-night, beloved" (Balfe). Miss Vinta was compelled to repeat a Scotch ballad, and Miss Severn, Balfe's popular song, "I'm not in love, remember." The concert altogether gave complete satisfaction, indeed we can justly say it was one of the best ever given in Southampton.

DUBLIN.—Herr Elsner gave a grand concert on the 4th of June, in Molesworth Hall, and was favoured with an excellent attendance. Herr Elsner played with his daughter, Mdlle. Pauline Elsner, a *duo concertante* for piano and violoncello; a duet for harp and violoncello, with Herr Oberthür (the "Ave Maria" of Schubert); three movements (*andante, cantabile*, and *scherzo*) from a trio by Schubert; the *adagio* and *rondo* from Beethoven's sonata (Op. 69) for piano and violoncello, with Mr. Sproule; and a solo by Romberg, "Alla Riva del Lago." In all these performances Herr Elsner showed himself a master of his instrument, and was rewarded after each with genuine and deserved applause The harp performance of Herr Oberthür met with marked approbation, the talented artist being encored after his grand fantasia, "Souvenir de Londres," when he gave his charming "Cascade," and was recalled and warmly applauded after his fine execution of Parish Alvars' difficult solo on airs from *Montecchi e Capuletti*. The vocalists were Miss Bessie Craig, Mr. Stickley, and "An Amateur," the last exhibiting excellent vocal capacity, especially in Mr. Wilford Morgan's song, "My Sweetheart when a Boy." Mdlle. Pauline Elsner, besides joining in the duet with her father, played Benedict's "Where the bee sucks" in a way that showed she possesses considerable mechanical skill. A grand duet, by Herr Oberthür, for piano and harp, "Les Huguenots," capitally played by the composer and Mr. Sproule, brought the concert to a satisfactory conclusion.

NORMA AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

There are not a few people who hold that *Norma* has been played out, that its melodies have been heard *ad nauseam*, and that, even with an adequate heroine, its performance is mainly conducive to weariness. Without discussing the truth of this opinion, we may gratify those who cherish it by the reminder that, to all appearance, the last Norma is Mdlle. Tietjens. From the time when Madame Pasta first won honours in the *rôle* of the Druid priestess, artists worthy to succeed her have not been wanting. Now, however the supply threatens to run short, as though there could no more be a continuous succession of great Normas than of great composers. Those, therefore who wish the retirement of Bellini's too familiar music, may possibly get help out of the very "nature of things;" but, for the present at all events, *Norma* is safe, and its appearance in the bills, with Mdlle. Tietjens in the company, amounts only to a question of time. The well-worn opera was played on Saturday night, in conjunction with the last act of *Hamlet*. How many of the tolerably large audience were attracted by Bellini, and how many by M. Ambroise Thomas we cannot tell; but it is certain that much of *Norma* was received with unanimous approval, thanks to the very fine performance of Mdlle. Tietjens, whose representation of the principal character gathers force as time runs on. To point out in what her excellence consists would be superfluous, and we do all that is necessary when we remark that each well-known point was made to the satisfaction of an audience which knew perfectly well where to look for it. As on all previous occasions, the wrathful address to Pollio on the discovery of his treachery was given with magnificent emphasis and encored. Mdlle. Olma, as Adalgisa, demonstrated that she has much to learn both vocally and dramatically before the success can be obtained at which she aims, and for the gaining of which she is not without important qualifications. Considerable allowance, however, must be made when, for the first time, a young artist plays so prominent a part on a strange stage and before a strange public. Signor Naudin filled the ungracious *rôle* of Pollio in his accustomed and sufficiently effective manner; and the fine voice of Signor Bagagiolo gave dignity to the utterances of Oroveso. With music so familiar to execute, neither band nor chorus could easily go wrong. We can add nothing to former remarks upon the Ophelia of Mdlle. Sessi, unless it be a statement that, while remaining impressed with its cleverness, we are no nearer accepting it as an adequate impersonation.

THADDEUS EGG.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Mdlle. Schneider made her first appearance in London this season on Monday evening, in *La Grande Duchesse*. On Mdlle. Schneider's eccentric impersonation of the Duchess we have commented more than once, and it is sufficient to say that all the points were effectively marked, and that the same spirit was infused which has rendered the actress's name identical with the character. We may regret the disappearance of the goodly company of French players, and marvel at the increase of prices which has followed its departure, but Mdlle. Schneider draws a fuller house than M. Lafont, one being "the rage," while the other is only a genius.

Mdlle. Schneider has not lost any of her courage or vivacity, and plays throughout with immense spirit. She is admirably supported by M. Carrier, who replaces M. Dupuis as Frits; by Mdlle. Vizentini, as Wanda; by M. Beckers, as General Boum; and by M. Schey, as Baron Grog. The musical arrangements are under the able direction of M. Visentini. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince (of course) and Princess (alas!) of Wales honoured the first performance with their presence.

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THE CHARITY CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S.

On Thursday afternoon, in accordance with time-honoured custom, the charity children of our Metropolitan schools assembled to celebrate their annual festival under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. This anniversary is of its kind unique; nothing at all approaching to it, indeed, can be witnessed either in London or any other European capital. The children, some 5,000 in number, alone form a spectacle which once to behold is never to forget; while the thousands attracted to the church help to make up a *coup d'œil* wholly unparalleled. The arrangements for the accommodation of the host of young singers, prepared, as usual, by Mr. Arthur S. Newman, architect of the festival, who, for nearly a quarter of a century has undertaken the same very responsible task, without the occurrence of a single accident, were yesterday as picturesque, imposing, and in all respects satisfactory as on any previous occasion. The indefatigable representative of the Committee of "Patrons" who ordinarily superintends these proceedings (Mr. F. J. Fuller, if we are not mistaken) was again at his post, attending to the requirements of the choir and performing his other duties with the zeal and activity for which, time out of mind, he has been recognized. The children were placed with military order, and, once all seated, wherever the eye could travel the sight was one easier to remember than to describe.

Considerable interest had been excited outside by the appearance of the children and the officials of the various schools, as, gay with banners and bouquets, they paraded the streets leading to the church. St. Paul's Churchyard was made almost impassible by an eager crowd. It is to the praise of the multitude that much greater curiosity seemed to attach to the children, as they filed past, than to the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and other civic dignitaries, who attended in demi-state, and were received by Dean Mansel, Canon Melvil, and other of the Cathedral authorities.

The full musical service, accompanied on the organ, with trumpets and drums to strengthen and enforce the full passages, was, as it has never failed to be, wonderfully impressive. The important part which the children take in this was, of course, as always, the most striking feature. They had previously enjoyed the advantage of some twenty rehearsals, under the direction of Vicar-Choral James Shoubridge, assisted by Mr. George Cooper, organist of the Chapel Royal and St. Sepulchre's, and deputy-organist at St. Paul's. Mr. Shoubridge again proved himself an excellent conductor, able to make his beat thoroughly intelligible to the army of young executants under his charge. The choir, numbering about 100 voices, drawn from the accustomed sources, was more than usually efficient, though naturally weak in contrast with the children. The organ, still—*proh pudor!*—caseless, was, nevertheless, in excellent order, and could not possibly have been in abler hands than those of Mr. John Goss, organist to the Cathedral, and one of England's most learned and admirable musicians, assisted, too, as he was, by Mr. George Cooper, his inseparable associate at these anniversaries.

There was nothing new in the musical part of the service, which consisted of precisely the same materials as last year and some years previous. We need hardly say that prayers were preceded by the unsurpassable "Old Hundredth" ("All people that on earth do dwell"), with the singing of which, in unison, by the children, so many great foreign musicians, from Haydn downwards, have been enchanted beyond measure. This, indeed, which has never been more impressively given, and the verses, equally well sung, from the 104th Psalm ("My soul, praise the Lord"), to the music of Dr. Croft ("Hanover" tune), now nearly 170 years old, yet still vigorous and fresh, were really the conspicuous musical points of the service; for in them the children's voices had full play, with nothing to perplex or hinder. Dr. Croft's psalm, which followed the sermon, was the *omega*, as the "Old Hundredth" was the *alpha*.

Prayers were intoned by the Rev. J. Coward, and the Lessons were read by the Rev. J. V. Povah—both minor canons of the Cathedral. That the "responses" were given to the music of Queen Elizabeth's famous organist, Thomas Tallis, it is hardly requisite to state. As we have said more than once, these could no more be dispensed with than the "Old Hundredth"—and for the best of reasons, they could not be improved upon, if indeed, which is doubtful, they could be equalled. The psalms for the day were chanted by the gentlemen and boys of the choir to Dr. Crotch's "slow chant" in C, which has effectively put aside "Jones's in D"—admired by Haydn, and, if tradition may be credited, altered and improved by that great master. We are bold enough to say that we like neither one nor the other—neither Jones nor Crotch. Mr. Goss himself could supply from his own pen a chant far superior to either, something simpler, and something, in short, more like a genuine chant and less like a rambling tune, with wide intervals and exceptional range, such as that of Dr. Crotch—which not to speak irreverently, is vulgar no less than rambling. According to custom, the children added their fresh voices, "*fortissimo*," to the "Gloria Patri" at the end of each psalm, accompanied by trumpets and drums.

The *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were again sung to Mr. Goss's beautiful and truly devotional service in A major, which, composed for the festivals in 1865 and 1866—the *Te Deum* being the earliest contribution—has since then replaced Dr. Boyce's in the same key, and it is to be hoped may continue to replace it until Mr. Goss thinks proper to provide something new for the same office. What is most precious in this admirable music of the St. Paul's organist is the opportunity it affords the children of taking part in the execution. The voice parts are written in unison; and thus, as was remarked when the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were first produced—we have an exemplification of genuine congregational worship—a thing often talked about, but rarely put in practice. That the voice parts may be throughout in unison and yet the composition be artistically interesting, is clear; but to effect this demands a facility only possessed by erudite musicians. For the most part the execution of the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* yesterday was remarkably effective.

As of old, the prayer for the Queen was ushered in by "Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet anointed Solomon king"—the anthem written by Handel in 1727, for the coronation of George II. The children performed their part in this anthem, so simple in its harmonies and yet so broad and grand, to perfection—so well, indeed, as once more to suggest the advisability, at some future period, of their joining in the opening sentence, a preamble which in stately dignity has not been surpassed even by Handel himself. The time is surely ripe for the innovation. It would, moreover, be an evident advantage; for what with the vast space and the powerful tones of the organ, upon the keys of which, if we are not mistaken, both principal and sub-organist were engaged in the accompaniment, the voices of the choir were scarcely audible.

Once more, and once more happily, the musical preface to the sermon was Mendelssohn's sublime *chorale*, "Sleepers wake, a voice is calling," from the oratorio of *St. Paul*; and once again, and not less happily, the magnificent "Hallelujah" from Handel's *Messiah* was the last and culminating piece. Of this chorus, and of the part which the children take in it, we have spoken so often that we have not another word to say. Those who have not heard the "Hallelujah" under such exceptional conditions have still to learn something of which it is capable.

The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester, who took for his text 18th of Matthew, 4th verse—"It is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." On the whole this festival may be pronounced one of the most successful of recent years.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The sixth concert of the season took place on Monday, when the following selection was performed:—

PART 1.—Overture, *In Memoriam*—A. S. Sullivan. Scena, *Infelice*—Mendelssohn. Concerto, in B flat, MS., violoncello—Piatti. Romanza, "Quando a te lieta" (*Faust*)—Gounod. Rondo in B minor, pianoforte—Mendelssohn. Overture, *Athalie*—Mendelssohn.

PART 2.—Symphony, *Eroica*—Beethoven. Ode, "I wish to tune my quiv'ring Lyre"—Sullivan. Overture, *Zauberflöte*—Mozart.

The programme contained but one symphony—three overtures and two instrumental solos, however, making up a sufficient quantity to satisfy all but the unreasonable. Of Beethoven's great orchestral work it is not necessary now to speak. Signor Piatti's clever concerto and his own inimitable execution were noticed when it was first performed by him at the Crystal Palace Concert, of November 20, 1869, since when the composer has substituted a new "Larghetto" for the former "Largo" movement, with improved effect. The work again drew forth strong demonstrations of approval. Mr. Cowen, too, was greatly applauded for his animated playing of Mendelssohn's *Rondo*; and, like Signor Piatti, he was recalled. Of Mr. Sullivan's impressive and skilfully instrumented overture we have several times spoken. The overtures of Mendelssohn and Mozart and the symphony were effectively played by Mr. Cusins's orchestra. That Madame Sinico did full justice to Mendelssohn's *Scena* and Gounod's *Romance*, and Mr. Santley the same to Mr. Sullivan's ode, scarcely needs assertion.

BONN.—According to the *Neue Freie Presse*, the Committee of the Beethoven Centenary Festival wrote to request Herr Richard Wagner to conduct the Ninth Symphony. Herr Richard Wagner declined.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Mdme. Mallinger was engaged to "star" it here for a limited number of nights, but suddenly broke off her engagement, and left the town. The reason of her unexpected departure is said to be an unpleasant fracas between her husband and the manager, Herr Woltersdorff. The latter has already commenced legal proceedings.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S

Beethoven Recitals.

1870.

This year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, Mr. Hallé has considered it appropriate to devote his Recitals exclusively to the music of that illustrious composer.

The programmes, as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from Three o'clock to Five, p.m.

Mr. Hallé is assisted at all the Recitals by

HERR STOCKHAUSEN.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the sonatas, accompany the programmes.

THE SEVENTH RECITAL

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 17TH, 1870,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SONATA, Op. 81, "Les Adieux, L'Absence, et le Retour" .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONATA, Op. 90 .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

GRAND SONATA, Op. 101 .. .. *Beethoven.*
GRAND SONATA, Op. 106 .. .. *Beethoven.*

The LAST TWO RECITALS will take place on Friday, June 17, and Friday, June 24.

Prices of Admission—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.

Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor).*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.

HERR WAGNER'S LATEST DELIVERANCE.

THERE are certain Parliamentary proceedings which are not what they seem, but which, nevertheless work very well. Let us suppose that A. is a cabinet minister who desires to make an important communication to the country; and that B. is a rank-and-file M.P. who asks A. a question, the answer to which embodies the communication aforesaid. On the face of matters, B. is burning for information, and drinks in the words of A. as a thirsty dog laps water. Really B. has been in collusion with A. from the outset; A. having engaged to ask B. the question, and the two going through a solemn but, possibly, not unuseful farce. We suspect something of this kind between Herr H. Esser and Herr R. Wagner, who have been playing at question and answer in the columns of the *Neue Freie Presse*.

The Prophet of the Future is given to issuing manifestoes and writing epistles; he delights to flaunt his paper banner before the eyes of the Peoples; and to sound a trumpet in the place which stands to him for Zion. But there are limits to the prerogatives of a prophet. He is not a god, who can "thunder when he pleases," and amuse his leisure hours by promulgating decalogues from the top of a Sinai. Hence there are times when Herr Wagner desires to speak, but needs that somebody should open to him what, in Puritanic circles, is called "a door of utterance." This good service Herr Esser has done. He wrote to Herr Wagner: "O Prophet, speak in the ears of thy servants, and say whether the *Walküre* is to be produced at Munich, and when; whether, also, the light of thy countenance will shine upon the performance, and thy 'Benedicite' consecrate it." Then opened the floodgates of Wagnerian eloquence, and the following streamed forth to delight the faithful:—

TRIEBSCHEN, NEAR LUCERNE,
16*th May*, 1870.

RESPECTED FRIEND,—The question which has been addressed to me by yourself, regarding the character of the projected performance of my *Walküre* in Munich, has also been recently addressed to me from the most various quarters. I should like to answer it once for all, and, therefore, should be much pleased if, using your own discretion, you would give further publicity to this my reply to the said question.

I am indebted to my high patron, King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, not only for the fact that—as, by the way, may easily be surmised—my efforts for art have not entirely sunk into oblivion, and that attention is still directed to my later works following *Lohengrin*, but more especially for the circumstance that, after an interruption of eleven years, I can resume the musical realization of my *Ring der Nibelungen*, and, as I now feel certain, really complete it.

What renders this favour, moreover, so important, is the confidence inspired in me by my magnanimous patron that, when my work has been completed, I shall be able to have it represented in strict accordance with my own views. I can entertain no doubt as to my being enabled, some time or other, to produce the *Ring der Nibelungen* exactly in the manner which I minutely described in the preface to the published edition of the poem, as indispensably necessary. I trust that, in the course of next year, I shall succeed in bringing to an end the very fatiguing task of setting the last part to music, and, consequently, as far as I am concerned, there will probably be nothing to prevent the whole from being represented in the year 1872.

As I was obliged, in order to carry out my work, to request, above all things, the necessary time, and freedom from all pressure in this respect, I considered myself bound to merit this favour, by proving myself anxious to gratify, to the best of my ability, the wish of my high patron, to become acquainted at once with separate portions of my work. As, about two years ago, there appeared a probability that I should obtain satisfactory influence upon the artistic efforts of the Theatre Royal, Munich, I was entitled to hope that, by fulfilling the desire, by which I was so highly honoured, of my illustrous patron, I should not be unfaithful to my artistic principles, but rather be advancing them, by gradually preparing the ground for the development of my tendencies.

As you have already, no doubt, heard from others, I was very soon compelled to renounce the hope of maintaining a profitable understanding with the management of the Theatre Royal; consequently, there was nothing left for me to do but to allow the Theatre Royal, Munich, to go on just as it is, without any interference on my part, but, on the other hand, from this very necessity, to oppose no obstacle to the production of detailed portions of my work, since the wish to hear them still existed with him who had to decide.

My request having been graciously granted, I am freed from any necessity of co-operating in these partial performances, and thus find myself relieved of a very painful pretension. Whether the performance which it is proposed to give shortly of the *Walküre* can really take place, is at the present moment, as much unknown to me, as it is difficult for me to guess whether, if it does take place, it will prove successful. But, however this may be, the wish which gave rise to these performances, is for me, as it always has been, worthy of respect, and, at the same time, a happy sign of the life-long duration of the extraordinarily magnanimous interest for which I am indebted not only for being enabled to complete my work, but for most certainly seeing it some day or other produced in the noblest way.

Only then will I once more take part in a public performance; but never will I again produce a work for our operatic theatres, or deliver it into their hands; with the *Meistersinger*, I had dealings with those theatres for the last time.

So much on this head! At present receive my congratulations on

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my knowing that you have now reached an asylum which protects you from further contact with the German Operatic Stage and its singers.

With cordial good wishes, your devoted

RICHARD WAGNER.

There is in average human nature a strong desire to peep into the future, and especially to know the times and seasons when blessings may be expected. From this arises the eager reading of Millennial literature, and its not less eager writing by persons whose object is much more tangible and definite. Happy Wagnerians, who know that, in 1872, the apotheosis of their master will come, and the era of his glory will begin! Between now and then an irreverent Munich may do as it pleases; but, then, with King Louis as a nursing father, the religion of the one true Prophet shall be established. There shall be set up, on the Bavarian plains, a triple-headed idol, at sight of which Shadrach, Meshek, and Abednego will cheerfully bow down, forgetful of *Judaism in Music*, and not needing the stimulus of the burning fiery furnace of Herr Wagner's wrath.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A WRITER in *Le France Musicale*, signing himself "Jacoby," puts forth a grandiloquent "Jugement sur Richard Wagner," which contains certain very remarkable statements. On the whole, it is unfavourable to the Prophet of the Future; but "Jacoby" can hurt nobody. Here are the words which demonstrate the particular ears that adorn Jacoby's head:—"Richard Wagner is beyond doubt a very great musician, the greatest, it appears to me, of living artists. He has profoundly studied that legislator of his art, old Bach——" (!!!) *Adieu*, "*Jacoby*," *c'est assez.*

A RECENT act of unsurpassed magnanimity ought not to be passed over. The chief support of one opera (Mdlle. Nilsson) being unable to sing at a certain concert, the *prima donna* of another (Mdlle. Tietjens) comes forward and "gives her services" as substitute. Who shall say that the days of chivalry are over? "Messieurs," said the French Guards to their English antagonists at Fontenoy or somewhere else, "be pleased to fire first." This was pretty fair; but what shall be said when a warrior snatches up the sword of a foe placed *hors de combat*, and wields it vigorously in the name of chivalry against his own party?

THE officials of the Prussian post-office, considering themselves insulted by the appearance of a character in their uniform on the stage of Wagner's *Meistersänger*, have memorialized the chief of police to interfere for their protection. The answer contained a declaration of powerlessness to interfere, but promised that care should be taken to prevent such an occurrence for the future. After this, we may expect the exemplary Metropolitan police to agitate against the pantomimic "Bobby" of next Christmas.

LET nobody take up with Richard Wagner and his works who would escape a lunatic asylum. The latest victim is Herr Eberle, who was sent by the Prophet to conduct the *Meistersänger* at Berlin. Moreover, we learn that a dog, having caught sight of a page of the opera just named, immediately bit twenty people, and was knocked on the head.

MANAGERIAL energies may find plenty of room in Italy and elsewhere just now. Among the theatres open to the highest bidder for the next season, are those of Milan, Naples, Venice, Palermo, Bologna, Messina, Verona, Mantua, Vicenza, Treviso, Cremona, Lucca, Lugo, Urbino, Cento, Rovigo, and Lodi. Out of Italy the "empties" are Madrid, Valencia, Lisbon, Oporto, Constantinople, and Alexandria.

THE Emperor of Russia, says *Le Ménéstrel*, intended to give 16,000 francs per annum for division among the French dramatists whose works are played at the Michel Theatre. On second thoughts, however, he resolved to go on applauding the pieces and keeping his money.

THE *Musician* is dead. *Requiescat in pace!* (What will Richard Wagner do? Was the editor of our late-respected contemporary also driven mad?)

A NEW five-act play, *Maurice de Saxe*, was produced at the Français on Thursday week. MM. Jules Amignes and Marcelin Desboulins, have dramatized a disgraceful episode in the life of the hero of Fontenoy. Saxe persecuted with dishonourable intentions Justine Favart, wife of a comedian, who, like Susanna in *Figaro*, tricked her lover and remained faithful to her husband. Marshal Saxe was a brutal Count Almaviva, using the power of the State in furtherance of his unlawful love, imprisoning and otherwise persecuting husband and wife. The piece, a bad imitation of Beaumarchais, drags heavily through the first three acts It afterwards takes a tragic turn. Saxe is killed by the Prince de Conti, who has challenged him in consequence of information given by Justine that the Marshal had dishonoured his mother. M. Got, who played Favart (the Figaro of the piece), acquitted himself admirably. Mdlle. Victoria Lafontaine (the Susanna or Justine) is not in her element; while M. Maubant (Marshal Saxe) did not succeed in making much of the part. M. Ollivier, a personal friend of M. Jules Amignes, attended on the first night, and in the course of the evening left his box to sit for a long while with his brother Academician, the great critic, Jules Janin. *Maurice de Saxe* is hardly destined for a long run.

HERR CARL LEVI, musical director at the Grand Ducal Theatre at Carlsruhe, was asked by Herr von Perfall, Intendant of the Theatre Royal, Munich, to conduct Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre*. Herr Levi stated that he was very willing to oblige Herr von Perfall, provided that Herr R. Wagner, of whom he—Herr Levi, not, most decidedly, Herr von Perfall—is an enthusiastic admirer, gave his sanction to the negotiations. In consequence, however, of the hostile position assumed by the Composer of the Future towards Herr von Perfall, it was as impossible to come to an understanding *with* him, as it is, generally, of course, to an understanding *of* him. So Herr Carl Levi gracefully retired from the scene, and Herr Wüllner was elected to conduct *Die Walküre*, just as, some time since, he was chosen to perform the same office for *Rheingold*. The first representation of the said *Walküre* will take place some time in the second half of the present month. According to report, Herr Vogl will be the Sigmund; Herr Bausewein, Hunding; Herr Kindermann, Wotan; Mdme. Vogl, Sieglinde; and Mdlle. Stahle, Brünnhilde.

DEATH OF CHARLES DICKENS.

We feel sure that a thrill of sorrow as well as of surprise will be felt by our readers when they hear of the sudden death of Mr. Charles Dickens. On Wednesday evening he was seized with a fit, at his residence, Gad's Hill Place, Higham, near Rochester, between six and seven o'clock, while at dinner. Mr. Stephen Steele, a surgeon at Strood, was sent for, and promptly arrived. He found Mr. Dickens in a very dangerous state, and remained with him for some hours. A physician was summoned from London on Thursday morning, and Mr. Steele was also in attendance. Unfortunately, there was no improvement in the patient. In the afternoon Mr. Steele was again summoned from Strood. The reports in the after part of the day were discouraging, and shortly after six o'clock the great novelist expired.

CARLSRUHE.—Mdlle. Schneider, from the Leipsic Stadttheater, appeared here in *Fidelio* and the *Huguenots* with such success that she has been permanently engaged.—The St. Cecilia Association continues to display the most laudable activity. The programme of its fourth concert was particularly good, including the Ode to St. Cecilia (Handel); the second act from Gluck's *Orpheus;* and Mendelssohn's setting of the 98th Psalm.—A fair young singer Mdlle. Josephine Shefzky, who was sent, some time since, at the King's expense, to conclude her musical studies in Vienna, has just made a successful first appearance here as Azucena, in *Il Trovatore*.—The Action-Theater (theatre built by a joint-stock company) has been purchased by the King for 125,000 florins. It will be a kind of branch establishment of the Theatre Royal.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mons. Delaborde gave a second morning concert in St. James's Hall on Tuesday, the programme being chiefly made up of ordinary pianoforte music, or pieces for the piano *à clavier de pédales*. Among the former were Chopin's second grand sonata, Beethoven's fantasia (Op. 77), and smaller works by Schumann and Mendelssohn. The latter comprised a prelude by Alkan, Bach's fugue in C minor and prelude and fugue in D. Herr Stockhausen was the vocalist.

Mr. Walter Macfarren's third *matinée* took place in the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday last, when he played (with Herr Danbert) Beethoven's sonata in G minor (Op. 5); (with MM. Sainton and Daubert) Mendelssohn's trio in C minor (Op. 66); (with Miss Josephine Williams) Schumann's *andante* and variations (Op. 46); (with M. Sainton) the Kreutzer Sonata; and, as solos, four of his own drawing-room pieces. Mr. Cummings sang two new sacred songs by the concert-giver, in addition to Pinsuti's "I heard a voice." The character of the entertainment can be inferred from these particulars with all desirable ease.

Miss Kate Roberts gave a recital of classical pianoforte music in St. George's Hall yesterday evening week, to a moderately large audience. The young artist played first (with Mr. Edward Howell) Hummel's sonata in A for piano and violoncello, following this work up with Heller's "Dornen Stücke" and Chopin's "Fantasia Impromptu," the latter of which she rendered so well as to obtain an encore. The first part ended with Schumann's piano and violin sonata in A minor, well executed by Miss Roberts and Herr Pollitzer, and the second began with Bach's *Bourée*, and one of Mendelssohn's seven characteristic pieces (Op. 7). The *Bourée* was encored by acclamation, and deservedly so. Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, played by the three artists above named concluded the programme of a capital recital. The vocalist was Miss Katherine Poyntz, who sang Benedict's charming "Rock me to sleep," and Sullivan's "Where the bee sucks."

M. Paque, the eminent Belgian violoncellist, upon whom has fallen the mantle of Servais, gave his annual *matinée* on Thursday, the 2nd instant, at the residence of the Marchioness of Downshire, 24, Belgrave Square, and was honoured by the attendance of a large and fashionable audience. M. Paque selected for performance a *polonaise* by Chopin for violoncello and piano, in which he was ably assisted by Herr W. Coenen; a fantasia of his own composition on airs from *Don Giovanni*, calculated to display his executive powers as well as the quality of the tone he can produce from his instrument; and two graceful *bagatelles*—a romance and a *tarantelle*, also of his own composition. All these were evidently to the taste of his audience, who honoured M. Paque with flattering marks of approval. He also played the *obbligato* violoncello accompaniment to Spontini's "Hymne de Milton," in which the voice and style of M. Jules Lefort had ample scope. M. Paque must be praised for his moderation in providing himself at his own concert with so few opportunities of exhibiting his command of the violoncello. Mdlle. and H. Heerman, played solos respectively on the harp and violin; Herr Coenen, introduced some clever pianoforte pieces of his own; Madame Florence Lancia, sang vocal arrangements of two mazurkas by Chopin; Miss Alice Fairman, Signor Tagliafico, and Mr. George Perren sang various pieces; and M. Jules Lefort, introduced, with genuine effect, a new song, entitled "J'aime, je suis aimé," the composition of Herr Reichardt, famed for his *lied*, "Thou art so near and yet so far." Among the accompanists were MM. Benedict, Ganz, and Vianesi.

The *soirée musicale* of the New Philharmonic Society, on Thursday evening week, in St. George's Hall, was numerously attended. Conspicuous amongst the performers were Mdlle. Heerman, harpist, and Herr Heerman, violinist, M. L. Brassin, pianist, and M. Brassin, violinist, besides a new aspirant for public favour, Mdlle. Borland, pianist, from the Brussels Conservatoire. The selection of pieces comprised Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, a *chaconne* by Bach, a duet by Spohr for violin and harp, a *scherzo* by Chopin, a violin solo by Vieuxtemps, &c. Mdlle. Heerman was heard to advantage in Godefroid's *Danse des Sylphes*, and Spohr's duo. The manner in which this young artist executed the most difficult passages elicited enthusiastic applause. Herr Heerman, in Vieuxtemps' solo, established himself as a *virtuoso* of the first rank. Herr L. Brassin, the pianist, and his brother, the violinist, are, like the Heerman's, strangers to London audiences. Herr L. Brassin is a first-rate executant, and an excellent musician. His rendering of Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata was characterized by a broad style, accurate phrasing, and perfect execution. He was ably seconded by his brother, the violinist, who also displayed his talents in Bach's *chaconne*. Mdlle. Borland created a favourable impression in two pianoforte pieces, one by M. Dupont, another by Herr Alfred Jaell. Two violoncello solos written and performed by M. Paque were heard with the greatest interest. The *Tarantelle*, played as the second *morceau*, was encored, and listened to for the second time with increased pleasure. The vocal music was well selected. Miss Eleanor Armstrong's "Dove sono" was much admired and applauded. Miss Jenny Robinson displayed a pleasing voice and good style. Signor Romani (a French baritone) and Mr. Dudley Thomas were both heard to advantage. In a selection from Spohr's *Jessonda* the amateur members of the society took part, under the direction of Mr. W. Beavan. The solos were assigned to Miss Ganthony (soprano), an amateur contralto, Mr. Wake (tenor), and Mr. Beavan (bass). Herr Ganz, assisted by Mr. John Beavan, accompanied the vocal music.

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MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

Although Mdlle. Nilsson again disappointed Mr. Leslie's patrons on the occasion of his third concert in St. James's Hall, last Wednesday, the audience had no reason to complain; Mdlle. Tietjens being to the fore as a substitute, and a capital programme being gone through in an adequate style. The *Stabat* of Rossini constituted Part 1; solos by Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Monbelli, Mdme. Trebelli, and M. Faure. "Quis est homo" was beautifully sung, and encored; Mdme. Trebelli was re-called after "Fac ut portem;" and a like honour fell to Mdlle. Tietjens for her superb singing in the "Inflammatus." M. Faure, also, made a great effect with "Pro peccatis." Among the notable features of Part 2, were Mr. Charles Hallé's performance of Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor; Mdme. Volpini's delivery of "Bel raggio;" Mr. Santley's "O, Ruddier than the Cherry" (two re-calls); Mdlle. Tietjens's "Ocean, thou mighty Monster," and Mdme. Monbelli's "Come per me;" M. Faure obtained an encore for his hymn, "Les Rameaux," to which his own fine singing, aided by that of the choir, helped as much as the excellence of the music. The overture to *Zampa* brought the concert to a close.

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[*Private and strictly confidential.*]

REVIEWER'S WAIL.—No. IV.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—*Guerre à l'outrance* is evidently your cry, and so let it be. In my last, promises should have been printed premises, as in my letter written. I have, in an agony of gout (donkeys *do* have the gout) scribbled to you at length, but I will not irritate you with my gouty ee-haws; and, therefore, will only say, in an ecstacy of ee-haw, ee-haw, that you must allow me, from this time, hence, and for evermore, to remain your Double,

Another Reviewer

June 9, 1870. (*In a different School*).

P.S.—There are plenty of points for your "*last* word," and I promise you you shall have it, so, let it be short, *and* a *stinger*.

[In his last letter "Another Reviewer" wrote himself down a quadruped, but without stating precisely of what species. He is now more explicit; and we are satisfied.—A. S. S.]

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To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—Observing in your account of some recent lectures on music by Mr. A. S. Sullivan that the old exploded familiar "saw" about the high musical education of our great-great-grandmothers was again exhumed, let me once more rehearse the "other side" of the case. It is stated, on the one hand, that in the days of good Queen Anne no English lady's education was thought complete unless to various other accomplishments was united a thorough knowledge of the art and practice of music. Very true, no doubt. Then we are told "it was the custom," upon the removal of the cloth, to bring in the music-books, and for the amateur ladies and gentlemen to read from notes and sing various charming and learnedly composed madrigals in three, four, or five parts. From hence it is asserted music must have been in a high state of culture, wonderfully flourishing in the reign of Queen Anne. Now, on the other side it has been gravely asked—What proportion of "*usage*" constitutes a "*custom*"? History always has two sides; every event, the most simple as well as the most portentous, may be told in two ways. No surprise need be manifested if this scrap of ancient intelligence is no exception to the general rule. Therefore, if in a population of twenty millions twenty amateurs could be found capable of reading at sight the works of our great madrigal writers, it is humbly submitted that "one in a million" is not sufficient to found a "custom," howbeit ample for proof positive that the practice cited was *not* the "custom," but the exception. But to descend a little from these figures, to give the "other side" the fairest possible ground. If these families where the singing was so perfect were so numerous, how were they taught? Where were the teachers? There were probably not more than three or four "learned" sets of madrigal singers in London at that time. There were no

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Hullah's classes, no Tonic-Sol-fa gatherings, no opera chorus (worth naming), no Sacred Harmonic Associations, no Sunday schools, no infant schools, no Orpheus Unions; the part-song itself had no existence. Where did they learn? Who were their teachers? Let us suppose the men at the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, spent all their "filling-up" time in communicating knowledge by the orthodox notation. How many pupils could they "do?" Like Bobadil's twenty, or Falstaff's "score" in buckram, or the boy's "thousand" cats of proverbial notoriety—which eventually diminished down to "our old tabby and another"—this universal custom of every lady and gentleman singing "from note" has at last followed in the wake of the story of the Three Black Crows—something "very like a crow" at *last* doing duty for the whole "three." Let the benefit be given to the "other side" of the supposition, that the people of those days had exceptional natural ability, and that they were born "readers,"—that might account for the success of their musical meetings. But yet it must in fairness be said that they could not sing without copies, and where were the copies? Hundreds of singers, or thousands of singers, would have required hundreds or thousands of copies. Where did they come from? Were they in manuscript? Who wrote them? Were they printed? Who printed them? Did they exist in sufficient numbers? Where are they now? Were they committed to memory by one family, and the book that contained them then lent to a second, and afterwards passed on to a third, and so on? This could not be, for are we not told that they sung "from books." Printing music by types was unknown; even lithography was not invented. From the plates engraved how many copies could have been printed? Certainly not sufficient to make the use of the books a "custom," though every subscriber were supposed to be a singer. Probably seven or eight hundred of each book were issued, and perhaps *one-fourth* of the purchasers could sing them; and further, of this *one-fourth* at least *half* were in the profession; and if there were six or eight or ten families or musical circles where the madrigals of the day were sung with anything like accuracy, it is as much as can be said. Figures are ignored and history persistently perused backwards by those who would state again the fallacy about the superior knowledge and more extended prevalence of musical taste over our sons and daughters amongst our ancestors twe centuries ago. Statistics can be made to prove many fallacies, but not that. Consider that in our day the best sacred and secular compositions are sung by *thousands* of *groups* from *five* to *five thousand* strong; and they circulate, like the penny press, by *millions*. Would that our teachers were less prodigal of sweeping unauthenticated statements.—Yours very truly,

June 6, 1870. IDEALIZER.

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To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I have been shown a paragraph in your issue of March 12th last stating that I am the teacher of a lady about to make her *début* at the annual concert of Miss Berry Greening. Permit me to say that neither *at the present*, or any *previous* time, have I had *a pupil of any kind*. My reason for wishing this paragraph contradicted, is that I am much annoyed by persons addressing me upon professional matters, to which I have neither the time nor the disposition to attend.—Yours respectfully, WILLIE B. M. PAPE.

63, *Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.*

[We do not remember the paragraph.—ED.]

—o—

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA IN NEW YORK.

(*From "Watson's Art Journal," May* 21.)

Strange as it may appear, for disappointments are not the order of the day with the Parepa-Rosa Opera Company, when we reached the Academy on Friday evening, May 13th, a placard announced a change of opera. Mr. Nordblom was sick, and for *Don Giovanni*, *Martha* was to be substituted. Three-fourths of the audience, we are compelled to say, seemed very much rejoiced at the change, preferring to be amused rather than to be instructed—such is the perverseness of our obstinate public. So *Martha* was sung in a manner so generally excellent that little was left to be desired. The chorus was unusually excellent; the voices good and fresh, spirited and prompt to the time, and well up in the action of the scene The orchestra, under the skilful and careful direction of Carl Rosa, executed the light and graceful accompaniments with much grace, and exhibited more than the usual refinement in the development of artistic shading. It was a most pleasant feature in the performance. It would be impossible to pass over an opera in which Madame Parepa-Rosa sang without paying just tribute to her most admirable singing, and to her most exquisite voice. Of course we feel it very difficult to speak of her in set terms of praise, for we believe that we have exhausted our vocabulary of eulogistic terms, and should, consequently, have to fall into the deadly sin of repetition—not that we are by profession a "repeater." Still the charm of her singing and her voice seems to give eloquence to a barren pen, and language to thoughts exhausted. Her spontaneity seems as involuntary as the bursting of the buds into blossoms in the happy spring time, and, like them, she scatters fragrance, which in her is melody. Her notes flow, they are not made; they come, they are not sought for. They are as pure and bright as the falling drops of crystal water, and as they drop in their purity they form a chain of perfect crysolites, whose value cannot be estimated. To indicate any special excellence would be like time wasted in choosing between two bright stars of equal magnitude. One beauty is but sequential to another, which owns no degree of lesser excellence, so that indeed we know not where to choose. We are, truly, embarrassed with riches, so prodigally does Parepa-Rosa scatter on the expectant air the flashing jewels of her song. Perhaps "The Last Rose of Summer" was never given with such a full sense of rounded beauty as it was by Parepa-Rosa last night. Each note was perfect, and melted one into the other with a blending so delicate that the transitions were imperceptible, and still each note was instinct with sensuous resonance. In addition to this rare and exquisite vocalism, she sang the simple, touching ballad in a manner so unpretentious, with an expression so pure and earnest, and so free from the appearance of artificiality, that it literally brought the house down to her feet. Madame Rosa never won a triumph more complete than upon this occasion, and she may feel proud when she reflects that it was accomplished by pure and chastely impassioned singing, and not by meretricious aids, and that it was sympathy, and not wonder, that held spell-bound the heart and judgment of the audience.

The other artists, Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Messrs. Castle and Campbell, sustained Madame Parepa-Rosa in their usual efficient and agreeable manner, and justly shared in the approbation bestowed upon the performance.

—o—

Mark Lemon.

(*From "Punch," June* 4, 1870.)

HE had been absent: but was with us still
In letters, messages of wonted cheer:
We drank a quick recovery from his ill;
Asked, and were answered, "He will soon be here."

His kindly eyes looked on us from the wall:
In spirit at our board he seemed to sit,
Back into bounds too reckless mirth to call,
To quicken seemly fun and decent wit.

Little we thought the time was near at hand,
When we no more should meet those honest eyes:
Return no more that welcome blithe and bland,
Take counsel of that spirit, kind and wise!

Death has been frequent in our fellowship:
Where is A'BECKETT'S Rabelaisian style;
Where JERROLD'S wrath 'gainst wrong, and lightning quip;
Where THACKERAY'S half-sad, half sunny smile;

Where LEECH'S facile hand and faithful brain,
The truest, tersest, abstract of the time?
All memories! And he that linked the chain,
Now theme of my obituary rhyme!

Never did brethren of the pen owe more
To elder brother than we owed to him:
Still his wit's weapon like a Knight he bore—
Would never poison point, nor polish dim:

And 'twas his pride to teach us so to bear
Our blades as he bore his—keep the edge keen,
But strike above the belt: and ever wear
The armour of a conscience clear and clean.*

The while he sat among us there was none
But felt the kindlier for his kindliness:
Jealousy seemed his genial smile to shun;
Failure was soothed; more modest grew success.

Never self-seeking, keen for others' rise
And gain, before his own, he loved to see
Young wrestlers of his training win the prize,
Nor asked what *his* part of the prize should be.

His memory will not die out of ours
For many a year to come: the thought of him,
Erewhile associate with our merriest hours,
Will be a sad one, till all thought grows dim.

But what our loss to theirs, who with sick hearts
Sit in the darkened house, whence he has past:
Till new life shall unite whom death disparts,
Where tears are dried, and grief turns joy at last!

* "Sotto l'usbergo del' sentirsi puro."—DANTE.

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OPERATIC WRITING AT THE PRESENT MOMENT IN RUSSIA.*

THE DEMON:

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS, BY BORIS SCHEEL, FOUNDED ON THE POEM OF THE SAME NAME, BY LERMONTOFF.

(*Continued from page* 279).

The merits of the opera, *William Redcliff*, by S. Kwi, performed last winter, were duly appreciated in these columns; and the work has now disappeared. We must mention, also, S. Kaschperow's opera, *The Thunder Storm*. What dramatic interest can there be in the circumstance that, during the absence of a merchant upon a business journey, his wife becomes faithless to him with another merchant, and then, stung by remorse, flings herself into the Volga? The book is founded upon the romance called *The Kingdom of Darkness*, by the popular folk's author, Ostrowski, and over it S. Kaschperow poured fourth his Italian music. The composer is a little Verdi hidden beyond Moscow who has mixed up Italian motives with Italian forms, and Italian treatment of the voice. This typical specimen of mediocrity is not superior to Werstowski's efforts, and has vanished from the repertory.

A very different kind of personage is M. Alexander Seroff, the ruler for the moment, of Russian opera. Seroff composed *Russian*, and did not merely turn national Russian motives to account. Possessing a profoundly *synthetical* intelligence, he penetrated more deeply into things. He composed in the *spirit* of Sclavonic music, which is based upon a scale (upon another musical alphabet) differing materially from that of the music of Western Europe. Sclavonic music is based, to state the fact concisely (as is appropriate in these columns), upon the ecclesiastical modes, or Gregorian Tonalities. Upon the peculiarities of these do the characteristic features of national Russian melody depend as much as a man's growth upon his backbone. These ecclesiastical modes are the *spina dorsalis* of the grand subject selected for Seroff's opera, *Rogneda*, which embraces no less than the introduction of Christianity into Russia, in the 10th century, by the Prince of Kiew, the Prince Sun (as he is called), subsequently the *holy apostle-like* Grand Prince Wladimir (the Christian name of the Sun of Kiew). The Pagan Prince is led to adopt Christianity, by the self-sacrifice of a Christian for him, because the Christian sees nothing to affright him in death. We perceive, at once, how organically the old Gregorian tonalities take their place in such a subject. It is from national elements, which, transplanted through the Greek Church into Russia, passed into the very soul of Russian feeling and Russian thought—it was from this deep stratum of musical ideas, a stratum not merely lying upon the surface of Russian middle-class society, that Seroff drew his *Rogneda*, which has become a stock-piece, and always commands a full house whenever it is played. Whether Seroff's genially musical, and philosophical speculations have succeeded in creating, in a *synthetic* manner, an opera, whether the attainment of the Ideal does not always recede as the artist approaches it, inasmuch as realism (the fusion of words with music) is prejudicial to idealism, or inspiration—this is a question that cannot be discussed here, and for the answer to which we must await with growing interest Seroff's third opera, or, as he himself styles it, his third musical drama, treating a drama of the people, which is to be produced next winter.

In his public lectures, just concluded: *On the historical development of the Ideal in Opera as a Musical Drama*, M. Seroff called all operas with dialogue—"*Singspiele*," † and *Der Freischütz* a *modest Singspiel—Der Freishchütz*, in which a nation and not merely a libretto is set to music! *Euryanthe* he calls a grand lyrical opera; *Oberon*, a step *backwards*, and, also, a "*Singspiel*," *because* (sic) no *drama!*

We think that with such a step backwards as *Oberon*, opera made a great step forwards over the whole world, and another step backwards of the same description would be exceedingly desirable, though it will not be made, probably in a hurry in Russia!

We place the Ideal of Opera in our sway over the heart through the feelings, which does not exclude our sway over the understanding, as Mozart and Weber teach us. We find that we are better on leaving an opera by Weber; but that, after hearing a musical drama by Wagner, we go away in a more egotistical and material (realistic) mood than when we entered. We find that the path from Weber's *Agathe* leads us to the sanctity of the domestic hearth, but that from a Wagnerian drama into the Orpheum.

Mozart and Weber created types, melodically painted in melody, like Don Juan, Donna Anna, the Commander, Zerline, Leporello—Max, Agathe, Aennchen, and Caspar.

It is not by the musical idea, the incorporation of which constitutes *melodic* invention, that, in musical drama, the dramatic sensations are to be excited in the hearer; these sensations are to be henceforth impressed upon the ear by the material (real) means of sonority, of the power of sound, without clothing the idea in the conditions of musical speech, of melody indispensable to it.

A production as important as gratifying is the opera, *The Demon*, by Boris Scheel, a work corresponding to the object of opera, namely: to work upon the heart and feelings (without excluding the understanding); a work which sprang from inspiration—and not from any system.

The composer displays complete mastery over all mechanical resources in the management of the voices, in the polyphony, and in the judicious employment of the orchestra. Such a style of melody as *this* penetrates to the heart, because it comes from the heart, and not from a system. To give the reader a notion of the work, without drawing any comparison, we say: "The style of melody operates here like Weber's, it lives and moves like Weber's; the facture, on the contrary, the breadth of style, and the tonal impression, are like Meyerbeer's. The progressions arise naturally; the composer is very economical with his modulations, which he employs as a seasoning, while other composers at the present day force us to receive them as the *meal itself*."

The romantic, and, we might almost say, sky-blue tone-colours, B major, and E flat major, which have an affinity with the subject, the composer places in the foreground, and represents his personages by thematic modulations of their musical individuality. There is inspiration at work here. The whole is one piece; the whole is one fancy, in which the details aid the entirety. With respect to what is done, and necessarily so at the present day, by technical skill, reflection, and brooding intelligence—there is no leaden hand clapped upon our shoulders with the words: "See how clever, how learned I am!" This is merged in the impression produced upon our feelings; it works as a whole towards the creation of a poetic picture before our inward eye.

The subject, borrowed from Lermontoff's poem, *The Demon*, already mentioned, has been arranged as a libretto by the skilful hand of Count Solohub, the well-known Russian author. The composer has had the libretto put into German verse, and thinks of presenting his work in this garb to the Berlin public.

We compared Glinka to Puschkin, and Seroff to Gogel; but Scheel, as a composer, and Lermontoff, as a poet, appear to us to represent pure poetical inspiration, charming import, and elegant mastery over form. The subject runs (*summa sequar vestigia*) as follows. Scene: The Caucasus. Nature in her Asiatic grandeur. Two betrothed lovers, of princely Caucasian blood, a Prince and a Princess. The Demon, from love for the Princess Tamara, swears to destroy the Prince, and conquer the Princess. The Prince is suddenly attacked by a band of mountaineers, with the Demon at their head.

The Prince mortally wounded, promises the Princess, when he is dying, to appear to her at all important conjunctures of her life. Tamara enters a cloister. The Demon, who has long borne in his heart the barb of despairing love and uncertain yearnings, makes his appearance before her. He is the wicked spirit who has tormented her, and avows such to be the case. He informs her that, by returning his love, she can change the evil spirit into a good one. The Princess's womanly heart cannot resist quite without a struggle, the temptation of causing good to triumph over Evil. She revolves the matter in her mind, for the Demon is handsome, and she now loves no one. At the moment she is about to succumb, her dead lover appears before her. Tamara dies from the shock, and her death drives the Demon from the field.—In addition to the three principal factors: the Prince (tenor); the Princess (soprano); and the Demon (bass), the Princess's Father and her Confidante play each a musical part; while a very important one, perhaps the most important, is that assumed by the choruses of Angels and Demons, opposed to one another in the plot. The Demon, too, from the very beginning, takes an invisible share in the actions of the other personages.

The story is founded upon a very old Caucasian legend of the dualism between Heaven and Hell, which is dramatically effective. Tamara and the Demon are contrasted with each other like Ormus and Ahriman in the neighbouring land of Persia, whence the legend, no doubt, formerly found its way into the Caucasus.

The score has a *West European* character as regards our ideas of *Opera*, without the slightest Sclavonic pretensions, without any nationality save the universal human nationality of the feelings. The work, as a work, dramatically conceived and dramatically represented, is free from Italian whims; it makes no concessions to the virtuosity of the executants; it is offered them as a work of inspiration, before which the means of execution must give way. Among the most prominent features may be mentioned the Introduction in G, with a most charming episode in D, between the choruses representing the principle of Good and that of Evil; the Trio in the descending scale between

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† "*Singspiel*" means a piece generally of no great importance, interspersed with songs.

Tamara, the Prince, and the Demon, who, though not seen, is not unfelt by them; the well-conceived storm, during which the Prince perishes; the apparition of the Demon in the convent, and his duel with Tamara, which, in a naturally dramatic situation, calls forth his declaration of love and the vacillating emotions of her soul; and the double chorus which concludes the work. A pleasing piece of composition is the ideal ballet-music in the house of the Princess's Father, accompanying the action of the ballet, while the characters are expecting the Prince, whom death has meanwhile overtaken; highly original, and based upon chords of the second, is the march-like, demoniacal motive preceding the apparition of the Evil One, when he tempts Tamara, and lays the treasures of the world at her feet, with the brilliant background of his redemption through her love and through her fall.

The composer, who is of Courlandish descent, is a Russian with a German name, born and bred in Russia. His education, in German books, under great German masters, was German.

W. von Lenz.

—o—

WAIFS.

One artist mortally wounded another in the Turin Theatre Alfieri, during a rehearsal of *La Favorita*. The cause was jealousy.

M. Martinet, of the Athenée, has been definitively accepted as the new director of the Théâtre Lyrique.

It is proposed to revive Auber's *Philtre* at the Grand Opéra, with Mdme. Carvalho as Téré sina.

Miss Minnie Hauck has been re-engaged at the Vienna opera, and will resume her performances in September next.

M. Bagier's *troupe* have closed their Baden representations with a performance of *Il Trovatore*.

A new opera, called *The Three Musketeers*, but having nothing to do with M. Alexandre Dumas, has been brought out at Milan.

Two young lady violinists have arrived in London, Mdlle. Marie Tayau and Mdlle. Liébé.

On Monday, June 20th, a new piece, *Our Island Home*, will be produced at the Gallery of Illustration; the libretto is by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, music by Mr. German Reed.

Herr Oberthür, the accomplished harpist, has returned to London after fulfilling engagements at the Philharmonic and other concerts in Dublin.

The marriage of Signor Polonini with Mdlle. Lella Ricci is contradicted by *Le Ménéstrel*, though it appears that the lady has formed a connection with a bass whose line is comic.

M. Vogt, the celebrated French hautboist, has just died, aged ninety years. He was a Conservatoire student in the year VI. of the Republic.

According to the *Paris Journal*, four financiers have agreed to supply M. Carvalho with a new theatre, wherein he may try to stem the tide of ill-luck which has so long set against him.

M. Vachot, director of the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie, has given up his intention to produce *Lohengrin* at the Paris Italiens. *Tant mieux pour M. Vachot.*

M. Offenbach has been seriously ill of late; but is now sufficiently recovered to make arrangements for six weeks' rest and relaxation, at Ems and Wiesbaden.

Madame Nadine Dunord, the Russian vocalist, who has lately arrived from Italy, made a favourable *début* at the Crystal Palace Concert, on Saturday. She sang "Robert toi que j'aime" with such power and feeling as to elicit well merited applause. Madame Dunord also joined M. Urio and chorus in the "Miserere," from *Il Trovatore*.

Royal Gallery of Illustration.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment, *Ages Ago* and *Beggar my Neighbour*, is advertised for the last performance on Saturday, June 18, when the former piece will have reached its 202nd representation. On the following Monday a novelty, from the pen of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, entitled *Our Island Home*, will be produced. Mr. German Reed has composed the music. The plot, we hear, is of novel construction, enabling every member of the company to appear *in propriâ personâ*.

Dramatic Performance at St. George's Hall.—The performance of Lord Lytton's drama of *The Rightful Heir*, in which Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Sir Charles Young, and several distinguished amateurs were to have taken parts, on the 16th instant, has been postponed until Wednesday, July 13th, in consequence of serious illness in the families of two of the principal performers. The proceeds will be contributed to to "The Working Mens' Club and Institute Union."

We read as follows in the *Dublin Express*:—

"It will be a source of gratification to Dr. Stewart's friends and admirers to learn that a high compliment has just been paid him from the other side of the Channel. Dr. Stewart's *Ode on Shakspere* has been selected for performance at the Birmingham Festival. This speaks well for the merits of Dr. Stewart's cantata. Indeed few could compete with Dr. Stewart in some departments of his noble art, as his numerous prizes in composition testify. His cantata will now take its place at Birmingham beside the works of some of the most elevated composers of the world. Such a fact, of course, enhances the distinction shown towards this gifted Irishman, and is in Professor Stewart's case a graceful recognition of real genius."

Party feeling runs high in our English Convocation, but in the Scotch Synods there is a general tendency to repress demonstrations. On some occasions, however, it is impossible to curb the speakers, and an amusing instance of the length to which the feeling against the use of "human" hymns is carried in the Free Church was given a few nights ago, when a member of the Assembly made a speech against the introduction of an authorized hymnal. Waxing mightier in his wrath, he was at last heard to mutter, "And Judas went and hanged himself"—a remark naturally felt to be a reflection on the probable end of all those who use "human" hymns. Taking this view of the question, a Mr. Kidston approached the speaker, and tapped him on the shoulder, to caution him to restrain his feelings; but this added fuel to the fire, and Mr. Walters turned round on the intruder, amid the laughter of the Assembly, with the forcible piece of advice—"Go thou and do likewise."

We have more than once adverted to the cruelty of certain public amusements, and from week to week our views are confirmed by accidental mishaps. A few days ago an acrobat was killed while having a stone slab broken with a sledge on his chest. In London we had some pretty and perilous spectacles for the recreation of our neighbours and visitors in Derby week. Little children played prominent parts. In one establishment a lady clothed as a street tumbler tossed a couple of infants in the air with a confiding belief in her skill in catching them. She balanced on her head a male gymnast, who had also a turn at the young clowns, making them trundle over the stage in imitation of hoops, and perform a series of monkey tricks which were loudly applauded. Perhaps the most disagreeable sight, however, was that of a female comic performer of about eight years of age. Cruelty to animals is being put down; something has been done for sweeps; why not an effort for the reclamation from torture of baby singers, dancers, and "phenomena" generally? There are no people so attached to children as the English. We make our artists paint nursery pets, and yet we promote the exhibition of boys and girls in degrading and dangerous performances. The worst of it is that these performances are increased in difficulty and hazard through competition, and the taste for them becomes stronger and stronger.

There will be a musical festival in Rostock in July. Both Mdme. Joachim and her husband will take part in it.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

G. W. Martin.—"Lothair," song, composed by G. W. Martin.
Duncan Davison & Co.—"Oh! whisper but the gentle word," song, by James Greenhill.

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VOL. 48—No. 26. SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT ROSE SHOW, Fashionable Promenade, and German Gymnastic Society's Display, THIS DAY. This is the most interesting of all the flower shows held during the season. The universal admiration of the national flower, its numberless varieties, ranging from purest white to sable, its delicious odour, and the immense number of specimens collected, combine to render the Rose Show pre-eminent among the flower shows of the season. It was at the Crystal Palace that the first Rose Show was held, and each year some new attractive feature has been introduced.

The Display will take place in the Open Theatre, which will be handsomely fitted up as a dining room.

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Music is an important feature on these occasions; and, in addition to the usual performances during the day by the orchestral and military bands, at 4 o'clock, a grand combined performance will take place on the Great Handel Orchestra, conducted by Mr. MANNS.

The Palace will be open, as usual, at 10; the Show will be open at about 12; the gardens of Rockhills will be open for promenade from 4 till 6·30.

The Coldstream Guards Band, under Mr. F. Godfrey, will play during the display.

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

This Evening (SATURDAY) Rossini's Opera, "OTELLO." Otello, Signor Mongini; Roderigo, Signor Gardoni; Iago, M. Faure (his second appearance in that character); Elmiro, Signor Foli; Emilia, Mdlle. Carl; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her second appearance in that character). Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

MONDAY, June 27th, "LES HUGUENOTS." Raoul di Nangis, Signor Mongini; Il Conte di St. Bris, M. Faure; Il Conte di Nevers, Mr. Santley; Marcello, Signor Foli; Huguenot Soldier, Signor Rinaldini; Tavannes, Signor Archinti; De Cossi, Mr. Lyall; De Retz, Signor Trevero; Meru, Signor Castelli; Maurevert, Signor Zoboli; Coprifuoco, Signor Ragner; Dama d'Onore, Madame Corsi; Bohemienne, Mdlle. Fioretti; Urbano, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Margarita di Valois, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; and Valentina, Madame Barbot.

TUESDAY, June 28, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Il Conte, Mr. Santley; Figaro, M. Faure; Bartolo, Signor Castelli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Don Curzio, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellina, Madame Corsi; Cherubino, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky; Susanna, Madame Volpini; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her second appearance in that character).

THURSDAY, June 30, Mozart's Opera, "DON GIOVANNI." Don Giovanni, M. Faure; Don Ottavio, Signor Gardoni; Commendatore, Signor Foli; Masetto, Signor Zoboli; Leporello, Mr. Santley. The minuet will be danced by Mdlle. Fioretti. Zerlina, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky (her first appearance in the character); Donna Anna, Madame Barbot; and Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

On SATURDAY, July 2, a favourite Opera, in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will appear.

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UNDER the Immediate Patronage of HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON. MR. OBERTHUR'S MATINEE MUSICALE, on WEDNESDAY, June 29th, at his Residence, 14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park. Artists—Mdlle. Orgeni, Miss E. Armstrong, Mdme. Osborne Williams, M. J. Lefort, Chevalier A. de Kontski, Herr L. Straus, M. Albert, Mr. Hallett Sheppard, Herr Lehmeyer, Mr. Oberthur. Tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had at Lonsdale's, Schott's, or of Mr. Oberthür.

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MR. HENRY LESLIE'S FOURTH and LAST GRAND CONCERT this season, MONDAY MORNING NEXT, June 27th, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, commencing at half-past two. Soloists—Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Sinico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Gardoni, Signor Foli, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, and Mr. Sims Reeves, who will make his only appearance in Sacred Music during the London season. Conductor—Mr. HENRY LESLIE.—Reserved sofa stalls, £1 1s; area stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony stalls (front row), 15s.; balcony stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved area, 5s.; balcony, 5s.; upper balcony, 2s. 6d. Tickets at Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street, and 43, Moorgate Street, City; and Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

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MONDAY, JULY 4th.

MADAME NADINE DUNORD begs to announce that her MATINEE MUSICALE will take place, by kind permission of the Marquis of Downshire, at 24, BELGRAVE SQUARE, on MONDAY, July 4th, to commence at Three o'clock. Further particulars will be duly announced.

CHARLES and ARTHUR LE JEUNE'S THIRD EVENING CONCERT will take place at the ARCHITECTURAL ROOMS, 9, Conduit Street, W., on TUESDAY Next, June 28th, at Eight o'clock. The programme will include original compositions for their Harmonium Combination, and two for the Pianoforte, first time of performance. They will also play on the new American Chamber Organ. Vocalist—Madame Talbot Cherer. Tickets to be had at Chappell's, 50, New Bond Street; and of Keith & Prowse, 48, Cheapside. No tickets at the Rooms.

MISS MARY ELIZABETH WALTON (of the Conservatoire, Leipsic) begs to announce her ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, under the Immediate Patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, H.R.H. the Princess Mary Adelaide Princess Teck, His Grace the Archbishop of York and Mrs. Thomson, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, MONDAY Next, commencing at Half-past Two. Artists—Mdlles. Liebhart, Katherine Poyntz, Thaddeus Wells, Galloway, Zuliani, Fairman, Osborne Williams, and Banks; Messrs. Alfred Baylis, Trelawny Cobham, Waldeck, and Maybrick. Pianoforte—Miss Mary Elizabeth Walton. Violin—Mr. H. Weist Hill. Violoncello—M. Albert. Conductors—Messrs. Kingsbury, Lehmeyer, Osborne Williams, Ganz, and Francesco Berger. Stalls, 10s. 6d. Family Tickets (admitting Three), One Guinea; to be obtained at the Rooms, and of Miss Walton, 27, Harley Street, W.

MDME. MONTSERRAT has the honour to announce that her ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT, under the patronage of Lady Marian Alford, and Lady Elizabeth Cust, will take place at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, July 5th. Full particulars and names of Artists will be duly announced.—10, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W.

MDME. MONTSERRAT (Contralto) is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, etc. For Terms, and Lessons, Address, 10, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing L. EMANUEL'S new song, "THE CHARM," City, 30th; Hanover Square Rooms, July 7th; and at his other principal Engagements. Address for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., 28, Old Bond Street.

MISS BANKS will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S romance, "A SUMMER EVE," at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Miss Elizabeth Walton's Grand Concert, June 27th.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Scholarships and unusual advantages. Students' Concert, Hanover Square, THIS DAY, June 25th.—Norfolk Road, Bayswater. F. WEBER, Sec.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

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A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 16, son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for Instruction in the earlier branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter. Apply to Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

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THE ITALIAN OPERAS—COVENT GARDEN.

(*From the "Saturday Review," June* 18.)

Once again we are blessed with two establishments for the representation of opera in the Italian language. We say "of opera in the Italian language," because such an institution as a *bonâ fide* Italian opera, at which music and performers are exclusively Italian, is a thing of the past—gone, in all probability, never to return. Whether this be for good or for evil, we are hardly prepared to say; but with regard to the fact there cannot be a doubt. Even when the works of an illustrious Italian musician, Cherubini for example, are called upon to vary and enrich the repertory, what he composed for the Italian stage is never thought of, but what he composed for the French stage, to French *libretti*, is resorted to as a matter of course. A noticeable instance has been offered in *Médée*, and another is now promised in *Les Deux Journées*. About this question there is a good deal to say on both sides; but the present is not the time to discuss it. We have to treat of Italian opera under such conditions as are immediately vouchsafed to us.

The co-existence of two houses, whatever risk it may entail upon speculators, is an advantage to the public. Last season, when Messrs. Gye and Mapleson joined fortunes, the amount of enterprise was reduced to a minimum. The services of Sir Michael Costa, Signor Mario, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, and others were dispensed with; Madame Adelina Patti appeared, evening after evening, in the same familiar parts; while Mdlle. Christine Nilsson was heard in *one* new opera—an opera which, but for a single scene, would have stood little chance of permanent acceptance. In fact, so barren a season, with such resources at command, is unparalleled. The "coalition," however, can hardly be said even now to have broken up, Messrs. Gye and Mapleson being still the duumvirate at Covent Garden. But among the artists who formed the Maplesonian contingent in 1869, when the much talked of alliance was ratified, one only of considerable importance belongs to the actual Covent Garden troop. We naturally refer to Mdlle. Tietjens. Mdlle. Scalchi is a contralto of more than average ability, and Mdlle. Bauermeister a fair *comprimaria*. These named, however, all are named, excepting certain members of the orchestra and chorus (including Mr. Carrodus, leading violin) who went over to Covent Garden when Signor Arditi consented to share the office of conductor with Signor Li Calsi.

Notwithstanding the loss of several distinguished artists engaged to them last year, the directors of the Royal Italian Opera have still a generally efficient company. To encounter the formidable opposition at Drury Lane no little energy was demanded. The result is that we have got back Madame Pauline Lucca and Signor Mario—a gain to frequenters of the theatre not to be lightly estimated. Then, as a matter of course, Madame Adelina Patti occupies the place which, for eight or nine years, she has held undisputed, as "*l'étoile des étoiles*" among *prime donne*—the legitimate successor of Madame Angiolina Bosio, with a dramatic genius to which that accomplished vocalist could by no means pretend. Mdlle. Vanzini, too, the American—"*comprimaria*," at best, by right of natural gifts and ability, but *prima donna*, on occasion, when the "*prime donne assolute*" take repose—is again in the company, together with Madame Dell'Anese and Mdlle. Locatelli, who have for some years filled subordinate parts at the Covent Garden Opera. In the men's department, besides Signor Mario, already named, we have had—to complete the list of tenors—the German Dr. Gunz, who it may be remembered "created" Jason, in *Medea*, when Cherubini's tragic masterpiece was first produced, for Mdlle. Tietjens, at Her Majesty's Theatre; Herr Wachtel, another German, who, four years ago (his second trial in London), made such an impression that few ever dreamed of his adventuring among us again; Signor Naudin, the original Vasco di Gama of the *Africaine*, perhaps his chief distinction, though assuredly not his only one, if industry and versatility count for anything; and Signor Marino, the *Hidalgo*, very serviceable in his way, as we have been occasionally reminded this season. Of baritones and basses Messrs. Gye and Mapleson have enough and to spare, despite the loss of Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, &c., now attached to Drury Lane. But on the whole it must be admitted that, in their instance, quality hardly mates with quantity. Of Signor Graziani, with his fine though limited voice, and eager ambition to figure as an actor, we need say nothing; Signor Cotogni is a baritone of all trades—from Hamlet to Figaro; M. Petit is the Mephistophiles of M. Gounod's *Faust*, by right of his having been the original when that singularly over-estimated opera was produced at the Paris Théâtre Lyrique; Signor Bagagiolo, who has a voice which atones in some measure for lack of dramatic talent and certain deficiencies as a singer, is chief bass; and Signor Capponi, a Stentor in his way, is "*basso secondo*." With these are associated Signor Tagliafico, now nearly voiceless, yet more than ever intelligent, and as representative of small "character-parts," *sui generis*, unique; Signori Fallar, Cassaboni, Caravoglia, and Rossi, subordinates; and, for *buffo assoluto*, Signor Ciampi, whose continued tenure of a place filled of old by such artists as Lablache and Ronconi, seeing that Signor Ciampi is not possessed of a single qualification for it, is one of the most significant existing indications of the decadence of Italian opera. The foregoing, with the unimportant exception of Signor Caravoglia, all belonged to the old Covent Garden company. But, not content with these, Messrs. Gye and Mapleson prudently sought out reinforcements; and some singers unknown to London were engaged. We have had a new *seconda donna* —Mdlle. Olma; a new contralto—Mdlle. Cari; a new tenor—Signor Vizzani; a new *comprimaria*—Miss Maddigan; and a new *prima donna assoluta*—Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi. The *seconda donna* is so completely a novice that the mere fact of bringing her forward at such a theatre as the Royal Italian Opera shows an indifference to public appreciation almost without example. The contralto, after making a very good impression as Maffeo Orsini, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, was discarded and allowed to go over to the other theatre. The tenor has, up to this time, only appeared in one part (Manrico, in *Il Trovatore*), his performance giving rise to conflicting opinions. The soprano (Mdlle. Sessi), although at present little of an actress and hardly a singer of the first class, has done valuable service.

But to pass from the stage to the orchestra: how well the new system of employing two conductors has answered may be gathered from the fact that, with two companies as well as two conductors, much less was done last year than previously, when one conductor held supreme authority. Nevertheless, although Signor Arditi has joined the rival establishment at Drury Lane, and Signor Li Calsi, for reasons unexplained, has seceded, we have once more two conductors at the Royal Italian Opera. One of them, Signor Vianesi, who directs the music at the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburgh, is, if we may be allowed to judge from a short experience, expert and ready at his vocation; of the other, Signor Bevignani, as much cannot with truth be affirmed. Thus, what the able conductor may succeed in doing the less able conductor is as likely as possible to undo; and Signor Bevignani gives promise of being as perpetual a drawback to Signor Vianesi as Signor Li Calsi was, last year, to Signor Arditi. We have no wish to reconsider the differences which led to Sir Michael Costa's retiring from the post he used to occupy with such distinction; but we have little hesitation in saying that, were the eminent ex-conductor to attend a performance under Signor Bevignani, he would find it difficult to recognize his old and well-tried orchestra—once the most famous in Europe. On the other hand the chorus at the Royal Italian Opera is excellent—thanks to the foreign reinforcements brought to it by Mr. Mapleson. And yet there are not, at least as far as our information goes, two chorus-masters, any more than there two stage-managers, two ballet-masters, or, to adopt the conventional phrase, two "principal scenic artists;" though why not these—why not, in short, to exhaust the theory suggested by two orchestral conductors (and two directors), a double staff altogether, to emulate the rival Harlequins, Columbines, Clowns and Pantaloons in a Drury Lane pantomime—is, under the circumstances, difficult to understand.

Having set forth at length and in detail the resources, vocal and instrumental, at disposal of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, we have now to consider what has actually been done since the opening of the theatre. In the way of novelties there has been nothing to speak of. True, only two were announced in the prospectus—an opera, entitled *Esmeralda*, by Signor Campana, whose maiden effort at Her Majesty's Theatre (in 1860), produced for Mdlle. Piccolomini, hardly justified the belief that he would again be put forth at one of our Italian lyric theatres as a champion of modern art, and Signor Verdi's often advertized *Macbeth*. The repertory of the Royal Italian Opera is, however, very extensive, consisting, according to official assurance, of not less than forty-nine works, and within a period little exceeding two months the directors have been able to produce three-and-twenty of them in a more or less complete and satisfactory manner. Thus, one after another, they came out:—*Lucia di Lammermoor*, the *Huguenots*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Fidelio*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *La Traviata*, *Medea* (Cherubini's, of course), *Masaniello* (second and third acts only!),* *Don Pasquale*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Don Giovanni*, *Faust e Margherita*, the *Sonnambula*, the *Favorita*, *Martha*, *Hamlet*, the *Africaine*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Dinorah*, the *Trovatore*, and *Fra Diavolo*. How these familiar works were cast, and how performed, may be gathered from the list of artists set forth in the preamble. We shall not be expected to go over old ground; and a word or two about some of the singers, more especially about Mdlle. Sessi, who, as a stranger, puts forth the highest pretensions, will suffice.

The opera which, to employ the conventional term, "inaugurated" the season was a well-worn one; but the chief character being allotted to a young soprano unknown to the English public, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was heard under conditions which nowadays alone can recommend it. How badly off must we be for dramatic composers when such a piece as this of Donizetti's—not to speak of half a dozen other pieces of like calibre—can hold the stage of Europe as it were in perpetuity! And yet Lucia in the shape of a prepossessing newcomer, with voice and artistic acquirements enabling her to go creditably through the part, must always, until better things are at hand, be attractive. Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi, if she does not warrant the enthusiastic laudation of French critics, boasts undeniable qualifications. Much has been said and written about her profusion of fair hair, the charm of which, unlike that of Horace's Pyrrha, is not so much in the binding up as in the letting loose; but she has other things besides an abundant natural head-dress to recommend her. Her voice is of agreeable quality, especially good in the upper tones, and flexible enough to cope with the most elaborate passages of the Italian school. The music of Donizetti seems to come to her quite naturally. Her most effective display, vocally considered, is that of Lucia's madness, her

* The idea of two acts from so genuine a masterpiece as Auber's *Masaniello* being made to serve as "tag" to *La Figlia* and *Don Pasquale* is another sign of decadence

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least effective, perhaps, that of the signing of the contract. Without going into further details, we may add that the impression created by Mdlle. Sessi has been generally favourable. She does not shine as an actress; nor are her personal endowments such as to lend poetical illusion to the scene. That she is small in stature, however, says nothing—Madame Patti and Mdlle. Lucca being equally under the middle size; but there is a want of mobility in her features, which under all circumstances wear a stereotyped expression. Though by no means over-well supported by her associates, Mdlle. Sessi on the night of her first appearance, was received with every token of encouragement. The few words of criticism we have given to her Lucia may apply with equal fairness to the various parts she has since essayed, amply as they prove her title to consideration. It has been asserted that Mdlle. Sessi shines more in comic than in serious opera. We confess our inability to see the distinction. She has no histrionic genius; and, were it not that neither actually represents anything, her comedy might be tragedy and her tragedy might be comedy. As Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, or as Norina in *Don Pasquale*, her physiognomy is as perversely immobile and her gestures are as perversely conventional as in Lucia, Astrafiamante, or Ophelia. Yet about Mdlle. Sessi's versatility there cannot possibly be a question. Every part seems to come ready to her hands. She has not only successfully essayed the characters we have enumerated, but has added to them the lachrymose Violetta of Verdi's *Traviata*, and the lively Susanna in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*—furthermore, on a recent occasion, appearing substitute for Madame Adelina Patti, as Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*, and issuing from the ordeal with untarnished laurels. That Mdlle. Sessi will ever be an actress is hard to believe; dramatic instinct seems to be denied her; but that she has the means of becoming, with perseverance, a singer of almost, if not absolutely, the first class, we are convinced. It has been within the province of few to execute the difficult *bravura* music of the "Queen of Night," in Mozart's *Flauto Magico*, and that of the operas of the modern Italian school with equal facility. Such, nevertheless, is Mdlle. Sessi; and as such it behoves amateurs to watch with interest her future career.

Years bring no improvement to Herr Wachtel, who is now just what he was on the occasion of his first visit to England (in June 1862), when, with Mdlle. Adelina Patti, he appeared in *Lucia* as Edgardo—*vox et præterea nihil*. In his best days Herr Wachtel could not sing; his pronunciation of the Italian language was unpardonable; and an occasionally vacant stare—as though he was (to quote the late Mr. Dickens) "looking intensely nowhere"—made up the sum total of his shifts and resources as an actor. Herr Wachtel's sudden retreat, on account of some supposed misunderstanding with Madame Patti, to which the daily papers have given a sort of vague publicity, cannot be looked upon as a misfortune for the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera. In *Guillaume Tell*, in the *Huguenots*, and above all in *Don Giovanni* (as Don Ottavio), he had declared himself no less incompetent than in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Dr. Gunz, who has also left us, simply because his engagement was for a short period, belongs to a different school. His voice is harsh and ungrateful, but he *is* an artist, an artist of intelligence, which his performances as Jason (*Medea*) and Tamino (*Il Flauto Magico*) are enough to prove. Signor Mario's return has been hailed with unanimous satisfaction; for though his voice is now but a wreck of what it used to be, when he *does* (which is not seldom) sing a phrase in his old manner, it is a phrase sung as no other than Signor Mario can sing it; while, as an actor, at this moment he remains *facile princeps*, distancing all competitors—of which one scene in the *Favorita* not to name his striking impersonation of Raoul in the *Huguenots*, must convince impartial judges. It is cruelty to so brilliant a singer and consummate an actress as Madame Patti to bring her forward, evening after evening, with parts in which we have known and admired her almost from the outset of her career—Rosina, Amina, Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), and so forth. Her almost only chance of new distinction this season has been afforded by Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, in her assumption of the demented heroine of which, Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka excepted, she is unrivalled. To Mdlle. Patti rather than to Mdlle. Sessi—who, by the way, has been taken from her many of her best characters, Lucia, Norina (*Don Pasquale*), and Maria (*La Figlia del Reggimento*) among the rest—should have been assigned the part of Ophelia, as to the only singer who had a chance of equalling, if not, indeed, of surpassing, the remarkable impersonation of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, and thus of keeping upon the stage of Covent Garden (it cannot be given at Drury Lane, being the exclusive property of the rival theatre) the grave and elaborate opera of M. Ambroise Thomas. Mdlle. Pauline Lucca has returned with all these provoking inequalities, as singer and actress, which, while themselves exercising a certain indescribable fascination, prevent her from becoming what her great natural endowments ought to make her. That Mdlle. Lucca is a genius in her way, we are ready to admit; but that she can ever be a finished artist appears to us scarcely possible. Even her best characters—Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, and Selika, in the *Africaine* of Meyerbeer—want something more to be unconditionally accepted as exemplifications of legitimate art; her Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo*, is a sprightly piece of acting, and no more; her Leonora, in the *Favorita*, has one impressive scene (the last); her Margaret, in *Faust* is as full of blemishes as of beauties; her Cherubino, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, is a lively caricature at the best, showing, moreover, incapability to enter into the spirit of Mozart's music, music as Orphean as it is unaffected, music utterly spoiled by such torturing of the time and overstrained expression as Mdlle. Lucca exhibits—for instance, in "Voi che sapete," which is nothing if not flowing. It is a pity that so much of good should find so much to counteract it, as in the talent of this lady, who possesses a soprano voice almost unparalleled in splendour; and if she could make herself mistress of the Italian language, might become an ornament to the Italian lyric boards.

Mdlle. Tietjens is now what Mdlle. Tietjens has been for some time—in certain respects the finest dramatic singer on the stage. It is no little to say of her that, when she retires, such operas as *Fidelio* and *Medea* must inevitably be laid upon the shelf. That this unquestionably great artist should have made herself so common by singing in and out of season is much to be regretted; and if she forms no longer the popular attraction she used to be it can only be thus explained. Mdlle. Tietjens, however, has earned new honours recently by consenting to play the part of Gertrude in *Hamlet*—one undeniably of the first order. Last year, it is true, the Ophelia was Mdlle. Nilsson; this year it is Mdlle. Sessi; but Mdlle. Tietjens, in her own department, that of high tragedy, had as little to fear from Mdlle. Nilsson as she had to fear from Mdlle. Sessi. We have no wish to probe the question farther. Enough that Mdlle. Tietjens now represents the Queen, and represents it so admirably that she not only creates the strongest impression, but, in one scene (the great scene between Hamlet and his mother), almost, by force of example, makes an actor of Signor Cotogni—the Hamlet of the period.

On Tuesday night (since the foregoing observations were in type) Messrs. Gye and Mapleson's principal novelty for the season—the opera of *Esmeralda*—was produced. An article might with fairness be exclusively devoted to such an event; but in this instance we should have been compelled to manufacture the article out of nothing. *Esmeralda* is unquestionably the worst Italian opera ever produced in London since *Almina*, in 1860; and, as the composer of *Almina* is also the composer of *Esmeralda*, Signor Campana may, at least, be credited with consistency. What he was ten years earlier he is precisely now. He has neither receded nor advanced. We sympathize with Signor Cimino, an Italian author of some literary distinction, who has constructed, on the whole, a tolerably good book out of M. Victor Hugo's well-known romance—though inevitably dispensing with Quasimodo, next to Esmeralda the most interesting personage.* We sympathize still more with Madame Adelina Patti, who makes such an ideal character of the heroine as to excite regret that she has not been supplied with music as captivating as that to which Carlotta Grisi, still remembered as the pearl of "*danseuses*," had to mime and dance, a quarter of a century ago, at Her Majesty's Theatre, when, under the memorable direction of Mr. Lumley, M. Perrot brought out his famous ballet. It is as well to state here that the reported success of *Esmeralda* at St. Petersburgh is a delusion. It was given three times only—with Madame Volpini (not Madame Patti) as the heroine. Madame Volpini is an extremely clever artist; but we doubt if she could have thrown half the spirit into the character, or invested it with half the poetical charm, which Madame Patti exhibits. Twice the genius of Madame Patti, however, would fail to secure an abiding success for music that is beneath criticism; and such is the music of Signor Campana—music as destitute of originality as it is destitute of grammar. If a man has something to say, and yet cannot say it in polished language, we forgive him, because what he says, however linguistically ill-expressed, may be something we have not heard before; but if a man has nothing to say, and speaks at once both volubly and ungrammatically, we set him down as an unwelcome intruder. It would serve no purpose whatever to attempt to bolster up Signor Campana's opera with this and that reservation. It is irredeemably bad, and should never have been accepted at such a theatre as the Royal Italian Opera. If it be true that Madame Patti was the cause of its being given, we cannot compliment her upon her taste; and for that reason we are less disposed to regret the inutility of the exertions she uses to captivate her audience. What the applause, "encores," and recalls" of "first nights," signify no one knows better than Madame Patti herself. They meant less than usual on the occasion under notice. Mdlle. Scalchi who plays Estella, Esmeralda's mother (made disagreeably prominent by Signor Cimino the librettist), Signor Naudin who sings the music such as it is, allotted to Captain Phœbus wonderfully well, and Signor Graziani, whose Claude Frollo is about as mysterious as his Rigoletto or his Nelusko, are burdened with less responsibility, but claim consideration, inasmuch as they do all in their power to induce people to believe that they are in earnest. We must credit the Covent Garden directors with the fact that the expenditure they have bestowed upon the "getting up" of *Esmeralda* might be represented by the smallest imaginable amount. They have indeed, done nothing whatever for it in the way of "*mise en scène*;" and, seriously we cannot blame them. Our only complaint is that, under any circumstances, they should have thought it expedient to bring out such a work. Several operas by Verdi are unknown to England; or, if Verdi is looked upon as stale, there is his successor (and imitator) Signor Petrella, of whose music not a note is familiar here; or, again, if enough has been heard of Verdi and his school, and something fresh is indispensable, there are composers among us able to write twenty times better than Signor Campana. Such an opera as *Esmeralda* can only be ridiculed by musicians and connoisseurs; while the

* Our contemporary might also have taken notice of the absence of Gringoire, Esmeralda's improvized husband.—Ed. *M. W.*

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chance of its winning favour with the general public is to the last degree remote.

Awaiting the next novelty—Verdi's *Macbeth*—we have no more to say at present about the Royal Italian Opera, which, certain deficiencies allowed for, still holds its own and may still proudly claim to be regarded as one of the first lyric theatres in Europe. Our next notice will be devoted to some account of what has been done, up to this time, at the rival establishment in Drury Lane Theatre.

—o—

BEETHOVEN AND J. J. ROUSSEAU COMPARED.

(*From the "Guide Musical."*)

According to La Fontaine's remark, Genius is like Fortune; in nearly every instance, it makes one pay very dearly for what it appears to give. Beethoven's share was immense; but he paid for it more dearly than anyone else for his, more dearly even than Mozart, whose only fine for being immortal was his dying at the age of thirty-six. Beethoven lived twenty-one years longer, but, during those twenty-one years, he entirely lost the faculty of hearing, and wrote the following lines full of sadness to Herr von Seyfried: "*Art alone has kept me; it seemed to me impossible to leave the earth before producing all I felt I ought to produce. It is thus that I continued my miserable, ah! my very miserable, life, and with such a nervous organization that a mere nothing causes me to pass from a state of the utmost happiness to one of the greatest misery.*" With an organization of this kind, Beethoven did not require to be deaf in order to feel unhappy; let us put the matter clearly, however: unhappy, but enjoying, at the same time, those comprehensive and magnificent compensations for which the vulgar envy, and are justified in envying, men of genius. The vulgar are not so far out in their appreciations. They have no notion of the pangs which may be occasioned by bringing forth such a work as the Symphony in C minor, or the Pastoral Symphony, but they feel very well that there must be some pleasure in conceiving, producing, and drawing these compositions from chaos. Such a pleasure really does exist; it is great and infinite even in its sufferings. "Art alone has kept me," Beethoven wrote, and art in this case is nothing more nor less than the pleasure above mentioned. Scattered up and down the world, there is a host of poor devils, quite as nervous, and quite as deaf as Beethoven, or more so, without art as a support, who drag on through their poverty and their sufferings as they best can, without the consolation of giving birth to a sublime symphony, or even of cheering their silence and their solitude by the elaboration of the smallest polka.

Let us exaggerate nothing, neither the happiness nor the misery of a man of genius. Beethoven could not be happy after the fashion of a notary or a banker who makes a fortune and retires from business. Nor could he be so after the fashion of those artists whose work is extremely easy and with whom success keeps up, step for step, with their efforts. He inherited from nature an aspiration for what was great and new, difficult to find, and difficult to render intelligible. To procure emotions, he was under the necessity of inventing and creating, while so many others have simply to imitate and continue. Instead of being contented with first results, he experienced incredible difficulty in satisfying himself; he searched for a long time; he erased, corrected, and recommenced with the indefatigable tenacity that Jean-Jacques Rousseau displayed in the construction of his learned periods, and this is not the only trait of resemblance, revealed to us by a study of his character and of his genius, between him and the citizen of Geneva. We find in both the same natural uneasiness, the same quick susceptibility, the same misanthropy, and the same strong love of the country. Beethoven composed his finest masterpieces under the same circumstances that Rousseau wrote his *Julie*, his *Lettre sur les spectacles*, and his *Émile*. Both suffered from an infirmity which, though different in one case from what it was in the other, kept them equally at a distance from intercourse with the world. Both loved in their heart, and loved without hope; Rousseau loved Mdme. d'Houdetot, and Beethoven, ladies of high rank, if we are to believe what Wegeler wrote: "*Beethoven war nie ohne Liebe, und meistens von ihr in hohem Grade ergriffen*" ("Beethoven was never without some passion, generally worked up to the highest pitch"). All the difference is that Beethoven did not marry, and had near him no Thérèse Levasseur, flanked by her hideous mother, to disturb the repose of his life and degrade his dignity; but, though unmarried, he, also, had the burdens and the annoyances of a family without its touching compensations.

Beethoven had several brothers; the widow of one of them, Carl, a cashier in the Bank of Austria, who made him the guardian of his son, a minor, would not give the boy up to him. Hence an action at law, that is to say, a night-mare which, for four years, weighed upon Beethoven's breast. How could any one ever guess the first annoyance this law-suit caused him. "This episode in the artist's life," says M. von Lenz,* "shrinks into the microscopic proportions of German existence. Thus it was commonly supposed at Vienna that the Dutch particle *van*, in Beethoven's name, was the German particle *von*, implying noble birth, especially when the composer's name was written in the abbreviated form, L. v. Beethoven. Beethoven carried his case before the Court that took cognizance of actions concerning nobles. The Court required the production of his patents of nobility. Beethoven carried his hand to his head and to his heart. The reader will easily believe that this proof could not have any value in a question of legal jurisdiction. The case was referred to the magistracy of Vienna. Will it be credited? This reference of the case to another court, though very natural, wounded Beethoven's feelings profoundly. He asserted that an exceptional tribunal ought to have been called upon to take cognisance of the affairs of genius, and that this notion had been forgotten in the code." The fact is, Beethoven was profoundly aristocratic, and that, too, without suspecting it. One day, he made the following assertion, reported by Schindler: "A man of a superior kind ought not to be confounded with a tradesman, and I have been so confounded." On another occasion, he heard Prince Lichnowski order his valet to wait upon him first, if he and the Prince happened to ring at the same time. Does the reader fancy that Beethoven was touched by this piece of attention? Quite the contrary; he instantly took a servant exclusively for himself. Hear again Herr von Lenz:—

"Beethoven passed his life among the high aristocracy of Vienna. He was partial to the diversion of dancing, a pleasure according with the simple manners of the period, when people still danced to a piano, but, incredible as it may seem, he could never manage to dance in time. He was awkward in his movements; he generally broke the things he touched; no piece of furniture at his own house, and least of all a piece of furniture of any value, was safe from his attacks. How often his inkstand fell into the piano near which he was working! Beethoven was an integral part of the Lichnowski, Lobkowitz, Browne, Brunswick, Erdody, and Thun families. His pupil, the Arch-Duke Rudolph, set the example. An artist himself, he treated the greatest artist of the age as he ought to be treated, namely, as a special recipient of the bounty of heaven. Beethoven made his terms with the prince; he desired to be alone with him during his lessons of harmony and piano. The Prince kept the stipulation. Beethoven met no one save the Arch-Duke Carl, the hero of Aspern, to whom the Arch-Duke Rudolph knew he was partial. Whatever charm the intimacy of such distinguished persons may have possessed for the mind of the artist, the mere idea that the lesson was at hand sufficed to render him ill. . . Beethoven never succeeded in subjecting himself to the least constraint. If you invited him to dinner, he did not forgive you for his having been a whole day the slave of your hour. The hour for him was a motive. He still entertained the singular idea that people should eat when they are hungry. A grand day arrived, however, when he gave a dinner to Mesdames Sontag and Ungher. Under this dinner, however, lurked the Machiavelic idea of making the ladies believe that the difficulties of their parts, in the Symphony with Choruses, were less than they imagined, and to prove that it was utterly impossible to change anything in them."

For four years, the fatal law-suit, of which we spoke above, completely engrossed all Beethoven's attention. He considered his honour involved in it; he himself drew up all the deeds and memoirs. His counsel, the venerable barrister Bach, senior member of the bar, allowed him to do as he liked, feeling that any other course would drive him mad. Beethoven at last gained the day by an appeal from three previous judgments, which, perhaps, cost musical art a symphony and a few other marvels. When he had won, he thought of having his nephew to live with him, and of keeping house. The reader should see the letter the composer sent a neighbour, asking for information about the most essential things, of which he did not know a syllable. 1. What must you give two servants to eat, morning and evening, quantity and quality? 2. How often must they have roast meat? . . . etc. 3. How many pounds of meat for three persons? The neighbour ought merely to have replied: "Write symphonies!"

W. von Lens thus finishes his curious narrative:—

"Money became an object with Beethoven from the moment that his nephew's existence was his own. For him—the young man, who bore his name—he saved. This nephew, the hostile element in the second portion of the life of the artist, who was cruelly punished for over-estimating an uncle's duties, embittered the last ten years of his existence. Beethoven nearly lost his reason on the day the University of Vienna expelled, for misconduct, the adopted son on whom he had concentrated the imperious necessity, which he experienced all his life, of loving some one. The master's last love died the moment he saw his nephew abandon a literary career, to enter the Austrian army."

Let us leave this giddy profligate whom Beethoven constituted his heir, to reward him probably for not deigning to disturb himself and fetch a doctor, when his uncle, his benefactor, returned to Vienna (December 1826), a prey to the malady of which he was destined to die a few months later. But Beethoven had, also, a brother, a well-

* *Beethoven and his three Styles.*

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known apothecary in Vienna, who frequently drove about in a landau and four. This brother, by name Johann, was indebted to Ludwig, the artist, for his establishment as a druggist. Though living but a very short distance off, he never visited him, only sending him, on New Year's Day, his card with the words: "Johnn van Beethoven, *Gutz-Besitzer*" (that is to say, *landed proprietor*); and the artist wrote on the back, "Ludwig van Beethoven, *Hirn-Besitzer*" (that is to say, *brain proprietor*). The medical men ordered Ludwig van Beethoven hay baths, and, as Johann van Beethoven had plenty of hay and to spare, a message was naturally sent him to let his brother have some. Does the reader know the answer of the *landed proprietor*, who was a judge of herbs, and wanted to keep everything for himself? We do not think sordid avarice ever invented anything more sublimely naive. Johann van Beethoven, the apothecary, replied that the hay from his estate was not good, and Ludwig van Beethoven was obliged to send elsewhere for some.

Such were family ties for the great artist; such was the manner in which those nearly related to him repayed his devotion and his sacrifices. Like Jean-Jacques Rousseau, however, Beethoven was himself frequently unjust and ungrateful, through being irritable and suspicious; he often rejected a benefit from an exaggerated sentiment of independence, or manifested only indignation and anger towards his benefactor.

E. M.

The Grave of Charles Dickens.

He sleeps as he should sleep—among the great
In the old Abbey: sleeps amid the few
Of England's famous thousands whose high state
Is to lie with her monarchs—monarchs too.

Monarchs, who men's minds 'neath their sway could bring
By might of wit and humour, wisdom, lore,
Music of spoken line or sounded string,
Or Art that lives when artists are no more.

His grave is in this heart of England's heart,
This shrine within her shrine: and all around
Is no name but in Letters or in Art
Sounds as the names of the immortal sound.

Of some, the ashes lie beside his dust,
Of some, but marble forms and names are here:
But grave or cenotaph—remains or bust—
They will find place for thee, their latest peer.

Make room, oh tuneful Handel at thy feet;
Make room, oh witty Sheridan, at thy head;
Shift, Johnson, till thou leave him grave-space meet;
Garrick, whose art he loved, press to him dead.

Macaulay, many-sided mind, receive
By thine, the frame that housed a mind as keen
To take an impress, or an impress leave,
From things, or on things, read or heard, or seen.

Welcome, oh Addison, with calm, wise face,
His coming, who has peopled English air
With types of humour, tenderness, and grace,
Than which thine own are less rich and more rare.

Thou, too, his brother of our time, last lost,
Thackeray, bend thy brow with kindly cheer
On him, thy comrade, wave-worn, tempest-tost,
Who, from life's voyage, comes to harbour here.

All the more welcome that he seeks his rest
Without the pomps that follow great ones' ends—
No mourners save the natural ones that prest
About the father's coffin or the friend's.

No sable train with plume, and plate, and pall;
No long parade of undertaker's woe;
Scarfed mutes, and feathered hearse, and coursers tall—
All that bemocks the grave with hollow show.

Humbly they brought him in the summer morn,
Humbly and hopefully they laid him down.
And on the plate that tells when dead, when born,
His children's love, like England's, lays a crown.*

Punch.

* Upon the coffin was a crown of green leaves and white roses. Many of those who came to look into the grave during the day it remained open threw flowers into it.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

The performance of *Il Trovatore* on Thursday week served to show Mdlle. Ilma di Murska in another phase of her unquestionable versatility. Whatever this lady undertakes she does after her own fashion, which, let us add, is full of originality and power, if not full of the charm, whatever it be, most congenial to the public taste. It was readily assumed, therefore, that her first appearance as Leonora would present striking points both of conception and execution. This the result amply sustained, for rarely has Verdi's heroine been impersonated with greater dramatic force, or his music sung with more intense and truthful expression. We need not go through Mdlle. di Murska's performance in detail, since to do so would be to recount many excellencies easily imagined. Certain features, however, had the attraction of that novelty for which we look when an artist so thoroughly original is concerned. No better example of these can be taken than Mdlle. di Murska's acting during Manrico's air, "Di quella pira"—acting which, for natural eloquence, the lyric stage would find it difficult to surpass. But the climax of the Hungarian lady's effort was properly reserved for the climax of the story—the famous "Miserere" scene—in which she exhibited powers, both as an actor and a singer, that should win for her the loftiest place open to an artist's ambition. There have been Leonoras many, not a few of sterling merit; among the latter, and high in the scale of excellence, must be placed that of Mdlle. Ilma di Murska. Upon Madame Trebelli's Azucena, Signor Mongini's Manrico, and Mr. Santley's Di Luna, comment would be superfluous, while it can easily be imagined to what a perfect *ensemble* each artist contributed.

On Saturday, Mdlle. Nilsson repeated her charming impersonation of Marguerite, in presence of a crowded and brilliant audience. We can add nothing to former remarks upon the Swedish lady's most characteristic effort, unless it be to change the terms employed for others more decidedly eulogistic. Few will be bold enough to question that Mdlle. Nilsson's Marguerite is a close approximation to the original Gretchen, that her working out of the character is distinguished by exceptional consistency, or that her singing wants nothing of expressive or executive power. Other artists may present other ideals, in praise of which much can be said; but Mdlle. Nilsson alone embodies the heroine both of the poet and the musician. As a matter of course, the favourite artist was applauded with frequency and warmth, her recall after the "Jewell Song" being specially demonstrative. Madame Trebelli, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Santley, and M. Faure took their accustomed parts; so that on Saturday, as on Thursday, the performance was distinguished by an *ensemble* hard to equal, scarcely possible to surpass.

T. E.

CHARLES DICKENS'S LAST LETTER.

(*From the "Athenæum."*)

Mr. Charles Kent has kindly consented to our printing what is in all probability the last letter that Mr. Dickens wrote. On Thursday, when Mr. Kent went to keep the appointment, Mr. Dickens was lying unconscious, within a few hours of his death. The "opal enjoyments" refer to the tints of the sky:—

"*Gadshill Place, Higham-by-Rochester, Kent,*
"*Wednesday, the Eighth of June*, 1870.

"My dear Kent,—To-morrow is a very bad day for me to make a call, as in addition to my usual office business, I have a mass of accounts to settle. But I hope I may be ready for you at 3 o'clock. If I can't be—why, then I shan't be. You must really get rid of those opal enjoyments. They are too overpowering:—

'These violent delights have violent ends.'

I think it was a father of your Church who made the wise remark to a young gentleman who got up early (or stayed out late) at Verona.—Ever affectionately, "Charles Dickens.

"*To Charles Kent, Esq.*"

Nuremberg.—Dr. Hans von Bülow lately gave two concerts on the same day—one here, and one at Fürth—in aid of the Hans Sachs Monument. He will shortly give a concert in Erlangen, and another in Würzburg, for the same object, and then play no more publicly in Germany.

Mannheim.—The seventh Musical Festival of the Middle Rhine will take place on the 3rd and 4th July. The first day will be exclusively devoted to Beethoven, who will furnish the *Weihe des Hauses*, and the *Missa Solemnis*; on the second day the programme will contain works by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Lotti, Vittoria, Weber, Schubert, and Beethoven. The artists already engaged are Mdlle. W. Ritter, of Munich; Mdme. Ulrich-Rohn, of Mannheim; Mdlle. Pappenheim, of Brunswick; Herr Vogl, of Munich; and Herr Hill of Schwerin.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Thursday week, with certain important changes in the cast; Madame Lucca replacing Mdlle. Tietjens as Valentine, Mdlle. Sessi appearing as Marguerite de Valois, *vice* Mdlle. Vanzini, and Signor Mario succeeding Herr Wachtel as Raoul. On the whole, these changes were improvements; but, without entering upon proverbially odious comparisons, we may say of the performance that it had features of distinguishing merit. Madame Lucca's Valentine has not lost in forceful impulsiveness by greater elaboration, and is still, what it was when she first appeared before an English audience, a striking dramatic effect. In this respect little was wanting to the great duet with Raoul, throughout which Madame Lucca's acting satisfied even those who most strictly insist upon energy without rant, and truthfulness without exaggeration. Mdlle. Sessi was admirably suited by the part of Marguerite, which required her to sing well and little more. Mdlle. Sessi sang well, and kept to the "little more" with praiseworthy self-control—a course some may have found agreeable after experience of many ambitious efforts. Signor Mario, so far as acting goes, was the inimitable Raoul of more years than it is pleasant to remember. Whether the audience, watching him through the great duet, lamented the action of time upon his vocal powers we know not; but even the sensitive on this matter must have been enraptured with the superb exhibition of dramatic skill to which they were treated. Apart from Signor Mario, there is no such acting on the lyric stage, and for its sake we could almost be content to have the character presented in dumb-show. So felt the audience, if any special significance belongs to specially enthusiastic applause. The other parts were filled as on previous occasions, and may be dismissed with a brief testimony to their general acceptableness.

On Saturday *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated, with Mdlle. Tietjens in the character now as much hers as Beethoven's Leonora or Cherubini's Medea. Once more this great artist displayed the ability which, under certain conditions, amounts to supremacy. As Lucrezia, at all events, Mdlle. Tietjens is the accepted and, so far as we can see, the final link in a long chain of great dramatic sopranos. Gennaro was represented by Signor Vizzani, whose voice and style Donizetti's music better suited than that of Verdi. The new tenor will undoubtedly be useful to a certain extent, and within a certain range of parts. His second appearance, however, confirmed the impression made by his first, that neither in compass and quality of voice, nor in dramatic ability, is he qualified to take the highest place. Signor Graziani once more presented his peculiar version of Don Alfonso; and the part of Maffio was taken with considerable success by Mdlle. Scalchi, whose rendering of "Il segreto" obtained much and deserved applause.

T. E.

PROVINCIAL.

LEEDS.—The following is condensed from the *Yorkshire Post* of Tuesday, June 21st:—

"To-day Dr. Spark, the borough organist, gives his last organ recital for the present. Among the pieces played during the season for the first time were the following:—

'Concerto in C, Grand Fugues in F minor and C minor (No. 7, Vol. 15), Trio in F—J. S. Bach; Fantasia in F minor, Mozart; Hosannah *nach* Arcadelt, Liszt; Fest-Präludium, Fink; Nachspiel, F. Weber; Concert-Fantasia, S. Müller; Allegretto in B minor, Chorus in D, Christmas Offertoire in B flat, Morceau Dramatique in C minor, Alex. Guilmant; Offertoires and other pieces, Batiste; ditto, Lefébure Wély; Andante in C, Introduction and Fugue in D, Melody in C—E. Silas; Postlude in C, Andante in A, Andante Grazioso in G, Henry Smart; Concert-Fantasia in D, Stewart; Sonata in C—G. A. Macfarren; Pastorale in G, and Triple Fugue in G minor, Merkel; Communion and Allegro (Alla Marcia) in E flat, Batiste; Fantasia in C minor and major, Philipp Tietz; Elegy in E minor, Leo Kerbuech; Offertoire in G, Kühmstedt; Andante and Allegro in D minor and D major, W. Spark; two selections from Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*; adagios, andantes, &c., from symphonies, sonatas, airs with variations, &c., by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; selections from Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*, Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, and Barnby's *Rebekah*; marches by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, Meyerbeer, C. A. Barry, Smart, Spark, &c.; overtures by Cherubini, Spohr, Mercadante, Spontini, Rossini, W. S. Bennett, Gounod, &c.'

"Besides these, Dr. Spark has introduced vocal trios, duets, songs, &c. He is now, we understand, about to visit Germany, and will, doubtless, find many new things, in the course of his travels, to present to the public on the renewal of his recitals in August."

MUSICAL ANTITHESIS.—The music of Wagner, which is "the music of the future," and "*la musique d'Adam*," which, evidently, must be of the past.—N.B. To prevent mistakes, it is as well to say we allude to the compositions of Adolphe Adam.—*Punch*.

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA IN AMERICA.

(*From the Boston "Daily Advertiser," May* 31.)

The performance of *Don Giovanni* at the Music Hall last evening was quite a good one. Speaking generally of the impersonations, they might be called good, and Madame Rosa as Donna Anna, by her superb singing and dignified action, and Mr. Nordblom as Don Octavio, by his refinement and spirit, were worthy of especial mention. Miss Hersee as Zerlina was, on the whole, highly acceptable, and in "Vedrai Carino" she was thoroughly charming and artistic; her youth and comparative unfamiliarity with the part would abundantly account for a certain lack of the subtile and sympathetic quality which is essential to the satisfactory interpretation of the most delicate operatic music ever written.

We have spoken personally of Madame Parepa-Rosa and Mr. Nordblom, but must retrace our steps to say that the great musical feature of the evening was Madame Rosa's rendering of the famous "letter aria," "Non mi dir," which has been seldom heard in Boston for a long time, and which has not been *well* performed for at least eighteen years, except, possibly by Madame Rosa herself. The difficulties of this wonderful melody all seemed to vanish under the lady's easy skill, and the rendering was remarkable both for its delicious sweetness, its fine execution, and its pure and true expression. Mr. Nordblom's Don Octavio was surprisingly good. The part demands no special exertion for its acting, but it requires, and it received at the hands of Mr. Nordblom, just and dignified treatment, while the singing of the performer in the part seemed to us the best which he has ever given in Boston. The "Maskers' Trio," the *finale* of the first act, and the quartet, "Non ti fidar," being noticeably and exceptionally good. The "Maskers' Trio," indeed, has seldom been better sung in Boston, and its enthusiastic encore was thoroughly deserved. The choruses were excellently rendered, and the orchestral work would have been highly satisfactory if the musicians had yielded to Carl Rosa's repeated solicitations for a more *piano* style in the accompaniments. As a whole, then, it is to be said that *Don Giovanni*—the most difficult of operas in many ways—was very well given, and its representation made a worthy termination of the last season of the Parepa-Rosa *troupe* in America. For this and for very many other most noble, artistic, and inspiring performances, we are under obligations to this company of admirable artists, and with every one of them we would part—if it were possible—with an "*au revoir*" instead of an "adieu."

MISS KELLOGG AMONG THE LUNATICS.

We do not remember to have heard of a more interesting episode in the life of any artist since the days of the great Jenny Lind than that of Miss Kellogg at the State Lunatic Asylum a few days since. The circumstance speaks volumes for the kindness of heart and genuine humanity of this great artist.

Not content, as some of the *genus irritabile* of a lower order of art would have been, to dole out a few notes to the better class of patients that could be assembled for the purpose, she asked the doctor to be allowed to penetrate to the interior and sing to the more disturbed classes. Accompanied by two of the faculty, their ladies and the matron, and armed only with her guitar, she started like an ancient troubadour on her novel journey.

Arrived in the departments devoted to the more disturbed of this unfortunate class, she was not long in making her power felt. A few notes from her wonderful voice were sufficient to call order out of the wildest confusion, and to still the troubled waters of the soul. In a moment all was hushed, and, except the voice of the cantatrice, the hall was silent as the house of death. After the first song, they gathered about her like little children, wondering apparently what angel from heaven had dropped down so suddenly and unexpectedly among them. They examined her minutely and literally from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot; for one desired to be allowed to "see the pretty little boot with which she beat time to her own music." This was submitted to, and not only this, but every article of dress and jewelry about her person she suffered to be freely overhauled. She was turned about by these crazy ladies like a merchant's lay figure, much to her amusement, and little apparently to her annoyance. Even when they proposed to kiss her, she not only submitted gracefully, but tremulous, not with fear, but with genuine emotion, she turned to the greeting in each instance.

Such is Clara Louise Kellogg, and such also is the power of music and kindness on the disturbed mind.—*Utica Morning Herald.*

Words for Music.*

Ay, years do bring the philosophic mind,
Wordsworth is right. As men in life advance,
They smile, or sigh, to think that, having dined,
Young fellows can be fools enough to dance.
Who underneath the table keeps his feet,
His stomach's load sits lightly on its throne;
Eat capers, but cut none, friend, after meat,
Disturb his meals who will; digest your own.

Punch.

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MARRIAGE.

On the 2nd inst., at Booterstown, Dublin, Mr. EDWARD CADDICK, of Edgbaston, to HARRIETTE, youngest daughter of Mr. HENRY BUSSELL, Professor of Music and Musicseller, Dublin.

DEATH.

On the 16th inst., NELSON, son of Mr. WEIPPERT, Musicseller, Regent Street—aged six years.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1870.

FINE OLD TUNES.

IT is not always a bad thing to have what Mr. Samuel Weller would call "limited vision." In the case of Mr. Weller himself it prevented his seeing, through a flight of stairs and several closed doors, what might have been to the detriment of our dear old friend, Pickwick. In the case of some others it concentrates attention upon a small space, and extracts therefrom lessons otherwise in danger of being overlooked. Le Maistre's *Voyage autour de ma Chambre* is a noteworthy illustration of what we mean. From the ordinary fittings of the room to which he was confined the French philosopher drew matter for speculation, the interest of which will never be exhausted. But limited vision, as a rule, is not always useful. Upon the average man its effect is to make him exaggerate the merits and importance of what he can see, and to depreciate all that lies beyond, creating out of his visible surroundings a little world apart, wherein very small things are relatively very great. Only thus do we account for a phenomenon connected with Church musicians, who are always talking of "Brown in A," "Jones in B," and "Robinson in C"—as other men talk of the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Fidelio*, and *Medea*.

We suppose that organists and people who frequent "quires, and places where they sing," are more or less affected by the narrowing influence of sacerdotalism. If not exactly a "sacerdotal caste," they are sufficiently like the article to make the church their world. Looking upon Church music as a thing apart, they come eventually to regard it as unaffected by considerations which touch music secular, and as only to be judged by the low standard of its own low average merit. On no other grounds are we able to explain the reverence felt for what are sometimes called "fine old tunes," and for the importance attached to works which, out of the church, would promptly make their way to the huckster's, as waste paper. Let us add that we do not consider this to involve any censure upon Church musicians. Between their music and secular music there must exist, in any case, a broad line of demarcation; and, naturally, that to which they are, in a measure, shut up, acquires a fictitious value. But it is needful, for the sake of Church music itself, to ask those who have to do with the thing whether they should not throw upon it a little light from the outside world. If this were effected, we cannot but think that the ecclesiastical lumber-room would soon have an extensive addition to its contents. How many, for example, of the chants now used would be used any longer? There are places where the substitution, say, of "Crotch in C" for "Jones in D," or, *vice versa*, on a particular occasion, would be matter of grave import. Looked at as music simply, either or both would be "basketed" without compunction. Then, again, as to the "Services," we are tempted to ask—Can it be that the intelligent among Church musicians really believe the majority of such concoctions at all worthy the importance assigned to them? Those who hear Church "Services" with unaccustomed ears are simply repelled by their formalism, their want of expressive and descriptive power, and their exceedingly small musical pretensions. To a large extent the case is the same with anthems, not a few of which are worthy the style in which they are sung—about the severest sentence it is possible to pass upon them. These are strong assertions, but not stronger than the thoughts of outside musicians whenever English Church music is named. All who are not "to the manner born" know that within the ecclesiastical pale—by way of consistency with surroundings, we presume—there has grown up a style of music utterly unworthy of its object, and which is the artistic counterpart of the twaddle that passes current for an average sermon.

The sooner all these things are looked into the shorter will be the existence of "fine old tunes."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS, as popular at Melbourne as in most places, after being entertained by the Yorick and Athenæum Clubs, was performing with success at the Theatre Royal. The theatrical news, however, from Melbourne is not satisfactory. A dispute has arisen with regard to the use of the Haymarket Theatre, and the building is in a state of siege. A trustee for the bondholders holds possession of the gallery, with a policeman and a bulldog. Messrs. Harwood, Coppin, & Co., who hold the lease, have taken possession of the stage, where they are obliged to keep and feed some forty or fifty men, who amuse themselves with impromptu acting, and chaffing the policeman in the gallery. It was expected that an attack on the policeman and dog was imminent. The policeman has a big stick and the dog looks preternaturally savage; so that if the performances take place, they are likely to be of a tragic nature.

WE know to our cost what effects may be produced by a railway whistle sounded for the amusement of engine-driver and stoker on a bridge above the heads of horses in public thoroughfares; but startling as these are they are nothing compared with the scream of a great tragedian. When Mrs. Siddons (on 15th of June, 1784) bade adieu to Scotland, she uttered a scream in Portpatrick. At the place of embarkment she raised her eyes to throw a parting look at Scotland, and to the utter astonishment of all present, she emitted one of her wild cries. The rocks, the shore, and the concave in which the village of Portpatrick stands conveyed the echoes. There was a general rush from the houses scattered along the beach. Seeing men, women, and children so alarmed, Mrs. Siddons herself became more terrified, and screamed aloud It was mournful, but piercingly loud. In a moment, as if by some sudden shock through the influence of supernatural agency, the whole people sobbed aloud. "Such a scene," says the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie (our authority), "I *never witnessed*."

[We believe him.—A. S. S.]

THE latest we hear of Howard Glover, the well-known composer and critic is that he is officiating as conductor of the Parepa-Rosa English Opera *troupe* in America. The following tribute to his merits is from the *Cincinnati Enquirer*:—

"The orchestra was led by Howard Glover, himself a composer of note, his *Ruy Blas*, *Aminta*, and many of his later works being well known in this country. The beautiful song which was so well given by Mr. Lawrence in *Oberon* last Wednesday evening was adapted by Mr. Glover from Weber's music; and the manner in which he wielded his bâton last night proved that the enthusiasm of a younger artistic composer was not diminished by the more practical skill of a thoroughly scientific musician."

Another journal, the *Cleveland Gazette*, remarks:—

"It would be unjust not to make favourable mention of the extensive and admirable orchestra which is made to do most excellent execution under the direction of Howard Glover."

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At the Oxford Commemoration, which has occupied so much attention during the week, one of the most distinguished among those upon whom was conferred the degree of D.C.L. was our great musician, William Sterndale Bennett (Professor of Music at the Cambridge University). That the announcement of his honoured name should have been received with loud and unanimous applause will surprise no one.

"H. S. O." has addressed to the *Guardian* of June 15, a long account of the recent Festival of the Lower Rhine, held this year at Aix-la-Chapelle, which a correspondent has invited us to reproduce in our columns. We must simply decline to do so. The tendencies of "H. S. O." are by this time pretty well known to our readers, though not better known than our own entire disagreement with them. That in the programme of this festival in honour of Beethoven, not even a little song bearing the name of a man who did more to promulgate the love for Beethoven, as he did more to promulgate the love for J. S. Bach, than any other German who ever lived—we, of course, mean Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy (who composed his *St. Paul* for the anniversary of 1836)—is a disgrace to every one connected with the management of it. Schumann himself, vain as he was, and jealous above all of the superior genius and far greater eminence of Mendelssohn, would have faintly objected. Imagine two pieces by Schumann on such an occasion, and nothing by Mendelssohn!

We regret to have to announce the death of a well-known veteran of the orchestra, Mr. Chipp, which took place on Sunday morning. Mr. Chipp's last appearance in the place—behind the Tympani—where he was always looked for, and always did excellent service, was at the Worcester Festival of 1866. From that time till his death he lived in honourably earned retirement—a retirement too brief to reward the labours of much more than half a century. It may not be generally known that Mr. Chipp was the composer of many meritorious quartets, trios, &c.; that he was a good pianist, and a sufficiently clever harpist to hold that instrument in Sir Henry Bishop's orchestra at Covent Garden for seventeen consecutive years. It deserves to be mentioned, also, that Mr. Chipp took part at the memorable production of Weber's *Oberon*, in 1826. Losing him, therefore, we lose one of the few remaining links connecting the present with the past.

A correspondent temporarily residing at Munich writes to us from the Bavarian capital as follows:—

"Shortly after the appearance of these lines, Herr R. Wagner's newest contribution to the sister arts of poetry (?) and music (?) will have been produced at the Theatre Royal, at least if the bills posted up in front of the Theatre Royal are to be believed. It is true that some one once has said: *Nulla fides fronti*. In this case, however, we are inclined to think the announcement will be realized, if only that singers, musicians, scene-painters, and scene-shifters, may be relieved from further rehearsals. By the way, the interest in Herr R. Wagner's effusions has died out wonderfully since the failure of *Rheingold* last summer. Months before the production of *Rheingold*, that event formed the permanent staple of conversation. But no one, except those engaged in it, ever talks about *Die Walküre*. There is now a splendid chance for a certain noble duke and his fellow amateur firemen. They might get enrolled in the extra fire-brigade which the Intendant has thought it absolutely necessary to engage for every night the *Walküre* is played. The danger to which the theatre will be exposed is described as something very great."

The contributions towards erecting a monument at Brunswick over the late Albert Methfessel amounted, in April last, to the magnificent sum of one hundred and ninety-eight thalers in all. Considering that Albert Methfessel was, in his time, one of the most popular writers of folk's songs in Germany, and that the members of the countless vocal associations there still profess to be enthusiastic about him, we should say their enthusiasm is of a very mild description, not unadulterated with humbug; exceedingly weak enthusiasm; enthusiasm below proof—directly the proof is raised to the level of the breeches-pocket.

The Forty-seventh Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine was duly celebrated at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 5th, 6th, and 7th inst. The works performed on the first day were Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica* and *Missa Solemnis*. Herr Franz Lachner conducted. Mesdames Joachim, Orgeni, Herren Vogl, and Bletzacher were the vocalists. Herr Joachim took the solo violin part. How he played the "Benedictus" it is superfluous to say. Among the compositions performed on the second day were Beethoven's third overture to *Leonore*, and Handel's oratorio of *Deborah*. The latter had not been heard at Aix-la-Chapelle for thirty-six years. The concert on the third evening was of a miscellaneous character. The programme included two overtures by Beethoven: *zur Weihe des Hauses*, and that to *Coriolan*; and *finale* from *Fidelio*; the final chorus from *Christus am Oelberge*, and the Violin Concerto, the last being, of course, performed by Herr Joachim—as only Herr Joachim can perform it.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A Concert was given recently at Mrs. Gladstone's Convalescent Home, Woodford, by the Wanstead Musical Union, an amateur society of ladies and gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The object was to raise a sum to purchase for the institution an harmonium—and proof was afforded in the attendance that the charity is winning sympathy. Thanks to Mr. Serjeant Tindal Atkinson, who suggested the concert, and his friends, the performance was above the average; and Mrs. Gladstone begged Dr. Andrew Clarke to convey the thanks of the committee to the performers as well as to the audience. In responding to this call Dr. Clarke gave a history of the Woodford Convalescent Home, and drew attention to the advantages of its nearness to the East London population and to the London Hospital, whose out-going patients constitute a large proportion of the inmates.

Madame Auspitz Kolar, whose playing we have several times had to praise, gave a concert at Dudley House, Park Lane on Monday last, and secured the attendance of a fashionable audience. The programme included a number of classical works, among them being Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata, Rameau's *Suite de Pièces* in A minor, Schumann's *Andantino* and variations, Chopin's *Impromptu* (Op. 51) in G flat major, and Mendelssohn's *Scherzo* in E minor. All these works were played in artistic fashion, and confirmed Madame Kolar's reputation as an executant of much more than average ability. As a rule, we are not eager admirers of the crowd of German adventurers who swarm in London concert-rooms during the season. Many of them have great pretensions and small ability, and but for the absurd English prejudice in favour of foreigners they would go back worse off than they come. When, therefore, an artist of ability does arrive, there is a peculiar pleasure in awarding that reception which shows that art itself has no nationality. Madame Kolar was assisted by Mdlle. Drasdil, Herr Stockhausen, and M. Demunck (violoncello), Herr Ganz acting as accompanist.

Mr. W. Carter, the well-known pianist and teacher, gave his annual concert on Monday week in St. James's Hall, supported by a number of first-class artists. The programme contained features rarely met with at morning benefit entertainments. It included, for example, Hummel's septet in D minor, played by Messrs. Carter, Young, Horton, Mann, Blagrove, Petitt, and Severn; Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo*, well executed by Master Puddicombe; and selections from Chopin and Schumann, chosen by the concert-giver as his solos. The vocalists were Mdme. Sherrington, who sang "Angels ever bright and fair;" and Carter's "Beautiful Clouds;" Mdlle. Drasdil, whose rendering of a Bohemian song, and of Lucy Ward's "She is upon the lonely deep," gave much satisfaction; Mr Sims Reeves, about whose "Waft her angels," and "Adelaide" nothing too good can be said; Miss Minnie Tempest, a beginner, who may do something worth notice by and by; and Herr Carl Stepan, who is not a beginner, and into whose future we hardly look expectantly. A glee party of male voices also contributed to the undoubted success of the concert.

The third and last of Mr. Ignace Gibsone's recitals took place on Wednesday, at St. George's Hall. Mr. Gibsone never played better. His third book of "Meditations," consisting of six pieces of different character, was loudly and deservedly applauded, as was also his solo, "Dancing Water." The second part consisted of a new cantata for ladies' voices, written by Mr. Frederick Enoch, entitled *The Elfin Knight*; it consists of an introduction with solos, duets, and choruses It is a highly interesting work, and was most excellently performed The solo vocalists were Miss Poole, Miss Katherine Poyntz, and Miss Fosbroke. Miss Poole in "The Elfin Knight," and the duet with Miss Fosbroke, "The Cuckoo kept calling," was loudly applauded, as was also Miss Katherine Poyntz in "Flow, flow, river, and go." The libretto has been cleverly adapted by Mr. Enoch, and runs smoothly; the music is dramatic in the extreme, and will add considerably to Mr. Ignace Gibsone's reputation. The whole was accompanied by Signor Tito Mattei, with the utmost care.

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The fifth and last concert of the Schubert Society's fourth season took place on Thursday week in the Beethoven Rooms, and was given for the benefit of the director, Herr Schuberth. A large number of performers were engaged, and the programme was lengthy and well chosen. Schubert's quintet led off, played by MM. Ludwig, Jung, Bernhardt, Lubeck, and Schuberth, after which came a series of vocal pieces varied by instrumental solos. Among the more noticeable of the former were—"Uno voce," sung by Miss Blanche Reeves; Schumann's "Abendlied," and Weber's "O Fatima" (encored), sung by Mdlle. Drasdil; Reichardt's "J'aime, je suis aimé," rendered by the composer, and Rossini's "Le Carita," in which the society's choir of ladies took part. With regard to some other vocal performances we may question whether they were calculated to do the society much good. The instrumental solos were nearly all satisfactory. Herr Hause, Miss Kate Gordon, and Herr Schrattenholz each gave a pianoforte solo with effect; the director's Nocturne for two violoncellos, performed by himself and Herr Lubeck, gave much satisfaction; Herr Ludwig played the favourite *adagio* from Spohr's ninth concert and one of Bach's preludes in good style, and Mdlle. Tayau, a very young lady violinist from the Paris Conservatoire, delighted the audience with a fantasia on airs from *La Dame Blanche*. We gather from a note to the programme that the season just ended has been the most prosperous of all. This is well.

Mr. Ganz's annual concert—invariably one of the most important of its kind—took place in St. James's Hall on Monday last, and attracted a very large as well as a very fashionable audience. The greatest care had been taken in selecting artists from both operas and elsewhere; while the programme, if it presented nothing new, contained much that was good. The lady vocalists who chiefly contributed to the success of the concert were Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Monbelli, Madame Trebelli, Mdlle. Scalchi, Mdlle. Orgeni, Mdlle. Enequist, Mdlle. Carola, Madame Patey, and Mdlle. Liebhart; the more prominent gentlemen singers being MM. Bettini, Graziani, Foli, Reichardt, Jules Lefort, and Bagagiolo. To mention what share each of these artists took in a programme of thirty-six pieces would occupy far more space than we can give. Enough that the audience relished, more or less, everything put before them—most of all, let us add, that with which Madame Patti had to do. The concert-giver took a fairly prominent part in what was done, playing, first of all, Beethoven's sonata in F major (Op. 17), for piano and horn (M. Willmann); next, the opening movement of Hummel's concerto in A minor (with string septet accompaniment); and, lastly, his own fantasia on Nicolai's *Merry Wives*. In all Herr Ganz exhibited qualities which have given him his present position. The other instrumentalists were M. Paque and M. Antoine de Kontski.

The opera concert announced to take place in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, was given on Saturday afternoon, and attracted a very large and fashionable assemblage. Whether the building be, or be not, a good place for musical purposes is a question that, we imagine, hardly affected the attendance either for better or worse. The *locale* was novel, and the programme a long selection of familiar works, executed by the artists of the Royal Italian Opera. Such a combination not only deserved, but could command, success; and we may be permitted to wonder that it has not more often supplemented the legitimate work of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson's *troupe*. Opera managers must, of course, be assumed to know their own business better than the outside public; but, as in this great city, there are thousands to whom the opera itself is inconvenient or distasteful, concerts like that of Saturday appear the most obvious policy imaginable. So far as criticism is concerned, the Floral Hall doings present little scope for remark. Well-known pieces were sung by well-known artists in a style not less familiar than either; and our duty thus narrows itself to the duty of a chronicler—being concerned rather with the What than the How. We shall not pretend to discharge even this limited mission with minute fidelity; a passing reference to certain notable doings being all that is necessary. Madame Adelina Patti—the "particular star" in everything connected with the Royal Italian Opera—was recalled at the close of "Let the bright Seraphim;" to the success of which Mr. T. Harper's trumpet *obbligato* in no small degree contributed. Similar honours followed her rendering of "Ombra leggiera" and "Within a mile of Edinboro' town;" while after singing "Quis est homo," with Madame Lucca (most rare conjunction!) she twice acknowledged the enthusiastic applause. Mdlle. Tietjens added another to the long roll of triumphs gained by her rendering of "Softly sighs" (*Der Freischütz*), and won an encore for "The Meeting of the Waters," to which she responded by an exceedingly fine performance of "The Last Rose of Summer." Mdlle. Lucca's solo, "Qual notte, O ciel" from the *Domino Noir*, led to a recall; Mdlle. Sessi easily winning a like honour with Proch's "Variations pour la Voix." Mesdames Vanzini and Scalchi, MM. Mario, Graziani, Bagagiolo, Cotogni, Ciampi, Tagliafico, and Capponi also contributed in no small degree to the success of a very successful concert. Between the parts the prayer from *Masaniello* was sung by the opera chorus. MM. Vianesi and Bevignani conducted.

Mr. Brinley Richards's concert, given in the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, was of a character easy to anticipate. We will not go so far as to say that Mr. Richards is nothing if not Welsh; but it is a fact that his greatest successes have been made in connection with Welsh minstrelsy, of which he is among the foremost representative. The music of Wales, therefore, naturally had a prominent place, and attracted a congenial and highly sympathetic audience, who seemed to appreciate it above all other. Among the pieces specially acceptable were John Thomas's choral arrangement of the beautiful "Ash Grove," sung by a choir of eighty voices; Mr. Richards's arrangement of "The Vale of Towy," charmingly rendered by Miss Edmonds; a pianoforte solo introducing "The Ash Grove" a second time (few can hear it too often), and the "Morgan March," the latter of which was accepted with none the less pleasure because its Cambrian origin is a matter of dispute. Mr. Richards played both in his well-known style, and obtained an enthusiastic encore. The concert-giver being a prolific composer, nobody was surprised to find his works largely represented. Two part-songs—a setting of Herbert's "Sweet day, so cool," and a "Boat Song"—showed to advantage how Mr. Richards can write choral music; as did "The Christian Soldier" (first time), and a new and pretty song, with chorus, "We are nymphs of the ocean," admirably given by Madame Patey. Mr. Richards's "Cambrian War Song" was rendered by Mr. Lewis Thomas with all the dash and energy its theme would be likely to excite in the possessor of such a thoroughly Welsh name; while Mr. Cummings, though a Sassenach, delivered "The Cambrian Plume" spiritedly enough to win an encore. Mr. Richards was still further represented by his trio, "Up, quit thy bower," by the latest among recognized national airs, "God bless the Prince of Wales;" by a sacred song, with violoncello *obbligato*, "The Pilgrim's Path," for which Miss Wynne's exquisite singing obtained an encore; and by a setting of Bishop Middleton's "As o'er the past," wherein Madame Patey was heard to special advantage. The balance of the programme included Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*, and Scarlatti's "Cat's Fugue," both played by Mr. Richards; a *duo concertante*, for piano and violoncello (MM. Richards and Paque), the work of Mr. Arthur Sullivan; Pinsuti's song, "I heard a voice," sung to perfection by Mr. Cummings; and "Largo al factotum," given with characteristic spirit and considerable humour by Mr. Lewis Thomas. Mr. Callcott was a very efficient accompanist.

Amid the incessant demands upon our attention we had almost overlooked the excellent concerts given in St. James's Hall by the London Glee and Madrigal Union, under its director, Mr. Land. To lovers of vocal music, and of vocal music in its genuine form, no entertainments are more interesting than those referred to, especially as the works selected are always well performed by the artists whose *ensemble*, thanks to constant working together, is perfect. The fifth and last concert of the series took place on Wednesday week and was attended by the appreciative audience always attracted on these occasions. A specially good programme had been prepared, beginning with Bishop's "Tho' he be now a gray friar," well sung by the members of the Union—Miss Jane Wells, Miss Eyles, Messrs Baxter, Coates, Land, and Lawler. Hindle's Glee, "Queen of the Silver Bow," followed, and was succeeded in the order of mention by Horsley's "When shall we three meet again?" Marenzio's capital madrigal, "Lady, see on every side," Callcott's "With sighs, sweet rose!" Hatton's "Homeward Watch," and Elliot's "Come, see what pleasures." The concerted pieces in the second part were Clarke's "Is it the roar of Teviot's tide?" Paxton's "Upon the poplar bough," Goss's very favourite glee, "There's beauty on the mountains," a part-song, by Truhn, "The Three Chafers," (the Union should keep free from German part-songs of which we have enough elsewhere), and Bishop's concoction, "O! by rivers." We enumerate all these things in order to show how judiciously ancient and modern examples are blended, and what a good taste presides over the selections made. That all were well sung it is superfluous to mention. The solos in the programme were not less good in their way. Miss Eyles sang Flotow's "Madonna," Mr. Baxter gave Hobbs's "Phillis is my only joy," and Mr. Byrom (pianoforte) and Mr. Edward Howell (violoncello) each contributed a solo. Mr. Land accompanied with his usual ability.

Freiburg.—The sixth Baden Musical Festival for Men's Choral Associations was celebrated here on the 5th and 6th inst.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—Miss Minnie Hauck has appeared very successfully at the Stadttheater in *Don Juan*, and M. Gounod's *Faust*.

Homburg.—The season has begun. A French operatic company, including Mesdames Bataille, Singalée, MM. Capoul, du Wast, and Bataille are engaged up to the end of July. They will play the most popular works by Auber, Boieldieu, Adam, Halévy, Hérold, and Ricci. The Italian operatic season commences in the beginning of August and lasts till September. Mesdames Adelina Patti, Trebelli, MM. Bettini, Berger, and Bagagiolo are mentioned as belonging to the company.

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's restoration to health has given new life and spirit to the proceedings at the Drury Lane Opera. That after her lengthened indisposition, she would have come forward as the Countess Almaviva, in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*—a part which, to a London audience at least her proficiency to sustain with due effect had yet to be tried—proved, as it turned out, a happy circumstance. One more entirely fitted for the character, whether in a dramatic or a musical sense, has not been known to the generation of opera-goers. Mdlle. Nilsson wears the aspect of the placid but jealous and affronted lady to admiration, and histrionically delineates her like the perfect artist with whom we are acquainted. Nothing can be more pure and expressive than her delivery of the soliloquies in which the Countess, once so happy, now inconsolable, confesses herself, as it were, to the audience. In fact, to sing those two beautiful airs, "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono," better would be scarcely possible. But a peculiarity in Mdlle. Nilsson which has won and must always retain for her the esteem of true amateurs is the conscientious study she bestows on every part intrusted to her. Whatever she comes forward in she has thoroughly mastered; and we not only recognize a performance admirable as a whole, but finished in all its details. That this, and this only, can be legitimate art is apparently Mdlle. Nilsson's conviction; and we share it with her, as we share it with her renowned contemporary, Madame Patti, who has invariably been noted for a similarly ardent devotion to her calling.

What has raised Mdlle. Nilsson higher, however, than she stood before in the estimation of English connoisseurs is neither the Countess Almaviva, nor Alice (*Robert le Diable*), her first two new parts this season, but Desdemona in *Otello*, her enthusiastic reception in which on Tuesday night was recorded in a sentence yesterday. Notwithstanding all that she had previously done to merit the unanimous acceptance she has obtained among us, few expected that she would be able to show herself such a consummate mistress of the earlier style of Rossini, which, being imitated so successfully by Donizetti and other masters, until Signor Verdi came to alter the whole state of things with his simply dramatic declamations and unornate melody, may be said to have exclusively ruled the domain of operatic art. Our opera-going readers need not be reminded that the music of *Otello* (composed at Naples in 1816, between the *Barbiere* and *La Cenerentola*—a gush of tears between two roars of laughter—when Rossini was in his 25th year) combines in an eminent degree the "florid" with the "expressive." Those who affect to rail against the florid style entirely overlook the fact that in employing it—inventing it rather, with a view of extirpating the absurd custom of leaving all embellishment to the imagination and skill of the vocalist—this most highly gifted of Italian composers possessed the secret of making florid "*bravura*" speak as eloquently as the simplest "*cantilena*." All through the opera of *Otello* (which we are not going to describe for the 20th time) this is markedly observable. The difficulty has been to find singers equal to the task of vocalizing with fluency and taste combined. The greatest representatives of Desdemona, because endowed with this rare capacity, were Malibran, Grisi (in her best day), Sophie Cruvelli, and one or two others of less note, unnecessary to specify; and when we add that Mdlle. Nilsson has proved herself a worthy associate of those distinguished artists we have paid her the highest compliment in our power. The first Desdemona belongs to more than two generations back;* but those we have named, even the earliest of them, have not passed out of the remembrance of amateurs of long standing. Mdlle. Nilsson has grasped to the life the character of Shakspere's gentle and long-suffering heroine—the one personage of the drama, by the way, whom Tottola, Rossini's librettist, has not utterly perverted. In the first scene she judiciously dispenses with the so often interpolated *cavatina*, which has nothing to do with the piece, contenting herself with the dialogue-duet, "Quanto son fieri i palpiti," in which Emilia (we may say at once gracefully and unaffectedly represented by Mdlle. Cari) endeavours to console Desdemona—a far more becoming prelude to what ensues. Her acting and singing were all that could be desired in the noble *finale* to the first act, which contains two of Rossini's most striking *morceaux d'ensemble*, and in which the sudden appearance of Othello, at the back of the stage, just as Elmiro, Desdemona's father, is endeavouring to arrange matters satisfactorily between Rodrigo and his daughter, constitutes a situation not unlike that of the second *finale* to Donizetti's *Lucia*. A dramatic force was here exhibited for which those who had watched Mdlle. Nilsson's progress superficially were not prepared. But finer still, because rising with the impressiveness of the situation, was the *finale* to the second act, where the unhappy Desdemona is alternately contemned by her jealous husband, commiserated by her faithful confident and indignantly reproached by her unrelenting father. Each situation is striking, and in each Mdlle. Nilsson showed herself fully equal to the occasion. Her delivery of the famous solo—"Che smania! oimè, che affanno!"—was admirable from first to last, as pathetic in the touching preamble as it was animated in the brilliant sequel. Not less striking was the passage, "L'error d'un infelice," in which Desdemona supplicates Elmira's pity. The curtain fell amid the loudest demonstrations of approval, ending with two successive calls for Mdlle. Nilsson. The last act—a masterpiece which Rossini himself, by no means a self-adulator, thought was one of those passages among his numerous works destined *possibly* "to live"—was best of all. The incidents are familiar. The beautiful music of this—including the celebrated "willow song" ("Assisa a piè d'un salice"), with which poor Desdemona, after hearing the voice of the gondolier outside, vainly endeavours to soothe her agonized feelings—was sung to absolute perfection, the concluding verse, when the singer becomes overpowered by emotion, surpassing the rest in touching expressiveness. The whole scene, moreover, comprising the affecting prayer—"Deh, calma, O Ciel!"—the terrible interview with Othello, and its terrible catastrophe, was acted with singular force and meaning. The defiance of her husband ("Uccidimi se vuoi, perfide, ingrato"), when, proud in her conscious innocence, Desdemona defies her accuser, which Rossini in his earlier manner, has set to a vigorous *bravura*, was not only superbly declaimed but superbly "looked." And thence to the climax, there was nothing but what strengthened the effect that had been produced. The applause at the conclusion was uproarious. Mdlle. Nilsson had revealed herself for the first time (it was perhaps, indeed, the first opportunity afforded her) as a tragedian; and the audience saw and recognized this new phase in her talent. Desdemona is unquestionably her greatest success

Signor Mongini's Othello was acknowledged, ten years ago, when he played the character at Her Majesty's Theatre (under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith), one of his most striking performances. No voice was ever better suited than this gentleman's to give effect to the opening address to the Senate ("Vincemmo o padri"), or its florid "*cabaletta*" ("Deh Amor"); and surely none to impart the requisite vigour to the celebrated duet with Iago, when the wily "Ancient" cajoles Othello, and works up his jealousy to desperation by means of the letter and the handkerchief. Signor Mongini's associate in this duet was M Faure, whose Iago is worthy his repute as a dramatic singer of the first class. The voice of M. Faure was distinctly audible even while his partner was exerting himself to the utmost; and Signor Mongini gave out the high "C sharp," made celebrated here by Signor Tamberlik, with stentorian force that took the house by storm. The duet created a "*furore*," and being unanimously encored, the last verse of the quick movement (with the great "high C" as loud and penetrating as before) repeated. The singers were twice called back at the end. In the soliloquy of the bedroom scene Signor Mongini should restrain his powers. Desdemona might awake before Othello intended it—which would be dramatically inconvenient. Signor Gardoni was the Roderigo, and a better could not be wished; Signor Foli played the part of Elmiro with his accustomed intelligence, but with too uniform a practice of dragging the time and singing "*staccato*," which especially in the quintet, "Incerta l'anima" (*finale* to Act 1), spoils the general effect. Signor Foli will do well to correct these faults—which he can easily do with a little reflection. The general performance of chorus and orchestra, under the skilful guidance of Signor Arditi, was admirable. This revival of one of Rossini's most genuine early works may be regarded as the event of Mr. Wood's first season.

* The original representatives of the principal parts in *Otello* were Colbrand (afterwards Madame Rossini), Nozzari, David, and Benedetti.

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Shaver Silver across "Il Trovatore."

In *Les vieux Garçons*, the author, wishing to show the extreme to which *naïveté* can go, makes his *ingénue* come from a performance of the *Trovatore* with the impression that the incidents in that drama are taken from real life, and the characters real characters. "It really happened, I am sure it did!" cries the enthusiastic school girl; an exclamation which seems to prove that if "great wit to madness nearly is allied," ingenuousness is separated by a very narrow line from idiocy. It must be difficult to make anything dramatic. All that can be done to relieve the character of its staginess is to introduce sentiment into the music; and that is precisely what is done by Mdlle. di Muraka. It is the duty of the actress to take the same impossible view of the part which is cherished by the young lady referred to. But Leonora belongs neither to time nor place, and the Leonora's representative always shows by her costume (which usually differs by several centuries from that of her two lovers) that she is conscious of her independent position. Some day we hope to see the whole chronology of the *Trovatore* called in question—set to rights it can never be. The manner in which Leonora attires herself after the fashion of the present day, without regard to the Count di Luna—the only personage in the piece whose dress belongs to a recognized period—is but the expression of despair in the matter of costume. The *prima donna* knows that troubadours were wandering minstrels of the eleventh, twelfth, at latest thirteenth century, whereas gypsies did not penetrate into Europe until the fifteenth. Azucena and Manrico could not have been found in Europe at the same time. Manrico went out before Azucena came in. Nor, even if troubadours and gypsies had flourished contemporaneously, can one fancy the adopted child of a gypsy becoming a troubadour. The other troubadours, crusaders, and associates of crusaders, would not have liked it. Once, however, admit the chronology of the *Trovatore*, and inconsistencies of other kinds are trifles. Between the troubadours and the gypsy a certain analogy no doubt existed, though the troubadour was everywhere welcomed, the gypsy driven away. But they are about the same in the eyes of that proud aristocrat the Count di Luna, who treats them equally as vagabonds. If other difficulties in the *Trovatore* could be explained we should still like to know who is Leonora. Where are her relations? Has she a father, a brother, a sister, a mother? Was she proprietress in her own right, living in her feudal castle with no society she could avow but that of the *confidante* to whom she addresses her *cavatina*? Of all mysterious operas the most mysterious is the *Trovatore*. *Die Zauberflöte* is sufficiently unintelligible; but in *Die Zauberflöte* we meet with human beings, and *Die Zauberflöte* is a fantastic opera. The *Trovatore*, Verdi's most successful work, is such by its situations very dramatic in the theatrical sense of the word, and well-devised for conventional purposes. The interest, too, is distributed among the four principal personages.

Shaver Silver.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The attractions of the Crystal Palace during June and July are neither few nor far between, fireworks, concerts, floral exhibitions, operas, &c., being each in turn the leading feature. This week the exhibition of dogs has been held and £1000 distributed in prizes. The show opened on Tuesday, and continued to Friday. On the first day more than 3000 boys were reviewed by the Prince and Princess of Teck. The review was arranged by the Society of Arts, and proved of great interest to visitors. On Wednesday, the Tonic Sol-fa Association gave one of its great concerts of 5000 children; and to-day, the great Rose Show of the season is being held. Special musical arrangements are made, and as an additional feature, the German Gymnastic Society gives its annual display in the Great Transept. Next week is full of attractive entertainments, including on Coronation Day, June 28, a grand display of fireworks. From July 7th to 9th inclusive, the annual archery meeting is held. From July 16th to the 29th, an exhibition of church furniture and church decorations will take place; and on July 25, a French excursion gives occasion for a popular fête. It is in contemplation to give, at an early date, an extraordinary display of fireworks similar to those supplied by command of the Sultan, and which were to have been exhibited in Constantinople at about the time of the great fire at Pera. Various devices, on a scale of extreme magnificence, will render this one of the grandest pyrotechnic displays ever seen at the Crystal Palace.

BADEN.—The first Musical Soirée of the series given by the Administration, introduced Mdlles. Duval, Secretain, Herren Rehfeld and Léon, to the public. The programme was not particularly well chosen.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of the 23rd inst., has the following sensible observations upon Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's recent illness:—

"Stories of Mdlle. Nilsson's indisposition have been repeated and exaggerated in French newspapers as pertinaciously as though the report could influence the state of the Funds. The only funds affected by the fact, if true, would be those of Mdlle. Nilsson herself, and those of the directors to whom she is engaged. Almost as remarkable as the tales of Mdlle. Nilsson's having lost her voice have been the speculations as to why, not having absolutely lost her voice, she was for a week or two unable to sing. It is understood that, in the changeable weather of an English June, an ordinary person may be attacked with bronchitis—but not a *prima donna*. A malady which would be allowed in a town crier, or a dustman, is scarcely permitted to one whose delicate voice might naturally be accepted as a sign of delicate organization. Herr Wachtel sings in all weathers. What right, then, has Mdlle. Nilsson to feel indisposed? She has come back to us, however, with her voice in as perfect condition as ever; while Herr Wachtel, hurt by treatment surpassing in unkindness that 'wintry wind' which gave Mdlle. Nilsson bronchitis in the month of June, has gone to Berlin—not soon (it is feared) to return to this ungrateful country."

"St. Elisabeth."

The *Athenæum* thus comments upon Abbé Liszt's extraordinary work:—

"Dr. Wylde is a bold man; else would he not have dared to bring out the Abbé Liszt's *Legend of St. Elisabeth* at his last concert of the season. The *Legend* has been more than once referred to in these columns—but guardedly; for while it has been unhesitatingly condemned by many critics, it has been extolled to the skies by the large party of worshippers who, believing in the divinity of Herr Wagner, look upon the Abbé Liszt as his chief prophet. We would fain speak with respect and deference of the greatest executive genius of the age, but, to say sooth, we feel some difficulty in expressing in at all temperate language the sensations awakened by a first hearing of *St. Elisabeth*. If the work had been written, according to a musical scale totally at variance with that in use in civilized Europe, the effect could scarcely have been more appalling. It is idle to criticize, according to the generally accepted canons of criticism, a work composed in defiance of them. If we ventured to suggest that much of the *Legend* was to our ears hideously cacophonous, the disciples of the new school would probably maintain that every chord was dictated by a subtle meaning, and that to penetrate the order in disorder of the master's design is given to none but the humble believers in his genius. To us, whose faith it is that every work of Art should in itself be beautiful, such arguments have no force. We are, at all events, not alone in our judgment; for the conclusion of the first part of the *Legend*—all attempted on this occasion by Dr. Wylde—was followed by a volley of hearty, unmistakable hisses. Mdlle. Tietjens laboured hard at her thankless task; Herr Stockhausen declaimed admirably; and the choruses, sung in German, were given, to quote the words of the programme, 'with a result as satisfactory as could be anticipated.' It was right to give the Abbé's oratorio once; it would be absurd to repeat it."

The *Standard* takes another view of the work, and says:—

"The legend of St. Elisabeth is well known through Professor Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy* and Montalembert's *Vie de St. Elisabeth*, but the poem which the Abbé Liszt has set to music is probably less familiar. It is the composition of Herr Otto Roquette who drew his inspirations (it is said) from the exquisite frescoes at Wartburg, executed by Moritz Schwind. The Abbé Liszt's aim has evidently been to illustrate the principal events in the life of St. Elisabeth by means of music, rather than to set the poem to vocal phrases in the ordinary way. His efforts in this direction have previously been remarkable, as may be instanced by his *Hunnenschlacht*, inspired by Kaulbach's cartoon, by his *Faust* symphony, and his *Symphonische Dichtungen*, works of acknowledged merit on the Continent, but which no one has ventured to bring before an English public for reasons which it would serve no good purpose at present to discuss. The music to *St. Elisabeth* having the advantage of a poem to elucidate it, it was hoped would have paved the way for a patient hearing of other works of the kind by the disciples of the new school of music in Germany. But if, with the advantage of a key to composers' fancies, English audiences are indisposed to form an opinion of the suitability of the expression to the ideas desired to be portrayed, there is little chance of those less favoured being listened to more patiently. The performance of the legend on Wednesday evening brought together a large number of the advocates and opponents of the school called ironically the "Music of the Future," who expressed themselves according to the light within them in a very decided manner. If such a period were possible when the strains of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and their acknowledged compeers must give way to the imaginings of Herr Richard Wagner, the Abbé Liszt, and others, it would behove every true musician to endeavour to defer it as much as lies in his power. But there is no fear for the future of our great composers. Their works will ever be cherished whilst there are minds capable of appreciating the true and beautiful in art; and there is, therefore, no need to limit the boundary of musical thought. Every work containing original ideas honestly outwrought should be hailed with enthusiasm in whatever school it is written, instead of being

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permitted to be cried down by the ignorant. Apart from the merits of the work itself, the audience seemed on Wednesday evening to be unanimous in their appreciation of the manner in which it was executed. Both the orchestra and choir were heavily taxed, but accomplished wonders. With Herr Henseler's assistance even the difficulties of the pronunciation for the choir were in a great measure overcome, and his interesting translation enabled the audience to have some insight into the composer's meaning. Mdlle. Tietjens' *rôle* was the most difficult, perhaps, she has ever been asked to fulfil. No other artist is so gifted with an organ capable of sustaining the long declamatory passages which occur in the legend, and scarcely any other would have cared to have exerted herself so much for the art's sake, seeing that nowhere does the music offer the least opportunity for display. Herr Stockhausen had the best *rôle* of the two, and his splendid voice was heard to every advantage, whilst his admirable musicianship was apparent all through the performance. On the conclusion of the legend the conductor, Professor Wylde, was called for, and unanimity prevailed in acknowledging the merits of such a remarkable performance."

"ESMERALDA."

The *Sunday Times* of last week contains the following remarks upon Signor Campana's new opera:—

"Before hearing the new opera produced at Covent Garden on Tuesday we might have been pardoned for wondering at its choice. Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*, the prospectus told us, would form one of the two novelties of the season, whereupon the question very naturally arose—Who is Signor Campana, and what are the claims of his opera? It may safely be stated that the general public knew nothing of either, and that only within a small circle was it remembered how the favoured Italian gentleman brought out a work at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1860, which ran three nights and has not since been heard of, and how *Esmeralda* itself was the chosen of three performances at the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburgh, during the last season. Hence the wonder to which we have referred remained an abiding thing, and led to all sorts of speculations. How came it that an insignificant Anglo-Italian composer and teacher found means to get his work accepted at our greatest Anglo-Italian theatre? Here was a question at the solution of which men could only guess, at which they did guess in a way, possibly, unjust, certainly pertinent. Not a few have assumed that the production of *Esmeralda* is due to Madame Adelina Patti, who found in it a *rôle* of very *ad captandum* quality, both in a musical and dramatic sense. They may or may not be right, but, at any rate, they have hit upon a motive sufficiently powerful, which cannot be found elsewhere, search as we may. Having heard the work the embarrassment felt by us at the outset is redoubled."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"We are unfeignedly sorry that the music of *Esmeralda* must be pronounced bad without qualification. Though there are plenty of good operas lying neglected and almost forgotten, there is still room for more. No department of art can be too rich; and all art-lovers are, therefore, eager to welcome every addition, let it come from whereseever it may. Hence, though disappointment has nothing to do with the matter—Signor Campana not having been expected to produce much of value—the worthlessness of *Esmeralda* is a cause of regret. We must positively decline to analyze the music in detail, because, on no account, would the result benefit our readers. General observations will suffice; and the first we have to make is that the opera shows an almost entire want of originality. The melodies, where they are not of a flimsy, conventional, Italian type, are more or less suggestive of other composers; while in the construction of his concerted movements Signor Campana well nigh lays himself open to the charge of direct plagiarism. There are times when one fancies that Verdi is speaking through an unfavourable medium; at others Donizetti seems to take up his parable, and so on through the list of prominent Italian musicians. But worse than this can be said of *Esmeralda* without going beyond the limits of truth. We have rarely met with music at once so pretentious and so ungrammatical. It would appear, indeed, either that Signor Campana does not know the simplest rules of his art, or that, knowing them, he, for some purpose or other, sets them at defiance. Whatever the fact may be, it is our duty to point out faults of the glaring character we have described, and to protest against such music being forced upon a public which too often swallows what is given it without very critical examination. Now we return to the point whence we started and ask with tenfold emphasis—How came *Esmeralda* to find a place in the *répertoire* of Covent Garden Theatre? If anybody can give us a satisfactory answer, we should like to have it as soon as possible."

Of Signor Cimino's libretto, our Sunday contemporary speaks with more favour and says:—

"An examination of Signor Cimino's libretto must lead to his acquittal on all charges of unnecessarily altering Victor Hugo's story. The resolve to make a libretto out of it at all may have been wrong, but, granting that the task had to be done, the exigencies of opera demanded consideration over and above fidelity to the author. We, therefore, do not complain that Quasimodo appears only once in dumb show, that Estella has been made into a personage of first-class importance, or that, in other respects *Notre Dame de Paris* has been violated. What most concerns us is that Signor Cimino's book deserves praise for its dramatic construction, the clearness of its plot, and the well-balanced variety of its characters and incidents. Let us here express our regret that the libretto did not fall into the hands of a composer able to do it justice. Signor Verdi would have revelled in its incidents, and his undoubted dramatic genius would have risen to the height of its argument without effort. But all such talk is vain."

The *Athenæum* contains the following:—

"This week's Musical Union concert was excellent, alike in selection and performance. Schubert's exquisite D minor quartet, Mendelssohn's posthumous *Andante* and *Scherzo*, and Schumann's quintet in E flat, were all remarkably well played. Herr Auer has gained in fulness of tone and decision of playing, and he now exhibits an enthusiasm which used to be foreign to his style. Why cannot Mr. Ella allow his artists to make their own way with the public, unimpeded by his damaging puffs? Of the violinist, M. Jean de Graan, he actually writes in this week's programme, 'I regret to state that his rapid and sudden growth (*measuring six feet in height—seventeen years old*) gives cause for uneasiness in respect to his health.—J. E.' No wonder that many artists object to being described in this fashion—as though they were horses entered for a race."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—To my letter in your last week's impression, which you have described as a "Grinner's Wail," you have appended some remarks in reply thereto. I do not in the least object to this, for even "a worm will turn;" &c., but within four lines of type you make two most opposite statements. In the first place, you say, "the praise of a worthy object is more agreeable because worthy objects are *rare*;" immediately after which you say, "Let him take comfort, there are *plenty* of other good things in the world for him to grin at;" how an object can be rare and yet be a plenty my "hee-haw" capacity fails to see; this, of course, has really nothing to do with the matter in hand, and I merely bring it forward to show that the spirit of cliquism naturally produces inconsistencies—in fact I have known persons suffering from an extra infusion of this spirit not to have the least judgment as to what they see or what they hear. You say I have appreciated your remarks in the "hee-haw" fashion, which is, no doubt, habitual to me: you are quite wrong in this supposition; it is not my habitual character at all, and though in my letter I only referred to the satirical part of my feelings, I might have added that I also feel the greatest indignation to find any one treat with contempt such a fine old tune as Jones's in D, a tune that your reporter himself states was thought much of by Haydn, and forming one of a class of tunes that has given to the Church of England, as to its music, a sort of character peculiar to itself. This tune, and others like it, I consider as being the concentrated essence of the genius of the several composers who have left them to us as precious heir-looms; these composers may have each composed fifty or hundred chants, and one here and there have come down to us because of their superior excellence, and then to hear a man coolly with a supercilious air ignore them, and push them on one side, as a dandy would remove some common object which he thought might soil his dainty fingers, I have very little patience, and not much of the "hee-haw" is left in me.—I remain, yours faithfully,

ANTI-PLATITUDE.

London, June 21, 1870.

[The nonsense talked about "Jones in D," "Crotch in C," and other perpetrations of the sort, brings music and musicians into utter contempt. A smatterer can easily pick out such commonplaces on the pianoforte, write them down, and fancy himself a composer. We confess that we should not much care if all the existing copies of ninety-nine out of a hundred of these so-called "fine old tunes" were consigned to a bon-fire. The "plenty of other good things in the world," thrown in our teeth by "Anti-Platitude," does not necessarily imply musical compositions. "Anti-Platitude's" head is so crammed with "fine old tunes," that an apter signature for him would be "Pro-Platitude." "Fine old tunes"—indeed!—fine old fiddlesticks! Any twaddler can write a chant more or less acceptable to twaddlers; and, indeed, our Church music is weighed down with such a monstrous heap of rubbish, that few who care for music in the abstract care a straw for our Church music.—A. S. S.]

THE death at Copenhagen of Johan Ole Emil Horneman—composer of the once popular Danish song, "Der Tappre Landsoldat"—is just announced.

FLORENCE.—A grand concert lately given in the Principe Umberto Theatre, by Dr. Hans von Bülow, has created quite a sensation. Works by Cherubini, Mozart, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and von Bülow, were executed by an orchestra of a hundred performers. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, which had never before been given here on so grand a scale, produced a deep impression on all present. The concert may justly be said to be a triumph for German classical music in Italy.—The Boccherini Quartet Association celebrated Beethoven's Centenary by a performance of the Quintet in C major; the "Kreutzer" Sonata; selections from *Fidelio*; and the Septet.

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THE LATE MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I cannot refrain from humbly expressing my hearty concurrence in the view so heartily expressed in your leading article last week on the funeral of Charles Dickens. If ever a public servant was public property he was. All was fit and proper as it was, no doubt; still the *extreme rarity* of a whole community being moved with one thought is such as to call forth an expression of love; and if love had no "expression," love would soon die, or take its flight to other spheres. Our art, more perhaps than any other, keeps before us that when words are insufficient for extremes of joy or woe, we have recourse to music. "The heart full of joy instinctively sings," and full of woe, as involuntarily mourns in strains of tuneful sobbing. Your genial tone reminds one that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting,"—for why? because "the living will lay it to his heart." A word or two addressed by Charles Dickens, to one who was then but a stripling I will extract from one of his letters, thinking it may not be uninteresting to hear of one other instance of his overflowing sympathy with all whom he chanced to come near:—"I hope you will well consider what thorny, dark, and toilsome roads stretch out into the greater world of letters and of learning, and how many young men have fallen dead upon them, or turned back too late."—Yours very truly, G. T.

—o—

WAIFS.

The *Lady's Newspaper* says that Tom Taylor is engaged on a new play for Mrs. Rousby, in which the actress is to personate Joan of Arc.

The new opéra-bouffe by Hervé which is to be produced at the Variétés during the month of October, is entitled *Le Trone d'Ecosse*.

Mr. Fechter has been engaged for five years at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston U. S., at a very considerable salary.

Visitors to the Polytechnic will be amply gratified with a life-like portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens, which is introduced into one of the entertainments.

We observe an announcement of the death of Adolph Hofmeister editor of the most complete musical bibliography extant. Shall we never have a complete catalogue of English music?

Mr. Ayrton declined to decide whether all the Turners in the National Gallery were worthy of it. The question was evidently put to "draw" him; and, though not his most fervent admirer, *Mr. Punch* is glad that he would not be drawn.—*Punch's "Essence of Parliament"*

The pictures and other objects of art belonging to Mr. Dickens are to be sold at auction by Messrs. Christie & Manson. The library is left to his eldest son. His manuscripts and papers are in the hands of his executors, Mr. Forster and Miss Hogarth.

We are authorized to say that Mr. Dickens has left *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* in a very advanced state, but that, as if he had a presentiment of his decease, he had at the outset arranged terms of accommodation in case the novel were stopped before completed.

Mdlle. Kraus is said to have been engaged by M. Perrin for the purpose of appearing at the Grand Opéra in M. Mermet's *Jeanne d'Arc*. Personally at least she is well suited to the character, and she has much dramatic energy.

Mr. Lowe, on a little Budget debate, was sportive, and said that the case of a day and night occupancy by different persons was precisely the case of *Box and Cox*. It would have enlivened the proceedings had he favoured the House with one of Mr Arthur Sullivan's capital songs.—*Punch's "Essence of Parliament."*

Mr. J. Towers is preparing for publication a memoir of Beethoven, based upon Schindler, Ries, Wieseler, and Thayer, to which will be attached an exact chronological list of his works. Considering the confusion that attends the chronology of the composer's works, this list ought to be valuable.

Our losses of great men in the ranks of literature and art have been very great within the last few years. Most of us can recollect the brilliant little committee, consisting of twenty-six gentlemen who organized the celebrated performances "In memory of Douglas Jerrold" thirteen years ago: out of the twenty-two we have lost ten since the performances took place. Their names are—Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, John Leech, Albert Smith, David Maclise, Clarkson Stanfield, Mark Lemon, Sir Joseph Paxton, Peter Cunningham, and Arthur Smith (Albert's brother) who officiated as the indefatigable secretary of the whole affair.

The proprietor of the Rosherville Gardens has unwittingly incurred the displeasure of the ladies of Rosherville by the maintenance of secrecy in reference to the visit of the Prince of Wales and Prince Teck to the Gardens on Saturday last. Rosherville being the garden of flowers the ladies and all regret that they were denied the opportunity of presenting his Royal Highness with a bouquet of roses for the Princess.

M. Félicien David has written some new ballet-music to *Lalla Roukh* for the benefit of a young *danseuse* who was to appear in last week's *reprise* of the opera. M. Montaubry, who used to sing so charmingly in the principal tenor part, and who since then has unsuccessfully tried management, is to re-appear on the boards of the Opéra Comique in a round of his best characters.

Madame Clara Schumann has been nominated Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm. The Grand Duke of Hesse has, we read, sent to Herr Bets, the singer, the golden medal "for Art and Science." We are not sure that these distinctions confer any great amount of *kudos* on the recipients, but the prodigality with which orders are scattered among foreigners is in startling contrast to the rigid care exercised in their distribution among English artists.

A contemporary says:—

"The Dean and Chapter of Peterborough at their last Chapter meeting decided that the Cathedral organ should be rebuilt and enlarged at a cost of £700, the amount of the estimate sent in by Messrs. Hill the London builders. The present organ is the old GG scale, with a very poor fiddle G, swell, and only one octave of pedal pipes, and miserable reeds both in the swell and great organ. The new swell is to contain 18 stops, amongst which are 4 reeds. There are to be 5 stops on the pedal, and the whole organ made to the CC scale. Several important arrangements also were made in connexion with the choir which, it is hoped, will be the means of greatly improving the musical part of the services. Hitherto there have been several masters (at least during the past ten years), and now that the organist has the chief control of the choir we hope, adds our correspondent, that it may no longer be said that 'the choir of Peterborough is one of the worst in the country.'"

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

LAMBORN COCKS & Co.—"The Wild Rosebud," song, by Josephine Williams.
LONSDALE.—"Sleeping and Waking," song, by Mrs. A. C. Wilson; "I'll await thee there," song, by E. Reyloff; "Spariti," melodia by Stella; "My Native Land," song, by Dr. Ferdinand Rahles; "Farrano gloia intera," chorus, by Handel; "I wait for thee, my only love," serenade, by Stella.

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MONDAY, July 4, Weber's "ABOU HASSAN." Hassan, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Omar, Signor Castelli; Il Califo, Signor Raguer; Mesrur, Signor Trevero; Zemrud, Madame Corsi; Zobaida, Mdlle. Briani; and Fatima, Madame Monbelli. To be followed by Bellini's Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA." Elvino, Signor Mongini; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Foli; Alessio, Signor Zoboli; Un Notaro, Signor Archinti; Teresa, Madame Corsi; Lisa, Mdlle. Vinta; and Amina, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

TUESDAY, July 5, will be produced (first time in England) Ambroise Thomas's Opera, in four acts, "MIGNON." The libretto by MM. Michele Carré and G. Barbier; the Italian translation by Signor Giuseppe Zaffira. Guglielmo, Signor Bettini; Lotario, M. Faure; Laerte, Signor Gassier; Giarno, Signor Raguer; Zingarella, Mdlle. Fioretti; Frederico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Fillina, Madame Volpini; and Mignon, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

THURSDAY, July 7, Rossini's Opera, "OTELLO." Otello, Signor Mongini; Roderigo, Signor Gardoni; Iago, M. Faure (his third appearance in that character); Elmiro, Signor Foli; Emilia, Mdlle. Cari; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her third appearance in that character).

On SATURDAY, July 9, an Opera, in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will appear.

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MISS AGNES LYNDHURST will sing on the 7th inst., at the Queen's Concert Rooms (Miss Ellen Jarman's Concert), WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular waltz aria, "THE NAIADES."

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MUSICAL QUARRELS.

GLUCK, PICCINNI, GRETRY, LA HARPE.*

About 1770, the honest citizen, on awaking in the morning, had not, as we have, to consult his paper, in order to learn what to hope or to fear from political events. France was then quiet, but Paris was *bored*; the gazettes had nothing to do, and the news-collectors made frequent excursions behind the scenes of the Opera, whence they brought back, every day, some sort of booty or other. Now, as we know, a journey to the Opera is not a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and, consequently, the intelligence obtained there was not always very edifying. On what day Mdlle. Arnould had received the Duc de * * *; on what night the Marquis de * * * had found at Mdlle. Has's, someone in a costume but slightly conformable to the exigencies of propriety; how the Count de * * * had dismissed his stage nymph; and how some stage nymph had dismissed the Chevalier de * * *; the colour of Mdlle. Guimard's livery at the last Longchamps; her *petits soupers*, beginning by the light of a hundred wax tapers, and finishing in an obscurity, of which morality was certainly justified in complaining; thousands of jokes at the expense of the Farmers General—a perfect godsend for the young ladies of the Opera, who emptied strong chests with a quickness bordering upon the miraculous; anecdotes about MM. Colardeau and de Carmoutelle, the paid poets of the most celebrated courtesans of the epoch; the misadventures of Poinsinet, and his boasting stories, together with the history of his four hundred and fifty mistresses—all these trifling details attracted the attention of the public, but only for an instant. They did not excite the same interest as a warm and long controversy. When, therefore, the journalists perceived a possibility of reviving the quarrels of musicians, by means of the antagonism between Gluck and Piccinni, great was the joy in their camp. Not only did the pamphleteers fling themselves bravely into the strife, but even the princes of criticism flew to arms, and prepared to begin the campaign.

The contest, more violent than that which had marked Rameau's score, sprang into existence in the pit of the Opera. Piccinni's *Dido*, interpreted by Mdme. *de* Saint-Huberty with an amount of talent to which all contemporary writers rendered homage, was as successful as it was possible to desire. The partizans of Italian music invoked this work; the Gluckists pointed to *Iphigénie*. Soon afterwards, in the orchestra, the King's Corner, and the Queen's Corner, which had preserved their old denominations, defied each other mutually, and, very frequently, as in the time of Rameau, recrimination was followed up by fisticuffs. If a Piccinnist returned home, separated from the main body of his army, he was immediately surrounded by a group of Gluckists, who accompanied him, singing the melodies which were hateful to his ears. The Piccinnists retaliated in the same way, whenever an unfortunate Gluckist fell into their hands. The former lodged Gluck in the "Rue du *Grand-Hurleur*," the latter said that Piccinni's proper address was the "Rue des *Petits-Chants*." The idle collected, like so much precious manna, the innumerable jokes made on the pit-benches, and retailed them in the *salons*, giving their hearers to understand that they were their own.

La Harpe was a determined Piccinnist; in his *Essai sur l'Opéra* he strongly depreciates the talent of the German master, while he addresses the most honeyed praises to Piccinni. Rousseau, who bravely took his place among composers, displayed considerable coldness for Gluck. Rousseau cried up Italian music. It was with perfect sincerity that he believed he had composed, in the *Devin du Village* Italian music to French words. He was quite as right as the composers of the 12th century, who fancied they had recovered the music of the Greeks.

Grétry, who united perfidy to smooth words, and was so envious that he would not enter the theatre till the very moment when, at the termination of a work by Méhul, one of his own operas was about to begin, was no more able than Rousseau and La Harpe, to like Gluck. Let us hear what La Harpe has to say:—

"It was in this last" (the opera of *Roland*) "that he" (Piccinni) "proved that music might possess strong expression, without ceasing to be melodious, and can shake our soul without shocking our ear by those *odious cries* which are so frequent in *Alceste* and *Iphigénie en Tauride*, and which all amateurs consider a fault in Gluck's music."

Further on he adds:—

"Gluck carried to excess the din of voices, rendered still greater by that of the orchestra. . . . . I am not surprised that Traetta, on hearing the acclamations of our pit at the Opera, exclaimed—'*I Francesi hanno le orecchie di corno*' (the French have ears made of horn)."

Gluck's *deafening* (*étourdissant*) orchestra displeased the celebrated critic, who thought the post assigned it by the composer was too important, and that the voices were exhausted in struggling against such an uproar. He is moved to pity by the fate of the singers, whom the new system must inevitably doom to a premature death, and he advises Gluck to meditate seriously on Marmontel's verses:—

> Et mes poumons? demanda Rosalie,
> Soyez tranquille, ils vous seront payés;
> Sur mon état ils seront employés;
> Rien n'est plus juste, et la règle établie
> Veut qu'en dépense ou porte à l'Opéra,
> Tous les chanteurs que monsieur crèvera.

In his opinion, moreover, *Armide* and *Alceste* are very insipid productions.

"In this instance, it is a drama, it is *Iphigénie*, or *Alceste*, that I see and hear, and when their songs *bore* and *stun* me, I am to ask the instruments, am I, what the personages ought to have told me, but which they did not tell me? Why, if that is the case, do not let us have any singing at all. There is a shorter method than singing; let them take to pantomime, and let the orchestra play the piece. If all you can do is to make violins sing, why make actresses scream? Let them keep to gestures, and you will spare their lungs and our ears."

O terrible critic, return to your own profession; employ your experienced scalpel in dissecting literary works, but do not touch our gods. Poor man! What! the sublime lamentations of Alcestis, contrasting so mournfully with the joyous accents of the fête; the pathetic scenes of Armida, where all the fury of her hatred is overcome by the omnipotence of her love—these are things that *bore* and *stun* you, eh? Return to the *Didon* that is so dear to you, and gather up at least her ashes, for, despite her charms, the funeral pyre has consumed her.

It is true, however, that *Alceste* was not successful in Paris. A part of the public shared the opinions of La Harpe; Mozart, the only person in the house, perhaps, capable of comprehending such music, could not refrain from exclaiming, as he embraced Gluck: "These Parisians possess neither entrails nor heart. Heaven preserve me from ever writing anything for them!" Thus we have, on the authority of Mozart, a public without entrails or heart; while, according to Signor Traetta, it is blessed with ears of horn. I am very willing to side with Mozart, even against the public and La Harpe. I believe the public did quite right in welcoming *Iphigénie* with enthusiasm, but were quite wrong in rejecting *Alceste*. When we behold such masterpieces treated so cavalierly, it is easy to say to whom belong the ears of horn, speaking politely, and eschewing a term more energetic than that employed by Traetta, but better calculated to convey my thought.

Grétry, too, as I have said, had no great partiality for Gluck's music. The greatness of Gluck's glory dazzled him. He knew very well that the brilliant star would cause his own more modest light to pale. He does not imitate La Harpe, it is true; he does not attack the colossus with a club, but he does not spare his envenomed epigrams. On reading his memoirs cursorily, we do not immediately perceive his malignant intention, but we find afterwards that, under every piece of praise he lavishes on the great master, there lurks some ill-natured restriction, very artfully disguised. It is the poisoned sage, mentioned by Boccaccio, which possessed every characteristic of a harmless flower, and yet, for all that, produced death. La Harpe was at least frank in his attacks. Grétry is slyer; he works in the dark; he hangs, so to speak, about his rival's domain, endeavouring to find his way into it through some gap or other, and stealing off directly he is discovered. Not wishing to attack openly, he directs his remarks against the Opera, and against French music, exalting Italian compositions, because he considers them incapable of competing with his own.*

"I do not hesitate saying that, sooner or later, the artists of the Paris Opera will be obliged to sing without screaming, to sing as people sing in Italy, if they would have their performances witnessed. The spectators partici-

* From the *Guide Musical*.

* The proverb telling us that "charity begins at home, is exceedingly applicable in the generality of cases, and sometimes we feel inclined to wish that the said visitor stepped now and then beyond one's own threshold. It seldom did so in Grétry's case. He wrote three volumes of *Memoirs*, in a rather incorrect style, stuffed with instances of philosophical redundancy, the scraps saved from his conversations with Diderot and Co., and thickly strewn with paradoxes. They contained, however, some curious and pungent details, for Grétry was very witty. In these *Memoirs* all his attention is devoted to the details, even the slightest ones, of his own scores. In one particular opera, two or three notes on the bassoon indicate, we are informed, the expression assumed by someone who is jealous; in another, a series of circular notes trace materially upon paper the chain uniting a loving couple. He tells us that the object of such and such a prescription is to clear his brain of the vapours which affect it, and fit him for producing masterpieces; in a word, he is always talking at great length of himself; but of Mozart's works, for instance, he never says a word, though he cannot deny they are perfection. It is true, also, that Grétry's music did not produce any very great impression upon the composer of *Idomeneo*.

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pate too largely in the pangs suffered by a singer who screams. Pleasure is changed into a horrible torment, and the finest organs are destroyed in a very short time. Gluck's music is fine" (he acknowledges this) "but it has the defect of frequently exceeding all human strength as far as the voice is concerned. No voice can ever compete without risk against eighty or a hundred instruments, played as loudly as they can be played."

Grétry knew perfectly well that Gluck never gave the voice an accompaniment of *eighty instruments, played as loudly as they can be played*. He was aware that Gluck employed principally stringed instruments; that such instruments can play in the gentlest piece of gradation, and that wind instruments are rarely combined with them in Gluck's compositions. Grétry knew this, but pretended he did not know it. He preferred including in the same blame the theatre, the singers, and every great work that disquieted his self-pride.

Having mentioned above the name of Marmontel, I may, to his great glory, and as tending to increase the authority of literary men's judgments in music, add that, in his eyes, "Gluck is a howling barbarian, a Teutonic Orpheus, a Bohemian juggler." As we see, he rivals La Harpe, who designates those charming pieces: "Jamais dans ces beaux lieux," and "Voici la charmante retraite," as "airs fit for a wine shop or a galantee-show," and calls *Don Juan* "Germanic clatter."

The subalterns of criticism observed even less propriety in their attacks. Compared to old music, Gluck's music was "a filthy stable paralleled to a palace"; Armida sang not like an enchantress, "but like a witch"; Alcestis "howled like a *vivandière*," etc. Gluck found some difficulty in bearing these criticisms, which degenerated into insults. With his friends, but not in public, for that would have compromised his dignity as an artist, he complained bitterly of the rabble of the press; his rough and impressionable nature was betrayed in accents of rage and indignation. Like the wounded bull, he shook violently these *banderillas*, which, thank heaven, merely grazed the cuticle; but they did not sting the less for all that. The set of paper-stainers used up oceans of ink not in combating but in vilifying a great genius. For one bee, what thousands of wasps, as anyone fond of comparisons might say; for one man of genius, how many miserable literary adventurers who live—or who lived then—only by outrages lavished on all that was worthy of respect and admiration!

Like those generals who first allow their troops to engage, before taking part personally in the strife, Gluck and Piccinni began by adopting a reserved line of conduct, but they very soon both entered the lists. Gluck, rather pettily, reproached Piccinni with organizing his successes at the Marquis of Caraccioli's dinners. Piccinni, who possessed a more gentle nature, entertained a great terror of his rival's machinations. He was, moreover, but little fitted for the contest. When he left his family, to attend the first performance of *Roland*, every one, himself included, burst into tears. He considered a failure inevitable. His fears were, happily, not realized, for the piece was very successful, and his friends praised it to the skies. *Iphigenia in Tauris*, the subject being the same as that which Gluck had treated, met with no success. The German master's superiority was too evident. Moreover, a strange occurrence settled the fate of the piece at the very first representation.* The advantage remained, therefore, with Gluck; but he had still more than one storm to encounter. Italian music was receiving reinforcements. Sacchini came to Paris with works more developed and more dramatic than Piccinni's. His style, though still retaining that Italian *morbidezza*, so highly appreciated by a great number of persons, assumed, in certain pieces, a character of strength, reminding us of the German style. Despite its merit, however, Sacchini's music does not strike me as possessing the freshness of melody remarkable in Piccinni, nor as attaining Gluck's energy. This is often the case with all works of transition or eclecticism. *Œdipe à Colonne* was the work of Sacchini's which achieved the greatest success, and revived controversies on the point of dying out.

But if Gluck was sharply attacked, he found fanatical defenders; violence provokes violence. Thus, thousands of pamphlets were published, tearing to shreds the reputation of the Italian composers. One of the most violent was that entitled *Brigandage de la Musique Italienne*. I would have quoted some passages from it, were it not written in an unreadable style. It contains curious details concerning the different theatres of Italy. We learn from it that the custom of recalls and encores, so mortal a foe to dramatic truth, was the fashion then as it is now,

Such were the famous disputes, so difficult of comprehension at the present day. Time has not been favourable to the Italian compositions. Despite some genuine beauties, they have not been able to maintain their reputation. Hurriedly written, solely for the purpose of satisfying the passing passions of the public, they do not bear that stamp of severe beauty which defies the caprices of fashion. In Piccinni, and in Sacchini, we meet with admirable isolated bits, but it would be difficult to make the public accept, now-a-days, whole acts of these works, while the fine scenes of *Armide* and *Orphée* still enchant us. How short has been the duration of the many works accumulated during this century! We might compare dramatic productions to vessels buffeted by the sea; one wave of opinion overwhelms, and another raises them again. *Alceste*, *Don Juan*, and *Il Barbiere* were failures on the first night. *Didon* and *Roland* proved marvellous successes. While a few noble vessels have entered the port, with all their sails spread, and triumphing over the storm, of how many frailer crafts which have perished, though not without a glorious struggle, do we discover, with sorrow, the fragments on the silent and deserted shore! L. K.

* When Iphigenia appeared, there was an unusual movement in the pit. Instead of coming on the stage in a manner befitting the daughter of a king of kings, she rushed on, with an inflamed face, knocking herself against each wing, and now casting her eyes on the ground, now directing the most anxious—the most despairing looks to the borders. Piccinni turned pale in his box, and the audience burst out into inextinguishable laughter. Iphigenia was intoxicated. Someone in the pit cried out that the piece ought not to be designated *Iphigénie en Tauride*, but *Iphigénie en Champagne*. The most singular fact is that Mdlle. Laguerre, who played Piccinni this scurvy trick, sang with perfect correctness in the midst of her incoherent pantomime. The piece could not survive the accident, and still less the epigram. It was the time when a joke launched from the pit sufficed to ruin any piece.

ON "OVERDOING IT."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—'Twas when the English Mozart wielded the bâton at Covent Garden—by the way, it is both instructive as well as amusing to note in a musical report (I think in the *Chronicle*) of that period, how signal was the failure of that long-since, widely celebrated glee, "Mynheer Vandunck," especially to remark also the failure of the young gentleman who sang the bass; that was no other than Henry Phillips—the music to *Guy Mannering* was being rehearsed. At the chorus, "The Chough and Crow," the passage occurring (upon which so many young vocal aspirants have subsequently "cut their teeth") to the words, "Shriek on their murky way," a very decided *ritardo* was introduced by the "young gentleman who sang the bass." "Stop, stop," jerked out the *chef d'orchestre*, saying something in an undertone to the innocent offender, only the last words of which ("I have provided for *that* afterwards; to retard there is like *buttering bacon*") reached those near. Suppressed mirth amongst the insubordinate subordinates soon gave place to general admiration of their master's forethought when they arrived at the phrase, so well worthy of Bishop's genius, to the words, "And use it as ye may." Brief as it is, it is genial and expressive, and withal a capital "bit of fat" for an opera chorus—plenty of noise with very little trouble—(*en passant*, the "divine" Mozart wrote *his* opera choruses absurdly easy; composers are not so *absurd* now; oh, no; they "know a trick worth two of that")—and evidently, having set his heart on this sublime little climax, he did not wish the ground cut from under the effect he knew his three bars of *adagio* would have on the audience by any previous "spreading abroad" of the *tempo* for the exclusive advantage of but a single voice; *two* diminutions would be "overdoing" it. When there are over four *p*'s, or more than six *f*'s, that is "overdoing" it. When youth or maiden devotes more than sixty minutes per diem to kaleidescopic exercises for the development exclusively of the manual *acroteria*, that is "overdoing" it. Let it by no means be imagined that there are no other modes of "overdoing" it. The most fatal to good judgment as well as to all we hold dear is exemplified in the lives of many of our studious men; most of all in our young musicians. They attempt too much. Not that their "flights of fancy" are too exalted, nor their ambition too ardent; but by going about their business with the set purpose of getting as much "out of themselves" as possible, they too often "o'erleap," like the "vaulting ambition," of which the good dramatist speaks. There seems, to poor human ken, no reason why we should lose such men as Gottschalk, Wely, and Dreyschock, at about the age of forty years; and such as Weber, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Mozart, at even earlier ages. It is of no use "running a tilt" at fate. Getting into a pet about it will assuredly do no good; but obtaining a light for the future from the ashes of the past—would it not be worth while to inquire whether the system of "forcing" in musical education, more particularly in that rigid training through which our experienced men so rigorously put themselves of their own free will, after, it might be said, they had left "school," in order to obtain a place in the race for honours, is altogether too much for human endurance. Life cannot be kept within the limits of its day under such treatment, or, in other words, the soul grows so fast that it soon disdains earthly swaddlings, and so, bidding adieu to material surroundings, takes its place amongst its more immediate peers. Poetry and dreaming aside, life is valuable; it was not bequeathed us to be squandered. The immaterial spirit must not be driven out of its earthly habitation too soon by reason of too much mental work—this is "overdoing" it. If, for instance, a pianist of the first class plays every morning, as many *do*—as all have *done*—for, say, three hours; and then writes for three hours; and then spends another three hours in evening performances (either listening or playing: some minds are so active that they are

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almost as busy when engaged in the one as the other), is he not in danger of "overdoing" it. But in all these points a still deeper shade might not untruthfully be dropped in. Some play *five* or *six* hours; then write for as long a period; and then stay out till past midnight. What must be the result! The very high degree of culture demanded of the modern musician impels a youth with any pride about him to urge his powers, physical and mental, to the very top of their speed. "A thousand notes a minute," by the metronome, at the very least: nothing less will suffice. Unerring accuracy, or he will get "pluck't." He must commit to memory faithfully, and be, in everything, "note perfect." Not only in one author, but in a hundred must he be "well up," though each of the composers played little else, perhaps, than their own "compositions," our stripling must be familiar with them all; he must have them all at his fingers' ends, from Corelli to De Kontski—task enough for half a lifetime surely; still, if the musician takes care of himself, and of his powers, there is no reason why he should not, like many of the most honoured in an honourable profession, "make old bones." He might not become a centenarian it is true, as did De Lorme and Lopez; but it will be remembered that amongst a very numerous *rôle* of distinguished musicians who reached "a good old age," the names of Haydn, Spohr, and Handel, are to be found nearly approaching four score; Cramer, Novello, and Cherubini exceeded four score. These were by no means idle people. I am inclined to think they "got out of themselves" nearly all that it is possible for any created being to get out of himself during his period of probation. Noble workers all of them! No grass grew under their feet; nor did they "foot it featly" in gilded saloons during the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal." What was the secret of their strength or vitality? Who shall presume to say? Is there any "elixir" can alter the decrees of that wisdom that "setteth up one and putteth down another?" Assuredly not. Still let me plead a moment. I think it is the difference in the hours mainly. We should stand aghast were anyone to work a horse belonging to us for as many hours as we habitually work ourselves. A very great authority (whose name just now lingers upon every tongue) took as many hours of physical exercise as he did of mental application. This he held necessary to maintain a just and fair balance of his powers. It has, however, turned out that had he taken more recreation, he would only be following the best advice of one of his best friends. Not to multiply, needlessly, illustrations, it was easy to see when Mr. Mark Lemon was personating Falstaff, which he did so unctuously and so well, that he was "overdoing" it. It was remarked last autumn, when he was "doing" the character in the Provinces, by one who has the reputation for reflection, that it "could not last." If he did not quit drawing on his powers at that exhaustive rate he would soon not have the choice left him. And so it proved. If I am probing too near the quick, it is because I feel it is necessary to utter a word of warning in the ear of the "coming generation," amongst whom it is now a growing fault—I had almost said, vice—to light, as it were, the candle of life at both ends. It takes a long apprenticeship to make a man a consummate actor; and even when it is acquired there is no calling with which I am acquainted that draws so persistently, or so deeply, on the vital powers. To play well at night old stagers will tell you requires the utmost care of yourself by day. Some, like Macready, adopt the one course and live on; others, like Edmund Kean, adopt the reverse, and do not live ont half their days. It is too near the men themselves to mention their names. I have shaken hands, for instance, with pianists (and very proud I was to be allowed to do so), men of whom it was said they practised *fifteen* hours a day, and continued that severe training for years. One clever musician was reputed to have played the violin for seven hours and the piano for seven or eight hours every day. That was "overdoing" it. When not playing he was composing. He wrote *Maritana* and *Lurline*, and then without reaching the prime of life, or attaining to the best results of the powers that were within him, became a "wreck." We would be glad to have spared him in the one capacity either as violinist or pianist or both, as a soloist, if he had given us another opera. Who would not be willing to forego few reminiscences of Paganini or Thalberg in exchange for another *Lurline*. In a word, it is quite plain that no man can become an epitome of *executive* talent of varied orders; though, mentally, men may be found who are endowed with a universal grasp and almost a universal sympathy. Let the young student then beware of "overdoing" it. No one man can do everything. If his talent lie in any *one* direction, playing, for instance, let him keep mainly to *one* instrument; and if it incline to writing or composing, let him make the desk his chief concern. To expect one man to both compose a concerto and to play it is scarcely wise. For to compose one concerto well he must be in the habit and frame of mind for composing concertos generally. This can only be acquired by "improving the shining hours" over the inkstand for a great portion of the day. And supposing our young exuberant composer has anticipated the dawn (having had the courage on the previous evening to withstand the undeniable attractions of the "best of all good company," always open to the genuine artist, as, indeed, is all good company to its peer) and "preventing the night watches"—supposing him to have taken, ere the matutinal refection is announced, his customary two or three hours' dose of "Kaleidoscopics," in what state of mind will our "patient" be for composing at that time? Will the endless devices of his "five finger exercises" promote the receptiveness and growth of the ideal within him? I rather think the reverse; in fact that the two procedures are utterly inimical to each other, and that instead of anything appreciable being gained, everything will assuredly be staked, and will, perhaps, as the die may turn, be eventually entirely lost both to himself and to posterity by thus "overdoing" it.—Yours very truly,

June 15th, 1870. IDEALIZER.

MISS KELLOGG AT HOME.

The following criticism appeared lately in *Watson's Art Journal*, *àpropos* of Miss Kellogg's Paulina (*Il Poliuto*):—

"The *rôle* of Paulina has always been considered a part requiring first-class powers. The character itself is peculiarly trying from its constant unrest; so full of conflict are the passions it exhibits from the opening to the closing scene, that the situations absolutely admit of no repose. There is consequently little opportunity for the finer shades of artistic contrast, the emotions being strung to the highest pitch throughout. Accustomed as we have been to the strong and broad interpretation of this part by the prominent dramatic singers who have assumed it—to the gesticulation so extravagant, and to the singing so overwhelming in its physical development, verging closely upon ranting, it seems hardly possible that Piccolomini and Kellogg, the very opposite of those singers, should produce effects as powerful. Yet so it is, and proves that the same end may be attained by readings entirely different, and that effects as broad and striking can be produced by artistic contrast, as by the strongest development of physical power.

"Miss Kellogg is terribly earnest in the character of Paulina, for although the tenderness of the woman's nature will stand out there is a constant struggle between it and her intolerant detestation of her husband's professed faith in the new Christian doctrine. She will plead for him, it is true; will strive to save him, but his impiety revolts her, until, overcome by that simple devotion, which seems to rob death of all its horrors, she believes in the true God, and goes forth to the bloody arena with the calm fortitude of a martyr. Miss Kellogg's acting throughout was truthful and impassioned; she did not lose sight of the situation for an instant, but kept the cord tightened, until irrepressible enthusiasm severed the strands, and her heart poured out in a burst of passionate song, the words, 'Oh, Santa Melodia! Celeste volutta!' So finely and truthfully was that rendered that it excited a *furore* of admiration, and it had to be repeated amid shouts of *brava* and thunders of applause. It was a supreme moment for the artist. Miss Kellogg's gestures were purely classic; they demonstrated the emotion with striking fidelity; every movement was beautiful, and so eloquent that her action was unmistakable in its meaning. Her poses were classic and graceful, and were in some cases as beautifully statuesque as those of Rachel. There was a world of expression alone in those shapely arms, and those little hands, which seemed to plead, command, entreat, and defy by turns. She sang the music splendidly, from the first note to the last. Her phrasing was admirable, impressive without exaggeration, and effective without rant. Her finish is most elaborate; it is hardly possible to detect a blemish in her intonation, articulation, or execution. It was pure, beautiful, and honest singing from the beginning to the end, and we were gratified to hear the repeated and irrepressible murmurs of *brava*, *brava*, which greeted her as point after point appeared in strong relief. Her voice was in superb order; it was full, melodious, and sympathetic; and ran out in passages of force, with metallic power which surprised while it delighted every one present. We must name Paulina as the grandest of all the successes that Miss Kellogg has yet achieved; in its interpretation she has developed high histrionic powers, and has boldly taken her stand among the dominant artists of the day. It is a proud position which Miss Kellogg has reached by indomitable perseverance; long may she retain it, adding new leaves to the crown of honour which she so justly wears."

BADEN.—Madame Viardot-Garcia has returned to this fashionable watering-place, and resumed her Musical Matinées, which are patronized by the Queen of Prussia, at present stopping here.

DRESDEN.—Herr Friedrich Wagner, bandmaster of the Royal Saxon Garde-Reiter Regiment, and a distinguished *virtuoso* on the trumpet, is about to undertake, with the band of trumpeters under his orders, a tour in the Rhine Provinces and Holland.

INNSPRUCK.—In consequence of the great success attending the first performance of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, a second and equally successful performance has just been given. A handsome wreath was presented to Herr M. Nagiller, the conductor, by the artists under him. Herr Nagiller has done a great deal to raise the standard of music in the Tyrol. It was he who first introduced Handel, two years ago, into that country, *Samson* being the work then selected.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—The total receipts of the late Musical Festival amounted to eight hundred thalers. It is believed that, after the expenses are defrayed, there will be a surplus. This surplus the committee propose distributing among the members of the orchestra, and musicians in necessitous circumstances. Considering the numbers of both classes of the intended recipients, especially of the second class, it must strike an impartial observer that the share of each individual recipient will not be much.

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A LETTER OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

By Frederick Thomae, Ph. D.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."—St. John vi. 12.

Under date of the 27th July, 1843, Vincent Novello presented a collection of manuscripts, most of them autographs of Beethoven, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, W. A. Mozart, father and son, and Neukomm, to the British Museum. Bound now together, they form a separate volume of thirty-seven sheets of very different size, numbered from No. 1 to 37 (Manuscript Music, 402. Additional Manuscripts, 14,396. Pluteus[a] CXCII. A.). In the following, the single sheet will be marked by *fol.*, its front by the letter *a*, its back by the letter *b* added to its No. There cannot be any doubt of the authenticity of Mendelssohn's letter which we intend publishing herewith. The MS. shows his well-known handwriting, elegant and graceful, but free from all flourishes, and, therefore, plain and clear, involuntarily reminding the spectator of W. A. Mozart's handwriting. The size is note paper 8vo, viz., four inches in breadth, and six inches four lines in length. The letter is contained from the beginning to the word *original*, inclusive, on fol. 31*a*,—from the words *with all its*, to the end, on fol. 31*b*.[b] Neither the letter nor the composition following it show any date stamp; however, the former, on several places repaired and done over with paper, may have borne such a one before. Postage stamps, on the other hand, did not come into operation in England, where they were first used, before the 6th May, 1840.[c] On the lower part of fol. 34*a*, which is the last page of the composition, there is still to be seen a white wafer, nearly five lines in diameter, proving the use of a cross-ruled stamp, the meeting-point of two lines marked in it by a somewhat deeper stitch. According to the date subjoined at foot, the letter is written in Mendelssohn's twenty-fifth year during the master's third stay in England,[d] which lasted from the 25th April, 1833, till the 25th August of the same year. It was interrupted from soon after the 15th May till the 8th June, by an excursion to Dusseldorf-on-the-Rhine,[e] where he had, on Whitsun holidays—Whit-Sunday fell in 1833 on the 26th May—to conduct the 15th of the great Lower-Rhine Musical Festivals,[f] remarkable in the history of music by Handel's *Israel in Egypt* being first introduced into the repertory of German music feasts.[g] It will perhaps, be interesting to note that the first public performance of this oratorio in England had taken place on the 4th of April, 1739.[h] To turn back to our letter—Vincent Novello, to whom it is addressed, was an intimate London acquaintance of Mendelssohn, as well as Thomas Attwood, the organist, of whom we shall have to speak more; Sterndale Bennett, the composer; Ignaz Moscheles, the pianist, after Ludwig Berger, in 1824, for some time his instructor in pianoforte playing; William Horsley, the connoisseur of theory, history, and bibliography of music; and that faithful friend of German art and poetry, Karl Klingemann,[i] late Secretary to the Hanoverian Legation. Born in London in 1781, Vincent Novello held the office of organist at the Portuguese Embassy's Chapel, was distinguished as a careful author and editor of a great many organ and piano compositions and transcriptions, and highly esteemed for the earnestness with which he pursued the interests of his art. His eldest son, Joseph Alfred, was the founder of the publishing London music firm of Novello, Ewer, & Co., now far renowned over the three kingdoms; and his second daughter, Clara, afterwards, when married to an Italian nobleman (Contessa Gigliucci), became one of the brightest stars on the sky of singing art. In 1849 he left London and retired to Nice in Italy, where he died in 1861.[j] A true monument of filial piety, equally removed from mere insignificance as from exaggerated eulogies, has been put to Vincent Novello by the loving hand of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke,[k] the well-known author and editor of Shakspere's works, in a little book sacred to his memory.

As the simple generation of 1833 was not so luxurious as the present in regard of gummed envelopes, the direction of Mendelssohn's letter is written outside the letter itself. It is as follows:—"*V. Novello, Esq.*, 67, *Frith Street, Soho Sqre.*" In this place, in 1833, Jos. Alfred Novello, *Musicseller*, carried on business,[l] very modest in its beginning and appearance, and Vincent Novello lived with his family from 1830 till 1834.[m] I hope the publication of the letter will be of interest from two reasons. First of all, it gives us some hints about a period of Mendelssohn's life rather important for his acknowledgment as a *virtuoso* and his development as a composer, but little known about, as the published letters give only few or no news at all out of that time—at least, in the letters edited by Paul Mendelssohn-Bartholdy and Dr. Carl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.[n] A letter of the 6th April, 1833, is followed by one of the 6th September, 1833; and Devrient's Recollections give, after a short notice of Mendelssohn's visit to London, a letter of the 7th September, 1833. The smaller collections of letters, published by Nohl[o] and Polko,[p] do not come into consideration at all. Secondly this letter is a specimen of Mendelssohn's English style, the first one published, I suppose. Benedict[q] tells us that Mendelssohn was well up in English literature, and that the works of Shakspere and the other eminent British poets were quite as familiar to him as those of his own country, and that he wrote as well as spoke the English language with great facility and purity, although his accent was slightly tinctured by his German origin. I do not think the English reader will be able, by many phrases in the letter, to point out the foreign writer; unusual, perhaps, are the expressions, *wants* in the meaning of *deficiencies*, *cuttings* for *blottings* or *erasings*, and the short *Prae*, *i.e.*, *Praeludium*, just before *Postludium*, current in German. The letter runs thus:—

"My dear Sir,—As Mr. Attwood tells me that he does not intend going to St. Paul's next Sunday,[r] I fear I shall have no opportunity before my return from the Rhine of playing to you the organ fugue which I wrote for you at Berlin, and I beg, therefore, you will accept it as it is, although I have not yet tried it on the organ, and do not know whether it is not too[s] great a trifle to be offered to you. But I liked it when I wrote it, and, on that account, I hope you will excuse the wants in it, and my sending you, instead of a copy in better writing, the original with all its alterations, cuttings, etc. I intended to finish here the Praeludium which I have begun for this fugue, but could not yet find time for it, and beg you will excuse its coming some weeks later, and being then, instead of a Prae, a Postludium.

"I hope to meet you this morning, in order to thank you in person for the kind presents you again have made me, and for which the influenza prevented me last week from saying my thanks to you.—Believe me, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

103, *Portland Street*, 10*th May*. Felix Mendelssohn."

(*To be continued.*)

Wiesbaden.—The following is a "c'rect card," as they say at the races, of the artists who will take part this season in the Kursaal Concerts given by the Administration. 1. On the 24th June, Mdme. A. Ledérer-Ubrich, soprano; Herr Betz, baritone; and Herr Léonard, violinist; Mdlle. Pauline de Smet, pianist. 2. On the 15th July, Mdme. Peschka-Leutner, from Leipsic, soprano; Herr Schelper, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, baritone; Mdlle. Pauline Fichtner, from Paris, pianist; Herr Jules de Swert, from Berlin, violoncello. 3. On the 5th August, Mdme. Mathilde Mallinger, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, soprano; Herr Georg Müller, from the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, tenor; Herr and Mdme. Jaell, from Paris, pianists; Mdlle. Thérèse Liebe, from Paris, violinist. 4. On the 19th August, Mdme. Monbelli, from Paris, vocalist; Mdme. Arabella Goddard, from London, pianist; Herr Auer, Professor at the Imperial Conservatory, St. Petersburgh, violinist. 5. On the 12th September, Mdme. Marie Battu, from the Grand Opéra, Paris, soprano; Herr Nachbaur, from the Royal Operahouse, Munich, tenor; Herr August Wilhelmj, violinist; Mdlle. von Dobjansky, from Paris, pianist. The well-known band, under Herr W. Jahn, will, as usual, take part in all the concerts.

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[a] *Pluteus*, short *Plut.*, Latin for *cupboard*. *Pluteus CXCII. A.*, in the library language means, *Cupboard, No.* 192, *first rank.*

[b] Fol. 32*a* is empty.

[c] See *Journal of the Statistical Society of London*. Vol. IV. [London, 1841], p. 97.

[d] First visit to England, 1829, second, 1832. See Jules Benedict, *Sketch of the Life and Works of the late Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*. Second Edition. [London, 1853.] P. 11 ff., p. 19 ff.

[e] *W. A. Lampadius, Felix Mendelssohn, Bartholdy* [Leipzig, 1848], p. 34 ff.

[f] *Niederrheinische Musikzeitung*. Vol. XI. [Cöln, 1863], p. 177.

[g] *Edward Devrient, Meine Erinnerungen an Felix Mendelssohn, Bartholdy, und seine Briefe an mich* [Leipzig, 1869], p. 158.

[h] *Friedrich Chrysander, G. F. Händel*. Vol. III. [Leipzig, 1867], p. 89.

[i] See *Karl Klingemann*, in Ferdinand Hiller's *Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit* [Leipzig, 1868], Vol. II., p. 95–100.

[j] Fetis is mistaken in saying: "*Novello est mort à Londres vers* 1845."

[k] *The Life and Labours of Vincent Novello*. London. [1864.]

[l] *The Post Office London Directory for* 1833, p. 295.

[m] *Mary Cowden Clarke*, pp. 34, 35.

[n] *Briefe aus den Jahren*, 1830, *bis*, 1847, *von Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*. 2 voll. Leipzig. [1861—63.]

[o] *Ludwig Nohl, Musiker—Briefe*. Leipzig. [1867.]

[p] *Elise Polko, Erinnerungen an Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*. Leipzig. [1868.]

[q] *Sketch*, &c., p. 18.

[r] "St. Paul's," MS.

[s] "To," MS.

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MR. CLAY'S *GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.*

The accident of this amusing piece having been brought out at an ordinarily non-musical theatre seems to have blinded some of our contemporaries to the fact that it is, to all intents and purposes, a comic opera. True, there is spoken dialogue, but there is also much more music in it than in the drama with songs, which we were wont to dignify by the appellation of English Opera. *The Gentleman in Black* has the rare merit of being original. The subject is fantastic enough to have been imagined by Hoffmann, but it is also quaint and droll enough to be worthy of its real author, Mr. Gilbert. Equally original are the merry strains with which Mr. Frederic Clay has brightened the story. The themes are of that decided and tuneful character which M. Offenbach has found universally popular, but there is no direct plagiarism. The smart and "catching" melodies which abound are admirably adapted to be committed to memory by actors who make no pretensions to a professedly technical education; and music of this description is equally acceptable to a general audience. A telling "subject," however, by no means precludes elaborate treatment—witness the *finale* to the first act, wherein a capital theme is thrown to and fro from orchestra to singers, taken up by one voice, finished by another, and altogether so cleverly worked that the movement grows in interest until the curtain falls. We would further note some couplets built on an Offenbachian model, and disclosing genuine humour; also a graceful soprano ballad, scored with admirable tact. Mr. Clay, indeed, has evidently taken unusual pains with his orchestration, knowing probably that he would have to rely greatly on his band. The actors, however, acquit themselves more than creditably of their unfamiliar task, singing with such correctness of accent and general intelligence as more ambitious artists often fail to exhibit. We welcome *The Gentleman in Black*, as an agreeable substitute for the burlesques with which we have all been long afflicted—halting verses, lamed by tedious word-torturings, joined to tunes stolen from the music-halls; and we are duly grateful to Mr. Clay, as well as to the compact little company of the Charing Cross Theatre, for setting a good example to their contemporaries. C. C.

THE BEETHOVEN CENTENNIAL AT NEW YORK.

The great musical festival which is to astonish New York and the neighbouring States, is steadily moving on to the day of its consummation. We hear of immense things in store for the admiration and the wonder of our citizens; and if but half the indications become facts, the New York festival of June, 1870, will cause Boston to blush, and wipe England and Germany out altogether. The engagements made are already multifarious, comprising almost every name known to fame in this country. It must cost a fortune alone to secure the services of the artists embodied in the list. The chorus is to be of immense proportions. The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston are coming, to a man, together with copious societies from New Jersey, Connecticut, other parts of New England, and from some of the up-the-river towns and cities. These, and with what may be got in New York, will build up an immense chorus, counting by the thousands. With such material, New York need fear no competition. It took Boston nine months to produce her great Musical Jubilee, and still some of the respectable fossils of this city and Boston pronounced the whole thing an artistic failure. New York will show them that a Festival can be got up by the vital energy of New York capitalists, in two weeks, that will be approved of, not only by the old fogies of both cities, but by the vigorous and gushing writers of the press. It can be done, it will be done, it must be done. The great conductors of the country have been engaged, and will organize the several departments, and be responsible for the uttermost perfection of performance. Thus, Max Maretzek will temporize with the Italian operatic element, and harmonize them into exquisite and picturesque *ensembles*; Carl Bergmann will invoke the tuneful spirits of Liszt and Wagner, and pay some attention to the dark, colossal ghost of Beethoven, who, it is expected, will be present, as he is invited to accompany General Grant, he having consented to give up his cigar for this occasion only; Dr. James Pech will wield the baton, and bring into line the miscellaneous choral coherts to attack Haydn and Handel in their tenderest points, and overcome them with a multitudinous power; Carl Zerrahan will wheel the Handel and Haydn Society to the front, and treat Mendelssohn mercifully and with distinguished consideration; and Jubilee Gilmore, in command of the ordance department, will strengthen the weak points, if there be any, and bring the whole to a happy conclusion in a blaze of glory.—*Watson.*

MUNICH.—It is proposed to get up a Beethoven Festival here, as in other places. Herr von Perfall, chairman of the committee, has offered to contribute, at the Theatre Royal, to the programme a performance of *Prometheus*, *Fidelio*, and *Die Ruinen von Athen*, with a new text by Herr Paul Heyse. The musical direction of the whole Festival is to be offered to Herr Franz Lachner.

CHARLES DICKENS IS DEAD.

(*An American Elegy.*)

Many a sad word has to be written in fulfilment of the duties of journalism; but sadder words have never been written than those that head this paragraph. The great heart, that beat with love and sympathy with all mankind, is stilled forever. The great mind, that has laboured to make the world happy by making it good, is at rest. This loss will come home to the hearts of thousands as a personal calamity. To read the writings of Charles Dickens was to love the man. Apart from the splendid imagination, the inventive power, the airy fancy, the infinite capacity of realizing and reproducing forms of character, and the beautiful, powerful, and absorbing style of writing, there is a celestial spirit in those works—of pity for the sinful, tolerance for the weak, tenderness for all human infirmities, heartfelt desire to save, and cheer, and lead onward—which wins every sensitive nature to the most affectionate attachment. Many great men have been admired; but around the grave of Charles Dickens the world will stand with stricken hearts and tear-dimmed eyes; for he had won the love of all mankind. It has lost a benefactor, a leader, a good, true and great man,—in himself an immortal proof of the innate divinity of human nature. Charles Dickens has been taken from us suddenly—but not before his work was well and nobly done. English literature will cherish forever the illustrious name that is this day written in the book of death. The meagre news—enough, however, slight as it is, "to eclipse the gaiety of nations"—tells us that he perished suddenly, while at dinner, stricken by paralysis. With like suddenness the grim angel came to Thackeray and to Hawthorne—companions of this grand and sweet soul, in the noble walk of letters. Not without fitness, though, is the visitation of sudden death that takes away the leaders of human thought from the very pinnacle of their greatness. They vanish from us at once—all their splendour unsullied by decay, and all their grandeur solid and perfect in the eyes of fame.—*New York Weekly Review.*

ON CHARLES DICKENS.

(*By one of the multitude.*)

The death of Charles Dickens concerns musicians—yes—as it concerns the professors of every art, and the practitioners of every craft, among us. He was the most universal man of the present century. What he wrote concerned the whole world of humanity. He made us all, if not good, *at least better* for what he wrote. We feared the giant intellect of Thackeray; but we loved and sympathized to the core with the gentle eloquence of Dickens. Both were loveable men. We loved Thackeray as a *cumini sector*; we loved Dickens as a consoler and comforter. We were always apprehensive of the stern reproach of the one, always sure of the sympathy of the other for what in us was human, and therefore not faultless. These were two great teachers of our time—because they taught, each in his peculiar way, through real types of humanity. What is Mills to them? What Bulwer (with his ——). What the astronomers?—what Lyall—what Darwin—what Goldwin Smith, or Mr. Disraeli?

Dickens is gone. We are not going to speak of his characters, though how much might be said about them all, from Mrs. Gamp to little Emily. And, then, with all these extraordinary endowments—the *man himself*, simple, and hearty, and communicative, and genial as a *child*. This was as the people—the great and universal people of the British dominions—saw "C. D."

"EE-HAW."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—As one of the true Jerusalem tribe, I write to take exception to the way in which you, and your co-editor, whose superscription is "A.S.S.," spell "ee-haw."

Our tribe never aspirate, or even use the *h* in the first syllable. To what tribe do you and yours belong?

Our "ee" is a long *pianissimo*; and, when heard in the calm immensity and mystic silence of a dewy summer heve, sounds like the lulling note of a tempting angel, and produces a sensation as though the eart was being surrounded by a transparency of rubies, diamonds, jasper, chrysoprase, and many nectars of voluptuous flavour, and bright and golden ues: but *our* "haw" is a roarer; and is no sooner brayed forth than away fly lulling notes, angel temptings, rubies, diamonds, jasper, chrysoprase, haye and chrysolite, and hagate, and beryl, and voluptuous nectars into the bargain, and the soul shivers off its luscious dream swift as a meteor's flash, and, ere the *haw* has reached its climax, you know *where you are*.—Believe me, as ever, muchly yours,

DOUBLE

June 27, 1870. (You know what follows).

P.S.—Lest you should be in doubt, it is ASS, without the initial punctuation.

[Our correspondent need not have explained; his letter fully entitles him to dispense with what he calls "*initial* punctuation," and to sign himself "ASS" without reserve.—A. S. S.]

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Van H. (Weymouth).—No *Southern Times* has come to hand. Will our correspondent favour us with another copy.

Inquirer.—Schubert, beyond comparison, in the first instance; Rossini, beyond comparison, in the second; Auber, beyond comparison, in the third: Mendelssohn, beyond comparison, in the fourth; and Sterndale Bennett, beyond comparison, in the fifth. With regard to the second question—J. S. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. In such an argument Spohr and Schumann are out of the question. Cherubini is more difficult to dispose of.

NOTICE.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1870.

"DE RETZ" SPEAKETH.

De Retz says little, and that little commands no particular attention. He is a convenient underling of Saint Bris, and, doubtless, a zealous,—charity forbids us to say an unscrupulous—partizan. But were he knocked on the head by a "Rataplan" buff-coat, nobody would care, even if anybody missed him. Such is De Retz of the *Huguenots*; but "every man in his time plays many parts," and De Retz turns up occasionally as London correspondent of the Paris *Ménéstrel*, in the columns of which journal he disports himself after the manner of a vivacious whale, playing truant from "school." In this capacity he is much more amusing than as a Catholic nobleman of sanguinary propensities. He exhibits a liveliness of imagination which amounts to the faculty of seeing, and believing in, things that are not—as when, a few weeks ago, he spoke gravely of twenty Hansoms waiting outside Drury Lane Theatre to convey members of the press from one operahouse to another. For this alone, De Retz off the stage is vastly more entertaining than De Retz on it, and we hope he may long defer his exit.

De Retz's last letter to the favoured Parisian print is funnier than the average of his communications. From first to last it runs a grotesque "muck" with which one's risible muscles have an instinctive sympathy, though the onslaught be upon actual facts. De Retz begins by referring to Mdlle. Nilsson's "position exceptionelle," and quotes a part of our recent article on "Personal Opera," acknowledging the extract as from the *Musical World*—"journal d'opposition musical très avancée, et par conséquent tout dévouée à Drury Lane." To what are we in opposition, most sapient De Retz?—and how does being in opposition involve perfect devotion to Drury Lane? The conclusion pointed at is, of course, that we are antagonistic to Covent Garden—a conclusion the readers of the *Musical World* know to be false, if the readers of *Le Ménéstrel* do not; and, therefore, we are careless about refuting it. De Retz next goes on to describe our article as "le plus grand hommage rendu à l'influence artistique de Mdlle. Nilsson." With all respect to so sharp-sighted an individual, it was nothing of the kind. Mdlle. Nilsson's artistic influence must not be confounded with the influence of fashion. The two are distinct things, although they may happen to be in accord; and our remarks were a complaint, not against such a legitimate power as the former, but against a phenomenon having no *raison d'être* except Society's "Let it be."

De Retz then turns to Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*, and out of that barren work gets enough material for the bulk of his letter. There are several minor points in his remarks from which amusement might be obtained; as when, for example, he bursts into apostrophe about MM. Naudin and Graziani ("cet illustre baryton") exclaiming "quels artistes!"; as when he speaks of crowded houses, created by his own exuberant fancy; as when he imagines that somebody has depreciatingly termed *Esmeralda* nothing but an "*Album de Melodies*," which nobody would think of doing; and as when he styles Signor Campana "avant tout un mélodiste." But De Retz is mainly concerned about the press. He witnessed the enthusiastic reception of *Esmeralda*, and he read the criticisms upon it, since when he seems to have been in a state of daze, owing to the impossibility of reconciling opinions so diverse. At one time he cannot account for newspaper hostility to *Esmeralda*, without going far beyond reasonable limits; yet, immediately after, he discovers the reason to lie in the very title of the work. Such reverence have the English critics for Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, and such concern do they feel for its integrity, that they rushed away from the theatre to call Signor Campana's music ungrammatical. The logic of this course is not clear to ordinary intelligence, though De Retz may see it plainly enough. If, however, the facts are as stated, then not De Retz, but the critics, must be demented; nay, more, their madness must be madness without method; since when Signor Pugni's ballet of *Esmeralda* was produced (in 1844), they received it with a chorus of praise. But why trouble ourselves with questions of De Retz's logic, or, in other words, essay the solution of problems in Imaginary Quantities? De Retz wishes to attribute the failure of bad music to ulterior considerations; and when a man has set his mind upon a thing he is not deterred by the necessity of being illogical. One more word, and we have done with de Retz till next time. He gave this as a translation of a passage from the *Times*:—"Si la perfection du chant, unie à la perfection du jeu des acteurs, peut assurer à un nouvel ouvrage un permanent succés, nous le prédisons avec certitude à la nouvelle *Esmeralda*." Here is the original:—"If consummate singing, united with acting as consummate could *alone* ensure permanent success for a new work, permanent success might fairly be reckoned upon for *Esmeralda*."* Bah!—Monsieur de Retz, you could see the twenty press Hansoms which had no existence, and yet failed to perceive the word "alone," which really did exist! The upshot of the whole matter is, as saith the proverb—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

—o—

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

If anything could make up to the numberless readers of our admirable contemporary, Punch, for the loss of Mark Lemon, it would be the fact that the editorial chair which Mark Lemon filled so long and so worthily is now occupied by Mr. Shirley Brooks. Mr. Shirley Brooks also may be said to occupy another chair, formerly in possession of William Makepeace Thackeray—that of Editor of good taste, as the most refined and accomplished master of a particular branch of our literature which, since the days of Addison and Steele, has been one of its chiefest glories. He who has written the *Essence of Parliament* (not to speak of other things), has written that which will endure as long as the English language. Some great statesman said that his knowledge of English history was derived from Shakspere's historical plays; we own candidly that much of our knowledge of what goes on in the Houses of Lords and Commons is derived (and how pleasantly!) from the *Essence of Parliament*, with which our excellent Punch has charmed us for so many years.

* The "consummate singing, united with acting as consummate"—(as De Retz might have gathered from the context)—referred exclusively to the singing and acting of Madame Patti.

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Mr. J. S. Dwight, Editor of the *Boston Journal of Music* (Massachusetts), is entertaining his readers with a somewhat loose translation of that miserable piece of egotistical coxcombry and absolute nonsense, the pamphlet called *Ueber das Dirigiren*, by Herr Richard Wagner. What, in the name of Music, does any sensible American care about such stuff?

At a recent performance of *Robert le Diable* at Cassel, an incident took place not provided for either by librettist or composer. During the trio, the tenor hissed the *prima donna*, and the bass retorted by seizing the tenor throat-wise—obtaining, for the first time in his life, unanimous applause. We manage such matters better in England. Here, when artists quarrel on the stage, one performs the "happy despatch," and cuts away—home. But each country has its manners.

But for death supervening, the horse brought down to one grain of corn per day would have settled the question whether the least possible something is better than nothing. At present evidence is in favour of the least possible something, because we find the theatre at Arcidosso (Grosseto) willing to accept a subvention of 10 francs per year. Compared with this establishment, the theatres of Adghiari (30 francs) and Barbara (75 francs) are rolling in riches.

Mdlle. Nilsson has experienced something like the sensations of those who see their own death announced in the papers, and who have the great felicity of turning sorrow into joy—tears into laughter. She has just written to the *employés* of the Grand Opéra, thanking them for the sympathy shown on the occasion of the reported loss of her voice. As sympathy was not confined to the Grand Opéra (how many *prime donne* shared it, for example), Mdlle. Nilsson should advertise what the Yankees style, "a card."

Don Giovanni was produced at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, on Thursday night—with Faure, Castelli, Gardoni, Zoboli, Foli, Reboux, Lewitzky, and Nilsson, in the principal characters. All we can say at present is that the Donna Elvira of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson was, both musically and dramatically, the most perfect and beautiful representation of that character in our experience.

We are glad to know, and our readers will be glad to know, that Professor Sterndale Bennett's beautiful overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, composed for the Jubilee Concert of the Philharmonic Society, has been published by Lamborn Cock & Co. as a pianoforte duet.

M. Hervé has written, and the Variétés will shortly produce, a new work, entitled the *Trone d'Ecosse*, out of which, apart from the music, some fun will probably be got. The names of the characters—all we know so far—are highly promising. Le Duc de Buckingham appears, and so do Louis XIV., Georges XV. (whoever he may be), Mac-Razor, and Flora Mac-Razor (shade of brave Flora Macdonald, can this be meant for you?), and "Julia Good Morning!" The last eminently Scotch patronymic is delicious, and M. Victor Hugo must look to his laurels.

A cabinet crisis has taken place at the Paris Italiens. Upon what rock the Alary administration came to grief, we know not; but it is certain that M. Alary is "out," and M. Emmanuel Muzio is "in." Not only so, but his Majesty Bagier I. has suppressed the "Direction du Chant," and decreed a "Direction de la Musique," with heavy responsibilities, including those connected with the choice of operas, artists, and the conduct of the orchestra. M. Muzio has entered upon his duties with zeal. After visiting London, to hear *Esmeralda*, and look out for artists, he next starts, or has already started for Italy, prepared to make a *grand battue* upon the accomplished singers and beautiful new operas with which that country notoriously abounds. The appointment of M. Muzio leaves his Highness the Khedive without a *chef d'orchestre*. Here is a fine opening for knights of the bâton in the land of Saladin.

A curious bit of news comes to us from Ancona. Two persons of different opinions, about an opera entitled *Fiammella*, referred the dispute to an arbitrator, M. le Sabre, and fought it out to an end which might have been bitter, but was not. Herein is a suggestive idea:—When success is contested at Covent Garden or Drury Lane (which never happens, because our public accept anything), let each side choose a champion, and each champion have at the other with all due formality, the first placed *hors de combat* to determine the matter. We would insist, however, that the composers should fight their own battles, if possible; the chance of getting rid of them being much too good to be lost.

In 1860, when Big Ben the Second was cracked, it was feared that some day, in striking, it might bring clock-works and clock-weights pell-mell to the bottom of the clock-tower. Forty tons of metal, falling from a height of 200 feet would shake the foundations of the tower to the centre. As the clock-weights, too, might of themselves fall, Mr. Edward Barry was consulted in 1861 as to precautions. His scheme was a bed of sand, ten feet deep, under the weights. This was rejected by the Board of Works, who decided for a scientific "cushion" of jute and cocoa-nut matting, a pile of which materials was accordingly raised in proximity to the flue. Seven years ago, at three in the afternoon, this "cushion" took fire, doing some damage and causing more alarm. In spite of warning, it was allowed to remain. On Monday week it again caught fire. Surely there are elements of danger enough in the roof of Lords and Commons without materials for a bonfire in the tower—materials liable to spontaneous combustion, and perpetually in danger from a heated flue.

The Oneida Indians (Wisconsin) have organized a brass band and purchased twenty-five instruments. When they get into practice it is expected that music will arise. Pity that no German band in our crowded city has taken advantage of this movement, and gone to the prairie and forest, where they might put themselves at the head of the tribe, and make noises without injuring anybody! Music has charms to soothe the savage breast; but it has also charms which, when dinned into unwilling ears, turn civilized men into savages. Unmingled with the jingling of vehicles over the stones, it may have an opposite effect, and turn savages into civilized men. Anyhow, this new fancy of the Oneida Indians opens a field for the ambition of street musicians, of which we trust they will take advantage. If brass bands are not enough we can spare our barrel-organs; and vocal music is in demand we would send our Ethiopian serenaders. In the same spirit of liberality with which, as Christians, we have showered gin, rum, &c., on savage tribes, we would gladly let the Oneida Indians have our music halls; and last, not least, in a true missionary spirit, we are prepared to send them even the Alhambra. If this little token from Leicester Square does not satisfy them, nothing will.

A three act romantic opera, *Vineta*, has just been produced at Prague. It is a feeble attempt, on the model of Herr R. Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. The composer is Herr Skraup. Though that gentleman was called for, on the first night, after each act, *Vineta* will probably soon be forgotten; as completely forgotten as if the opera, the composer, the musicians, and the singers were all actually at the bottom of the sea, in which cool locality the hero makes love alternately to Vineta and a virtuous young Christian beauty, just as the nymphs, gnomes, and other interesting personages disport themselves below the surface of the Rhine, in Herr R. Wagner's *Rheingold*.

The members of the operatic company at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, have two months' holidays, commencing on the 30th June. In order, however, that the numerous visitors to this capital may have an opportunity of seeing the interior of the magnificent building by gaslight, during the above period, there will be three ballet-performances every week.—Some little time since, it was reported that Herr Joseph Strauss had been taken very ill at Warsaw. According to the statement then put forth, Herr Strauss was suddenly attacked, while conducting, and, having fainted, fell violently backwards. In doing

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this, he was said to have seriously injured the back of his head, which came in contact with a music-stand. The *Tagblatt*, however, gives a different version of the matter. If that paper is well informed, Herr Strauss was grossly insulted, a week or two ago, during the performance, by a Russian officer, and, being in a weak state of health, felt the shock so deeply that a serious illness is the result. The affair has created a deep sensation in Warsaw.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The annual juvenile choral festival in connection with the Tonic Sol-fa Association was held at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday week. This is always one of the popular days of the year, the friends of the youngsters mustering in great force. The choir numbered about 5,000, principally children, strengthened by a few tenors and basses. The first part of the programme was devoted to sacred pieces. Attwood's "Teach me, O Lord," and Kent's "Thine, O Lord," were two of the anthems given. Two or three of the part-songs were sung with spirit and in good time and tune. The others did not go so well, but the audience were too pleased or too loyal to the system of which the choir were exponents, to be critical, and all the pieces were received with applause, three of them being encored.

Mr. Frederick Archer's concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Friday evening, June 24th, commencing with Mendelssohn's trio in D minor. Miss Dalmaine, whose voice was in good tune, sang Gounod's "Quand tu chantes." Miss Poyntz was much applauded in "In questo semplice," and Mrs. Frederick Archer and Mr. Perren gave great pleasure by their excellent rendering of Verdi's "Si la stanchezza." Herr Carl Stepan sang exceedingly well "Oh, ruddier than the cherry." Mr. Archer played with MM. Risegari and Paque the above-named trio, also three posthumous studies of Mendelssohn. A printed apology for the absence, through illness, of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Nelson Varley were distributed among the audience. H. L.

Mr. Alfred Baylis gave a *matinée* at his residence, 18, Lower Seymour Street, which was fashionably attended. He sang "Adelaide," "Alice, where art thou?" and Benedict's "Nulla da te bel angelo," accompanied by the composer, in all of which he received much applause. Miss K. Poyntz gave an air of Bishop's, and Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," most successfully. Mr. Lewis Thomas displayed his fine voice to advantage in "Ah non avea," and Tito Mattei's "La Pesca." Mdlle. Colmache, a pianist, played two solos most brilliantly. Mr. John Thomas gave Parish Alvars' harp solo, "The Mandoline," and (with Mr. Benedict) their grand duet on airs from *Faust*. M. Paque played two of his solos in his usual excellent style. Mr. Henry Thomas, Herr Lehmeyer, and Mr. Benedict were the conductors.

Mr. G. Lansdowne Cottell gave his twelfth concert on Thursday to a crowded audience. Mr. Cottell was assisted by the Mdlles. R. and C. Doria, who well sang Kucken's "An eventide song," and solos by popular and classical composers, which were well received. Mesdames Montserratt, Agnes Lyndhurst, Ellen Jarman, d'Elise, Amy Perry, Houyet, De Barry, Mardoni, Demani, with Messrs. W. Reeves, Bell, Waldeck, and Bolton, sang and played an attractive programme selected from the works of Mendelssohn, Weber, Mozart, Meyerbeer, John Barnett, Henry Smart, &c., all of which were received with more or less favour by the audience. Mdlle. d'Elise in John Barnett's new romance, "The parted," sang it with so much grace and finish as to create quite a *furore*, as did also Mr. W. Reeves in a new song by Mr. Cottell, "Thy image o'er my pillow beams." Messrs. Weber, Lehmeyer, Cottell, and Francesco Berger accompanied.

The concert given by Madame Rudersdorff took place on Tuesday week, at the residence of Mrs. Washington Hibbert, Dover Street, and attracted an audience both numerous and fashionable. Very little part was taken in the proceedings by the *bénéficiaire* herself, whose great and universally acknowledged talent—to say nothing about the speciality of the occasion—might have justified her in doing a great deal. Madame Rudersdorff made but two appearances; singing first, with Madame Trebelli and chorus, Gounod's *cantique*, "Noel;" and, next, a new *canzone* (MS.), entitled "Marinella," by Signor Randegger. The latter, even more than the former, exhibited the high artistic qualities that invariably distinguish Madame Rudersdorff's singing; and is, in itself, a charming composition. Among the vocalists who supported the concert-giver were Madame Volpini, Madame Trebelli, Madame Patey, Miss Alice Fairman, Signor Gardoni, M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Patey, Signor Bossi, and Signor Bettini, with some of Madame Rudersdorff's clever and promising pupils. It would serve no purpose to mention the more or less familiar pieces selected by each artist, and we need only make the general remark that the choice was, in most instances, good, and the result satisfactory. The vocal pieces were relieved by several instrumental solos, among them being two *morceaux*, well played by Signor Alfred Rendano; Boccherini's violoncello sonata, executed in his usual style, by Signor Pezze; a duet, *Impromptu*, by Reinecke, for two pianos; and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," both played by the Misses Kingdon. Mr. Benedict gave to several pieces the charm of his masterly accompaniment.

The annual concert of Mdlle. Mathilda Enequest was given at St. George's Hall, on the 23rd June, under the immediate patronage of the Ambassador of Sweden and Norway. The vocalists were Mdlle. Enequest and Mdlle. Drasdil, Messrs. Cummings and Penna, and M. Jules Lefort. Mdlle. Enequest was encored in "Come per me sereno," from *La Sonnambula*, and was much applauded in Edward Land's "La Gitana," and in Kücken's "Der Himmel." She also received applause in some new Swedish melodies. Mdlle. Drasdil gained an encore in Miss Kate Ward's "He is upon the lonely deep," and Mr. Cummings was similarly honoured in Mr. O'Leary's ballad, "Ask not why I love." Mr. Penna was recalled after "The Old English Gentleman," and M. Jules Lefort sang, as usual, with great effect. The instrumentalists were Herr Ganz, M. Telesinski and M. Paque, who played several concerted pieces with considerable effect. M. Telesinski created quite a sensation in M. Alard's fantasia upon airs from *La Muette*, which he performed upon the violin with great skill. The concert was very fashionably attended. H. L.

Miss Mary E. Walton's annual morning concert took place last Monday, and drew a full audience. The concert opened with Randegger's trio, "I Naviganti," sung by Madame Thaddeus Wells, Messrs. Alfred Baylis and Maybrick; after which Miss Walton played Mendelssohn's *caprice* in B minor, in a most efficient manner. In the course of the concert she gave Chopin's *ballade* in A flat (Op. 47), and (with Mr. Weist Hill and M. Albert) Lady Thompson's grand trio in D minor, which received every justice at the hands of the executants. Mr. H. Weist Hill played his own solo on airs from Wallace's *Maritana*, which was loudly applauded. Miss Katherine Poyntz sang Francesco Berger's song, "The Syren," with effect, as did Miss Banks the romance "A Summer Eve" (encored). Mesdames Lisbbart, Thaddeus Wells, Osborne Williams, with Messrs Maybrick, Trelawny Cobham, and Alfred Baylis gave several popular songs, duets, and concerted pieces. In Beethoven's "Adelaide," sung by the last-named artist, and well accompanied by Miss Walton, both artists received much applause. The concert was a great success. Messrs. Kingsbury, Lehmeyer, and Osborne Williams accompanied.

Mr. Benedict's Concert.—A gigantic gathering of artists to sing and play through a programme which might almost be measured by the yard, took place in St. James's Hall on Wednesday week and attracted a crowded audience. The proceedings began at half-past one, and ended, we imagine, at a time which gave peculiar appropriateness to the last piece—"When evening's twilight gathers round." Fifty-six pieces were in the programme, the artists announced to appear being fifty-five. It is obvious, therefore that a bare mention of what was done would exhaust the reader's patience long before the end, while it would be no more interesting than calling over the roll of a regiment. Luckily, were the reader's patience equal to that of Job, and our space a matter of no concern, there would be little need for such particulars, very many of the selections, having no interest whatever save in the actual performance. What boots it, for example, to tell that Signor Gardoni sang his often repeated "Mandolinata?" or that Madame Volpini gave, once again, "O luce di quest' anima?" All such things may be passed over in absolute silence. There were, however, several features of interest which demand special notice: among them certain new works composed expressly for the occasion. One of these, "The Mother and the Angel," sung by Madame Patey, and written by Mr. Benedict, is a charming example of the pathetic ballad, and will, if we mistake not, become extensively popular. Another novelty was Mr. Arthur Sullivan's Italian duet, "La Confidenza," which, as sung by Mdlle. Lewitzky and Mdlle. Cari, had a fair measure of success. Mr. F. H. Cowen's new quartet for four performers on two pianos was decidedly well received. It is based upon themes from *Il Flauto Magico* (not a bad base either) and is admirably wrought out for the production of the effect belonging to this class of works. The executants were Mr. Benedict, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. G. Osborne, and the composer himself, in whose hands it lost nothing. Another successful novelty was a duet, "Cantiamo d'amore," composed by Signor Pinsuti, sung by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson and Madame Trebelli, and unanimously encored. The music possesses the gracefulness apparent in most of the author's works, and we need hardly say all its beauty was displayed by the artists associated in its execution. Other unfamiliar works were in the programme, such as the quartet, "O ciel que faire," from Méhul's *L'Irato*, but upon these we have no space to dwell. The chief vocal successes were gained by Mdlle. Nilsson, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska Madame Trebelli, Madame Monbelli, M. Faure, and Mr. Santley, all of whom were encored, re-called, or applauded with special heartiness.

Among the instrumental soloists was Madame Arabella Goddard, whose remarkable performance of Mr. Benedict's fantasia on *Der Freischütz* excited something as near like enthusiasm as a morning audience can show. It will be assumed that Mr. Benedict himself was received with all the honours due to his position and long service in the cause of art.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

A new and very amusing little piece, written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, set to music by Mr. German Reed, and entitled *Our Island Home*, was produced on Monday week with success. Like some of its predecessors it enlists the interest attaching to real personages, so that the gratified audience are introduced, say, to Mrs. German Reed as Mrs. German Reed, not as a fictitious character, and see her in situations, agreeable and the reverse, which are never likely to become actualities. The plot of *Our Island Home* is simple:—Mr. and Mrs. Reed, Miss Holland, and Mr. Cecil start round the world with their entertainment, *Ages Ago*, and are thrown by shipwreck upon an island, which they divide into four equal shares. The only fertile part falls to the lot of Mr. Cecil, who uses the power thus given him in a variety of absurdly funny ways which we shall leave the reader to discover for himself. Eventually a pirate (Mr. Corney Grain) bound by a oath to kill every body he meets, joins the quartet of islanders. This unwelcome gentleman, who turns out to be the long-lost son of Mr. and Mrs. Reed, is, by the ingenuity of Mr. Cecil, released from the obligations of his oath, so that all ends happily. It can hardly be necessary to say that Mr. Gilbert's dialogue is bright and full of point, that Mr. German Reed's music serves its purpose very well, or that *Our Island Home* passes away an hour in the pleasantest manner. The last named result is largely due to a capital performance, Mr. and Mrs. Reed being as vivacious as ever, Mr. Cecil doing his burlesque business admirably, and Miss Holland lending the grace and charm of her singing to an *ensemble* they help not a little to perfect. The new piece will, doubtless, have what it deserves—a long run.

FINE OLD TUNES.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I must ask space for just a few lines in answer to your remarks at the end of my letter, and also to your leader on the same subject, and then I have done. I have to say that I agree with you that "our church music is weighed down with such a monstrous heap of rubbish that few who care for music in the abstract care a straw for our church music;" and I would suggest (to go further than you) that the whole of it should be consigned to a bonfire—the fine old tunes, fine young tunes, the whole lot together. If it were possible, burn every copy and destroy every plate, and what should we find? Why, that the fine old tunes were engraved in people's hearts. Copies would soon be forthcoming again, whereas the dull miserable things, both old and new, that afflict the soul would continue in their well-merited oblivion. There would be no notes to remind us of them, and they, never having entered the ear or the heart, would remain dead, and we should feel how much better it would have been had they never been born;—there would be the test. We should soon find bristling into life, "Jones in D," "Crotch in C," and the other fine old tunes which you name "perpetrations," and are so easy to compose by "twaddlers." I frequently hear people (and especially those who have never done anything) say what they *can* do; but I judge by what I really see they *have* done, and by this standard as to chants—well, the less we say the better.—I remain, yours faithfully,

London, June 28, 1870. ANTI-PLATITUDE.

["Jones in D" and "Crotch in C" be blowed! Nevertheless, "Anti-Platitude" is a very clever and agreeable fellow. Let him write to us on some other subject. He will be right welcome.—A. S. S.]

TOM-TITS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—The small "tom-tit" is generally supposed to feed exclusively on the young buds of plants; but the following circumstance will prove the contrary. A pair have built in my garden wall, and reared eight young ones; recently one fell from the nest and was killed. On opening its mouth I found it full of the green Aphis fly, and grubs of various kinds, evidently collected from the adjoining plants. I have slaughtered many of these innocent tom-tits, but shall in future strictly preserve them.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Eagle Lodge, Derbyshire. SPARROW HAWK.

SALZBURG.—A new opera, *Blanche*, by Baron von Tschiderer has been successfully produced. The performers were all amateurs, the principal one being the Countess Hedwig von Gatterburg.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

The simplest, yet the most emphatic expression of a great national sorrow is called for on the part of those who wish to offer a farewell to Charles Dickens. There was no man who turned aside with more distinct aversion than he did from everything that was time-serving or specious, or indirect, in the making of his way to fortune and the keeping of his hold on the public; no man more averse than himself to the false praise or hectic sympathy and parade which belong to the lovers of notoriety. Therefore, no great genius has gone to rest in our times (or, indeed, at any time) whose fame needs so little apology or exaggeration.

As regards the literary life of Charles Dickens, there is small need for recapitulation of its facts,—less still for comment on them, so universal had been his popularity. But as regards the sequence, the catalogue should be clear, and I think it is not yet quite complete. It has been assumed and presumed that the *Sketches by Boz* began in the *Morning Chronicle*. But Dickens wrote elsewhere at that early time of his life. I think that at the time to which I refer, he was willing to help the editor of the *Monthly* (or *London*!) *Magazine*, then under the short-lived control of a certain Capt. Holland.

To tell how Dickens subsequently, and at no distant period, rose into favour with the public, would be to write the history of book publishers' catalogues—of cheap and dear books—the History, in short, of every one who cares for Fiction, and, yet more, who cares for truth. After the *Sketches by Boz* came *The Pickwick Papers*; then *Nicholas Nickleby* (with its immortal Mrs. Nickleby:—"The name began with B—, and ended with G—. Perhaps it was Waters"). Later, *Oliver Twist* (commenced for *Bentley's Miscellany*) and *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which contained the histories of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and of *Barnaby Rudge*. The *Memoirs of Grimaldi*, which made small sign, and are forgotten, belong to this period.

Next came that first book on America—fruit of a visit to the Land of Promise—which caused its writer to be so coarsely attacked, and which caused its readers to mitigate the habits therein reproved. Then followed *Martin Chuzzlewit* and (as fruits of an Italian holiday) the *Pictures from Italy*; later, the five Christmas Books (and how these quickened the charity of many a hard-hearted and hard-headed man is not to be told); then *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield* (its master's master-work), *Bleak House*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *Great Expectations*, which may be rated among the highest of his novels; in its force, as grand and simple as Defoe's; in its characteristic simplicity, like the scenery round his home, which framed (so to say) the story. Lastly, came *Our Mutual Friend*, full of minute touches and clear tracings of character, which would have sufficed to make the reputations of fifty meaner men. Of his minor tales and sketches, flung out during these years of constant work and excitement, it is impossible to offer a list. One only may be mentioned—the story of *Little Bebelle*, in one of his Christmas books for *All the Year Round*, which is as perfect in its pathos and local colour as any creation that ever came from the hand of man. Of *Edwin Drood*, his last, unfinished mystery, there will be time to speak presently.

No man who has ever drawn breath or taken pen in hand has done more to vindicate the dignity of the literary character than Charles Dickens. He had the ball of social success at his feet; and being endowed with every instinct for every enjoyment that luxury, or taste, or high breeding could minister, it is admirable to recall with what a quiet consistency, entirely distinct from irritable or arrogant insolence, he held himself apart from, and above, the temptations which the great world is only too eager to offer to every one who is new and brilliant and amusing. When *Pickwick* came out, that great wit, Sydney Smith, said in my hearing—"Three hundred soup-tickets!" But, from the first, as to the last, Dickens was not to be cajoled by the persons of quality who desired to make an exhibition of possibly the most original English writer of English domestic fiction who has ever been seen. He kept himself and his life apart, and for this reason it was, during a certain period, the fashion to misjudge him—as a writer vulgarly democratic, who had expressed pleasure in defying the privileged ones of the earth. He was even called "low-lived," because he did not hang on staircases, and make mirth for dinner-parties, and join in the exhausted humour of a society represented in the novels of the Regency period—happily dead and buried—by putting coronets on the heads of vapid characters, and by ransacking the dictionary of Court Jargon and Millinery for their dialogue. It has been said that he could not draw gentlemen and ladies (as footmen understand the designation). This is false. The characters of Sir Leicester Dedlock, in *Bleak House*, that of Mrs. Steerforth, in *David Copperfield*, and fifty indications more, may be cited in disproof. That he found greater pleasure in selecting and marking out figures where the traits were less smoothed or effaced by the varnish of polite society than in picturing those of a world where the expression of individual characters becomes less marked, is true. To each man his own field. An essay could be recalled, written to prove that Scott was a miserable creature, because his imagination delighted in the legends and traditions of feudal times, with their lords and their retainers. And yet Scott gave us the fisher-folk in *The Antiquary*, and Jeanie Deans. But though as "a man of the people" Dickens loved to draw the people in all their varieties and humour and incomplete ambitions; and though he was by nature and experience a shrewd redresser of abuses—tracing them back to their primal causes—he was in no respect the destroyer it was for awhile the whim of fools of quality and the faded people who hang on their skirts to consider him. One who

redresses grievances is not, therefore, an overthrower of thrones. The life and the works of Dickens expressed a living protest against Disorder—no matter what the Order.

His toleration was great for everything save falsity and oppression—one point excepted. He was too apt to assume that asceticism in religion must be hypocrisy. He was too unwilling to make allowance for narrower natures than his own, only kept to the rule of duty by the constraint of self-restraint, and those formalisms which he abhorred. In the very intensity of his own convictions, he was not always sufficiently forbearing towards those less deeply thoughtful, less profoundly gifted than himself, but possibly not therefore less sincere.

Those who were admitted to know Charles Dickens in the intimacy of his own home cannot—without such emotion as almost incapacitates the heart and hand—recall the charm of his bounteous and genial hospitality. Nothing can be conceived more perfect in tact, more freely equal, whatever the rank of his guests, than was his warm welcome. The frank grasp of his hand—the bright smile on his manly face—the cheery greeting—are things not to be forgotten while life and reason last by those who were privileged to share them. Then, his exquisite practical knowledge and punctuality gave him time—even when most busily at work for himself or others—to care for and to consider the pleasure of all whom he harboured beneath his roof. It is some comfort to think that he drew enjoyment from these great qualities, and the effect produced by them on his guests. As a talker (not a converser) at his own table—as one who could tell a good story, or give a tolerant hearing to another—whatever might be the subject—as one who could hit the nail on the head, no matter who was present, and yet who never domineered by a hair's breadth over the most domineering of guests—for lightness, for directness, for keen intelligence (freaked, but very sparingly, by the strong antipathies of those who have as strong sympathies)—Dickens was incomparable. There was no possibility of anything passing, where he was which the most experienced woman or the simplest child might not have heard. There was for every guest, the smallest as the greatest, perfect ease and security in the shelter of his house.

Whatever he did, he did with all his heart and soul and strength. The munificent sacrifices he made of time, money, and sympathy to men of letters, to artists, to obscure persons who had not the shadow of a shade of a claim on him will never be summed up. There are thousands of persons living who could bear grateful testimony to this boundless generosity of his nature. But his geniality was as great as his generosity. Whether the matter in hand was a country walk through the district which his residence has made haunted ground to so many persons of all countries,—or a fireside game,—or the coming out of some poor play in which he had been induced to interest himself,—nothing was to be done by halves,—nothing affectedly: and such youth and vivacity were doubly surprising in a man whose life was passed under the grave responsibility of many cares and burdens, and who prepared and completed what he gave to the world—whether in his works or in his personal intercourse with the public—with an honest care and earnestness which should put to shame all such rash and random persons as, on the strength of a few fancies and much impertinence, conceive themselves artists. When the story of his life shall come to be told on some distant day, then, and not till then, this amazing vitality, which set him apart from every human being I have approached, will present itself as one of the most remarkable features in the life and works of one of the greatest and most beneficent men of genius England has produced since the days of Shakspere.

It was his wish that all his letters should be destroyed. He was wont to say, in a spirit akin to that of Wren's noble epitaph in St. Paul's—that a man was sufficiently represented in his works. So should it be. But the brightness, the directness, the playfulness, of every page he wrote to those whom he trusted, cannot be overstated,—cannot be forgotten, by any one attempting the slightest sketch of his genuine and endearing qualities, with the slightest competent knowledge.

What more remains to be done here for the moment? Surely, no attempt made to designate or descant on the especial merits and qualities of Charles Dickens as a literary man:—surely, no marshalling of his recollections that come in crowds,—to be set, in the the instant of his departure, before the public. On a future day, I may endeavour to fill up the blanks in a sketch, the miserable incompleteness of which can be felt by no one more keenly than the writer.

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

ITALIAN FIDDLE STRINGS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Could you kindly inform me in your *Musical World* where the *best* Italian strings are to be had for the violin? F. A.

[Perhaps some connoisseurs among our many readers who play the fiddle will obligingly confer the desired information.—ED.]

DARMSTADT.—Mdlle. Erl, a daughter of the celebrated Vienna tenor of the same name, has appeared at the Theatre here so successfully, that she will, in all probability, be permanently engaged in the place of Mdlle. Mahlknecht, who secedes from the company.

WAIFS.

The Philharmonic Concert, originally announced for Monday, July 4th, is postponed to Monday, July 11th. The whole of the programme is to be devoted to Beethoven. Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is to sing, and Madame Arabella Goddard to play.

Madame Barbot has returned to the Continent.

The first representation of Herr Wagner's *Walküre* was to take place at Munich on Monday last.

M. Flotow's *Ombre* is now expected during the first days of July. When next? and next?

Herr Litolff has finished a new operetta—*La Boîte de Pandore*. It is said that the music is very original. Let us hope so.

Good news for the million:—M. Offenbach is reported, from Ems, as quite well again.

There is not likely to be Italian opera at Constantinople next winter. The Naum theatre having been burnt down in the late fire.

The Zarzuela theatre at Madrid has been injured by fire—damages, 300,000 francs.

Miss Minnie Hauck has been playing at Frankfort with—so it is said—much success.

A Beethoven festival is in preparation at Geneva, to take place on the actual birthday of the great composer—December 15th.

The Paris theatres and concert-rooms received, during May, the sum of 1,225,392 francs, 95 centimes.

Some ornamental lightning-conductors have been affixed to the new Operahouse, at Paris; *apropos* of which *Le Ménéstrel* asks if they are meant to preserve the theatre from the music of Wagner.

Five hundred chorus singers are advertised for the Gaîté, in Paris, for Offenbach's new opera, in July. One of the effects must be to blow the roof off with sweet and concentrated sound.

A notice has been posted at Baden, reassuring the public mind about Mdlle. Nilsson's illness, and confirming the arrangement under which she sings there next year.

M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer, and M. Heugel, the proprietor of the opera of *Mignon*, to be produced at Drury Lane on Tuesday next, are in London.

The Princess of Wales has accepted the dedication of Mr. John Francis Barnett's new cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*, composed expressly for the approaching Birmingham Festival.

Mr. John Barnett has arrived in town from Cheltenham for the season. The composer of the *Mountain Sylph*, &c, looks in good health and spirits.

SERENADE TO MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.—The *New York Herald* of Friday, June 17, informs us that Madame Parepa-Rosa was the recipient of the very high honour of a serenade on the evening of the Thursday previous, from Gilmore's magnificent band, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

At the Florence Politeama, recently, two ladies got themselves into trouble by taking the box next to Victor Emanuel, and trying to engage him in conversation. Were they English tourists suffering from royalty-fever?

We have authority to state that, in consequence of the death of the Earl of Clarendon, the Queen's State Concert at Buckingham Palace, announced for Wednesday, the 29th ult., has been postponed until Wednesday, the 6th July.

M. Hervé, composer of *Chilpéric*, received a telegram on Saturday, desiring his immediate presence in Paris, the English servant he had left there in charge having, it is reported, absconded with a large sum of money and many valuable articles.

The revival of the *Domino Noir* of Auber has been postponed till Monday, Mdlle. Madigan (!) not being ready with her part (that of Brigitte). A pretty condition for a great theatre like the Royal Italian Opera.

Draneht Bey, the Khedive's superintendent of theatres, has engaged the following artists for the next Cairo season:—*Prime donne*, Ganioli, Vitali, Grossi, Sarolta, Giovannoni; tenors, Emilio, Naudin; baritones, Colonnese and Boccoloni; buffo, Fioravanti; bass, Medina; *première danseuse*, Claudine Cucchi; musical and scenic director, M. Nichole Lablache; *chef d'orchestre*, Signor Di Giosa.

The Milan Scala has at length found an *impresario*, one Signor Antonio Cattaneo, behind whom, says gossip, is Signor Brunello, backed by a theatrical *costumier*, who is, in turn, supported by a music publisher, and so on. The new manager opened negotiations with Fraschini and Nicolini to no purpose; but he has since caught Tiberini and Ortolani, as a beginning.

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The dramatic performance by Sir Charles Stirling and other distinguished amateurs, in aid of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, will positively take place (it has been once postponed) on Wednesday, the 13th inst. The performance is on behalf of a society doing much towards raising the intelligence of the working classes, and, therefore, ought to be supported.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Land, had the honour of performing the following programme before Her Majesty the Queen, and Court, at Windsor Castle, on the 24th ult.:—Madrigal, "Now is the Month," Morley, A.D. 1570; glee, "When the wind blows," W. Horsley; part song, "O, who will o'er the downs," Pearsall; madrigal, "Come, let us join the roundelay," W. Beale; glee, "Here in cool grot," Lord Mornington; glees, "Sleep, gentle lady," and "Forresters, sound the cheerful horn," Sir H. Bishop; part song, "O hills, O vales," Mendelssohn; madrigals, "Down in a flow'ry vale," Festa, 1541; "Who shall win," Pearsall; glee, "Sweet is evening's tranquil time," W. Horsley; and madrigal, "O, by rivers," Ford and Savil, 1667.

The "Tonic Sol fa" College held its summer session during the past week. Mr. Curwen, in his opening address, referred to the progress of the method in Hong Kong, Beyrout, Madagascar, Spain, and at home. He exhibited an Arabic "Sol-fa" tune book, and two Chinese "Sol-fa" books, one of instructions, the other of exercises. The speech of Mr. Wilkins, secretary of Council on Education in New South Wales, whose method has been adopted by the government, and is taught in every school, created considerable interest. Mr. Wilkins described how the "Tonic Sol-fa" method had been chosen after much deliberation and experiment. The other proceedings included lectures and lessons on voice training, teaching time, harmonies, Helmholtz's discoveries, practical hints to organists, music in worship, the elements of success in teaching, etc. It was announced that, at the recent Society of Arts' music examinations, the large majority of successful candidates were again "Tonic Sol-faists."

The Rev. J. G. Wood, the well-known naturalist, whose musical tastes are evidenced by the fact that he is Precentor of the Canterbury Choral Union, has devoted an interesting article in the *Banner* to the consideration of the nightingale's song. Attacking the popular belief, which in this, as in many other cases, turns out to be a mere superstition, Mr. Wood declares that these famous songsters sing at all hours of the day as well as of the night, and that the best receipt for attracting them to any particular spot is to give three long-drawn slow whistles upon the upper A, or as near it as possible, and this being the challenge note of the males it will be speedily answered. "By repeating this call judiciously, the bird can be induced to approach closer and closer until he is within a few yards. He will then utter one phrase of his song and pause for a reply. Imitate it as well as possible, and in this way the nightingale can be induced to put forth his utmost resources until at last he utters a lovely rippling phrase of sound that no human lips can approach, and repeats the victorious melody over and over again."—*Choir.*

We are glad to see that our contemporary, the *Musical World*, adds a note of regret to the announcement that the Princess of Wales was present at the first performance of Mdme. Schneider, at the Princess's Theatre. Whatever opinion may be held as to the wisdom of showing unlimited encouragement to the light and trivial productions of the versatile Offenbach, when high musical art is comparatively neglected by our Court, there can, we think, be little question that the sanction thus given by Her Royal Highness to the vagaries of the notorious "Grande Duchesse" is greatly to be deplored. When we see the French Emperor going out of the beaten track to encourage the *ouvriers* in the pianoforte manufactories of Paris, and other Continental monarchs showing unmistakably their preference for the higher forms of art, and for conscientious artists, we confess to a feeling of deep regret that in England the opposite should be the case. Without any desire to curtail the liberty of the English stage, we believe that such performances as those alluded to are a positive disgrace to our theatres; and as music is made the excuse for the attendant indecencies which characterize Mdme. Schneider's performances, we have a fair ground for raising a protest against the encouragement offered to her by the Royal family and the aristocracy.—*Choir.*

Leipsic.—Herr Bartholf Senff is about to publish a work entitled *The State of Music in Russia, with especial Reference to St. Petersburgh.* It is from the pen of Herr Siegfried Salomon.

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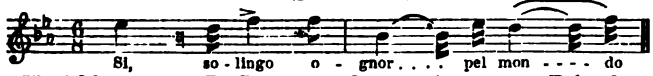

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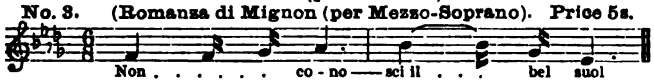

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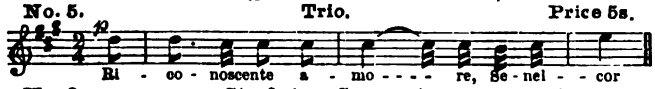

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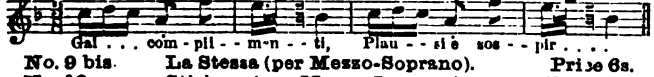

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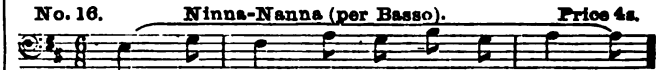

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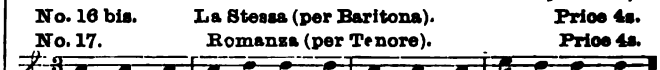

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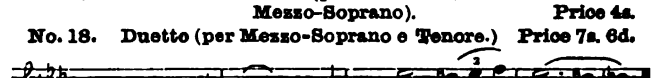

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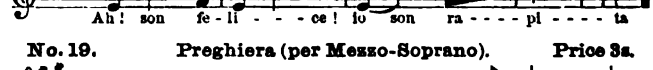

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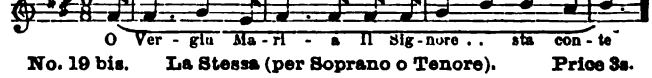

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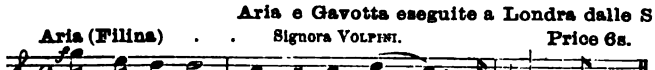

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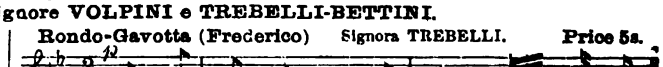

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street.—*Saturday*, July 9, 1870.

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe.*

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VOL. 48—No. 29. SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—Combined Attractions.—GRAND SUMMER CONCERT and FASHIONABLE PROMENADE, MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY of FIREWORKS, and GRAND ILLUMINATION of FOUNTAINS. Military Bands, Athletic Sports on Cricket Ground, &c. Artists in Concert—Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Madame Sinico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Gardoni, Castelli, and M. Faure. Full Saturday Band and Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor—Mr. MANNS.

The Firework display, by Mr. C. T. Brock, the Company's Pyrotechnist, whose recent displays have given such satisfaction, will include the great Egyptian Salute, immense cataract of fire, and other chief features of recent displays.

Band of the Coldstream Guards (Mr. F. Godfrey), &c.

Admission, 5s., or by Guinea Season Tickets. Stalls for concert should be secured at once.

NOTE.—Concert, 3.30; Athletic Sports on Cricket Ground from 3.30 till 7.0; Rockhills Garden open from 4.30 till 8; Coldstream Guards' Band for promenade on terrace, 7 till 8.30; Fireworks at 9; Palace lighted up after Fireworks until 10.30.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

THE SEASON WILL TERMINATE ON SATURDAY, JULY 30.

Last appearance but five of Mdlle. CHRISTINE NILSSON, previous to her departure for America.

THIS EVENING, "LA SONNAMBULA." Elvino, Signor Mongini; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Foli; Allessio, Signor Zoboli; Un Notaro, Signor Archinti; Teresa, Madame Corsi; Lisa, Mdlle. Vinta; and Amina, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska. Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

MONDAY, July 18, Rossini's Opera, "OTELLO." Otello, Signor Mongini; Roderigo, Signor Gardoni; Iago, M. Faure; Elmiro, Signor Foli; Emelia, Mdlle. Carl; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

TUESDAY, July 19, "IL TROVATORE." Manrico, Signor Mongini; Il Conte di Luna, Mr. Santley; Ferrando, Signor Raguer; Ruiz, Signor Archinti; Un Zingaro, Signor Trevero; Ines, Madame Corsi; Azucena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Leonora, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

WEDNESDAY, July 20, a Morning Performance, when will be given Gounod's Opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Perotti (his first appearance); Mephistopheles, M. Faure; Valentino, Mr. Santley; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

THURSDAY, July 21, Meyerbeer's Opera, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Roberto, Signor Mongini; Raimbaldo, Signor Rinaldini; Bertramo, Signor Foli; Alberti, Signor Raguer; Cavalieri, Signor Archinti. Signor Castelli, Signor Zoboli, Signor Trevero; Elena, Mdlle. Fay; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; and Alice, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

On SATURDAY, July 23, will be produced (first time in England) Wagner's Opera, "L'OLANDESE DANNATO" ("Der Fliegende Holländer"). L'Olandese, Mr. Santley; Erik, Signor Perotti; Daland, Signor Foli; Il Timoniere, Signor Rinaldini; Maria, Madame Corsi; and Senta, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

Acting Manager .. .. MR. JARRETT.

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

SATURDAY NEXT.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

President—THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

Principal—PROFESSOR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

The PUBLIC CONCERT of the Institution will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE, on SATURDAY the 23rd inst. commencing at Two o'clock.

There will be a complete Orchestra and Chorus, formed by the Professors and the late and present Students of the Academy.

Conductor—MR. JOHN HULLAH.

Single tickets, 5s.; family tickets, to admit four persons, 16s; to be had of the Musicsellers; at the Hanover Square Rooms; and at the Academy, 4 Tenterden Street Hanover Square. By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

THE ANEMOIC UNION (under the direction of Mr. LAZARUS) consists of the following eminent instrumentalists from the Opera Orchestras, Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies, &c.:—Flute, Mr. Henry Nicholson; Oboe, M. Barret; Clarionet, Mr. Lazarus; Horn, Mr. T. E. Mann; Bassoon, Mr. J. Hutchins; and Pianoforte, Mr. W. Shakspeare, R.A.M. Vocalist, Madame Thaddeus Wells. Mr. Lazarus begs to inform Secretaries of Musical Societies, Literary and Scientific Institutions, Directors of Orchestral Concerts, Concert Agents, &c., that the Fourth Annual Tour of the Anemoic Union will commence in September, 1870. Complete Programmes can be given, or Mr. Lazarus will be happy to offer the services of the Anemoic Union to assist in full Orchestral Performances, or in Chamber Concerted Music. Terms for one or more Concerts may be known on application to MR. HENRY NICHOLSON, 19, Halford Street, Leicester.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.

HERR FERDINAND LUDWIG'S MORNING CONCERT, FRIDAY, July 15th, 1870, will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, to commence at Three o'clock. Artists—Mdme. Rudersdorff, Mdme. Alice Fairman (Contralto), and Mdlle. Liebhart; Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. Vernon Rigby; Herr Daubert, Herr Ludwig, and Mr. Frederick Chatterton. Messrs. Broadwood's Grand Pianoforte will be used. Tickets—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 7s. 6d. To be had at Herr F. Ludwig's Residence, 1, Albert Street, Regent's Park, N. W.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL, AUGUST 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th, 1870. Mdlle. Tietjens, Miss Edith Wynne, and Madame Sinico; Madame Patey and Miss Marion Severn; Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Montem Smith; Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. Santley. Conductor—Mr. TOWNSHEND SMITH.

MISS ROSE HERSEE.

MISS ROSE HERSEE begs to announce her RETURN to England, but that she will be unable to accept any Concert Engagements during her stay. She will return to America at the beginning of September, to fulfil an eight months' engagement as *Prima Donna Assoluta* of the English Opera Company, and cannot accept any European engagement earlier than June, 1871. 39, Fitzroy Square, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing L. EMANUEL'S new song, "THE CHARM," at his principal Engagements. Address for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., 28, Old Bond Street.

TO TUNERS.

WANTED, a First Class HARMONIUM TUNER and REGULATOR, one who has a knowledge of Pianoforte Tuning preferred. Apply to Cramer, Wood, & Co., Dublin.

MISS ANNA JONES (Associate of the London Academy of Music) is open to Engagements for Concerts. Address, 4, Mortimer Street, Regent Street.

MISS FANNY CHATFIELD (Mezzo-Soprano), from the Conservatoire, Cologne, is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, Fairlawn House, Forest Hill, S.E.

HARMONIUM FOR SALE.

HARMONIUM to be SOLD, a Bargain, splendid instrument by Alexandre, two rows of keys, 22 Stops, Rosewood Case, cost £90. Suitable for a large school, Chapel, or Professional Gentleman.—82, Chalk Farm Road, Haverstock Hill, N.W.

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A SUCCESSOR is wanted by a Gentleman. Income between £400 and £500 per annum, in one of the principal towns in Scotland. A good musician would be certain to succeed. For further particulars address "Music," care of J. Purdie, 83, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

PUPILS WANTED.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 16, son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for Instruction in the earlier branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter. Apply to Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

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"REVIVALS,"

EDITED BY

J. W. DAVISON.

No. 1. GRAND FANTASIA

(IN E AND A MINOR AND MAJOR),

No. 2. DRAMATIC FANTASIA

(IN C MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

Price 6s. each.

*** Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

MISS ANNA JONES will sing SCHIRA'S "DO NOT WAKE ME FROM MY DREAM," at Rhyl, August 9th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular serenade, at the Store Street Concert Hall, THIS DAY (Mr. Lansdowne Cottell's Concert).

MISS FRITH (R. A. M.) will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S waltz aria, "THE NAIADES," and the romance, "A SUMMER EVE," during her engagement at Harrogate, commencing next Monday, under the direction of Mr. Julian Adams.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC. (Average number of Students 100.) Concerts Fortnightly, Town and Country.—Inclusive Fees.—Candidates for the Free Scholarships must attend the Academy Saturdays, from Twelve to Seven, and in return for Lessons, will have to perform in Public when required. Further particulars, and opinions of the Press, may be had of C. WEBER, Sec., Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

"FLY LIKE A BIRD," sung by Miss Ferrari, and "THE ABBESS," sung by Miss Anyon, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART'S new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street (sent free by post for 19 stamps each).

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THREE CHANT TE DEUMS, in A, A, and G, with explanatory preface. Price 3d. each.

BENEDICTUS in A, in simple chant form, for voices in unison, with a varied instrumental accompaniment. Price 1½d.

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NEW SONG BY

MADAME LA BARONNE W. DE ROTHSCHILD,

"DANZIAM,"

(Dansons—Valse Chantée.)

Composée pour MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON,

PAR

Madame la Baronne W. de ROTHSCHILD.

Price 3s.

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„ 4. SONATA, in E Minor.
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DEDICATED TO MDLLE. NILSSON.

"I LOVE AND I AM LOV'D"

("J'aime, je suis aimé").

PUBLISHED IN A, C, AND D.

Sung with distinguished success in Paris and London. Also transcribed for the Piano

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Each sent for 24 stamps.

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"The charming singing of the composer himself—Herr Reichardt—and of M. Jules Lefort, has already won for this romantic song a considerable reputation. The style is such as we look for from the author of 'Thou art so near, and yet so far,' and is equally happy with that widely known and favourite ditty. No great compass is required—only from D below to E fourth space—and Herr Reichardt's newest song is conceived in so truly vocal a spirit, and is so effective in performance, that we have no hesitation in commending it to our readers—soprano or tenor. A word for Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, whose translation, free though it be, from the original French of M. Arnould, is a thing to be remembered. Nothing in its way more elegant, more refined, more truly poetical, has been seen for many a day, and the manner in which the spirit, if not the letter of the French is preserved is equally admirable."—*The Queen.*

Just Published,

"THE REASON WHY,"

SONG.

The Words by Mrs. C. A. DOUBBLE.

The Music by L. M. WATTS.

(Composer of "Home of my Heart," song, price 3s.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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A LETTER OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

By Frederick Thomae, Ph. D.

(*Continued from page* 457.)

This chronological excursion will kindly be excused, so much the more as no reference to the composition spoken of is made in the published letters of Mendelssohn. Rietz, has specified [a] the *Three Preludes for the Organ* (Op. 37), and the *Fugue for the Organ* (Op. 37, No. 1), both of them composed at Spire (Speyer), the Palatinate, Bavaria, amongst Mendelssohn's compositions of the year 1837, and the *Fugue for the Organ in G major* (Op. 37, No. 2), written at Leipsic, amongst those of 1836. But one will in vain look for the Fugue No. 3. There is no doubt that Rietz was not aware what had become of the autograph notes, although he does not expressly mention it, in the preface, amongst the published compositions omitted in his Catalogue; what was done in the autograph MSS. by which Mendelssohn was in the habit of recording both date and place of composition is wanting. I am glad, therefore, to be able, on this occasion, to give a supplement to his Catalogue, which by the thorough accuracy, reliability, and neatness in which it was elaborated, would do honour to any librarian—namely, just after the notes, Mendelssohn has recorded (fol. 34*a*):—

"Written for V. Novello by Felix Mendelssohn, Berlin, v. 29 Mhrtz, 1833." [b]

The second of these two lines which gives place and date, shows the use of the same dark coloured ink and soft quill pen as the composition, while the first line (the dedication) is written in the same pale ink and with the same hard quill pen as the letter. This circumstance entitles to the conclusion that the dedication was not added before Mendelssohn was in London, and, at the same time, removes any doubt of the truth of the date. Reissmann, [c] it appears, is straightly mistaken in putting all the three preludes and fugues amongst the compositions of the years 1836 and 1837. They were composed partly in 1833, partly in 1836, partly in 1837, and give another proof of what Rietz [d] calls attention to—viz., that years not unfrequently intervene between composition and publication. As to the history of the *Three Preludes and Fugues for the Organ* (Op. 37), there remains to be stated that the fugue No. 3, did not come out quite in the same form as it was first written in, which best will be shown by a comparison of the first eight bars of Mendelssohn's autograph with the first six bars of Novello's edition.

Mendelssohn's MS.

Novello's Edition.

In the second form we have, evidently, to deal with nothing but a rewriting of the first, based, very likely, on a copy taken for the purpose of remodelling.

Like as the wind strips off the leaves of the trees, Time is taking away generations of man; and if we look round, where are at present the millions who, in 1833, struggled for life, or whom curiosity brought together in the Metropolis? Most of them who, just passing the meridian of their years, stood in the full vigour of their life and on the top of their glory, have departed in peace a long time to rest from their labours and laurels, and for those who flourished in the very spring of youth, winter has come to cover their temples with the snow of age. This, our essay, will have given an example how it is, already at present, not quite without difficulty, in all its references, to understand a plain letter written thirty or forty years ago; and we must be glad if the trouble spent in following the traces leads to any result at all. Thankfully, therefore, we have to renew the memory of Vincent Novello, who took care for the preservation of a remarkable document of past times. It is but gratifying to record his right understanding how little safe treasures of that kind are in private possession, and his liberal readiness, not daily, I dare say, to be met with, in committing a valuable collection of autograph manuscripts to a public library, where they are preserved, as far as it stands in human power, both from being lost or destroyed by accident, and most readily accessible to all who have an interest in them. To be envied, indeed, are the inhabitants of this country, who, in the British Museum, are possessed of a place which does not let them doubt for a moment where to deposit the fragile products of the past, which they want safely to be brought to the future; and as the Englishman is right in being proud of the British Museum, unanimously considered the most splendid collection of monuments both of art and literature of most different people and ages, united in the most splendid buildings ever, perhaps, erected for that purpose, so it will still be an object of admiration for the foreigner. Still, ever as large as the collections may be, any addition, even the smallest will be a welcome one, and assure a place in the records of the great national institution to the name of the giver; moreover, if it happens to be a somewhat larger gift, worth forming a separate volume, then, O gentle reader, thy name will, in golden letters, be printed on the red Russian leather back, and the friendly beams of the sun falling upon them, will shine far through the silent halls. If all disciples and amateurs of learning are called to gather up the fragments that remain, by thy goodness the knowledge of a certain part of the life of a great and noble man cannot die; it can only fall into a sleep, and though it may be a hundred years' sleep (like that of Briar Rose, the fair King's daughter), be sure, once upon a day, a lucky prince will be chosen to penetrate the thorn hedge of historical research to wake his bride out of her long slumber; may he even appear in the simple habit of an English schoolmaster, who in charge of opening to his dear boys the secrets of the Latin Grammar, and showing them the way through the labyrinths of the Greek, retires for the leisure of his holidays to the sublime solitude and noble comfort of the Reading-Room of the British Museum. The lucky prince having appeared, the thorns will turn into fine unfading flowers, and he will, under express thankful mention of thy liberality, gather them into an odorous nosegay, smelling out of an article in the *Musical World*.

[a] P. 510.

[b] *i.e.—Berlin, the 29th March*, 1833.

[c] *August Reissmann, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* [Berlin, 1867], p. 220.

[d] Preface, p. 501.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Students' Concert on Thursday evening, June 30th, was attended by so large an audience that it was impossible to obtain admittance into the concert-room "proper;" so we must satisfy the curiosity of our readers in an unsatisfactory manner, by merely transcribing the programme:—

Pianoforte Duet (in E flat), No. 3, Op. 14 (Clementi); Miss Smith and Miss Hemmings. This duet was performed by J. B. Cramer and Moscheles, at the complimentary dinner given to the author by the musical profession, at the Albion Tavern, 17th of December, 1827. Glee, "Though he be now a grey, grey Friar" (Bishop); Miss Goode, Miss Gardner, Mr. Shakespeare, Mr. Thwaites, and Mr. Parry. Allegro con Fuoco (from Sonata in D minor) for the Pianoforte (Weber); Miss Mayo. Liederkreis (a circle of songs) (Beethoven); Mr. Shakespeare. Prelude and Fugue (in C sharp minor), and Prelude and Fugue (in C sharp major), for the Pianoforte (J. S. Bach); Miss Burleigh. Aria, "Batti, batti," *Don Giovanni* (Mozart); Miss Penna—Violoncello *obbligato*, Mr. Aylward. Trio (in E), Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (Mozart); Miss Waite, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Aylward. Song, "The Garland" (Mendelssohn); Mr. Howells. Rondo (in D), Pianoforte (Mozart); Miss Turner. Clavier-Musik a due Manuali, Aria, con variazioni, for the Harpsichord (J. S. Bach); Mr. Docker. This Harpsichord, lent and prepared for the occasion by Messrs. Kirkman & Son, was made by Joseph Kirckman in 1798. It has been entirely renovated, produces 22 different effects or changes, and is one of the last Harpsichords made after the introduction of the Pianoforte. Song, "Alone" (Lady Thompson); Miss Ferrari, accompanied by the composer. Sonata in C minor (MS.), (first two movements), for Pianoforte and Violin (Cook, student); Mr. Cook and Mr. Morley. Trio, "Le Faccio un Inchino," *Matrimonio Segreto* (Cimarosa); Miss Goode, Miss Rebecca Jewell, and Miss Marion Severn. Rondo piacevole, Pianoforte (W. S. Bennett); Miss Moultrie. Madrigal, "O that the learned poets" (Orlando Gibbons, 1602).

The accompanists of the vocal music at the pianoforte were Mr. Kemp, Mr. Wingham, and Lady Thompson, the accomplished composer of the song, "Alone," who honoured Miss Ferrari with her valuable co-operation.

The annual public concert of the students is announced to take place at the end of the present month at the Hanover Square Rooms, when several old members of the Academy will lend their aid.

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THE LATE MR. MARK LEMON.

From the birthday of *Punch* Mr. Mark Lemon was the chief of the staff of writers and artists who have been shooting folly on the wing and wounding with "the wasp's edge of the epigram" every public abuse —or social error—during nearly thirty years. If the lip of a wit be warfare upon earth, how must he have been tried, who, during so many years, has been called upon to hold the balance even among groups of rival wits? If there were nothing to add to Mr. Mark Lemon's account with the periodical literature of his time beyond his deserts as the hearty, amiable, and honest director of a turbulent set of intellects, he would have a strong claim on the grateful remembrance of his generation. To his nice discrimination and his instinctive abhorrence of extremes in opinion and expression, the famous journal of which he was editor from the beginning owes the services of men much more brilliant than he ever pretended to be; owes very much of the popularity which has marked the thirty years of its existence.

The qualities that enabled Mr. Mark Lemon to maintain his place at the head of the *Punch* table, in the presence of Thackeray and Douglas Jerrold, are to be found by a conscientious review of the varieties of literary work which he did apart from *Punch*. It is said that Mr. Lemon wrote sixty pieces. Undoubtedly he was a prolific writer for the stage, and the best of his sympathies were given to the boards. He was an excellent actor, as well as an artful and effective dramatist. He had sympathies so quick and warm that a sad event, a misfortune, or the sight of pain or emotion brought the tears welling to his eyes as quickly as they spring to the lashes of a girl in her teens. Hence, his dramas are strongest where they depend on emotion. The play of his humour was mild, but it was ever gracious and funny. In short, there is in all his dramatic doings the atmosphere of a happy nature. The man was as genial as the dramatist; so that when he turned from the stage, and wrote for children, or for the holyday-makers in the *Illustrated London News*, he was sure to please. There was a smile upon his page. He seldom made you laugh; but he put you on good terms with the world and the writer and yourself.

The natural inclination of Mr. Mark Lemon was not towards comic literature. He had fun in him; his was a merry eye and a laughing lip; but there was a fine warm fibre underlying all, and holding the man together. It was by this element in him that he succeeded in holding satirists and humorists and caricaturists together. Appointed navigator in troubled waters, he poured out the oil of his gentle nature without stint. His approach brought sunny weather; his voice was balm to the angry; he loved the quiet, orderly, becoming way.

The incidents of Mr. Lemon's life were few. He was born in 1809, we are told, in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street, and in the middle rank of life. His lot was early cast among theatrical people, and his impulses were all towards the stage. That the boyish fancy never wholly ceased to operate in him is proved by the zest with which he joined Mr. Charles Dickens's amateur *troupe* in later life; and by his recent impersonation of *Falstaff*. Humour with an indulging tenderness was his histrionic quality, and he was a practised, painstaking and discreet performer. He was only thirty-two years of age when he assumed the direction of the most successful satirical and humorous organ of his day. From that time till his death he rejoiced in the even tenour of his life; in the affection of those whom he controlled; and he was never soured because his lieutenants were greater heroes than their captain. Mr. Lemon had been in feeble health for some time past, but there appeared no cause to fear an immediate end to his life. His mind was busy within a few days of his death, and he died peacefully in the midst of his family, of whom he was deservedly the idol.

The writer of sixty dramatic pieces, of a hundred songs, of scores of pleasant essays and stories, may be forgotten not many years hence; but by the help of all these *disjecta membra* some literary historian may, in future, raise up a figure of a true, bright, and happy worker, under whose benignant eyes something new and valuable in journalism was produced, in the middle of the nineteenth century.

MUSIC IN RACE.

Mr. Henry F. Chorley read a paper some time since, with this quaint title, before the Anthropological Society of London. We are indebted to our able contemporary the *Choir*, for the subjoined condensed report of what Mr. Chorley had to say on the subject:—

"He began his remarks by apologizing for having made the attempt to deal with so vast a subject as national music in the limits of a single paper. In a course of lectures at the Royal Institution he had some years ago dealt with the subject at greater length. These lectures he had prepared for publication, but had purposely held them back because of the unsettled condition of some parts of the subject. All he could offer at the present time would be fragments, not completed-work. The difficulty of knowing how much of national music so-called is genuine, was great. His experience convinced him that genuine national music exists in smaller quantities than has been believed. Then how often were airs incorrectly written? Notation, it must be remembered, was a modern art, and could not be accepted without caution. If poets commit errors in writing the ordinary words of their poems, how much more common are mistakes in the multiplicity of signs in musical notation. Of the travellers to whom we are often indebted for the notation of national airs, nearly all are amateurs, and many are ladies. Then as to the ancient pictures of musical instruments, it was a mistake to accept them as correct. Literal truth in art was a thing only recently gained, and this had no doubt been obtained at the expense of imagination. He would not therefore of necessity believe in the pictures of preposterous harps, played by preposterous men, on the walls of Egyptian palaces. While speaking with gratitude to all those who had investigated this subject of national music, he would say that he thought the instruments of the ancients had been too much overlooked. The modification which accent and rate of movement produce in music is very great. Who would suppose that the stirring 'Scots wha hae' and the plaintive 'Land of the leal,' were the same air? The pastoral air from *Messiah*, 'He shall feed his flock,' was then played, and repeated in double quick time with the accent strongly marked, producing an excellent and pretty dance tune. In the music of worship, said Mr Chorley, we must distinguish between what is mystical and what is congregational, between what is witnessed and what is partaken of. For himself he had never been moved so deeply by gorgeous ritual music such as he had seen at Cologne or Vienna, as he had been by the simple, unisonous singing of a vast congregation, which came upon the ear like the voice of many waters. Here he would notice that in German oratorios, whenever a psalm tune or chorale occurred in the music, it was the custom of the congregation to lift up their voices and swell the sound of choir and orchestra. But in England these oratorios were turned into mere concert music. After a short reference to the music of the synagogue as the most ancient service music in existence, Mr. Chorley passed on to say that the social conditions and the varying characters of different nations affected their music. For example, France and Italy have in their national music nothing to correspond with the German students' songs, while the madrigal comes from the south. He knew of no more vivid expression of nationality in music than was to be found in the German songs of the table. He had in his time done a good deal in adapting English words to German music, but the result had always been unsatisfactory. This could not be helped. To each, his own. The strong, stirring, muscular songs of the Germans have no equivalent. In the early history of nations, as must be evident to all, music did not keep pace with art and manufacture. Witness the curious productions of Eastern mosaic, when compared with the cacophony, the mere drum music, in which the people delighted. Some of the most beautiful of national airs come from the north—from Russia, Denmark, Norway, &c. The airs of Servia were equally noted for beauty. The music of chimes and bells must by no means be over-looked in the study of national music. Their purpose was no doubt originally to warn, and to collect men in cases of danger. Here he could not but be reminded of Miss Ingelow's poem, 'The high tide in Lincolnshire,' where the summons from the belfry tower was described with so much force and picturesqueness. The music of bells was so free and so changing, that he believed it had suggested many effects in melody. A Norwegian air, evidently indebted in such a way, was put in as an example. In the low countries it was the custom of organists to play on the bells, and he had himself tried the art in Holland years ago, but found it to require much more physical strength than he possessed. He had said nothing of the music of our own Islands. He was reminded of the old story of the man who wrote a book on Iceland, one chapter of which ran as follows:—'Chap. VI. On Snakes in Iceland.—There are no snakes in Iceland.' With British national music the predicament was of a precisely opposite kind. There was so much to be said that he could not now deal with it to any advantage. He might hope, however, at some future time to resume the subject on which he had so imperfectly spoken that night. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Chorley for his paper."

SCHULTZ *ALIAS* PRÆTORIUS.*

Hieronymus Prætorius, whose original name was Schultz, changed it, after the fashion of his time, into the Latin name of Prætorius.† Born at Hamburg in 1560, where his father, Jacob Schultz, was organist at the Church of St. Jacob's, he improved rapidly under his instruction as a performer on the piano and organ, and also in the theory of music. Afterwards he completed his studies at Cologne on the Rhine. At the early age of 20 the office of Cantor was offered to him at Erfurt. In 1580 his father died, and he was then nominated as his successor at St. Jacob's, which appointment he held until his death—the 27th of January, 1629. At a very early period of his life he was

* Sketches of Composers and Musical Writers of the Earlier Centuries.—No. III.

† In the 16th century most artists of repute adopted the prevailing fashion of Latinizing their names, instead of using their German, French, or English ones. In the 18th and 19th centuries the same mode was in vogue, especially among singers, to turn their names into Italian ones, thinking to receive more favour from the public by the exchange. To give an example of our time, I may mention the celebrated Sisters *Cruvelli*, whose original name was *Cruwell*. They were born at Bielefeld, a small town in Westphalia, where their father, who was a tobacco manufacturer, loved music passionately, and was himself a tolerable amateur tenor singer. I believe he never dreamt that his daughters would show the weakness to alter their name into Italian.

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already recognized through the whole of Germany as a great performer on the organ; but his fame as a composer spread beyond his native country. From 1599 to 1625 he published motets, Magnificats, and many other works of church music, some of them for twenty parts in counterpoint, which style was at one time admired as the pinnacle of musical art. Schultz's compositions were in such high repute that some of them were performed in the Pope's Chapel at Rome, which city he himself visited. After the performance of one of his compositions a Cardinal exclaimed emphatically, "What a pity that a man of his genius should be a heretic." For the choir of St. Jacob's he wrote a manuscript upon parchment five yards long by one yard wide, being a choral service in the old notation of the monks. In this manuscript he compiled all that was requisite to make it a complete missal, which was the general want at that time. Later it was published by Francis Elers, and received the name of the *Musical Bible*. This celebrated work stood in such high estimation that it came into use in every church through the whole of Italy. Gerber, in his Encyclopædia, mentions some of the church music of Schultz, especially some motets dedicated to the Landgrave Maurice of Hesse and the Duchess of Saxony.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

July, 1870.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The operas given since we last referred to the doings at this theatre have been *La Sonnambula*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *La Figlia del Reggimento* (followed by Acts 2 and 3 of *Masaniello*), *Don Giovanni* (with Signor Mario, *vice* Herr Wachtel, as Don Ottavio—a change of which few would be likely to complain), *Fra Diavolo*, *Dinorah*, *Hamlet*, *Le Domino Noir*, and *I Puritani*—all but three of them repetitions. Amateurs of the old school, who remember that until Mr. Lumley introduced his famous "long Thursdays," which combined singing with dancing in almost equal proportions, the nights for Italian opera were two (Tuesdays and Saturdays), may reasonably look with amazement at the present state of things. During one week (the week before last), there were no less than ten performances of Italian opera—six at Covent Garden and four at Drury Lane. If these ten performances were all more or less productive, the conclusion must inevitably be adopted that, from a luxury, Italian opera has become a necessity. However our inclination might tend that way, we are, nevertheless, unable to think so. Necessities are not to be paid for at opera prices, any more than bread and beer are to be paid for as venison and champagne.

The first representation of *Un Ballo in Maschera*—among Verdi's best, though, from some unaccountable cause, if popularity be synonymous with attractiveness, by which we intend the power of drawing large audiences, by no means his most popular work—is always an agreeable event for the admirers of his music. The distribution of characters on the present occasion was as strong as the company at the disposal of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson would allow, and the general performance, if not strikingly effective as regards the choral and orchestral accessories, was in other respects up to the average mark. The character of the unhappy Amalia might have been confided to a younger, but hardly to an abler representative than Mdlle. Tietjens, the Amalia in 1860, when *Un Ballo in Maschera* was first given in this country, during Mr. Mapleson's brief series of performances at the Lyceum Theatre (the part of the amorous Duke Riccardo being then sustained by the late Signor Giuglini—whose place, by the way, has yet to be filled up), Mdlle. Tietjens was admirable throughout, but most especially admirable in the great situation of the opera, the interview with Riccardo, the surprise of the lovers by the conspirators, and the shame and indignation of Renato at discovering how he has unwittingly been made the instrument of shielding an intrigue against his own honour (Act 3). Nothing could be more impressive than her soliloquy when Amalia is about to pluck the magic herb which the sorceress has told her is an antidote to her criminal affection for Riccardo. The duet with Riccardo, too, was all that could be wished. Signor Mario was Riccardo, and we believe that if this accomplished gentleman were to continue singing for another decade he would still remain the ideal representative of the gallant Duke of Naples.* No other singer on the boards can make love as he does, and not one can give so completely as he does the impassioned expression demanded by impassioned musical phrases. The duet in question was a striking example in point, and, above all, the address to Amalia—"Non sai tu che so l'anima mia?" If in other parts of the opera Signor Mario's voice occasionally failed him, we could have pardoned that, and much more, for the duet, and for the quintet of Act 2, "E scherzo od è follia"—where Riccardo treats as a pleasant joke the foreboding of the sorceress. As of old, the quintet, worthy pendant to the quartet of *Rigoletto*, was unanimously asked for again—a compliment as much due to the incomparable acting of Signor Mario as to the beauty of the music. Mdlle. Vanzini is a fair representative of Oscar, the page, to whose music her high soprano voice is well fitted; Mdlle. Scalchi, as Ulrica, the sorceress, is just what she is in every other part—Mdlle. Scalchi; Signor Graziani's Renato is dramatically as mysterious as ever, his most finished vocal achievement being, as usual, the soliloquy, "E sei tu," with its melodiously lachrymose episode, "O dolcezze perduto!" in which the flute plays so agreeable a part; and Signors Tagliafico and Capponi (Armando and Angri) are once again model conspirators. We have heard the *finale* to Act 3, where these worthies and their confederates mock at the woes of Renato *—one of Verdi's most ingenious and well-planned concerted pieces—more effectively executed; but the last act—the scene of the masked ball and the assassination of the Duke (inferior as it is to the last act of Auber's *Gustave*) was as full of animation as on former occasions.

The revival of Auber's sparkling *Domino Noir* calls for a few remarks. Two years ago, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington as the heroine, it made but little impression; and now, with Madame Pauline Lucca as the heroine, it scarcely makes more. Considering the remarkable beauty of the music which, to say nothing of its other qualities, is one unceasing stream of tune—tune as piquant and characteristic as it is purely original—this may surprise many, but not those who, knowing what careful preparation a work so full of delicate points requires, know also that without such careful preparation an adequate performance is out of the question. That such preparation has been allowed to the *Domino Noir* it would be untrue to assert; and we are bound to add that a less satisfactory execution of an opera which, in its school, stands unequalled and alone has rarely been listened to. The last act, with the inimitable "chattering chorus" of nuns, was little better than a scramble. All the efforts of Signor Vianesi were unequal to the task he had in hand. That Madame Lucca acts the part of Angèle almost to perfection few will be surprised to hear. Here and there, a trifle overbold for the timorous though adventurous young lady who, accompanied by a congenial associate, leaves the convent of which she is about to be made abbess, on the very night before her 'installation,' for the sake of attending a masked ball which a gentleman for whom she has conceived an attachment is expected to attend, the impersonation, as a whole, is, nevertheless, admirable—original, diverting, and full of life. On the other hand, the music suites neither the voice of Madame Lucca nor her peculiar style of singing. The other characters are represented by Signor Naudin (Horace), Cotogni (Giuliano), Tagliafico (Lord Elfort), and Ciampi (Gil Perez); Mdlles. Madigan (Brigida), Bauermeister (Giacinta), and Anese (Orsola)

As Elvira in the *Puritani*—that often vainly revived opera of Bellini—Madame Adelina Patti has won a new triumph. That she could sing the music to perfection no one ever doubted, any more than that she would give dramatic significance to a part however in itself devoid of significance (which may be said more or less of all the *dramatis personæ* in the *Puritani*). Madame Patti does both, and if any artist now living could impart new life to Bellini's last opera it would be this young and gifted lady. The other parts are sustained by Mdlle. Locatelli (Henrietta), Signor Vizzani, the new tenor (Arturo), Signors Bagagiolo, Graziani, Rossi, and Fallar (Riccardo, Giorgio, "Sir Bruno," and Walton. About these Signor Vizzani excepted, there is nothing new to say; but to the Elvira of Madame Patti we hope to return. Enough just now that her reception was throughout enthusiastic.

The operas which have been given this week are the *Puritani*, second time (Monday); *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Tuesday); and *Don Giovanni*, with Madame Lucca, for the first time in England, as Zerlina (Thursday). To the Zerlina of Mdlle. Lucca we may return. The opera announced for this evening is *Il Barbiere*.

The second concert in Floral Hall was quite as crowded and quite as successful as the first. All the leading artists of the company took part in the programme, and the applause was frequent and hearty. Nevertheless there was nothing whatever to call for critical remark, not a single new piece being introduced.

* The Gustavus III. of Auber.

* The Ankastrom of Auber's opera.

Puzzle.

No. 2.

It is a puzzle to me why Madame Vanzini should have been prominently brought before the public when young and inexperienced, and shelved now that her experience has matured her powers, and improved her style. Is it that Tietjens, or Patti, or Lucca, or Sessi object to young artists becoming favourites?—or are managers over influenced by matters which have nothing to do with professional merit?

A Provincial Dilettante.

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MIGNON AT DRURY LANE.

That the opera of *Mignon* will prove as successful here as it has been for some years in France, its birthplace, in Germany and elsewhere, is more than probable. The story of Mignon is quite as interesting as that of Gretchen, and quite as good for the purpose of music, while the figure of Mignon is as familiar to every one as that of Gretchen, Juliet, or Ophelia. MM. Barbier and Carré cannot fairly be arraigned for taking what was suited to their hands from so celebrated a romance as *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. It has been a custom with operatic composers, time out of mind, even before Gluck, Piccini, and Sacchini went to the Greek dramatists, and long before Zingarelli took *Romeo*, and Rossini took *Otello*, to seek for materials in well-known masterpieces, dramatic or otherwise; and the two long-associated French librettists have thus only done what custom has sanctioned, still sanctions, and is likely to sanction. Moreover, they must be accredited in several instances for exhibiting more than ordinary cleverness. They have not entitled their work *Guillaume Meister*, and are, therefore not fairly open to a special criticism brought against them—namely, that, in order to make their heroine the conspicuous figure, they have omitted many characters which play important parts in the romance of the German poet. This criticism appears to us unsound. If every character in *Wilhelm Meister* were introduced into the libretto, and, as a natural corollary, given something to say and act in accordance with the respective significance of each, the libretto itself, without music, would take four long nights to represent, and with music superadded, at least as many again. This would be Wagner out-Wagnered. Instead of a *Niebelungen* in four parts, a night for each part, we should have a *Wilhelm Meister* in eight parts, a night for each part. MM. Barbier and Carré knew better. What they wanted was a heroine, engaging in herself, to constitute the central figure of situations and the main cause of incidents out of the judicious arrangement of which a good plot for a lyric drama might be constructed. In *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*—the first part of the greatest of German novels, "philosophical" or "romantic"—they found the heroine, the situations, and the incidents; and we must admit that they have employed them with singular dexterity. *Mignon* is quite as good an operatic book as *Faust* (which, by the way, had better have been entitled *Margaret*); and how *Faust* has succeeded as an operatic book all the world knows. Those who complain of the desecration of the works of the great masters by the aiders and abettors of dramatic composers point to Milton and Dante as the next threatened, forgetting that, more than a century and a quarter since, Handel made use of *Samson Agonistes*—not virtually as an oratorio, but as a sacred drama, that might in certain countries, be performed in theatres—and that Dante, in one way or another, has frequently been called into request. But this question has been exhausted long ago. The worst that can justly be said against MM. Barbier and Carré is that instead of letting Mignon die, they let her live, with that object entirely changing the catastrophe. Thus the most touching and pathetic incident of the romance is lost. To have preserved it, however, the French authors must have altogether remodelled their plan and we doubt whether that would have served the purpose in contemplation half as well.

Presuming our operatic readers to be more or less acquainted with the story of Mignon, we refrain from perplexing them to no purpose about explanations of the points in which the French libretto, now converted into Italian by Signor Giuseppe Zaffira, differs from the German romance. Enough that the most striking situations in which Mignon is concerned are, however modified, in a measure preserved. The truth is that Mignon is Mignon, just as Gretchen is Gretchen, under any circumstances. Such powerful and attractive individualities cannot be altogether effaced, any more than the salient features of a Venus by Titian can be altogether destroyed by ever so indifferent a copy. A greatly condensed version of the "argument" as given in the book of the opera, will therefore answer every purpose:—

"Mignon, daughter of noble parents, has, when a child, been stolen from her home by gipsies. Her mother dies of grief; while Lotario, the father, forsakes his home, and roams from place to place in search of his child. For years, Mignon, unconscious of her origin, leads a wandering life with the gipsy tribe, of which her beauty renders her the ornament. The chief Giarno, compels the girl to dance and go through various performances in order to obtain money, threatening her with the stick whenever she refuses. Guglielmo, a young student on his travels, happening to be a spectator of Giarno's ferocity, purchases Mignon from her master. Touched by Guglielmo's kindness, Mignon conceives for him an irrepressible attachment. Guglielmo, unconscious of this affection, falls a prey to the fascinations of Filina, belonging to a *troupe* of Thespians, on their way to perform at a castle where a *fête* is to take place. Among the guests invited is Guglielmo. Filina, the object of his admiration, is the idol of the hour, and her success at the castle serves but to increase Guglielmo's fondness. Mignon watches with silent grief the progress of Guglielmo's love, and unable to endure the jealousy, is about to throw herself into a lake, when a harp, played by an unseen hand, is heard, and in a moment Lotario appears. Mignon, little dreaming that it is her father who stands before her, flies to the aged minstrel and implores his counsel. Carried away by her emotion, she prays that vengeance may overtake the abode in which her rival is, in the glory of her triumph. The performance inside the castle terminates. Filina appears, surrounded by a crowd of admirers, loud in praises of her beauty and talents. Of a sudden a glare illumines the scene—the castle is in flames. Lotario unconsciously interested in Mignon, has, half crazed with grief, lent an ear to Mignon's imprecation, and set fire to the castle. A scene of confusion ensues. Mignon is nowhere to be found. Guglielmo, after an eager but fruitless search, rushes amid the burning rafters, and, in a few moments re-appears, bearing the haplesss girl in his arms. In Lotario's manorial residence, on the banks of an Italian lake, lies Mignon, overtaken by illness resulting from the peril she had so lately escaped, and the struggle to conceal her affection for Guglielmo. Guglielmo, who has meanwhile assisted in transporting Mignon to the home from which Lotario had so long been absent, has discovered the secret of her affection. Through the medium of a long-concealed casket, containing a girdle worn by Mignon when a child, as well as by her utterance of the words of a prayer which her parents had taught her, Lotario discovers, beyond a doubt, that Mignon is his long-lost daughter. The recovery of her surviving parent, and Guglielmo's declaration of love, finally, after a trying crisis, restore Mignon to reason and happiness."

The music of M. Ambroise Thomas is, regarded as a whole, a highly favourable example of the modern French school. Written expressly for the Opéra Comique, it naturally conforms itself to the traditional exigencies of that theatre, to which even Meyerbeer, with his *Etoile du Nord* and *Pardon de Plöermel*, was in a measure compelled to submit. The setting of the dialogue to accompanied recitative for the Italian stage of course gives additional weight to the opera, inasmuch as M. Thomas is not only addicted to writing concerted music, but writes it in a thoroughly musician-like style, being not only a master of the orchestra, but a master of vocal harmony and combination. Farther than this, he possesses the somewhat exceptional gift of being able to confer individuality, through his music, upon each of his prominent characters. To make much out of Guglielmo (Wilhelm Meister), even as he is metamorphosed by MM. Barbier and Carré would be scarcely possible; but M. Thomas has treated him according to his deserts—as a kind of sentimental nondescript. In three instances, and those the three most important, the French composer has been eminently successful. We refer to Lotharie, the old harper, Mignon's father; Filina, the coquette; and Mignon herself. Each becomes a distinct character, not less musically than dramatically, and each, not merely in the solos, which would have been comparatively easy, but in the concerted music—a task of far greater difficulty—is made to preserve its characteristic type. Mignon is a musical creation to be placed higher, in our opinion, than the same composer's Ophelia. True, Ophelia is a rarer apparition than Mignon, who when once on the stage is seldom away from it; but this by no means rendered the task of the composer easier; on the contrary, it made it one of heavier responsibility, and his success is, on that account, the more to be commended. When we add that the scenes in the opera which are full of life and bustle are appropriately rendered by the music, and that where sentiment is predominant the music is as happily in keeping, almost always, indeed, equal to the occasion, and though (which many will regard as a strong argument in its favour) as essentially the music of M. Thomas throughout as anything with which we are acquainted that ever came from the pen of M. Thomas—we have said all that space will allow, and in fact all that is necessary. To describe a work of this character piece by piece would bore our readers without enlightening them. To be fairly judged, it must be heard as a connected whole.

The performance need not take long to describe. That it is highly creditable to the theatre and to Signor Arditi, upon whom so much responsibility devolves, was hinted in our brief notice of the first representation. But amid the general excellence one particular feature stands out—the Mignon of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. The Swedish songstress has achieved, and worthily achieved, many successes, but hardly any success, perhaps, so thoroughly complete as this. Her Mignon is one of the gentlest, most beautiful, and most truly poetical creations of our time. To say that she looks the Mignon of Ary Scheffer would be to give her less than half her due. She *is* the Mignon of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*—which is paying her a far higher compliment. A column might be taken up in describing the fine and subtle touches which prove how deeply she has studied the character, how perfectly she has succeeded in

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making herself identical with it in the minds of those who know the Mignon of the poet, and who witness her impersonation. We shall attempt no such description. We shall merely add that as Mignon, a wretched slave of the travelling showman, Giarno, as Mignon, with a deep but concealed passion for Wilhelm Meister, her deliverer, accompanied by almost as deep a hatred for Filina, her rival in the affections of her new master, and as Mignon, made inconceivably happy by the avowal of a love about which she had long ago despaired, Mdlle. Nilsson is equally graceful and charming, equally impressive, true to the poet and to nature. Her last scene, when Wilhelm consoles the hitherto unhappy maiden by the declaration of his affection, is so exquisitely touching as to make one almost regret that Goethe had not allowed Mignon to live, instead of to die suddenly—as in the romance—of a broken heart, just at the moment when she has brought the glad news to her master of the arrival of the lady to whom he is about to be wedded. Witnessing this scene, we are almost inclined to pardon MM. Barbier and Carré for the liberty they have taken in altering the *dénoûment*. How Mdlle. Nilsson sings the music of M. Thomas need not be said. As she sings Ophelia so she sings Mignon; but as in Mignon she has *more* to sing the pleasure she imparts is all the greater. We cannot enter into details, nor need we again describe the enthusiasm which this very admirable performance has drawn forth, and which was even more marked at the second representation of the opera on Saturday night than at the first.

Nearest to the Mignon of Mdlle. Nilsson comes the Lothario of M. Faure, whose impersonation of the old harper is both striking and picturesque, and who in the last scene of the opera rises to the dignity of the situation and is as conspicuous a figure in the scene as Mignon herself. Madame Volpini acts the part of Filina, the heartless coquette, with wonderful animation, singing the florid music assigned to her with a fluency that leaves nothing to desire. Madame Trebelli-Bettini does all that can be done for the small part of Frederico, and gives the air interpolated expressly for her by M. Thomas in her most brilliant style. Signor Gassier is a capital Laerte (manager of the strolling "troop" of actors), and Signor Ragueri a Giarno whose treatment of Mignon surprises nobody, so well does he delineate the ruthless taskmaster. Signor Bettini represents "Guglielmo" Meister after the approved fashion of the French stage; and Mdlle. Fioretti's finished and graceful dancing gives zest to the ballet—which by the way, has been judiciously curtailed.

The opera is got up with the utmost care. The scenery is good and to the purpose; the costumes are new and in keeping; and the stage business (directed by Mr. Stisling) is extremely well managed—a better instance of which than the burning of the castle, in Act 2, could not be cited.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

The operas performed during the present week have been *Otello* (Tuesday); *Rigoletto* (Wednesday); and *Mignon* (Thursday). The opera announced for to-night is the *Sonnambula*. Meanwhile Herr Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer* is in active preparation.

MISS ROSE HERSEE.

Our advertisement columns record the arrival in London of Miss Rose Hersee, after an absence of ten months. During that period she is said to have travelled over 15,000 miles, and to have sung 148 times in opera, besides occasional concerts, and at the recent Beethoven Festival in New York. At the end of her first engagement, in March, she was re-engaged by Mr. Carl Rosa and Mr. C. D. Hess (partners in the late "Parepa-Rosa opera company") until the June following. Mr. and Madame Rosa having recently returned to enjoy a little repose in England, Mr. C. D. Hess remains sole manager of the English opera company; and in order to supply the vacancy caused by the retirement of Madame Rosa, he has made arrangements with the only rival *troupe* (the "Richings-Barnard company") who will in future be combined with Mr. Hess's company, presenting one of the strongest operatic combinations for many years seen in America. Miss Rose Hersee is evidently determined to reserve herself for America, inasmuch as she declines concert engagements during her present stay in England. At the beginning of September she, we understand, returns to America, as *prima donna assoluta* of the combined English Opera companies, for a season of eight months. She is to receive upwards of £2,500, besides a benefit, travelling expenses, &c. The brilliant success achieved in the States by Miss Hersee is a proof that our "cousins" are willing to give a hearty welcome to artistic talent, come whence it may; and the youthful *prima donna* may be excused if she dedicates her vocal powers exclusively to those who know how to appreciate and remunerate them.

SERVICE AT THE FOUNDLING.

A writer in the *Church Times* gives a lively account of his visit to the Foundling Hospital, where he assisted at the Sunday service, and watched the children dine, as per regulation. Respecting the former exercise he says:—

"It was simply Choral Matins of that mixed, not to say jumbled, type which is now happily dying out, wherein the priest only reads or monotones his portion, while the choir sing theirs. Who the clergyman who 'took the desk' was I have not the faintest idea, but he was one of that class commonly spoken of as 'performing the service' very well; 'Yes! our curate is a beautiful reader.' Now, a 'beautiful reader' is my pet aversion. What can be worse than to have the Lord's Prayer mutilated as it was last Sunday on this wise—'Give us this day our daily ber-read' and forgive us our ter-respasses, as we forgive them that ter-respass against us.' It certainly was excessively ter-rying, but let it pass. The singing was, of its kind, nearly perfect. The Psalms were rendered antiphonally, the five professional singers taking one verse, the children the other. The latter have been very carefully trained, and especially have they been trained to read as well as to sing. Every word was distinctly enunciated, and yet there was no drawling. The children had evidently been taught what so many of our choir boys and men have yet to learn, viz., to lay a slight stress upon the final consonants, and not to slur one word with another. If choirmasters would but practise their boys frequently in monotonous reading, being careful to make them keep exactly together, and pronounce each word distinctly, more especially as regards the last syllable of the words, our Psalmody would be wondrously improved and as a model of what chanting ought in this respect, to be, it would be difficult to find any choir better than that at the Foundling. One or two things struck me as odd, and by no means to be imitated. (1) Unless my eyes deceived me both boys and girls *sat* during the prayers. (2) There was no anthem or hymn after the third Collect. (3) That though the responses at Matins were all sung, those in the Litany were merely said, and very weakly said too. Of course Tallis's Litany is, comparatively speaking, a poor thing when the suffrages are recited merely in monotone, while the responses are sung by the choir; but half a loaf is better than no bread, and the sudden change from the sung responses at Matins to the mumbled Litany was the reverse of edifying. I call it a sudden change, for there was no pause after the third Collect, and the anthem which ought to have been sung there was relegated to the interval before the sermon while the preacher was attending to the demands of his toilet in the vestry. After the Litany, while the 'reader' went to the altar, a hymn was sung, and well sung too. It was that piece of Newton's, 'Oft as the bell with solemn toll;' not a very lively composition. Table Prayers were said by the 'Er-reader,' and again, for our sins, we were doomed to the 'ber-read' and the 'ter-respasses, with 'ger-raven' to follow by way of a change. The preacher who was at the south end of the altar did nothing but read the Epistle, and that in a scarcely audible voice. A few of the people turned to the east at the Creed, and joined in reciting it. Then came the great musical event of the morning—the anthem. It was one of Spohr's, 'Blest are the departed,' and it was certainly given admirably. The children formed the chorus, and exceedingly well they sang their part, the volume of sound adding greatly to the effect. The sermon, which followed, was on the 'Strait Gate,' quite colourless in point of doctrine, but a well written essay for all that, and delivered with just enough expression to make the five-and-twenty minutes which it occupied pass pleasantly enough. It was preceded, if I mistake not, by a semi-extempore prayer, or rather by a mutilated Prayer Book Collect. The voice of the preacher was at this time so low that I could scarcely catch his words. Evidently the most solemn portion of the devotions, both at the Foundling and elsewhere that I have been, is that which follows the sermon. Instead of seeing the boys' faces as in other portions of the service, at this point only the tops of their heads were visible, and the faces of the girls were hidden by white aprons. This must be the result of careful drill, for the rows of boys' scalps were perfectly uniform, and all the white aprons took exactly the same shape when they were held before the faces of the girls. The children are in admirable order, and behaved exceedingly well throughout the whole service."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—As an old reader of your paper, and knowing no one to whom I could apply with so much confidence, I venture to ask you if you would kindly give me some information on the following points:—

1. Is it vacation, or term time now, at the Paris Musical Conservatory?
2. Are the best Parisian musical teachers likely to be in Paris at the present season?
3. In what town of Germany is the best musical conservatory?

I am just going to take my sisters on the Continent, chiefly to complete their musical education, and my anxiety to obtain for them the best instruction possible will, I hope, form an additional excuse for my thus troubling you.—With every apology, I am, Sir, your obedient servant, E. A.

Mansion House, Hereford, July 7th, 1870.

[The first question we are unable to answer. To the second we may safely say—*no*. To the third we should answer—the Conservatory at Cologne, presided over by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller.—ED.]

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. S. S.—The *Huguenots* and *St. Paul* were both produced in 1836.

A Pianist.—Professor Sterndale Bennett has two pianoforte concertos in MS., both of which have been played by himself in public. The first is in F minor, the second in A minor. His sonata in F minor, and his fantasia in A major, originally published at Leipsic, may both be obtained of Messrs. Ashdown & Parry, having been printed in England by their predecessors, Messrs. Wessel & Stapleton. The capriccio in D minor (dedicated to Cipriani Potter) can be had of Messrs. Lamborn Cock & Co.

Nemo.—Anything more barren than creative art in Germany at present does not exist. Like the successors of Cæsar, German musicians still cry out, "We are Cæsar." Nevertheless there is hardly at the time being a genuine composer in all Germany. It is either the vague mystery of Schumann, the bombastic emptiness of Wagner, the hysterical twaddle of Liszt, or the super-sick-mock-sentimentality of Proch that rules the roast. We had rather none of it. Let "Nemo" console himself with Offenbach.

Sphinx.—The pianoforte was invented about the year 1700, and was brought partially into use about 1750, and then only in the form of the small "Square," of five octaves, F to F. The grand pianoforte from C to F, was not in use much before 1780. Extra treble notes, viz., the half octave to C, were not added before 1792. The two instruments differ chiefly in this, that whereas the tone is drawn from the strings of the pianoforte by the blow of a hammer, that of the harpsichord is produced by the action of a small quill or *plectrum*—["Sphinx" should be a little more diligent with his musical history.]

An Amateur.—We are sorry we cannot agree as to the excellence of the company of singers and actors referred to by "An Amateur." We have been bored enough here in London with such operas as they represent, and have no wish to make a journey of nine or ten miles to hear them. Of course, to those who reside in the vicinity they may be pleasant enough, and save time, expense, and trouble; but we doubt if any real amateur in London would accept a free admission to hear any one of them, however well performed.

NOTICE.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870.

ENGLAND AND BEETHOVEN.

THOSE who went to St. James's Hall—the upper room, not the Christy's—last Monday evening, were reminded that Beethoven was born exactly one hundred years ago. We are really very much obliged to the Philharmonic Society for doing so good a turn to a great genius and a heedless public. There was imminent danger of the fact being altogether overlooked during the "London season;" and what a catastrophe that would have been, we shudder to think. Everybody knows how far the gay and brilliant crowd, making up what is called Society (with a capital S), is devoted to Art in all its branches. The individual members of that gay and brilliant crowd represent the cultivation and refinement of our dear country; and, Beethoven being the greatest musical genius that ever lived, they positively adore him. True, appearances are against this statement; but what would you have? Society (with a capital S), like the property it represents, has duties as well as privileges. It may adore Beethoven, as it undoubtedly adores Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Shakspere, thereby exercising a privilege not to be denied; but, alas! duty comes with a prior claim, and puts all such matters in the background. The impersonal ruler of Society, who is veiled in greater mystery than the mystery surrounding the Grand Llama, ordains that to be done which in the doing must entail exquisite pain. It ordains, for example, that the gay and brilliant crowd shall run after a *prima donna* without reference to her work or workmanship, refusing to be comforted when she cannot be found; that a so-called opera shall be patronized, the music of which is contemptible, while the executants match it; and that when the highest representatives of a fashionable Mumbo-Jumbo give a concert they shall studiously ignore all that is great and noble in art. Who, then, can wonder to find Beethoven—he never wrote a show opera, purveyed music (!) for a Schneider, or wrote down to the level of (English) Court taste—neglected by the representatives of English cultivation and refinement? It is even possible that, had the Philharmonic Society forgotten the centenary, Society would have gone down to its country-house sadly conscious of an outrage on its artistic instincts, but comforted by the thought that the duty England expects every man to do had not been neglected. But the Philharmonic Society, an aristocratic institution, which gives concerts "by special desire," consulted the exigencies of Society, and Society will now go down to its country-house satisfied with having duly attended to everything—Beethoven included.

But how about the common people, who, in their way, have learned to hear Beethoven gladly, and who do neither suit nor service to Fashion? Are not the mighty masses to be considered? Will not somebody erect an altar whereon may be deposited their multitudinous offerings? In other words, are we to have no popular Beethoven Festival, to make an event which can come only as often as the aloe blooms? It would appear not. The Crystal Palace, which has been quick to honour illustrious men, and profit itself, by *fêtes* and festivals, is reserving the main of its energies for Handel next year, and devoting the balance to M. de Lesseps and the "Egyptian Salute." This means, in effect, that the metropolis will do nothing—unless South Kensington, desirous of earning a much-needed popularity, puts itself forward as the champion of the art it graciously means to patronise when the huge Stilton cheese is finished. There remain the provinces as a forlorn hope. What festivals are due in this centenary year? Hereford, which counts for little; Birmingham, which counts for much. Surely, at the latter, Beethoven will be honoured as he deserves. Turn to the preliminary announcements, O tremulously anxious reader, and see how the musical magnates of the hardware capital (so-called), have improved the occasion—that is to say, how they have laid themselves open to the charge of preferring anything living to a dead lion. Costa, Benedict, J. Barnett, Sullivan, Stewart, and Hiller are in the programme; but the giant by the side of whom these worthy musicians account themselves as nought, and to whom the present year emphatically belongs, is nowhere. And, so, the centenary will pass, with one or two straggling *immortelles*, as England's tribute to the greatest of all composers.

What a good thing it is we are not a sensitive people on matters connected with high art! Otherwise there would be shame and humiliation, as we hear from time to time of Beethoven *fêtes* and festivals. That there will be nothing of the kind in England is, happily, assured; and the friends of the greatest musical enthusiast, among us need not lock up his razors.

—o—

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

An Austrian subject lately addressed a petition to the "très-illustre, très-puissant et très-clement" Emperor Napoleon III., in which he modestly asked of his Majesty a pension of two thousand florins, and admission to the Conservatoire of Music, promising that, in a little while, he should be able to astonish the world. The document was accompanied by its writer's *carte-de-visite*. His Majesty sent both to the commission now engaged in remodelling the Conservatoire, by whom the affair was treated as a matter for laughter. Not so fast, Messieurs; the Austrian subject merely failed to distinguish between having a high opinion of one's self and showing it.

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Mignon was performed for the last time this season, on Thursday evening to an immense audience. Its run has been interrupted by the necessary departure of some of the principal artists; but there can be no doubt that the masterpiece of M. Ambroise Thomas will be the favourite opera of next season.

M. TARRDOU, winner of the Grand Prix de Rome last year, having had enough of the Eternal City, flung up his position the other day, and returned to France. No wonder, poor lad. Studying music in Rome must be equivalent to studying the Beautiful in Leicester Square

AT Nancy, three subscribers to the theatre brought an action a few weeks ago against the director for giving 111 representations, instead of 112, the number announced. The cause was about to be called, when it was made known that defendant had consented to a verdict and payment of damages. The damages were assessed by an arbitrator, at one franc twenty-five centimes to each subscriber.

THE Italian musical journals give enthusiastic accounts of the production, at Genoa, of Signor Petrella's opera, *I Promessi Sposi*. At the second representation the *maestro* was called forty-five times after one particular romance. (How much simpler to have kept him on the stage during forty-five times the period usually occupied by a call!) At the third representation the same *furore* was manifested; and Petrella, a singularly absent man, was among the most uproarious of those who insisted on seeing the composer. "He was quite overcome," says an Italian journalist who relates the incident, "by the charm of his own music."

GERMAN newspapers announce that Herr Benedix, author of a hundred plays, is, at the age of seventy-one, in great distress. It is only just," says the *Gartenlaube*, "that the public should take measures for ensuring comfort, during the last years of his life, for one who has given it so much diversion." Herr Benedix is author of *Aschenbrödel*, of which *School* is a clever imitation. He is also author of the piece from which Léon Gozlan's *Dieu merci! le couvert est mis* is derived. It was from a Russian version of Benedix's dramatic sketch that the French version was prepared (Gozlan being ignorant of the original). If, after being played in Russia, France, and England, Benedix is little known out of his own country, it is not the fault of Benedix. The German actors are joining in the subscription opened for his benefit; and there would be propriety in foreign authors and managers, who have profited by his talent, doing the same.

ACCORDING to *Le Ménéstrel*, his Majesty of Bavaria, Defender of the Faith according to Wagner, has gone into business as an *impresario* and musicseller. We are gravely told that "ce porte-couronne" now owns a theatre and three Wagnerian scores, paying the Prophet for the use of the latter 16,000 francs per year. Herr Wagner has, undoubtedly, the best of the bargain; but what do the worthy German beer-drinkers think of their sovereign's new occupation. Will they diminish his civil list?—or will the theatrical and musical accounts form an item in the Bavarian budget? Again, if the tradsman be bankrupt, what becomes of the King? Could the brokers seize the crown? and, if the King be discrowned—for which there are Bavarian precedents—would he be permitted to retire behind the counter? Here are complications for German brains to unravel.

THE "grand spectacular romance," *Undine*, by Mr. R. Reece produced at the Olympic, suggests a serious question—Why treat fairy tales in a burlesque fashion? Mr. Reece has followed La Motte Fouqué's story, and achieved a work which abounds with "effects." Had he set about his task in a serious spirit, there is no reason to doubt that something fanciful would have been the result. But he has been fettered by a desire to be "funny" without indulgence in those extravagances found so delightful at the Strand. He abstains from the normal pun, his songs are few, and he scorns the "break-down;" but he makes Bertalda talk about the "author of a play but newly damned." This is a concession to the popular belief that on the stage the fantastic can only be treated with irony; and here the irony is expressed by making people of the Middle Ages talk like the subjects of Queen Victoria. A thousand absurdities, with anachronisms among them, may make up a droll compound; but anachronism pure and simple is not more "funny" than a mistake in the multiplication table. We cannot conceive anything less provocative of mirth than a speech by Cicero on the Alabama claims. One effect of this half-comic treatment is the annihilation of distinctive character. Mr. G. Belmore can make nothing of the demon, Kühleborn; Miss Reinhardt cannot lift up Bertalda; nor can Miss Lizzie Russell derive inspiration from Undine. As a vehicle for acting of any kind *Undine* is naught.

ACCORDING to the *Wiener Fremdenblatt*, Herr Joseph Strauss lies in a hopeless condition. His medical man says that he is suffering from typhus fever, which, on account of his extreme bodily weakness, is exceedingly dangerous. Herr Johann Strauss has written to the papers, affirming that the cause assigned by the papers for his brother's illness is an utter invention, without a particle of truth in it. We are glad to hear this, for the sake of the officers of the Russian army, who are said to have approved of the course which their imaginary brother-in-arms had thought fit to take against the unfortunate conductor.

FORTUNATELY no lives were lost when the theatre at Brunn was burnt down, the other day, although a great many persons had already taken their seats. The theatre probably would have been saved, had the engines, hose, and tanks been in working condition; of course they were not. Perhaps if a law were passed ordering that the manager of every theatre should be securely locked up in a room within the building from the moment the doors were opened, and not set at liberty until after the performance, there would probably be fewer theatres burnt down. The room selected should be as near as possible to some fruitful source of danger, say the chandelier. The key, too, of the room should be handed, for safe custody, to some pious individual, such as a Churchman or Non-Conformist of fine bigoted principles, with a firm conviction that all theatres are snares laid by the Devil for the unwary, and that it is wicked to read Shakspere. It is very certain that the manager would not be released one instant before the time fixed by law.

THE *mise en-scène* of *Die Walküre* is said to have cost 50,000 florins. The scenery is very fine, especially "an interior," by Herr Jank, in the first act, and "the summit of a rocky precipice," by Herr Döll, in the third. The costumes, however, are not all quite correct. The costume of Wotan is especially open to criticism. The King of Bavaria is the proprietor of the entire *Niebelungen Trilogy*, the price paid being an annuity of 8,000 florins to the composer. The pianoforte arrangement and the book, on the other hand, have been purchased by the publishing firm of B. Schott's Söhne, Mayence.—As a specimen of the diversity of opinion with regard to *Die Walküre*, we will quote two papers, the *Schwäb. Mercur* and the *Nürnb. Correspondens*. The critic of the former says: "From the libretto, which sins against all moral feeling more, perhaps, than any other piece written for the stage, we turn in astonishment and disgust; as for the music, only in the first act does it exhibit any trace of Wagner's talent; after that, everything sinks down to the dead level of monotony characterizing *Tristan und Isolde*." As a set-off to this, the critic of the second of the above papers observes: "From out the gigantic structure of this mighty creation there is wafted to us a sort of spiritual breath, compelling us to devotion, veneration, and inward enjoyment." The writer of the present paragraph, having carefully read the libretto in question, and being, moreover, of sane mind, can only say that—but he will restrain himself; he will content himself with observing that, if Lord Campbell's Act extended to Munich, the *Die Walküre* would be summarily suppressed. What a pity Lord Campbell's Act does *not* extend to Munich.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Signor Everardi, late of the Italian Opera Company, has been appointed professor of singing at the Conservatory, in place of Signor Repetto, deceased. Signor Everardi is an accomplished artist, and a fervent admirer of Bach and Handel.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

An evening concert took place in Westbourne Hall, in aid of the funds of the Amateur Authors' Club, on Thursday week. The following artists gave their services, and sang and played to the gratification of all present:—Mesdames B. Reeves, Deck, M. D'Etienne, Dela, S. Smith, and Hayes; Messrs. F. Elmore, H. Gordon, Kontski, F. Chatterton, Telesinski, and Schultz. Messrs. H. Parker, Ganz, and Lehmeyer were accompanists. The concert was a success.

Miss Ellen Jarman's concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday, July 7th, and was well attended. Miss J. played Woelfl's "Ne plus ultra," Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 53 (by desire), a solo by Sivrai, and a *Galop di bravura*, in all which she proved herself an able pianist. Miss Jarman was assisted by a young vocalist, Mdme. Rivoldi (late of Manilla), who sang some Italian *scenas* and English songs. Miss Lindhurst gav ethe waltz aria, "The Naïades;" Mdlle. D'Elise, John Barnett's new song, "The Parted" (encored) and "A Summer's Eve;" Mr. W. Reeves, "Alice, where art thou?" and "Thy image o'er my pillow;" Mr. W. C. Bell, "The War Cry hushed" and "My Winsome Rose;" and Mr. C. J. Bishenden, his new song, "Dearer to my soul thou art." Some concerted voice pieces by G. Macfarren, &c., were given, and the whole concert, conducted by Messrs. G. L. Cottell and Weber, proved satisfactory.

Miss Kate Gordon's annual concert took place on Wednesday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. Miss Gordon played Thalberg's Scotch Fantasia, a "Galop de concert," a sonata by Beethoven for violin and pianoforte (with Herr Carl Deichman), and Osborne and De Beriot's grand duo from *Guillaume Tell*. She also took part with Mr. Oberthür in his brilliant duo, for harp and pianoforte, from *Lucrezia Borgia*, receiving in all loud and well-merited applause. Mr. Oberthür played his Harp Meditation with much effect. Madame Weiss, an old favourite of the public, sang Balfe's "Power of Love," and Tito Mattei's "Non è ver," besides joining in some concerted pieces with Messrs. James and Renwick. Mdlle. Drasdil and Messrs. Albert James and Renwick each contributed songs, &c. Messrs. A. Carden, Van Noorden, and Oberthür were accompanists.

The concert given by Mr. Henry Holmes, at Stafford House, on the 27th ult., was generally of an excellent sort; and particularly noteworthy because of a quintet in E major (MS.), the work of the concert-giver himself. The quintet was played by Messrs. H. Holmes, Folkes, Burnett, Hann, and Pezze, whose interpretation of its various movements left no doubt in the mind of the audience that a valuable addition has been made to our store (a scanty one) of English chamber music. Mr. Holmes was assisted by, in addition to the artists already named, Miss Sinclair, Miss Watts, Miss Wynne, Herr Stockhausen, and Mons. Waldeck.

An entertainment, under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, in aid of the funds of the Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institute, was held in the hall of Stafford House on Monday afternoon. There was a very fashionable attendance. The singers were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Poole, Miss Marian Severn, MM. Korsow and Waldeck; the instrumental performers were Miss Field, Mr. W. F. Cowen, and Mr. W. H. Holmes (pianoforte); Mdlle. Therese Liebe (violin), Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton (harp), and Signor Giulio Regondi (concertina). Mr. Benedict was conductor at the pianoforte. The dramatic artists were Mr. and Mrs. Rousby and Mr. Nelson. As all gave their services gratuitously on behalf of the institution criticism would be out of place; but a mere recapitulation of what was done will suffice to show that the programme was both varied and interesting. Miss Marian Severn gave Henry Smart's "Lady of the Lea;" Madame Rudersdorff contributed Haydn's canzonet, "She never told her love," Signor Randegger's Venetian song, "Beneath the blue transparent sky," and a Spanish national air; Miss Poole sang Mr. T. D. Chatterton's "My soul is dark" (accompanied on the harp by Mr. Balsir Chatterton); M. Korsow (baritone) an air from Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Ploërmel* and a Russian romance: M. Waldeck an air from Verdi's *Due Foscari*. Other vocal pieces were in the programme, for which we were unable to remain. Not the least agreable performances were those on the pianoforte, which comprised Schumann's *Nachtstück* and Stephen Heller's *Chasse* (Miss Field), two *pièces de salon* composed and performed by Mr. W. F. Cowen, and Mendelssohn's Song Without Words in A, from the first book, followed by a brilliant fantasia, entitled "Scottish Chimes" (Mr. W. H. Holmes), Mdlle. Therese Liebe, one of the most talented of the lady violinists who now seem to multiply among us, played a well-known solo by Vieuxtemps, and Mr. Balsir Chatterton performed with Signor Giulio Regondi a showy duet for harp and concertina. Between the first and second parts of the concert the neat and pleasant little piece called *Delicate Gound*, in which Mr. Charles Matthews and the late Madame Vestris used to be famous, was represented in stage costume by Mrs. Rousby (Pauline), Mr. Rousby (Citizen Sangfroid), and Mr. Nelson (Alphonse), to the evident satisfaction of the audience, upon whom not a point was lost After this Mrs. Rousby recited some verses written by Madame Una Howard expressly for the occasion, and inscribed to her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. It is believed that a considerable sum will have been secured for the Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institute by this well-planned and successfully carried out entertainment.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

A hundred years ago Beethoven was born, and Beethoven commemorations are just now in fashion. In Germany their number will be legion before the actual birthday arrives next December; while even New York has found time to keep the feast, burning gunpowder, hammering anvils, and singing "Hail Columbia" in honour of the mighty master, with as much zest as Boston displayed, not long ago, when making a similar noise in honour of peace. Observing all this, English music lovers have been anxious about the credit of their own nation, which cannot afford to let the event pass unnoticed. There was good cause for anxiety. The Crystal Palace, arely backward in stimulating hero-worship, kept, as it still keeps, silence, and the programme of the festivals at Birmingham and Hereford showed, as it still shows, a neglect of Beethoven utterly unaccountable. Happily the Philharmonic Society came to the rescue, and on Monday last honoured itself as well as the master by giving a special performance of certain representative works. Our oldest musical institution could do this with singular propriety and grace. It had relations with Beethoven himself of the most honourable sort; engaging his services in health, and, when his countrymen neglected him in sickness, easing the burden of care laid by scanty means upon a sensitive nature. "Say to these worthy men that if God restores me to health I shall endeavour to prove the reality of my gratitude by my actions." This was all the acknowledgment Beethoven could make; but the Philharmonic Society may well regard it as the greatest distinction earned during fifty-eight years of labour. A connection begun thus, and sustained by frequent performances of the master's works, imposed an obvious duty upon the society which has been discharged with earnestness and success.

The programme showed the different styles of the master at several stages of his career; and did so in a manner to which little or no objection could be made, bearing in mind the conditions under which it was drawn up. With regard to several selected dates works more thoroughly representative might have been chosen; but the limits of a single concert are far too narrow for the adequate illustration of even a part of Beethoven's career. All things considered, therefore, the Philharmonic programme was a satisfactory scheme. It began with the Symphony in C, No. 1 (1800), and ended with the Symphony in D minor, No. 9 (1823), the years between being represented by the Choral Fantasia (1808); the overture to *Leonora*, No. 3 (1806); the *scena* "Ah! perfido" (1796); the *terzetto*, "Tremate, empi, tremate" (1801); and the Dervish chorus from the *Ruins of Athens* (1811). Both symphonies were well, if not perfectly given, the purely orchestral movements of No. 9 showing especial care in performance. As a matter of course the *Ode to Joy*—for which it is vain to wish a faultless rendering—tried the choralists somewhat; but its difficulties were overcome with more than average ease, while the solos, entrusted to Miss Arabella Smythe, Miss Elton, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley, could hardly have been in better hands. The *Leonora* overture calls for no remark, but the Choral Fantasia has seldom been performed in a fashion more worthy of its surpassing beauty. Madame Arabella Goddard's rendering of the solo part, for example, was distinguished by exquisite taste and brilliant execution to a striking degree, and fairly won for the accomplished pianist a demonstrative recall. An encore was awarded to "Ah! perfido," which Mdlle. Nilsson sang with a dramatic power leaving absolutely nothing to desire; and a like honour fell to the Dervish chorus.

It deserves to be noticed, in conclusion, that during the Philharmonic season Mr. Cusins has directed the performance of all Beethoven's symphonies; and that, as a special feature of Monday's concert, a bust of the great musician, surrounded by flowers, had a conspicuous place.

DAY'S LITANY

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—I should feel greatly indebted to any of your readers who would give me any information on the following point:—

Day's Litany of 1560 gives the Litany chant thus:—C, D, B flat, C; which corresponds to—G, A, F, G,—instead of G, A, F sharp, G, which is the common form. I would ask, 1st—How is this to be accounted for? 2nd—Is there any other evidence in ancient English or Foreign Books of the existence of a Litany of this form?

I may add that the harmonies of Day's Litany are such, in one or two places, as to forbid the idea of the B flat of the plain song being an error.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. B. S.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Morning Post* of July 18th, speaks as follows of Madame Adelina Patti's Elvira:—

"The performance of Madame Adelina Patti as Elvira, in the opera of *I Puritani* is another piece of evidence in favour of the great versatility of her talent. The wondrously gifted lady sings Bellini's florid music with an astonishing freedom and effect. From the first scene to the last in which she appeared her singing and acting were so good and unusual, that each piece she sang formed a link in a chain of the most brilliant success. A well deserved recall after the *scena*, 'A quel nome,' was the first of a series of successes during the evening, and the aria, 'Son vergin vezzosa,' was so superbly sung by her that it was rapturously encored, and greatly applauded after it was repeated; her vocalization was neat, free, and effective, the high D frequently introduced being as clear as a bell and as light as a star. Her acting was also more individual and fitting than usual, and when during the temporary loss of reason she, as Elvira, sang 'Qui la voce,' she introduced some extraordinary cadenzas, touching a high E flat with great fulness and distinctness, the audience recognized her unexceptional vocal gifts and artistic power by a perfect storm of applause. The wondrous charm with which Madame Patti invests every part in which she appears seems to be intensified in her performance of Elvira; and as it was the first time that an English audience has had the privilege of hearing her astonishing interpretation of the music, and as her success was so great, there is no doubt but that the part of Elvira in *I Puritani* will form a very welcome addition to the operatic characters performed by her during any future engagement she may make in London."

Why Madame Patti has not played the part long ago is difficult to explain.

CHURCH CHOIRS IN LONDON.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—The object of your correspondent, P.G., in his two letters upon Church Music, evidently has been to eulogize Messrs. Goss and Cooper. This has been the burden of his song. He should be appointed "Poet-Laureate" to the organist and composer to Royalty. But I would ask how is it that this choir, over which these immaculate musicians have presided for thirty years, is at present, and ever has been the *worst* in the United Kingdom. "A tree is known by its fruits." If the music of one is so elevating, and the administrative skill of the other so beneficial, how is it that no influence of such has been seen upon their choir? Argus.

[There is an easy and obvious answer to Argus's query, which we leave "P. G." to supply.—Ed. *M. W.*]

STUDENTS' PRIVILEGES.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—As a musical student, will you kindly allow me to ask why those studying for the profession should not be allowed some privileges with regard to the "Grand Concerts." At present, "articled pupils" have to pay precisely the same as the general public. It frequently happens that, only being able to afford (in addition to other educational expenses), the two lowest prices, one is either unable to get a seat, or is so far from the performer that the best *piano* parts, if not lost, are not that source of instruction they might be, if we were nearer. Theological students can attend lectures and receive nearly all their instruction free, at a very reduced rate, but a singer has to pay full price for all that he hears. It seems that all professions have provided encouragements for learners except the musical profession. The ablest lectures in other sciences may be heard by young men-students at a very low rate and often free. Why not place the pupil in music on a level with pupils in other theories of study? To become an orator one must *hear* oratory as well as study. Painting also ought to be *seen* by those who would become painters. And is it not true that the student of the voice should *hear* singing as well? True; but that which is calculated to inspire with fresh zeal for study is absolutely out of our reach. If some reduced rate of charge was allowed to *those articled for the profession* a great boon would be conferred upon many an earnest student. Tenore Robusto.

Westbourne Square.

[We confess ourselves unable to see what claim "Tenore Robusto" has to admission to concerts *gratis*. Such a privilege might be extended to the advanced pupils of a recognized Academy. But there it must stop.—Ed.]

The Grand Prix de Rome, for this year has been gained by M. Maréchal, a pupil of Victor Massé's, aged eighteen. His composition is entitled *Le Jugement de Dieu*. The jury have decided, but their decision is seriously called in question, and much dissatisfaction exists.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—You very properly ask, on the ground that it is "new to you," for my authority as to Mendelssohn's low estimate of the *Creation*. If it is new to you, doubtless it is new to many others; any light, therefore, respecting the opinion of the most eminent musician of the century, upon a work so unboundedly popular throughout the whole civilized community, would be a valuable contribution to the common stock. Those who lived in *his* day, and in *his* circle could probably call to mind some occasion when Mendelssohn would have spoken of Haydn. It was before my time. My evidence is merely hypothetical; though withal entirely conclusive that in presenting it I cannot but express the hope that if to any one who knew the man, or who may have additional testimony on the very interesting point, the evidence I adduce may not be conclusive, they will kindly, by contributing what they knew of Mendelssohn's expressed opinions, aid the public to a right and true verdict. To express an opinion of a brother-artist, when that opinion might not be in accordance with the general sentiment, would not be easy to perform gracefully; yet there are matters so far above all petty considerations in questions of art, that diffidence in respect to them ceases to be commendable. The greatest of our musical men preserved a firm reticence when leading remarks were addressed to him, calculated to "draw him out" as to his estimate of other musicians. Yet it is not difficult to read the innermost thoughts of the huge Titan respecting the works of others. Beethoven was unwilling to say much, if anything, concerning Haydn and Mozart. Mendelssohn about Haydn, so far as I have read his published opinions, is almost totally silent. From one who had the honour of a tolerably intimate acquaintance with him, and whose musical sentiments were always the echo of Mendelssohn's, I carefully inquired what he (Mendelssohn) thought of Haydn. The reply amounted to a very slight estimate of the symphonies and vocal music, with a slight exception respecting the quartets; and a very slender esteem of the greater portion of the *Creation*; a little reserve, if I remember rightly (for it was years ago) in favour of the chorus, "Awake the Harp." In the published letters of Mendelssohn there are some letters from his father to him. (Some think the letters of the father to the son better than any of the son to the father—this in passing.) In one of these letters, Vol. II. page 79, there is an apology from the pen of the father for the descriptive music in Haydn's *Creation*. When it is taken into account that in mentioning Haydn previously (page 9) he says: "Haydn's Mass was *scandalously gay*,"—and further on (page 10): "Unluckily, I could not find among *all* the music here *even one tolerable solemn Mass*, and not a single one of the old Italian masters; *nothing but modern dross*,"—the happy Felix must have written or said something concerning the "descriptive" music of the *Creation*, calculated to draw out from the father the following significant defence Although, both what Mendelssohn said or thought of it, as well as the general style and construction of the great work itself, offer tempting themes to dilate upon, I will content myself with thus much at present; concluding with the father's significant and worthy words:—"It seems to me that both the oratorios of Haydn were, in their sphere, very remarkable phenomena. The poems of both are weak, regarded as poetry; but they have replaced the old positive and almost metaphysical religious impulses by those which nature, as a visible emanation from the Godhead, in her universality, and in her thousandfold individualities, instils into every susceptible heart. Hence the profound depth, but also the cheerful efficiency, and certainly genuine religious influence, of these two works, which hitherto stand alone: hence the combined effect of the playful and detached passages, with the most noble and sincere feelings of gratitude produced by the whole; hence is it also, that I, individually, could as little endure to lose in the *Creation*, and in the *Seasons*, the crowing of the cock, the singing of the lark, the lowing of the cattle, and the rustic glee of the peasants, as I could in nature herself; in other words, the *Creation* and the *Seasons* are founded on nature and the visible service of God—and are no new materials for music to be found there?"—Yours, very truly,

July 12th, 1870. Idealizer.

[We may remind "Idealizer" that Abraham Mendelssohn knew no more of music than Leopold Mozart, that both were pedants, and both shortened the lives of their marvellous sons, incomparably more valuable lives than their own, by overwork. Leopold made a wild beast show of his children. Abraham Mendelssohn tried to make his son Felix an Admiral Crichton. The world lost the one at the age of 36, the other at the age of 39. The world owes no gratitude either to Abraham or Leopold. On the contrary. What was Mendelssohn's real opinion of Haydn we are unable to say, but we know he had a great veneration for the German masters who preceded him. For our own part, if the descriptive music in the *Creation* were burnt we should not greatly care.—Ed. *M. W.*]

Mr. Nimmo was personally complimented by the Earl and Countess of Stamford and Warrington for the admirable way in which he had managed the "Three days' entertainment," got up in aid of the funds for the restoration of Enville Parish Church. The whole affair was a "brilliant success," and a large sum of money must have been collected on the occasion.

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ORGAN NEWS.

THE GRAND ORGAN FOR THE COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL.

Such progress has been made with the grand organ for the Colston Hall, that no doubt remains of its being opened on the 1st of September next. It is being built at a cost of £2,500, by Willis, of London. More detailed particulars respecting it than have yet appeared will prove interesting. The compass of four sets of manuals will be from C C to C in altissimo, 61 notes, being four or five more than in any organ in this neighbourhood. The Pedale will be from C C C to G, 32 notes, giving also an unusual range.

The stops of the Pedale will be:—Double diapason, wood, 32ft.; open diapason, wood, 16ft.; violin, metal, 16ft.; violoncello, metal, 8ft.; octave, wood, 8ft.; mixture, three ranks, metal; grand bombard, 16ft. The stops of the Choir will be:—Dulciana, 8ft.; lieblich, gedacht, 8ft.; claribel flute 8ft.; violoncello, 8ft.; flute octaviante harmonique, 4ft; flageolet, 2ft.; corno-di-bassetto, 8ft.; bassoon, 8ft.; posaune, 8ft. The stops of the Great organ will be:—Grand double diapason, 16ft.; open diapason, 8ft.; violin, 8ft.; claribel, 8ft.; octave, 4ft.; quint, 3ft.; super octave, 2ft.; fourniture, four ranks; trombone, 16ft.; tromba harmonic, 8ft.; clarion, 4ft. The stops of the Swell will be:—Contra gamba (lower octave closed wood), 16ft.; salcional, 8ft.; open diapason, 8ft.; lieblich gedacht 8ft.; vox angelica, 8ft.; principal, 4ft.; fifteenth, 4ft.; echo cornet, three ranks; contra posaune, 16ft.; cornopean, 8ft.; hautboy, 8ft.; clarionet, 8ft.; vox humana, 8ft.; clarion, 4ft. Tremulant to vox humana and hautboy. The stops of the Solo will be:—Flute harmonique, 8ft.; concert flute, 4ft.; corno-di-bassetto, 8ft.; oboe orchestra, 8ft.; tuba major harmonic, 8ft.; clarion, 4ft. The couplers will be:—Solo to Great, Swell to Great, sub-octave on itself; Swell to Great, unison; Swell to Great, super-octave on itself; Choir to Great, Solo to Pedals, Swell to Pedals, Great to Pedals, Choir to Pedals, Sforzando. The patent atmospheric combination movement will be applied, in four changes, to each of the manuals. Four pedals acting on those of the great organ will also affect the pedal organ, and adapt it to the power then obtained in the great organ. Four pedals also will act on the couplers, as composition pedals act on ordinary steps. A double-acting pedal will produce a P P pedale, even when the *tutti* pedal is arranged. The swell and great organs will be played through the agency of the pneumatic lever. The wind will be supplied from bellows placed beneath the organ in a chamber prepared for them. These bellows are to be constructed with suitable feeders for mechanical power, which will be supplied with wind by two of Duncan's hydraulic engines. They are also to draw their air down from an altitude somewhat above the pipes in the hall above. The wind thus obtained is to pass into numerous reservoirs, constructed to obtain absolute steadiness, and from them to pass to the various sections of the wind-chests, at suitable pressures, for the various ranks of pipes. The wind-chests will be furnished with the patent prize-medal valves of 1862. The keys will be constructed of ivory, of great thickness, and fronted with moulded ivory. The combination pistons will be electro-gilt. The key fittings will be in wainscot oak, French polished; and the whole of the interior will be constructed in the same style as the organ now building for the Royal Albert Hall. The case for this instrument designed by Messrs. Foster & Wood, architects, of Bristol, will be in a style to correspond with its character, and with the style of the hall.

—o—

MADAME NADINE DUNORD.

The *Examiner and London Review*, in reviewing M. De Kontski's concert speaks as follows of Madame Nadine Dunord, the young Russian vocalist:—

"The dramatic *aria* from *L'Africaine*, 'Sur mes genoux fils du soleil,' was rendered with exquisite taste and feeling by Madame Nadine Dunord. We might almost go so far as to pronounce this the gem of the vocal performance."

The *Morning Post* writes as subjoined:—

"Madame Nadine Dunord, the Russian singer, who made so favourable an impression at St. James's Hall, will give her *matinée* at the Marquis of Downshire's, in Belgrave Square"

The *Era* has the following criticism:—

"Admirable in this German composition, she was heard to far greater advantage in the 'Sleep Song' from Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*. It must be conceded that this lady's voice is not great, but her ability in using it to express variety in musical sentiment has been rarely surpassed. In the whole range of opera there is not a more trying air than the one in question. We have never heard it more intellectually rendered than by this lady."

At a Council of the College of Organists, held on June 30th, the following gentlemen were admitted to fellowship:—W. S. Bambridge, of Marlborough College; Edward Bunnett, of Norwich Cathedral, Mus. Doc.; F. E. Gladstone, of Chichester Cathedral; John Stainer, of Magdalen College, Oxford, Mus. Doc.; and E. H. Turpin, of London.

WAIFS.

M. Gounod has left Paris, on a visit to some friends in Bretagne.

Theatres figure in the French budget of the next year to the tune of 1,600,000 francs.

Mdlle. Schroeder has recovered from small pox, and gone to her native place, Breslau.

Herr Carl Formes has returned to America. He arrived at New York last month.

Mr. Henry Smart has just completed *King René's Daughter*, a cantata for female voices.

M. Pasdeloup was married last week, in a very quiet fashion—so says *Le Ménéstrel*, without giving the name of the bride.

The King of Italy has conferred the order of the Iron Crown on M. Panofka, the singing master, now residing at Florence.

Mr. Charles Hallé and Mr. A. S. Sullivan have been elected members of the committee of the Mendelssohn Testimonial Fund.

Mdme. Gomperz-Bettelheim will take part in the Beethoven commemoration at Vienna. So will the Abbé Liszt, who has promised to conduct the Mass in D.

How little hot weather agrees with theatre-going is shown by the receipts of the Paris places of entertainment, which amounted, during June, only to 747,219 francs.

The death is announced, in Egypt, of Themistocles Solera, author of the libretti of Verdi's two operas, *Nabuco* and *Attila*. He belonged to the Viceroy's police.

M. Naudin is engaged as leading tenor in the theatre of the Khedive at Cairo. Signor Nicola de Giosa, a pupil of Mercadante's, and late of San Carlos, will be the musical director.

In our notice of Mdlle. Georgi's benefit at the Gaiety we inadvertently stated that Mdlle. Constance Georgi sang the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*. The singer was the *bénéficiaire* herself.

More than £10,000 out of the £15,000 required to meet Earl Dudley's proffered donation towards the restoration of Worcester Cathedral has already been subscribed by the leading residents in the city and county.

M. Leduc, the music publisher, has undertaken a very serious task. Under the title of *Bibliothèque Lyrique* he has commenced the issue of 200 operas, arranged for voice and piano, at the uniform price of three francs each.

Mdlle. Thérèse Castellan, the accomplished young lady-violinist, had, on Tuesday last, the honour of playing before the Court at Windsor, and after her performance was highly complimented by their Royal Highnesses, the Princesses, &c., &c. The honour may be the more greatly prized, inasmuch as, if there could possibly exist such a phenomenon as an English lady who played publicly on the fiddle, it is certain that she would never be invited to "Court."

In the Biography of Charles Dickens, by Mr Hotten, attention is called to the novelist's use of blue ink. It is true that he always used a particular blue ink which has the advantage of drying quickly, and of not clogging the pen—advantages shared by the violet ink, now also in vogue. The fact that Mr. Dickens always used ink of a decided and unalterable blue is not more worth mentioning than that he always wrote on blue paper. Now blue ink upon blue paper will try the eyes of most men, and some have a vivid recollection of the difficulty of reading the painful dazzle of blue upon blue. The printer who had to read his minutely written manuscript must have had a fine time of it. The point is worth noting as an illustration of the physical perfection of his vision. Though he somewhere speaks of his eyes as being none of the best, there never was a man who surpassed him in powers of seeing. The physical organs were in their kind perfect, and did their duty with infallible accuracy. Their quickness of apprehension was prodigious.

We read in the *Church Times*:—

"The second festival of the Ryedale Choral Union was held in the fine old Parish Church of St. Peter's, Pickering. Thirteen choirs, comprising two hundred and fifty voices, took part in the service. There was a rehearsal at 11 30. At 3.30 the clergy and surpliced choirs left the National Schools in procession, beginning in the churchyard to chant Psalm cxxi. Psalm cxxii. was also sung as a processional. The anthem, 'the Lord is my Shepherd,' the hymns, 'For all Thy Saints,' and 'Saviour, blessed Saviour,' were, like the Psalms, &c., well sung. The sermon was preached by the Rev. F. Pigou, vicar of Doncaster, after which alms were collected. Every part of the church was crowded, the vestry and porch were full, and great numbers were in the churchyard. After service, the choirs and others partook of tea in the Castle-yard. The day was fine, and both Church-people and Dissenters vied with each other in making it a happy one."

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Mr. John Dunne, was made Doctor of Music, in the Examination Hall of Trinity College, Dublin, at the "Summer Commencement," on Thursday, July 7th. His cantata, for the degree was performed on the Saturday previous, in the Theatre of Trinity College. *The Nobleman's Son at Capernaum* is founded upon the fourth chapter of St. John's Gospel, verse 46. The work consists of nine numbers—a tenor solo, "Praise and glory to the Lord;" a symphony and chorus with short solos; a recitative and chorus, "What was the hour when he began to amend"? an air, "Thy life had almost gone, my child"; a chorus, "Thy story to us belief imparts"; an eight-part-chorus, (which of course Mr. Dunne was obliged to write in order to show his skill in harmony); and a final chorus and trio, "Night and morning we for him within our souls did yearn." Altogether, judging from what we hear, the work must have satisfied the authorities that Mr. Dunne was fully entitled to the degree.

Our correspondent, a Left tenant Kernel, is incorrect in surmising that Cob-nuts are a variety of the Horse-chesnut. The racing expression of "cracks" does *not* refer to either species. Commodore Nutt did *not* invent shell-jackets, though the famous crackers owe their origin to his genius. The "Nut-brown Maid" was not composed by Shelley, as you seem to imagine, and the phrase "a nutter failure" need not of necessity apply to the fact of finding it a bad one. Yes, certainly, there is a town named Knutsford, in Cheshire, but it is principally remarkable for the thick heads of its juries, which may possibly explain your confusion as to *nuts*. What you say about "cracking the Gordian nut" we attribute to your ignorance or the heat of the weather, also your observations on the opera of the *Nuzze di Figaro*, which are unworthy of you, and if the singer in question *did* exhibit too much of the "voce di testa" (we pass over your remark about "detest her" and so on, because, really—) or "nutty flavoured" voice, there are some, remember, who like that sort of thing, and who instead of the liquid "*ut de poitrine*" prefer a good strong heady whine. However, for all further information we must refer you to *Nuttall's Dictionary*.—*Punch*.

A sort of indignation meeting has been held in Dublin touching the supposed parsimony of the Government towards an Irish Academy of Music. The grant tendered towards the Irish Institute does not seem generous, but it is curious to observe the attempt to make political capital out of it. "There is not a man in the Irish community," writes an Irish newspaper, "who on reading the report of the proceedings yesterday will not say to himself that the Irish Academy of Music would not be permitted to languish through want of means if a native Legislature controlled the exchequer of Ireland. Could not the Music question be allowed to stand over for a short time, without threatening us just now for its sake with an agitation for repeal of the Union or a Federal Parliament? Our hands have been pretty full of Irish difficulties this year, but our Dublin contemporary may feel assured that as soon as we have a little leisure we shall not neglect, in the interest of our neighbours, a reasonable patronage of the fine arts, *quæ ad humanitatem pertinent*. But business must be got through first. Meanwhile, the Irish Academy might go on as it has been doing without eleemosynary aid. The advantages of assistance to the English Institute have not been uniformly apparent, and three years ago no sum was placed on the estimates to its account. At any rate let us have no grievance established on the point, with a foregone conclusion to add it to the sum total of wrongs with which various kinds of agitators are trading across the Channel.—*Daily News*.

The Late Rev. W. H. Havergal.—A man to whom Psalmody Reformers owe a great debt, passed away to his rest, on April 19th. In the early days of our interest in Psalmody, we remember hearing from the Rev. J. J. Waite, who afterwards did such a great work throughout the country, of Mr. Havergal. There can be no doubt that something of that enthusiasm for syllabic tunes quickly sung, and for broad and simple harmonies, which Mr. Waite carried with him everywhere, was caught as an inspiration from the author of "Old Church Psalmody." When Dr. Lowell Mason visited this country, one of his first and most sacred pilgrimages was to Mr. Havergal's house in Worcester, and we well remember the heartiness and earnestness with which Dr. Mason acknowledged the obligations of American psalmodists to this good man. We believe it was Dr. Mason who, soon after that, undertook the publication of Mr. Havergal's interesting book, on the "History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune," which was printed in America. The man whose sanctified genius inspired two such other men as those we have named, was indeed honoured with great usefulness. We think it likely (though we do not possess, in these cases, such distinct information) that Mr. Mercer and Sir Henry Baker, whose publications have wrought so great an effect in the Church of England, would gladly acknowledge a similar obligation to Mr. Havergal. In 1829 he resided at Astley Rectory, near Bewdle, Gloucestershire, and it was here that he met with that accident which nearly deprived him of sight, and laid him aside from clerical duties for several years. During this period he found relief to a studious and active mind in the study of music, nd afterwards, during a long life, employed the intervals of ministerial and pastoral activities in compositions for the Church. Many of these have become very popular. His anthems, in the severe and classical style, are constantly found in cathedral use. His Psalm tunes have been freely used in all modern collections. And some of his "Hymns and Sacred Songs" written for his grand children, are very delightful memorials of poetic as well as musical genius. His departure was peculiarly peaceful—more like translation than death.—*Tonic Sol-fa Reporter*.

Baden.—The programme of the Fourth Musical Soirée of the Administration included a Concert-Overture by Signor Bottesini, which was well received. M. Alard played two fantasias, of his own composition, on *Robert* and *Faust*. Herr Woworsky, from the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, sang an air from Weber's *Euryanthe*, and took part with Mdlle. Bosse in a duet from Spohr's *Jessonda*. He was exceedingly successful, so much so that M. Dupressoir presented him, in the name of the Administration, with a diamond breast-pin, and engaged him at once for next year.

BIRTH.

On the 8th inst., at 44, Burlington Road, Mrs. Rawdon Hastings Comyn (Madame Marie Stocken), prematurely, of a son (still born).

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Lamborn Cock & Co.—"Bel Moretto," canzonetta-polka, da L. Badea.

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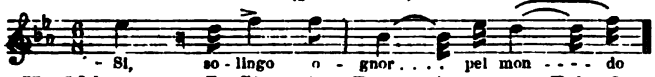

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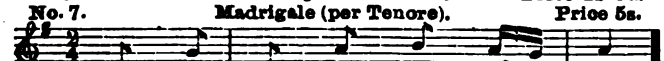

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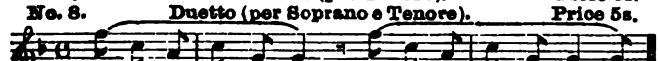

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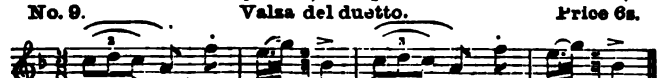

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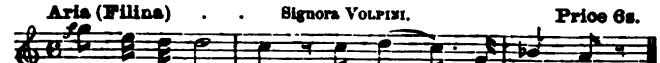

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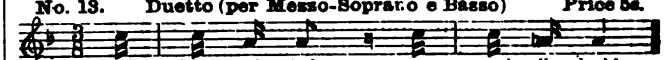

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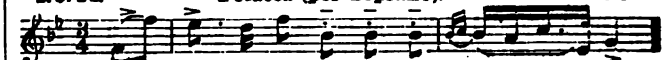

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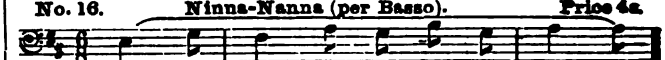

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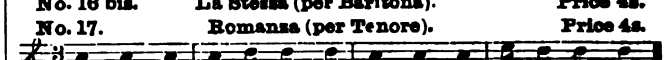

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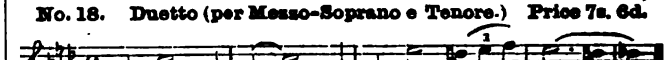

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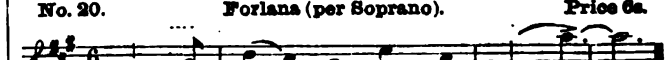

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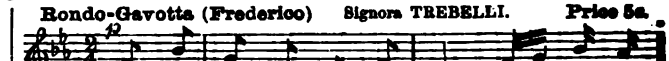

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HERR FERDINAND LUDWIG begs to announce to his Friends and Patrons that he will remain in London till August 15th, after which he will return to Germany for Two MONTHS.—1, Albert Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

MISS ROSE HERSEE.

MISS ROSE HERSEE begs to announce her RETURN to England, but that she will be unable to accept any Concert Engagements during her stay. She will return to America at the beginning of September, to fulfil an eight months' engagement as *Prima Donna Assoluta* of the English Opera Company, and cannot accept any European engagement earlier than June, 1871. 39, Fitzroy Square, W.

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Professor Heinrich Dorn has published in the *Post* the following interesting article:—

According to an official report in the *Voss Zeitung*, the Berlin Musikverein and the Berlin Tonkünstlerverein have applied to Herr von Hülsen, and requested him to act as chairman of a new Festival Committee, about to be formed. Very sensible!

We well know that Herren Bumke, Phillip, and Thadewald are most worthy men and sterling musicians; their efforts, by means of a *Congregation* which they founded, to improve the pecuniary circumstances of the poorer class of musicians, have already been attended with material benefits to the performers in small bands, and to the members of the Musical Exchange (*Musikbörse*) as it is called; but to do anything successfully in Berlin at the present moment, when the eyes of the whole artistic world are directed hither, and after Bonn, as the birthplace, and Vienna, as the residence, of the deceased master, have made every preparation for a Musical Festival of an extraordinary description—there needs a brilliant name, which these gentlemen do not possess, while the institution they represent does not enjoy sufficient credit to accomplish the task they would undertake. The intention, too, expressed in their first address: "Of laying, with the surplus from the Beethoven Festival treasury, the foundation of a Concert Hall on a grand scale, shows only too plainly that they are as far from having formed a correct idea of the expenses to be incurred, as they have of other points, unless Herr von Hülsen were obliging enough to forward to a different address from the customary one the Operahouse receipts of *Fidelio*, and the Theatre Royal receipts for *Egmont*. Let the enterprising gentlemen, who have already retired, console themselves with the consciousness that their intentions were good, and let individual members of the Musikverein support, to the best of their ability, the forthcoming performances.

Just in the same way, the Berlin Tonkünstlerverein had no excuse for placing itself at the head of such an undertaking, save the very justifiable one, that some body or other must take the initiative. Its former partner, the Musikverein, was, it is true, in a position to get up, unaided, grand musical performances, and consequently to assist effectually in any performances of the same nature; but this power is utterly wanting to the Tonkünstlerverein; the very small number of members able to play any instrument save the piano are either members of the Royal orchestras, or their substitutes, and so little independent that no reliance can be placed upon their promises of co-operation. As I myself, in my character of ex-president, am still an honorary member of the Verein in question, I am well acquainted with the praiseworthy efforts made by it, and I fully appreciate them; but I cannot see in them the foundation on which to raise a Beethoven Festival Committee for Berlin. I, therefore, repeat my firm conviction that it is a very sensible proceeding to change the whole plan, and, with Herr von Hülsen as chairman, form a fresh committee, with which—in just consideration of the original promoters, and also because he would make a most able secretary—Dr. Alaleben should be associated as delegate of the two Associations.

Other names are now mentioned on the committee: Herr von Hülsen, Joachim, Radecke, Ries, and Taubert; these are men whom all Germany knows; men who have not first to be looked up in the *Berlin Directory;* men with whom it is certain that the artistic notabilities in the commercial world, and among the aristocracy, will gladly ally themselves. For this reason we can no longer doubt that Julius Stern, though not at present in Berlin, will not refuse another invitation to co-operate in the undertaking. Without vigorous support from Stern's Verein and the Singakademie, it would be difficult to get up a really imposing Beethoven Festival. In order to ensure the co-operation of the last-named body, its chief director, Professor Grell, was, of course, also appointed a committee-man, though, on account of his health, he gratefully declined the office, which must necessarily entail great fatigue. The writer, too, of the present lines did not deem it becoming to accept the honourable call made on him; it is sufficient that the future conductors, and the virtuosos who will cast a lustre over the Festival, should be invited by the practical musicians to attend the preliminary deliberations; there is always ballast enough on such occasions—but the vessel must not be needlessly overladen. It certainly would not have been so by a man like Tausig, had he, in this instance, joined the cream of our artistic contemporaries in Berlin, but the set-off for his proposed co-operation was: that Richard Wagner should be offered the chief direction of the Festival. This ridiculously pretentious project was naturally at once rejected, and Herr Tausig subsequently thought fit to return his diploma as honorary member of the Berlin Tonkünstler Verein.

What a strange thing it is that certain persons never learn to distinguish what is becoming from what is unbecoming! For instance, the Vienna Committee asked Herr R. Wagner to be one of the conductors at the Beethoven Festival. Scarcely had the *Illustrirte Zeitung* of the 18th June published the fact that Herr R. Wagner, 'with grateful appreciation of the honour done him,' declined acceding to the invitation, than that gentleman trumpeted forth, in the columns of the Vienna papers, that he did not write and answer the committee, but had conveyed his refusal orally through a friend (because certain persons, not fanatic Wagnerites, were on the committee). That a man may be a celebrated composer, and yet not observe the slightest measure in his behaviour, is a fact which—as all the world knows—Wagner has sufficiently shown for years past. This incident, not in the least surprising on the part of the composer of *Tannhäuser*, would, therefore, hardly have been touched upon here, were it not so different from the conduct of another great artist, who behaved in a diametrically opposite manner under similar circumstances. The Vienna Committee requested Herren Wagner, Liszt, and Lachner, to conduct the most important works; Herren Joachim, Laub, and Madame Clara Schumann, to add lustre to the Festival, by taking part in it as solo instrumentalists. In consequence of the rude expectoration of a man like Wagner, Joachim, the master, stated that though he much regretted it, it was impossible that he could respond to the flattering invitation. He might easily have assigned some material circumstance or other as a pretext for his refusal, if, out of consideration for the persons included in the same invitation, he had not deemed it his duty to be truthful; he would, he said, have gone, had he seen a possibility of his being able to co-operate joyously.

"Had, for instance, the direction of the concerts been confided to one of the local conductors of Vienna, I should not, on such an occasion, have cared about the greater or less amount of partiality I feel for one name or the other, but, simply, like a pilgrim inspired by a hearty wish to dispose my best offerings on the holy shrine, have quietly accommodated myself to existing arrangements. But the direction of the concerts has been confided to artists from other places and with strongly expressed tendencies, and, though I must confess that it would have been impossible to select more celebrated names, I cannot, unfortunately, shut my eyes to the fact that in my opinion, the picture of Beethoven's sublime and simple grandeur, which in plain moral majesty has gradually subjected the entire globe, is thereby disturbed. As, under such circumstances, it would be impossible for me to enter, heart and soul, into the joyous work, I am, doubtlessly, acting in the spirit of the honourable Committee by keeping away from the Festival, in order not to interfere with the unanimous feeling of rejoicing."

This is the language and the behaviour of a true artist!

Though our Berlin Committee, at its first meeting, on the 12th June, selected the 17th December, and following days, as the date of the Festival, their decision may be considerd merely temporary. As regards the Theatre, it is, perhaps, a matter of indifference whether the Festival is held shortly before or long after Christmas; but for the concert-room and all the inconveniences connected with it, the proximity of Old Boguy, otherwise so profitable, might be attended with a certain amount of danger. *Videant consules ne detrimentum res publica capiat.*

Salzburg.—The "Kaiser-Concert," as it is termed, was announced to take place on the 18th inst., in the *Aula Academica*. In September the Beethoven Anniversary Festival will be celebrated.

Elberfeld.—A genuine Stradivarius, of the year 1708, and which, for a long time past has been in the possession of a family here, was lately purchased by the Russian violin *virtuoso*, M. Besekirsky. He gave only the comparatively moderate price of two thousand thalers for it.

Leipsic.—The Abbate Franz Liszt left lately for Weimar, after staying here several days. He was present at a concert of Riedel's Verein, when portions of his *Missa Choralis* were performed. A *soirée* was also given him by Herr Riedel.—Herr Friederich Haase, hitherto a member of the company at the Theatre Royal, Berlin, will be the new manager of the Stadttheater. Herr von Strantz, the stage-manager of the first-named establishment, will, it is said, accompany him.

Weimar.—On the 8th inst. the Abbate Franz Liszt left here on a visit to the Duke of Meiningen at Liebenstein. He then went to Munich, to be present at the performance of Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre*. Thence he directed his course to Oberammergau, to witness the celebrated *Passions-spiel*. It is his intention to return, by Regensburg and Vienna, to Hungary, and, in the house of his friend, Baron von Augus, at Sexard, to live in retirement some months, which he proposes to devote exclusively to his musical labours. Whether he will then return to Rome is a matter of doubt, since he has received a pressing invitation from his friend, and patron, the Grand Duke, to spend the autumn and winter here.

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

Among the operas played last week were *Otello*, *Il Trovatore*, *Faust*, and *Robert le Diable*. These were all repetitions, and it is only necessary to refer once again to *Faust*, in which a new tenor appeared for the first time. So many young tenors have failed to create any marked impression in the principal character of M. Gounod's best opera that when it is added that Signor Perotti's impersonation showed undoubted intelligence, and that his singing was above the average, we have awarded him considerable credit. That, in spite of his Italian name, the newcomer was not Italian, but German, could hardly fail to be detected. The peculiar quality of the German voice and the method of delivering it are unmistakable. Signor Perotti was very favourably received, and we shall doubtless hear more of him. The other chief parts were sustained, as before, by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (Margaret), Madame Trebelli-Bettini (Siebel), M. Faure (Mephistopheles), and Mr. Santley (Valentine)—to replace any one of whom would not be easy. This was the only morning performance of the season, for which, inasmuch as the house was crowded in every part, it seems hard to account.

The long-promised Italian version of Herr Richard Wagner's romantic opera, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, under the title of *L'Olandese Dannato*, was produced at this theatre on Saturday night, with every mark of success. Thus Mr. George Wood has, though late in the season, redeemed another promise, and again justified the confidence reposed in his management. The utmost care has been taken in putting the opera upon the stage; while, to judge from the result, Signor Arditi must have bestowed even more than his accustomed diligence in preparing the music, which, like all Herr Wagner has written, even his earliest known dramatic work, the grand opera of *Rienzi* (brought out some time ago at the Paris Théâtre Lyrique), is trying in equal degrees for orchestra, chorus, and solo singers. The abandonment of the first idea of introducing Herr Wagner as an operatic composer at our Italian Opera by his *Tannhäuser*, and substituting his *Fliegende Holländer*, was, we think, judicious; for though between the composition of *Tannhäuser* and that of the *Fliegende Holländer* there was only an interval of three years, the Thuringian opera is far more than three years in advance of its immediate predecessor. In the *Holländer* the composer may be said to have first tried the new system afterwards destined to make such a noise in the world, and to lead to such bitter and acrimonious controversy. Having thus felt his way, he developed it more elaborately in *Tannhäuser;* and from *Tannhäuser* to *Lohengrin* was another step towards the goal which, through the successive stages of *Tristan und Isolde* and the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, was ultimately reached in the trilogy of the *Niebelungen*. If we are to welcome such music and ultimately to adopt the Wagnerian doctrine of the "*Art-work of the Future*," it is as well to begin from the beginning—with an opera, in short, composed when the Prophet was more like other men. We have always thought, moreover, that Herr Wagner's very best, because least extravagant, dramatic work, was the *Hollander*, which, amid much that is incoherent and formless, contains much genuine music, and the promise of much more to come. Every step since taken in advance of it seems to us a step in the wrong direction.

The opera is powerfully cast at Drury Lane; and in Senta and the nameless Dutchman, to save whom from perdition the Norwegian maiden sacrifices her life, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska and Mr. Santley are provided with parts which have, already in one performance, enabled them to win the highest possible distinction. The other characters are supported, and well supported by Signor Perotti (Erik the Hunter), Signor Foli (Daland, the Norwegian skipper), Signor Rinaldini (the Helmsman), and Madame Corsi (Maria).

Strange to say, considering the attraction one might suppose would attach to an opera by a composer who, in one way or another, has been the incessant talk of the musical world for more than 30 years, and scarcely any of whose dramatic music, occasional selections at concerts allowed for, is known in England, the house was not very full. In revenge, however, the audience was uproarious from first to last. The overture which provides material for all the most important dramatic situations of the opera, was loudly encored; and no wonder, the execution being beyond reproach. Happily, Herr Wagner allows few opportunities for encoring in the course of his work; and had Signor Arditi been satisfied with acknowledging the applause, instead of repeating the overture—perhaps the least coherent, certainly the noisiest piece of the whole—he would have acted more discreetly. However, almost every piece was applauded with more or less heartiness; and this may in a measure be explained by the fact that the audience, from the drawing up of the curtain and the exhibition of the Norwegian vessel at anchor, to the self-immolation of Senta and the disappearance of the Dutchman's ship in the last scene, found themselves in presence of something quite new and strange, something for the greater part unlike anything whatever they had previously witnessed. The calls for the principal singers at the termination of each act were hearty and unanimous.

The operas performed during this week (the last of the season) have been *Otello* (Monday); *L'Olandese Dannato* (Tuesday); and *Lucia di Lammermoor* (Thursday). A composite entertainment—including an act from *Traviata*, an act from *Martha*, and an act from *Lucia*—for the benefit of Mdlle. Nilsson, and her last appearance in England before her visit to America, is announced for this evening—the last performance of the season.

APROPOS OF THE *HOLLÄNDER*.

"But there arose a colossal genius, a flaming spirit, to whom was decreed a crown of fire and gold." The speaker is Abbé Liszt; the individual spoken of, Herr Richard Wagner, whose star, last Saturday night, was visible above the English horizon for the first time. Previously, nothing but scintillations of its brightness could be detected; and not a few sympathetic souls chafed under the deprivation. Let us hope that, at last, they are happy.

One or two general reflections arise out of the production of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and may be best dealt with at the outset. We shall probably hear many quotations of "Magna est veritas," &c., and many remarks to the effect that the English press, having kept Wagner out of the country for years, has, at length, been overcome. There will be great jubilation at the supposed victory of truth over prejudice, and great kindling of hope, now that the Apostle of Future Music has gained a footing in the land. The sight of happiness is always agreeable to a well-constituted mind, and we have not the smallest desire to interfere with the pleasure of young Anglo-Germany. It must be stated, nevertheless, that the idea of journalism keeping Wagner out of England is a chimera, only a little less wild than the poet-composer's own theory as to the opposition he encounters. Herr Wagner went to sleep not long ago, and dreamed of a ubiquitous and omnipotent organization of Jews, which met him at every turn, eager to be avenged upon the man who sneered at Mendelssohn, and called Meyerbeer "the most despicable music-manufacturer of the period." With regard to England, Herr Wagner saw in his dream that our religion, being largely influenced by the Old Testament, made us very susceptible to the operations of the Jewish league, and secured for his enemies an easy victory. Waking up, he wrote a pamphlet, in which these fancies were put forward as realities; and his disciples naturally imitate their master; but the latter was not more self-deceived than are the former. Supposing, however, that the charge made against the press were true, there is an obvious and sufficient justification. It is possible to look upon Herr Wagner's music as destructive to the interests of art; and therefore, as music upon which all art-conservators should wage war. To establish a sanitary cordon, in hope of keeping out such poison, would be, therefore, an act of which the doers need feel no shame. We should question its policy, nevertheless; at all events, with reference to the fully-developed Wagnerian theory and practice. Pope's dictum,—

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen"—

is thoroughly applicable to the art-vice of which we speak—applicable enough even to disprove the sequel; for under no circumstances should we "first endure, then pity, then embrace," say, *Tristan und Isolde*. It follows that Herr Wagner's opponents can desire no better thing than the production in England, of all his works, and if a manager could be found willing to sacrifice a fortune on their account, he would deserve recouping from the national treasury, with a bonus added.

The foregoing observations are however, very nearly beside the mark when connected with *Der Fliegende Holländer*. Whatever the fate of this opera, it can bear only in a slight degree upon the Wagnerian controversy—for the sufficient reason that the opera itself but faintly illustrates Wagnerian doctrines. The inventor of future music, if Herr Wagner be the inventor (which those will doubt who read the curious parallel between him and Lully in Riehl's *Culturstudien aus drei Jahrhunderten*), is no Minerva, sprung, fully developed, from the brain of Jove. Like Beethoven he has had "styles," commencing with the Italian-French *Das Liebesverbot* and *Rienzi*, just "feeling his feet," to use a nursery expression, in *Der Fliegende Holländer*—where, also, he came in contact with his beloved legends—and finally running off on his own account in *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and the *Niebelungen*. It is probable, therefore, that Herr Wagner now looks upon *Der Fliegende Holländer* as Goliath of Gath might have looked upon the toy-spear of his youthful days, and we can imagine how regretfully the composer of Lucerne has heard that London selected what he did at thirty years of age in preference to an illustration of his riper genius. Herr Wagner may, however, console himself with the thought that *Der Fliegende Holländer* is very good milk for babes, and that, when the digestive powers of English amateurs are stronger, a cry will be raised for something more substantial. Under the circumstances we have detailed, there is no need to argue for or against Herr Wagner's distinc-

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tive theories, which his third opera but dimly foreshadows. To those, however, who, knowing somewhat of their realistic character are attracted by daring novelty, we would commend the words of Lortzing: "If art is to be anything at all, it must indulge in a great many things that are unnatural; and herein lies the charm of art, that, notwithstanding its heterogeneous means, it can bring about an illusion that shall resemble real life." To these remarks may fittingly be added those of Goethe: "Herein lies the dangerous demon for you youngsters: You are quick to create new ideas, but how about giving them shape and form? *Every branch of art has its weak point in theory, which must be retained in practice, because by suppressing it you come too near to Nature and art is made inartistic.*" The passage we have italicised may be used as an exorcism, and ought effectually to "lay" the ghost of Future-Music whenever it appears. THADDEUS EGG.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The operas represented last week were *Lucrezia Borgia, L'Etoile du Nord, Faust e Margherita, and Rigoletto. Lucrezia* was given for the benefit of Mdlle. Tietjens, about whose very striking impersonation of the Duchess of Ferrara there is not another word to say. Suffice it that the German songstress was greeted as she deserved. The other chief characters were sustained, as before, by Mdlle. Scalchi (Orsini), Signor Graziani (Alfonso), and Signor Naudin, who, most versatile of tenors, played on the same evening in *Masaniello*, two acts of which masterpiece followed the opera of Donizetti.

The revival of *L'Etoile du Nord*, with Madame Adelina Patti as Caterina, must always be a welcome event. It is four years since Meyerbeer's gorgeous lyrico-musical romance of history was last played at this house, when Madame Patti essayed Caterina for the first time, and proved herself equal to any Caterina in a musical sense, and in a dramatic sense superior to all. Four years with this accomplished lady have, in consonance with her entire artistic career, been virtually four years of progress, and it would be difficult now to find any point of her performance open to criticism. The characteristic air and dance when Caterina, in gipsy's costume, lures away the Cossacks, or "Calmucks" (in the libretto *les deux se disent*), and the expressive prayer and barcarole, when Caterina leaves her friends to follow the wars, in the first act, the animated incidents of the camp and the tent scene, in the second, and the gradual return of Caterina to reason, among old friends and faces, in the third and last, preserve all their old charm, accompanied even by greater spirit and greater finish of detail. The music of Peter is too low for that careful and meritorious artist, Signor Cotogni; who is by no means so much at ease as, under other circumstances, he might be. Nevertheless, there is much to praise in his general conception; and had the always solicitous Meyerbeer been living, he would, doubtless, have made the requisite modifications to ensure the excellent baritone's co-operation—especially after hearing him sing the romance at the beginning of Act 3. The Danilowitz of Signor Naudin and the Gritzenko of Signor Ciampi are familiar to our opera-going readers. Signor Naudin is quite at home as the "Pastry Cook afterwards Colonel," and gives the air in the last act, when Danilowitz informs Peter of Caterina's demented state (composed originally for Signor Gardoni) with true and unaffected expression. Some of the other characters are not so happy in this revival. The lady who plays Prascovia is too nervous to do justice either to herself or to the music; while the famous duet with which the Vivandières entertain Peter and Giorgio (Signor Marino) in the tent is by no means efficiently delivered. Nevertheless, the picturesque character of the music, the stirring incidents of the drama, and, above all, the Caterina of Madame Patti, could hardly fail to exercise their old attraction. At the end of the second act (the camp scene) Signors Cotogni and Naudin, being called for, brought on with them Mr. Augustus Harris, to whose invention that elaborate and imposing combination of "*mise-en-scène*" is chiefly due. The *Etoile du Nord* was conducted by Signor Vianesi."

The night of Madame Patti's benefit afforded the only opportunity the subscribers have had during the present season of witnessing that lady's exquisitely true and poetical embodiment of the German poet's Gretchen; and for that alone the occasion was welcome. We are not going to describe for the twentieth time so thoroughly well-known a performance, or, indeed, to say more than that Madame Patti never sang better, never threw more heart and soul into her delineation, and was never received with more enthusiasm. Faust was, as usual, represented by Signor Mario (the Faust of Fausts), Siebel by Mdlle. Scalchi, Mephistopheles by Signor Petit, and Valentine by Signor Graziani. The next "benefit" night brought forward the new singer, Mdlle. Sessi, whose versatile talent has done such good service this year, in a new character—namely, that of Gilda in *Rigoletto*. Much the same criticism which has been applied to the other attempts of this lady may equally well apply to her Gilda, which if from a dramatic point of view of little import, is from a musical point of view entitled to more than ordinary consideration. What Mdlle. Sessi reveals to us in Gilda is precisely what Mdlle. Sessi reveals to us in other parts. She is invariably entitled to respect, occasionally rises to absolute excellence, and—a great quality—is *never* careless or indifferent. In *Rigoletto* perhaps her most successful singing was in the melodious air, "Caro nome," and Gilda's part in the celebrated quartet of the last act, which was, as always, repeated from the movement commencing with the tenor solo, "Bella figlia." Mdlle. Sessi was received with encouraging applause throughout the evening. The *Rigoletto* of Signor Graziani, the Maddalena of Mdlle. Scalchi, and the Sparafucile of Signor Tagliafico need not be described anew. Signor Urio, to whom was assigned the part of the Duke, made much about the same impression as some time since in *Martha*, in which he made his *début*, as Lionel. This gentleman has certainly good qualities, but wants much more to be acceptable as first tenor in so great an establishment as the Royal Italian Opera. He is earnest and painstaking; but, miscalculating his own powers, he too often overleaps the mark. *Rigoletto* was conducted by Signor Bevignani.

On Saturday, the last night of the season *L'Etoile du Nord* was repeated and Madame Adelina Patti even more enthusiastically received than on the first occasion. As a matter of course, the National Anthem was given after the opera, Madame Patti singing three and Signor Naudin one of the solo verses. This performance, now that the partnership of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson has been dissolved, will be remembered as "the last of the Coalition."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The annual public concert of this institution took place in Hanover Square Rooms last Saturday, under the direction of Mr. John Hullah. New compositions were brought forward by Messrs. Wingham, Parry, Brion, Shakspeare, and Miss Crawford; and solos, vocal or instrumental, were given be Misses Townshend, Scates, Rebecca Jewell, Ferrari, Westmorland, Maudsley, Channel, and Marion Severn; Messrs Kemp, Morely, Parry, and Shakspeare. We must pass over a good deal of what was done with a general expression of encouragement and approval, reserving special remarks for the more noteworthy features. Mr. Wingham's contribution (three movements from a MS. symphony in D minor) exhibited very considerable present attainments, and yet more promise for the future. The young composer appears undecided as to style; but his fluency is great, his form good, and his knowledge of orchestration such as may hereafter be turned to account. He was called to the platform at the close of his work, and deservedly congratulated. Mr. Parry's air, "Behold, the day of the Lord cometh," demanded a better vocalist than the composer; but, even as rendered, there was no mistaking its very considerable merit. Mr. Brion's chorus, "Rejoice, victory is ours," showed much boldness and clearness of treatment, combined with a knowledge of effect that went far to atone for the absence of striking originality. In this case, also the composer was called for, and loudly applauded. We may some day have to notice Mr. Shakspeare's pianoforte concerto in C—two movements of which were played on Saturday, and one a year ago—as a whole; so that we need do no more now than express a satisfaction far greater than is usually excited by new works. The *finale* is especially well constructed, and may lay claim to the rare merit of being original. Mr. Shakspeare was his own soloist; but, with all due recognition of his skill, we hope the concerto will soon have the better rendering it deserves. Among the successful vocalists was Miss Ferrari, who sang Meyerbeer's "En vain j'espère" with a neatness of execution and a truth of expression warranting great hopes of her future. These remarks fairly apply also to Miss Rebecca Jewell's rendering of Donizetti's "La dea del lago;" and both ladies were honoured by very hearty applause. The orchestra, ably led by Mr. Weist Hill, was entirely composed of those who have at some time or other been connected with the Academy.

Between the parts the prizes of the year were distributed by Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, who was loudly cheered both at the beginning and end of a task which she performed in the most kindly and graceful manner. The list of fortunate students read over by Professor Sterndale Bennett, principal of the Academy, ran as follows: Special letters of commendation for students who had already received silver medals were given to Miss Rebecca Jewell, Miss Linda Scates, Miss Marion Severn, Mr. W. Shakspeare, and Mr. S. Kemp. Silver medals: Miss Waite, Miss C. Gardner, Mr. T. Wingham. Bronze medals: Miss Goode, Miss Bairnsfather, Miss Jessie Ferrari, Miss Pocklington, Mr. Parry, and Mr. Cook. Prizes of books: Misses Westmorland, Whomes, Moultrie, Townshend, Channell, Burleigh, H. Watson, Newman, Taylor, Sophie Ferrari, Messrs. Beazley, Brion, Dounce; Docker, W. Parker, Walker. Letters of commendation: Misses Field, Crawford, Martin H. Baillie, Bishop, Turner, Salmon, Hurley, and Smith; Messrs. Faning, Howells, and Waddington.

PILLNITZ.—Margarethe Binder died here on the 8th inst., and was buried in the cemetery at Hosterwitz, at which place Carl Maria von Weber passed several summers, and finished *Preciosa*. This lady was the first representative, both with respect to time and merit, of the heroine in the above opera, and the composer, when speaking of her to the Dresden public, said: "She is the Preciosa I imagined."

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THE REHEARSAL OF THE AMMERGAU "MYSTERY."

The interest which the representation of the decennial Mystery Play in the Ammergau has again excited among English tourists may warrant us in offering our readers an account of a visit lately paid by a German, Herman Schmid, for the express purpose of observing the preparatory arrangements and training of the actors. Herr Schmid had contributed an account of the Passion Play of 1860 to the pages of the *Gartenlaube*. He now sends to that journal a narrative of the visit which he paid to Ober Ammergan during Lent of the present year. He started in cold weather, passed frozen lakes and snow-clad woodlands on his upward ascent, and arrived late one evening at the Schabenwirth, the now somewhat noted hostelry of the village. Here he was at once greeted by the sound of a first-rate instrumental band, numbering thirty performers. It was the orchestra, practising the intended prelude of welcome to the audience. The company around him consisted mostly of young men, playing quietly at cards, and having the air of wandering artists. He found that they were mostly intended performers in the play, and, like three-fourths of the Ammergauers, carvers in wood by trade, whence a certain air of picturesqueness which they had imparted to the trimming of their hair and beards. The following morning was a Sunday, and having found that during Lent there was a Sunday acting-rehearsal every week, besides a Thursday musical rehearsal, Herr Schmid hastened to the abode of the parish priest to try whether it were possible to get a view of the proceedings. Herr Müller, the priest, shook his head. The exclusion of every stranger from the rehearsals was, he said, a fixed principle with the Ammergauers. But, indeed, as the snow had broken into the newly erected theatre, of which it had been intended to make the first trial that day, he was pretty sure no rehearsal would take place on the present occasion; he would inquire, however, he added, moved by the evident disappointment of his visitor and also by the influential introductions which he brought with him, and should he find from the performers that there was to be one, he would lay the request before the assembled *corps dramatique*, with whom alone rested the decision. Back to his hostelry goes Herr Schmid. There is much busy passing to and fro; he is convinced that a rehearsal is in preparation—evidently he is forgotten or refused. But suddenly in comes the waiter, and summons him to the spot. It is not in the destined theatre that he finds the actors, but in a long, low, temporary apartment, formed by throwing several rooms into one. They are in the midst of their business. At a table near sits the pastor, Herr Müller, together with his predecessor in the cure, Herr Daisenberger, the author of the present text and arrangement of the Passion Play, who, after a quarter of a century's active work in the Ammergau, retired upon a small stipend to remain, *emeritus*, in the home to which his heart is given. A villager with the book open before him sits ready to act as prompter if needful. The visitor retires softly to a window, and at once feels the magic spell upon him. He shall tell his own impressions.

"I had already witnessed and borne a part," he says, "in many stage rehearsals; but at the first glance I saw plainly that this was something very different from a play in the ordinary sense. It was evident, too, whence proceeded the very remarkable effect which the dramatic performance of these simple villagers unquestionably produces on the beholder. In the first place, I felt convinced that the solemnity of the subject, the thrilling import of its mighty tragedy, was present with and above all technical preparations, and took from them the haste, restlessness, and distraction inseparable from dramatic preliminaries in general. These performers are not occupied with the thought that they are acting a play setting forth as it were a representation of certain transactions apart from their own lives. Rather they are putting their whole selves into their assumed parts—they give the utterance of their own simple feeling without any sort of art or of study. And in this absence of premeditated effect, this spontaneousness, lies the secret of their truth to nature and of the impression produced on the beholder. No manager here conducted the arrangement of the scenes, no inspector watched over their succession; nor was any such functionary needed, for all the actors listened and looked their parts when mute, or spoke and moved when the right moment came. Scarcely twice had the prompter to interpose with some trifling correction. Every speech was delivered with precision, every gesture was in order, and, notwithstanding the unfavourable conditions of the temporary stage, even the crowded scenes were performed with a method and accuracy perfectly astonishing; as, for instance, that of the seizure of Jesus on the Mount of Olives and the confusion of the soldiers at His approach; they fall back all at once, literally as if struck by lightning, and yet in well-arranged groups, without any word or sign to guide them beyond the words of the dialogue."

Herr Schmid goes on to observe, in explanation of this dramatic achievement of the Ammergauers, that they perform not from vanity or love of gain, but because they look upon their work as a kind of moral obligation. Then, again, the mode of representation has grown into a tradition among them, they have been brought up to know the whole drama by heart, and its decennial celebrations are matters of current history among them from their earliest years. Every posture, every grouping has its prescription. What with the 104 men and fifteen women with speaking parts, the 250 mutes (including children), and the orchestra, stage servants, &c., no fewer than 500 persons—half the population of the place—bear a share in the Passion Play. It is a strict rule that none but Ammergauers, born or adopted may perform; and if occasional deficiencies of skill are observable, it is because some new inhabitant has not yet sufficiently imbibed the tradition of the local stage. The artistic taste displayed throughout the arrangements is no doubt partly attributable to the prevalence of the wood-carving trade among the population. The different "characters" are assigned by vote, and it is customary to retain each actor, as far as possible, for the part in which he has already shown his capacity. Thus Peter is represented again this year by Hett, who performed the part with such inimitable *naïveté* on a former occasion. Lechner resumes his part of Judas; Lang that of Caiaphas; Annas, Pilate, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and others have also their former representatives. The individual who impersonated the Christ of the drama in 1860 has left the Ammergau and a new man has been appointed for the part, Joseph Maier, also a figure carver, a young man of tall, slight build, and pensive countenance, with a long thick beard and rich hair, good mien, and melodious voice. The character of Mary has likewise a new exponent in Francisca Pflunzer, daughter of a wood carver and drawing-master who performed the part of Christ in 1850, and since then acted that of Annas. Francisca is a slight, graceful girl, having a mild, attractive countenance, and a voice sweet, though not strong. It has an odd effect to see so young a person representing the Saviour's mother at the time of the Crucifixion; but the popular conventional notion of the Madonna as always young is not to be dispensed with. St. John has a new representative in Johann Zwink, the very embodiment, when properly dressed, of the apostle's figure in the picture of some old master. The parts of Martha and Magdalene are well assigned, due expression being given to the housewifery activity of the one and the dreamy enthusiasm of the other. Herr Schmid was several times appealed to while the rehearsal was in progress to say what he thought of it, and what faults he could point out:—

"But I took good care, not to make any criticism. What did it matter if here and there the guttural tone which an Ammergau has, in common with a Tyrolese, was a little too strong, or if at times the word *Vater* was pronounced *Vatter*, or if I could have suggested that this or that sentence might be constructed in a more scholarly style? I was strongly convinced that the character of the whole thing depended on its *naïveté* and originality, and that no infringement could be made on these qualities without introducing some sense of insecurity and artifice."

In the evening Herr Schmid found himself in a small social circle of the villagers. They had got over their shyness of the stranger, and were ready to make him one of themselves with cordial hospitality. There sat the future Peter of the drama, a perfect model for the sculptor, with his natural bald head, full beard, and venerable aspect; Judas, with red beard, pale shrewd countenance, and intense eyes; Annas, with iron-grey beard and thoughtful, melancholy expression. He describes them all as simple, open-hearted, sensible men, content with their moderately gainful trade, whose placid lives are marked to them by the successive epochs of the Passion Play, and whose memories love to linger on the incidents of each repetition. It was with a reverend awe that Annas recalled the occasion when he had been required to perform the part of the Saviour; and his description of the sensations accompanying the mock Crucifixion managed by supporting the body with ropes on a cross so raised that there were three yards between the ground and his feet were very curious. The performers seemed to take great pleasure in the growing interest evinced by the outside world in their exhibition, and to be very anxious to support its credit on the approaching occasion. They gave their visitor an account of the ordinary performances which constitute their theatrical education during the ten years' interval of the Passion Play. These consist chiefly of religious pieces, dramatized legends, and the like; but sometimes modern secular plays are performed, as at one time Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, an arduous effort for a village company. We have heard that Shakspere also has been acted. On the following day Schmid visited the hall where the scenic decorations were being painted. Both here and in the costume department great pains were being taken to rectify certain historic and artistic errors pointed out on the last occasion. And in this direction (it strikes us *par parenthèse*) may there not be possible room for fear? May not the poison of self consciousness be creeping in?

The stage on which the representation takes place is a very large space, nearly quadrangular, in the midst of which is curtained off a theatre of the usual form. The front of this constitutes a proscenium, and the spaces on each side represent streets of Jerusalem. At the two corners of the middle stage are the palaces of Pilate and Herod, with two stories each, so that no fewer than eight distinct spaces are obtained in which the play can be simultaneously conducted by a mass of per-

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formers greater than any ordinary modern theatre is made to hold. A scene like that in which Christ is shown to the multitude, who tumultuously demand Barabbas, has immense effect given to it by this arrangment. The proscenium is curious as a feature of so remote a country theatre, as it would seem to be somehow a relic of classic tradition. Its combination with the subdivided "mystery" stage of the middle ages is still more curious, and affords a hint, Herr Schmid thinks, which might be made available for future stage reform in polished capitals. In the evening he attended a musical rehearsal, where he was greatly surprised at the proficiency displayed by both instrumentalists and vocalists, the former numbering thirty, the latter twenty villagers. The music itself is the composition of one Dädloer-Rochus, a schoolmaster and native of the Ammergau, and is something in the style of Haydn's oratorios. It is simple but melodious, and not without grandeur in some of the choruses: the Hallelujah at the end is very powerful. The effect of the singing, however, was somewhat marred by the absence of a former female vocalist, who had retired to a convent. A deputation had just gone forth to procure leave from the convent authorities for her return to the world for this single occasion, the only one for which she herself cared to leave her retreat. What the success of the embassy might be no one knew, and much anxiety was felt on the subject.

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FESTIVAL PREPARATIONS.

As the timely presence of a general with his troops is in itself an earnest of victory, it will be gratifying to all well-wishers of the Birmingham Festival to know that the generalissimo of the coming musical campaign joined his choral forces on Monday when the occasion was signalized by a grand review in the customary form. Sir Michael Costa's reception by his vocal *corps d'armée* was all that the most exacting conductor could desire, and the performers on their part certainly had no cause to complain of the manner in which their exertions were acknowledged. The subject of rehearsal was the conductor's own work, *Naaman*, written for, and originally produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1864. The favourable verdict then passed upon it by an enthusiastic, yet critical audience, has been endorsed in the interval, by the musical opinion of London, and, indeed, every other town where the work has been heard, and *Naaman* has now taken its stand firmly among the most attractive and original productions of the oratorio class which belong to our time. It is somewhat and not altogether creditable to the gratitude of the Birmingham Festival managers, that so charming a work by a man moreover to whom these Festivals owe so much, should not have been heard again even in a fragmentary form, since the occasion of its first production; but we need not now dwell on that neglect, seeing that *Naaman* is announced for performance on the Wednesday of the festival week. In view of this event, of course, its rehearsal has become necessary, and as no one can be so competent to conduct that preparation as the composer himself, Sir Michael Costa has had to begin his Festival drudgery rather sooner than might otherwise have been the case. At the conclusion of the practice, Sir Michael courteously apologized for detaining the choir beyond their usual hour on the previous evening. He added that he would come down again for rehearsals on the 15th, 17th, and 19th of August, after which time he hoped further practice would be unnecessary. Till then, however, there would be three rehearsals weekly. Mr. Peyton, in the course of the evening, stated that he had just received a letter from Dr. Hiller, who was rather uncertain, in the present state of affairs, if it would be possible for him to come to England; but he hoped it might, in which case he would ask the choir to give him an extra night for rehearsal.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Daily Telegraph* speaks of the performance of *Der Fliegende Holländer* in these terms:—

"The general performance, while not free from shortcomings, did great credit to Signor Arditi's skill—band and chorus, for example, satisfying all reasonable demands. It need hardly be pointed out that the Holländer is by far the most prominent character in the opera. Even when absent from the stage he is present to the mind, so well has his personality been interwoven with the general structure of the plot. Any cast weak here is, therefore, certain to fail, however excellent in other respects. Happily the Drury Lane management could command the services of Mr. Santley, whose impersonation of the Dutchman was one of those great successes which come but rarely, even to the best artists. For England at least, our English baritone has "created" the part; and we can conceive nothing more natural or more safe than a recognition of this fact by his successors, should there be any. As regards make-up, Mr. Santley was perfect. His Holländer looked like a man weary and worn by present anguish, and by that "hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick;" while every movement seemed labour against the weight of a fearful doom. No more pitiful figure can be imagined, nor one more likely to excite the devotion which, at length, terminated his wanderings. Not to dwell upon every detail, we may instance the second act as embodying Mr. Santley's most striking display of dramatic power. The eager yet melancholy gaze so long directed by the Holländer upon Senta; the pathetic expression given to his rising hope of redemption though her agency; and the rapture with which he receives an assurance of the maiden's love, are but a few from among many examples of art not far short of the highest. It may be superfluous to declare that Mr. Santley sang magnificently; but we must do so nevertheless, because we remember what sort of music he had to sing. Few things are more trying than the Holländer's soliloquy in Act 1: fewer still demand higher qualities in the interpreters than the duet in Act 2; but Mr. Santley was never wanting. Englishmen have had reason to be proud of this artist—they have now reason to be prouder still. The Senta of Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka was worthy of Mr. Santley's Holländer. To no *prima donna* before the public is the *rôle* better suited, and assuredly none could have made it more effective. Mdlle. di Muraka's dramatic resources carried her triumphantly through the very exacting situations in which she appeared, while the character was presented wholly in the light properly belonging to it, as that of a woman animated by a spirit of self-sacrifice, not less unswerving than heroic. To say that the clever Hungarian lady sang with correctness and force is simply to declare what everybody is prepared to assume. Daland is but a commonplace individual, with no penetration, and little sympathy. As a master mariner he is, doubtless, respectable, and he assuredly has a keen eye for a bargain, even when his daughter is the chattel to be sold. This character Signor Foli represented very successfully; adding, moreover, the effect of a fine voice to the often agreeable music of his part. Signor Perotti was scarcely at his ease in the *rôle* of Erik, but all his efforts were earnest and intelligent; and the helmsman's solos were carefully given by Signor Rinaldini. Nothing could have been more favourable than the reception of the work. The overture was encored, and most of the principal numbers loudly applauded; the artists had to reappear after each act; and an extra "call" endorsed the success of Act 2. Such was the result of the first performance in England of a Wagnerian opera. But let not the adherents of Future-Music be unduly elated. Between the Wagner of *Der Fliegende Holländer* and the Wagner of the *Niebelungen* there is difference enough to warrant anybody in accepting the one while scouting the other. We have the germ; are we also to have the development? and if so, what shall we do with it? Time will tell."

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ANOTHER BOSTON FESTIVAL.

A writer in an American paper tells of a second gigantic scheme in the head of Mr. Gilmore. He says:—

"And now the Hub is to have a 'World's Festival!' a 'Grand International Musical Jubilee!' This tremendous affair is to come off in June of 1871. Of course, Gilmore, the great Panjandrum of the 'Peace Jubilee,' is at the head and front of the thing, and intends to astonish the world and the rest of mankind, together with Eygpt, which has lately made connection with the 'balance of the world,' according to Ulysses. Fearful lest 'strong influence now at work upon the great Panjandrum' may induce him to fix upon Gotham as the place for his 'stupendous enterprise,' the solid men of the Hub have come up in a body and agreed to 'plank down' any amount of the 'rhino' in order that the Hub may be the theatre of his 'stupendous enterprise!' And the railroad companies have already offered to carry passengers at fearfully demoralizing rates—children under twelve years of age, half price; no charge for infants at the breast.

"Bands and singers from all parts of the world, including Jersey, Timbuctoo, Squam, and Nova Zembla, are now being engaged, and going into immediate practice, an 'advance' having been made in the current greenback coin of the realm. The 'stupendous enterprise' is to continue for ninety days—from June 17th to Sept 17th—in order that each of the foreign bands may have a chance to play its own selections. Boston Common is to be roofed in, and the tremendous 'Jubilee' will come off on that hallowed forty-acre lot. The Public Garden will also be roofed and used as a monster refectory, where baked beans, Boston brown bread, Boston stews, Boston crackers, Boston gingerbread, Boston fish balls, Boston tripe fritters, Boston mince pies, Boston cham clowder, and other comestibles peculiar to Boston may be obtained at all hours of the day and up to 11 p. m., Sundays excepted, at a scale of prices to be fixed by the city government. N. B.—No deduction on 'beans without,' and no bread given with one fish ball.

"It is useless now to speak of the cannons, anvils, bells, and monster bass drums that will take part in the 'Jubilee.' Thousands of these musical instruments will roar and thunder and clang in accompaniment. The Boston east winds are to be utilized in this way—a 'stupendous' Æolian harp is to be erected over the bay, which will reach from East to South Boston, and the strong, delicious east winds that ever blow there will constantly sweep over the tremendous instrument, producing a weird, wild-wave sort of melody that will be queer if not inspiring, and add muchly to the general crash of music.

"The great Panjandrum intends that this shall be a musical jubilee on a scale so 'stupendous,' and be so wonderfully, if not fearfully musical, that the world can never surpass it in after time. At the conclusion of the 'Jubilee' he will retire from the Panjandrum business and rest upon his laurels, thoroughly satisfied with himself, the Hub, and the 'balance of the world.' There is but one Hub, and Gilmore is her Panjandrum."

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ERRATUM.—The *New Valse de Salon* performed at Miss Ellen Jarman's concert, was the composition of Mr. Frederick Jewson, not of Mr. Frederick Lawson, as stated in our last week's impression.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1870.

SQUABBLES.

OUR German cousins are unanimously shouting, "With God for King, and Fatherland," all their political differences and rivalries being lost in presence of a common object of hate. So much the better for their warlike prospects. Karl Blind and Von Bismarck charging a Frenchman, side by side, is an edifying and a hopeful spectacle,—save to the Frenchman, who can hardly be so much master of the situation as when those doughty heroes pommel each other. It would seem that German hate is stronger than German love. The face of an enemy unites Teutonic hearts and hands; the name of their greatest genius sets them quarrelling and scolding like female paupers over the last parish loaf. The contrast is not creditable, especially after the very tall talk in which they indulge respecting their great men. Nobody can use more lofty expressions than your German; he evolves out of his moral consciousness (whence the famous camel) an appreciation of merit in the abstract which is itself an abstraction; and so the quintessence of German humanity bows before the sublimation of German genius, the world and all its belongings—petty passions and the like—being removed to an infinite distance. This is the pretension; the reality appears to be somewhat different. Let us show it.

The folk of Berlin are, or were, getting up a Festival in honour of Beethoven, intending it to come off next December. One would have thought the illustrious name of the greatest musician competent to act as oil upon the waters of German musical controversy. Had the case been put to us beforehand, we should have pictured an instant cessation of strife, and a mighty unison of previously squabbling tongues, lifting a "Hoch" to the very heavens. Has this happened? Not a bit of it. The name of Beethoven has simply afforded a new pretext for mutual throat-catching and be-pommelling. The initiative of the Festival was taken, it appears, by Herren Bumke, Phillip, and Thadewald, Whereupon it was said by those who did not take the initiative—"These are men of no name; worthy men and sterling musicians, doubtless; but not brilliant. Herren Bumke, Phillip, and Thadewald, be pleased to remove your respectable individualities out of the way, and make room for those who do not require to be looked up in the Directory." *Exeunt* Herren Bumke, Phillip, and Thadewald, feeling very small indeed; and enter a band of men with names, not having among them Herr Tausig, the pianist. But Herr Tausig was invited—nay, pressed to give his services to the honour of Beethoven. "Come, O Tausig," said the Committee with names,—"come, let us worship and bow down at the shrine of genius." Did Herr Tausig gird up his loins and run? No. He thought of the living Tausig more than of the dead Beethoven, and tried to get out of the latter a means of honour to the former. "I, Tausig, the pianist, will make capital out of this matter. I will assert my power, advance my friends, and then do honour to Beethoven." He tried it on:—"Gentlemen of the Committee with names, I will join you on one condition—Herr Richard Wagner must be sole conductor." The Committee shook their illustrious heads derisively. "Very well, gentlemen, then there is no Tausig for you; and I forward, moreover, my resignation as honorary member of your Tonkünstler Verein." Poor Beeth——, no; poor Tausig!

The scene changes to Vienna.

Somebody or somebodies took the initiative of a Beethoven Festival in the Austrian capital, under the very shadow of Beethoven's tomb, where, if at all, the voice of squabbling should be hushed. These would have several conductors, and Herr Richard Wagner should be one of them, as became his position in the world o German music. So they called upon Herr Wagner; but the Prophet declined—said a Vienna paper—"with grateful appreciation of the honour done him." This statement Herr Wagner could not brook. Was it to go forth to the world that he, Richard Wagner, had behaved like a gentleman, and shown himself amenable to the ordinary courtesies of life? Perish the thought!—else, where would be the difference between Richard Wagner and other men? So the Prophet wrote to the Vienna papers:—"I never troubled to answer the Committee, but told a friend I should decline, who told somebody else." Thus Herr Wagner cleared his character of the grave suspicion of doing a civil thing, and rehabilitated himself in the estimation of his friends. Herr Joachim was also invited to co-operate, and he, too, acted characteristically—that is to say, he wrote a polite reply; but even Herr Joachim could not associate with some others to whom the committee's favour had been extended. Here are his words:—

"Had, for instance, the direction of the concerts been confided to one of the local conductors of Vienna, I should not, on such an occasion, have cared about the greater or less amount of partiality I felt for one name or the other, but, simply, like a pilgrim inspired by a hearty wish to dispose my best offerings on the holy shrine, have quietly accommodated myself to existing arrangements. But the direction of the concerts has been confided to artists from other places and with strongly expressed tendencies, and, though I must confess that it would have been impossible to select more celebrated names, I cannot, unfortunately, shut my eyes to the fact that, in my opinion, the picture of Beethoven's sublime and simple grandeur, which in plain moral majesty has gradually subjected the entire globe, is thereby disturbed. As, under such circumstances, it would be impossible for me to enter, heart and soul, into the joyous work, I am, doubtlessly, acting in the spirit of the honourable Committee by keeping away from the Festival, in order not to interfere with the unanimous feeling of rejoicing."

All who know Herr Joachim must feel the pain involved in this refusal, and the strength of the motives which induced him so to act. But is it not pitiful that over the tomb of Beethoven there should be discord among those who profess to reverence his memory? Contending Italian factions have been known to cease their strife and kneel side by side, till the Host had passed; when they rose and went at it again. Cannot our squabbling German friends take counsel by the lesson?

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AT last one of the operas of Richard Wagner has been produced on the English stage. Judging from the scantiness of the attendance—the house was little more than half filled—the curiosity to hear it could not have been intense. The audience was in a great measure composed of professors of music, *soi-disant* amateur critics, their ancients and familiars. These, as a rule, are unprofitable customers. We remember seeing a letter from the publisher of a musical paper, requesting one of his contributors to discontinue a very remarkable series of original articles,—"for," said the publisher, "all our intellectual readers are on the

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free list." If the director of the Italian Opera Drury Lane ever chanced to see this letter, the first performance of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, under the Italian title of *L'Olandese Dannato*, may probably have brought it back to his memory. The real paying public kept away; but the professors, &c., went to the theatre in shoals. They were all, like the music publisher's "intellectual subscribers"—on the free list. Their enthusiasm was wonderful, almost as wonderful as that of the daily papers on the Monday following, and almost as unaccountable. Wagner is now, if the audience of Saturday last may be accepted as arbiters of taste, safely installed among us. In the course of time we shall be alive to his transcendent merits, and impregnated with the truth of his "system"—a system which sets aside music as an absolute art, denies the generally accepted relations of keys to each other, and scoffs at independent, rythmical melody.

So be it. If Wagnerism is truth we shall all find ourselves the wiser and the better for its adoption. But it should be clearly understood that the whole Wagner is not in the *Fliegende Holländer*—nay, not the twentieth part of the whole Wagner. In *Tannhäuser* there is more of him; in *Lohengrin* more still; but it is not till we come to *Tristan und Isolde* that we behold the man and his system in their edifying completeness. Strange to say, we prefer the *Fliegende Holländer*, which is both interesting and intelligible, to the "whole Wagner," which is neither interesting nor intelligible. Nevertheless, we urgently recommend *Tristan und Isolde* to the attention of our operatic managers; it will form a strong and healthy contrast to the *Sonnambula*, the *Trovatore*, and other works, popular in spite of their simplicity. Once conquer *Tristan*—

"Sir Tristram was a champion doughty"—

and the *Niebelungen* follows as a matter of course. When we have swallowed the *Niebelungen*—then, and not till then—we shall have swallowed the whole Wagner.

There is one little difficulty, however. To get up *Tristan* would alone occupy about a twelvemonth; so that two seasons of a London Italian Opera will have to be exclusively devoted to rehearsals—not a single performance, under the circumstances, being possible. The subscription then must be—for rehearsals only.

P.S.—At the second performance of *L'Olandese*, the professors, &c., again went in shoals, and the real paying public kept away. At the same time the work has many great beauties, and is admirably performed; moreover its production is highly creditable to the management.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SAPETE che cosa ha detto Pippo Pippi che ci vuole per giudicare la musica di Wagner? Nientemeno che "*lunghi e complicati studi; spirito educato sapientemente; senso dell' udito esercitato nelle sue varie manifestazioni; memoria molteplice per ben confrontare*, e finalmente *una specie di natura eclettica per saper discernere e gustare il bello negli stili* (e anche ne' pugnali?) *e nelle scuole disparate*."—C' è da ringraziare ancora se per giudicare la musica di Wagner non ci sia bisogno di aver studiato l' astronomia, l'algebra, la geometria, l'ostetricia, e di aver una rendita di 50,000 lire . . . . ed i capelli lunghi!

"*Pourquoi prolonger la querelle?*" says Monsieur de Retz in *Le Ménétrel*, referring to his little difference with ourselves. Ah! why indeed? We have not the smallest desire to do so, because, having chastised Monsieur de Retz once, we wish to forget all about him till he offends again. But he will not let us forget; and, even in his last letter, there is a reminder of the famous twenty Hansoms. "*Le Musical World*," says Monsieur de Retz, "*est furieux que je me permette d'avoir un avis different du sien.*" Dear Monsieur de Retz, curb the gambols of that lively imagination which suggested the Hansoms, and look soberly at actual facts. We shall never wax furious at your differing from ourselves, but rather rejoice as at a proof that we are right. What brought down upon you our laah was a garbled translation made to back up your own opinions. Don't do it again, Monsieur de Retz, or, instead of visiting you with whips, we shall try the effect of scorpions.

IN a recent number of the *Economist* appeared the following, *àpropos* of one of the analytical programmes issued by the Philharmonic Society:—

"We are in favour of analytical notices of the music performed at all concerts being distributed among the audience, but, very reluctantly, object to Mr. Macfarren's opinions, valuable as they are, being so positively expressed as they were in the programme on this occasion. An analysis of a composition need not be, and in fact should not be, a criticism. The object of the writer of such a notice should be to point out the salient features of each work, its progress and plan of construction, and leave the hearer to form his own opinion of the composition as a whole. Such an analysis assists the listeners in following the intentions of the composer, but a criticism, however just and impartial, is not required, and becomes objectionable when it is enthusiastic."

THE influence of war upon music has already become apparent. They shout the "Marseillaise" and "Le Rhin Allemand," in France ceaselessly; while Germany retorts by vociferating every known song (Legion is the name) which "cracks up" the Fatherland. So far, there is no harm done. If the soldiers of William and Napoleon find their march to the grave relieved by such means, who will deny the poor fellows whatever consolation they may get out of it? But the war has estopped music of a different sort, elsewhere. This is the centenary of Beethoven's birth and Germany was preparing fêtes in honour. *Was* preparing, mark you; for the actual "is" preparations of another sort. Who knows but that next September, when the Beethoven statue at Bonn should have lowered above a worshipping crowd, the stone effigy may not be in as many pieces as ever was God Dagon before the Ark of Israel? Bombs are indiscriminating.

BETWEEN the parts of the Royal Academy Concert, elsewhere reported, Professor Bennett addressed Mrs. Gladstone on behalf of the Committee, thanking her for again undertaking to distribute the rewards to the deserving students, and stating that he felt sure she would be glad to know that at no period in the history of the institution had there been so many students as at the present, and that the result of the examinations had been most satisfactory. He then proceeded to say with regard to the rewards themselves they were divided into "letters of special commendation," silver medals, bronze medals, books, and "letters of commendation." The first named were given to students who, having already gained the highest prize that the Royal Academy bestows, cannot be rewarded otherwise than by a special letter of commendation from the Committee.

A CURIOUS piece of patchwork must have been the "Grand Requiem" proposed by Verdi to be written by no less than thirteen composers as a tribute to the memory of Rossini. The performance was not to take more than one hour and a half, thus allowing about seven minutes to each composer. No restriction of key or time was laid on any of them beyond the obligation of "beginning and ending in the initial key" (whatever that may mean). The following were the expected contributors to this strange work:—Bazzala, Bazzini, Pedrotti, Cagnoni, Ricci, Nini, Boucheron, Coccia, Gaspari, Platancia, Petrella, Mabellini, and Verdi. Whether it was ever completed or ever performed we are unable to say. *

Die Walküre has been completely "snuffed out," to use a homely but expressive form of speech, by the war. But the public at Munich had had enough of it, even before the outbreak of hostilities. Of course the Wagnerites will attribute exclusively to the war the want of interest shown for this last effusion from the bipenned Prophet of Lucerne. To them, at any rate, the war will prove useful, as it will furnish an

* It was completed, performed, and laid on the shelf.—A. S. S.

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excuse for the non-success of *Die Walküre.—A quelque chose malheur est bon.* The artists, no doubt, are as tired of the work as the public, only they are not so anxious for its withdrawal, because it is for them a very generous milch cow. Mdlle. Kindermann and Herr Stehle receive five hundred florins every time they play in it, and the other leading artists two hundred florins each. Surely these are what Horace would call "*Attalicæ conditiones.*" Would that we could speak as favourably of all the new-fangled terms employed by Herr R. Wagner in his operas as the singers can of the terms they obtain for appearing in those operas.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

We had unintentionally overlooked the concert given by Mdlle. Sedlatzek on the 15th ult., whereat the *bénéficiaire* sang, in excellent style, Engel's "La Rosa," Adler's "Voglein wo hin so schnell," Virginia Gabriel's "Bery," and, with Mdme. Lancia, Donizetti's "A figlia incanta." All Mdlle. Sedlatzek's efforts were well received; and the concert, as a whole, gave much satisfaction. Mr. Emile Berger was the conductor.

Miss Emma Wildish's concert, on the 15th ult., was distinguished, most of all, by her playing of the introduction and *andante* from Beethoven's *Sonata Pathetique*, Osborne's duet, "Les Huguenots" (with Mdme. Ward), and several selections of less importance. That Miss Wildish is a clever and rising painist those who noticed her facility and intelligence in different styles could not have the smallest doubt.

A successful inaugural meeting of the Bow and Bromley Institute was held last week in the recently built room over the Bow Railway Station. Mr. Samuda, M.P., was in the chair. The musical arrangements, under the management of Mr. W. J. Fielding, were most ably conducted. The glees, "My Love's like the Red Rose," "The Chafers," "The Chough and Crow," and "Come, boys, drink," were excellently sung. Mr. Chaplin Henry's song, "Homeward bound" and Mr. Fielding's "Birth of St. Patrick" were deservedly encored; whilst Miss Palmer's "Rescued," Mr. Cummings' "Tripping through the Meadow," and Miss Wells's "Old Cottage Clock," were all in good taste and highly applauded. Mr. Joyce Fielding was an efficient accompanist; but the special favourite of the evening appeared to be Miss Amy Weddle, who, for her playing of a grand fantasia, and "La danse des Fées," received quite an ovation.

A concert was given in St. James's Hall on Monday week, in aid of the funds of St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, Leicester Square. The artists were Mesdames Dunord, Banks, Crellin-Pyne, Baxter, Faullo, Deck, Della Motte, Crevelli, Casselli; Messrs. Jules Lefort, Urio, Belotti, Deck, and Montebelli, vocalists; Mdlle. De Bono, Chevalier De Kontski, Herr Oberthür, M. Paque, and Herr Ganz, instrumentalists. Miss Banks sang "Ah, my heart is weary!" (Kate Ward) and "The Faithful Echo" (Ganz). Madame Dunord gave "L'Enchantress" (De Kontski), and (with Signor Urio) Verdi's "Miserere," in excellent style. Madame Baxter sang "Quando a te lieta" (Gounod), accompanied by M. Paque; Madame Faullo gave "O mio Fernando" (Verdi); Signor Urio sang the tenor *romanza* from *Faust*; Mdlle. De Bono played a solo for violin (Vieuxtemps), and Chevalier De Kontski a fantasia of his own. Herr Oberthür's solo for harp was much applauded, as was M. Paque's fantasia for violoncello The audience was large.

The pianoforte recitals given by Miss Kate Roberts are always interesting, and attract considerable attention both on account of the selection of music and the way in which she executes every number. The last recital was no less attractive than the previous ones, and drew together a numerous audience. The principal features were Schumann's Quartet in E flat, Bach's Concerto in C minor for two pianofortes, Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capricioso*, Chopin's *Polonaise*, for pianoforte and violoncello, and Handel's Hornpipe. The quartet of Schumann is one of those compositions which makes large demands on the executive skill of a pianist, and can only be done justice to by an artist *de la premièrs force.* It is, however, one of Schumann's best appreciated compositions, and, well performed, cannot fail in producing a favourable impression. The *scherzo*, as well as the other movements, was done full justice to by Miss Kate Roberts and her able coadjutors—Herr Wilner (violin), Mr. Ellis Roberts's (viola), and Mr. E. Howell (violoncello). Miss Kate Roberts's performance of Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capricioso* is too well known and admired to need comment. The introduction of Handel's "Gigue" or "Hornpipe," was, however, a novelty, and received especial attention. Miss Kate Roberts was called upon to repeat it, so charmingly was it rendered. In Bach's concerto Miss Roberts was joined by Mr. A. Barth as pianist, and Mr. Reynolds as contra-bassist. Miss Ellen Glanville contributed some vocal music, which agreeably varied the proceedings.

A morning concert was given in the Hanover Square Rooms on the 15th inst., by Herr Ferdinard Ludwig, a pianist whose pretensions lie in the direction of classical music. Herr Ludwig played first, Beethoven's Sonata in D major (Op. 10), doing so in a style which showed him to be an able excutant, as well as a conscientious and intelligent artist. He was loudly applauded, not with conventional applause but with the genuine article, which, when found, there is no mistaking. Herr Ludwig also distinguished himself in an *Andante Religioso* for soprano voice, violoncello (Herr Daubert), harp (Mr. Chatterton), and piano. The composition, a very pleasing one, was ably rendered; Mdme. Rudersdorff, doing every justice to the vocal solo. A selection of smaller pieces by Schumann, Mendelssohn, &c., was next performed by the concert-giver, the result being to convince his audience that a pianist of no mean rank had appeared before them. Besides the artists already named Herr Ludwig was assisted by Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Alice Fairman, and Mr. Lewis Thomas; each of whom materially promoted the success of the concert.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

Miss Fanny Holland's first benefit at the Gallery of Illustration took place on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, when her admirers assembled in large numbers. The programme consisted of *Ages Ago*, a new operetta, *The Bold Recruit*, by Mr. F. Clay, and Mr. Corney Grain's "Musical Sketch." So much has been already said about the admirable performances at this popular place of entertainment that we have only to state now that *Ages Ago* had all the merits of previous representations; that *The Bold Recruit* was received with much favour and is likely to prove attractive, and that the applause bestowed upon Miss Holland must have been as gratifying to her as the acknowledgment of her merits undoubtedly was to her numerous admirers.

REVIEWS.

The reviewer's pen may have been idle through the crush of the season now drawing to an end, but composers and publishers know no rest. Like Tennyson's "Brook," they "go on for ever;" and we must either marvel at the faith displayed in an omnivorous musical appetite, or the appetite itself which can absorb so much that is worth so little. From the pile of new works before us we select for immediate notice a batch of songs, most of them capable of being easily dealt with, and, therefore, such as become the present high temperature, both for critic and reader.

"Oh, meet me at the stile" (a very slight variation upon "Meet me in the lane") is a simple and correctly-written ballad by Richard Fletcher, who publishes it at 10, Winsley Street. There is really nothing more to be said about the work, save that the verses are, here and there, of doubtful quality. Why, for example, does the poet talk of hours melting "as the rain?" when "as the snow" would have been more correct. But—we beg pardon—"rain" rhymes with the last syllable of "again," and poetry is *exigéante.* "My Native Land" (C. Lonsdale), a song by Dr. Ferdinand Rahles, has the true ring of nationality about it, a bold and fluent melody being especially noticeable. We must, nevertheless, object to the heterogeneous character of the accompaniment, which boasts of three different styles in each verse. By-the-bye, British hotel-keepers should combine for the gratis distribution of copies. Let them mark this sentiment:—

"My native land, my native land,
I love, I love but thee,
In other lands I will not dwell
Nor other countries see.
I care no more for sunny France
Nor any distant shore,
My boast shall be my British home,
The land which I adore."

Where is "mine host" who does not believe that these verses do equal honour to the poet's head and heart, especially at the beginning of the touring season. It is to be hoped, however, that the fraternity will not count too much upon the influence of Dr. Rahles's song, and postpone that long-delayed reduction in the price of claret.

Miss Virginia Gabriel is, as usual, a diligent contributor to our stock of ballads. In her "Desirée" (Chappell & Co.) She had to contend with verses not of the most lyrical sort; and the result is far from happy. Moreover, both melody and accompaniment are commonplace. "Cleansing Fires" (Cramer & Co.) has often been sung by Mr. Santley; and its character is, therefore, known. We may say, nevertheless, that the song does Miss Gabriel very great credit; and if favour be secured by worth, will take a high place in public esteem. "Sowing and Reaping" (Chappell & Co.), a sacred song of somewhat original construction, though presenting no originality of theme, will find many admirers, by whom an instance of consecutive octaves which occurs in each verse, is not likely to be regarded as of much importance. Such

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blemishes, however, occur frequently in Miss Gabriel's music, and should be guarded against. Mr. J. L. Molloy's song "The Wandering Jew" (Boosey & Co.) is more remarkable for Mr. C. L. Kenney's powerful verses than for anything else. The music is an obvious imitation of Schubert; and all its effects are echoes, more or less faint, of what the great German-song composer has made familiar. But Mr. Molloy should be credited with having chosen a noble model; and followed it closely enough to prove that, if not an original writer, he is the next best thing—a good imitator. "There was a Rose" (Duff & Stewart) presents an excellent example of Mr. Berthold Tours's peculiar style and skill. We like its melody and general construction very much; but not Mr. Tours's fondness for roaming about in search of keys. His use of the minor seventh is incessant, and the effect is as though one had got into a labyrinth without the convenient ball of thread which serves as a guide out again. Mr. Tours is a musician of ability, and, we are sure, has no need to shelter weakness behind a cloud of chromatics. The words are mystical and, sometimes, awkward; as when the poet says:—

"The world could never tear it, love,
That gem of gems from me"

—we know, of course, what he means, but the form which conveys the idea is an extremely queer one.

"The Bright Sun is Shining" (Weeks & Co.), by Catherine Few, has the merit of timeliness, and is, undoubtedly, a well-meant, not altogether unsuccessful, effort. But what may be the fair composer's reason for writing D, C, in the melody, against C, B flat, in the bass; Anybody able to produce a song so generally correct must have a motive when committing such an offence, and we are lost in wonder at its nature. Perhaps, however, the printer is to blame and not the composer. "Sibyl" has written two songs, "Up-hill," and "When I am dead, dearest" (Weekes & Co.). The first is a sort of dialogue between a traveller and an unimpersonal responder; the traveller asking, among other things, the superfluous question, "Does the day's journey take the whole long day?" "Sibyl's" music is of such a quality that we cannot waste time upon it. She should submit it to a corrector who knows what are the accepted rules of composition. This course she apparently took with "When I am dead, my dearest," a song so good and so well written that we can hardly imagine it as coming from the same hand. The subject is mournful, but to those who see in this no objection, "Sibyl's best effort will prove acceptable. Herr Reichardt's new song, "I love, and I am loved" (Duff & Stewart), is written in the composer's well-known style, and equally deserves popularity with the best of his previous effusions. In construction it is somewhat elaborate, but there is an appropriate meaning belonging to every distinctive feature, while in point of difficulty nothing stands in the way of general use. The original French verses have been translated by Mr. J. V. Bridgeman with his customary care and success. "Fire-side Dreams" (Cramer & Co.), Herr Reyloff's latest song, has been rendered familiar by Signor Foli, and we need not enter into details about it. Enough that the music is not much to our liking, and that the words, if they teach anything, hold up second marriage as the best consolation for afflicted widowers, which may, or may not, be true. Mr. C. H. Couldery's song, "Come, May, with all thy flowers" (Lamborn Cock & Co.), is a lively and pretty effusion, appropriate to the season it invokes, and, therefore, likely to have a favourable reception. There is nothing particularly original in its melody or accompaniments, but the qualities we have named go a great way. Another song by the same composer, "Oh, Charity, blest Gift of Heaven" (Lamborn Cock & Co.), supplies another example of Mr. Couldery's ability, and, with its companion, deserves the favourable notice of those who would encourage efforts worth encouragement.

"I'll twine for thee a wreath of flowers" (Ashdown & Parry) is a setting of Lord Byron's well-known words, by Robert Hilton, a member of the Salisbury Cathedral choir. As a rule he does well who expects little of anything from cathedrals, especially of anything good in music. The song before us makes no great pretensions, and is exactly what a singer might purvey for himself who has to meet the requirements of a dinner connection. Of its kind, however, it is a good thing. The melody is pleasant, if not striking, and the unassuming accompaniments claim the merit of correctness. "On the Crest of the Green Wave dancing" (Chappell & Co.) is a spirited song by W. S. Rockstro, written with freedom and effect, while not unsuggestive of previous effusions upon the same attractive subject. The words present rather a curious jumble. In the first verse we have a sketch of the fisher-boy "drenched by the angry sea, and numbed by the pitiless cold." In the second verse the boat comes to the front and the poet says of it:—

"The saucy craft sits laughing,
As though she would fain implore
Oh here let me ride, on the full spring tide,
And be tossed by the foam no more."

The idea of a "saucy" craft sitting and laughing out a prayer to rot under the pier head is certainly original. The third verse brings forward the boy again; and, assuring us that he is destined to be drowned, offers up a prayer for his ultimate safety in the Great Harbour above. But the singers of songs are not, usually, particular about their words, and, Mr. Rockstro's music being what what we have described, there is no reason why "The Crest of the Green Wave" should not be lifted into popular favour. A ballad by the same composer, "He's none to love but me" (Chappell & Co.) may claim the credit of being a true ballad alike for the narrative embodied and the simplicity of the music. Mr. Rockstro has been content to write an unpretending folks-tune, leaving the singer to make his own effect; this being we need not say, an essential feature in all such compositions. The subject illustrates filial devotion exemplified by a young lady who refuses to marry while her "dear old Dad" survives; and who, when at last "in bridal raiment clad" resolves not to go far from his grave; all which is very touching and laudable, though as a general rule, it might prove slightly inconvenient.

"The Star's Message" (Chappell & Co.), by Berthold Tours, has a familiar though fanciful subject. It represents a mother rocking her fatherless child to sleep, and singing of the message conveyed from heaven by a star which shines upon the cradle. There is much scope in the verses for effective writing, and Mr. Tours has taken advantage of it after his fashion. We are disposed to think, however, that music less obviously striving to make an impression would be more in keeping, especially as those passages where simplicity is apparent—the refrain, "Sleep thee, baby," for example—are undoubtedly the best. But the song is, after all, far above the average in point of merit, and deserves corresponding attention. Six melodies for the piano (Cramer & Co.), by T. M. Mudie, complete a set of twelve, the first six of which we noticed some time back. It has often been our agreeable task to point out the elegance with which Mr. Mudie writes, the fluent, Haydnish character of his melodies, and the scholarly finish that distinguishes all he does. These qualities are apparent in the works now before us, and entitle them to the favourable regard of every intelligent amateur. To give an adequate criticism of each melody would take up more space than we can afford, and it must suffice to mention two or three which strike us as particularly noteworthy. These are a *Scherzo* in G minor, full of lightness and grace; a Processional March in B flat major, characterized by great dignity and breadth; and a *Barcarolle* in G major, which ought to become a favourite with all amateur pianists whose taste rises above the ordinary *morceau de salon*. Mr. Mudie does well to write such music as a set-off, in some degree, against the twaddle of mere "pot-boilers."

A set of waltzes—"Dreamland" (Lafour & Son), is the work of G. Reading, and has been, the title-page informs us, "Entered Statrs' Nall," which mysterious announcement we do not pretend to explain. The same title-page also shows a lady reclining in an easy chair, and gazing steadfastly at the ceiling; near which three angels, much encumbered by wings and robes, are kneeling on a slice of London fog, playing the primitive harps supposed to be affected in heaven. We presume the angels are playing Mr. Reading's waltzes; if so, we can only say that the fact does not add, in our estimation, to the charm of their celestial company. "O Charity, best gift of Heaven" (Lamborn Cock & Co.), by Claudius H. Couldery, shows considerable feeling and taste. The words are excellent, and the song, as a whole, meets with our entire approval. Another by the same composer, "Come, May, with all thy flowers" (Lamborn Cock & Co.), deserves equal commendation. It is pretty, graceful, and appropriate as regards the music; while the verses are of more than average merit.

We have a curious title in a "Welsh Wanderer's Lullaby" (R. W. Ollivier), by G. L. E. Raggett, and our first impulse is to ask why a *Welsh* wanderer? and why a lullaby? To the first question we get no answer, but the second is met by the fact that a wakeful baby in a "leafy lair" has to be soothed to slumber. The music is pleasing, though the accompaniment is heavy. Miss Elizabeth D. Cross is the authoress of some verses entitled "Lay me beneath the grass" (Boosey & Co.), to which Mrs. G. Holman Andrews has set music. We must congratulate both ladies upon their work, about which there is nothing lugubrious or morbid, such as the title might indicate. Given with taste and expression the song would not fail to make a considerable effect.

Dr. Ferdinand Rahles has our thanks for his pianoforte arrangement of the Fandango in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, a charming example of dance music, till lately cut out of the opera to its manifest advantage. Dr. Rahles has done his work well, and presented those lovers of the piano who also love Mozart with an opportunity of gratifying both preferences. Mr. Brinley Richards' fantasia, "Ireland," (Chappell & Co.), is a transcription of "The last Rose of Summer" and "St. Patrick's Day," done in the free and showy style which makes the transcriber so popular. The piece requires considerable executive power, but when well played it is undeniably effective. An autumn song, "When the days draw in

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again" (Chappell & Co.), displays to advantage the ability of a composer, Mr. Samuel Reay, whose skill has long been recognized. A more charming song we have rarely met with. The melody is a perfect thing of its kind, and the accompaniment, though simple, everywhere reveals the hand of a musician. We can give the autumn song a hearty and unqualified approval. Mr. George Barker's "Dora" (Chappell & Co.) hardly comes up to the same mark. Its phrases are more commonplace; and the whole is less striking. Nevertheless, it has merit, and those who can imitate the brogue of the Green Isle will welcome the song. Schubert's "Gute Nacht" (Chappell & Co.), with German and English words, has been added to the publishers' *répertoire* of the Monday Popular Concerts. We need not write a line in its praise, such music pleading its own cause with sufficient eloquence. Let those who do not know the song buy it.

WAIFS.

The following gentlemen have been elected Directors of the Philharmonic Society for the ensuing season:—Messrs. G. F. Anderson, J. B Chatterton, J. T. Calkin, Ferrari, J. McMurdie, Williams, F. B. Jewson.

The first secretary of the late Prussian Embassy to Paris is a nephew of the famous *danseuse*, Taglioni, whose name he bears.

A grand international musical festival is to take place at Antwerp next April should events permit.

M. de Lausières has undertaken the translation of M. Flotow's *L'Ombre* into Italian.

M. Pierre Dupont, perhaps the greatest French song writer since Béranger,* has just died at Lyons.

The agent of Mr. Max Maretzek is said to be in Paris organizing an opera *troupe* for New York. Report talks of 150 engagements already made. Why not 1,500 at once, and have done with it?

L'Europe Musicale announces that Mdlle. Sessi has returned to Paris from Covent Garden, "ou elle a été très-fêtée trois mois durant." Has she, indeed!

The French War Minister allowed the young men of the Conservatoire de Musique fourteen days before joining the reserve, in order that the Concours may take place as usual.

A French paper says that the marriage of Mdlle. Reboux will not interfere with her public career. Her husband, we are informed, resides at Cardiff.

The friends of Dr. Spark, of Leeds, will be pleased to hear that he has returned to England, after his lengthened ramble among the organists of Germany. Dr. Spark was compelled to come back *viâ* Hamburg, not being allowed to cross the French frontier.

La Comedie informs us that Mdlle. Nilsson has received at Drury Lane 3,750 francs (£150) per night, the highest sum ever given to an artist, Jenny Lind excepted. We compliment *La Comedie* on its lively imagination.

In the year 1865 Rossini wrote to the reporter on the bill relating to mechanical musical instruments, which passed the French Chamber by a large majority, a letter in which he said he felt great pleasure in hearing airs of his composition played by the instruments against which the bill was directed.

The Comite des Etudes Musicales, in connection with the Paris Conservatoire, have published a very flattering report on Signor Bottesini's *Method for Double Bass*. They give, without reserve, their approbation "to this conscientious work of an eminent artist." The report is signed by MM. Auber, Ambroise Thomas, and Victor Massé, among others.

Miss Clara Gottschalk, sister of the late lamented pianist and composer, L. M. Gottschalk, intends to publish, aided by Monsieur R. N. Espadero, of Havana, a composer of great talent and friend of her late brother, all the posthumous works of the celebrated artist. The family state that they recognize no edition whatever of the posthumous works except that issued by themselves.

Is a man mad because he loves Scotch music and the bagpipe? We should scarcely expect to be answered affirmatively by a jury North of Tweed; but an Edinburgh Court lately pronounced against the will of a certain Maxwell Stewart. His testament was of a strange character. All young women of seventeen on the lands of Carnoch were to receive a certain sum. The estate of Lochnagar, in New South Wales, was to be applied for the encouragement of Scotch music, especially reels and strathspeys, and the music published by Neil Gow & Sons; and a professor of Scotch music was to teach the violin and the music of that firm, in the parish of Inverkip. The equilibrium of evidence would perhaps have puzzled the Scotch jury; but one fact made the scale of Lochnagar's sanity kick the beam. Maxwell Stuart used to throw open his window every Sunday morning and play the fiddle while people passed to church. That was enough for the twelve good Sabbatarians and true. Stewart might be *compos mentis*, and yet love a reel; might kiss a farm-wench, and live like a beggar-man; "play the fiddle o' the Sabbath"!—that was decisive. The jury found he had been as mad as a March hare.

The subjoined letter, *apropos* of the "Marseillaise," was published in the *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday:—

"Sir,—Have the kindness to inform your Paris correspondent and your readers that the melody of the "Marseillaise" is German holy music, found in an old church of the German village Holgheim, to which the French adapted only their words.—Yours, &c., G.

July, 23.

The scene in the Champs Elysées, with the rival open air concerts, singing the "Chant du Départ" against "Mourir pour la Patrie," on Sunday night, was one of extraordinary excitement; but let me note a curious fact, as applicable to the pins and the maps as to street singing—nobody knows the "Marseillaise," just as nobody can make out the line of campaign. The tenor at the Alcasar broke down a night or two ago at the second verse, and there were none present who could put him right. The first verse and the last only trickle easy to men's lips. Everybody can sing "Amour sacré de la Patrie"—but how many understand the reference to Bullier in Rouget de Lisle's verses?

The "Rhin Allemand" was to be sung last Tuesday evening in Paris with much pomp and circumstance. It appears that at the time these verses were composed every one was talking of Becker's lines, which were read out in presence of a select company, at Madame Emile de Girardin's house. "You should answer that ode," said the hostess, turning to Alfred de Musset, who immediately lighted a cigar and retired to the garden. Before the cigar was finished he came back with his now celebrated reply, which was warmly applauded by the assembled *litérateurs*. In those days M. Bulox, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to whom all Alfred de Musset's efforts belonged by contract, was afraid of awaking German susceptibility and losing subscribers; so he printed "Le Rhin Allemand" in a review with a very limited circulation.

On one occasion last year Madame Adelina Patti was announced to appear in the *Figlia del Reggimento*, but after the doors were opened and the audience had begun to arrive, notices were posted that Madame Patti was suffering from severe hoarseness, and unable to sing. Another opera was substituted. It was trying after paying fancy prices to hear Patti in the *Gazza Ladra* or *Figlia* to be put off with the everlasting *Trovatore*; but the charming singer's many admirers were, at least, consoled to learn that her repeated attacks of illness had not been of an alarming kind. The severe hoarseness which prevented her from appearing at Covent Garden had not disabled her from singing at Marlborough House on the same evening, where, it was said, she never warbled more enchantingly.

Stockholm.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* was produced here for the first time a week ago. Mad. Michaëli was highly applauded as the heroine.

* A greater than ever was Béranger, because more healthy in sentiment and more universal in sympathy.—D. P.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Boosey & Co.—"Notturne," for the Piano, by Joseph McKewan.

Robert Cocks & Co.—"Two Spirits plumed their wings," by Anne Fricker; "If a man does his duty," by J. L. Hatton; "Teach me, white Swan, thy Lay," by Alfred B. Burrington.

Lamborn Cock & Co.—Two Epitaphs, by Herrick (as one composition) for three equal voices, by J. McMurdie, Mus. B.

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THE ITALIAN OPERAS—DRURY LANE

(*Continued from p.* 538.)

The production of Weber's *Abu Hassan* in an Italian dress, conjointly with *L'Oca del Cairo*, a comic opera begun by Mozart with great enthusiasm in 1783, the year after *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, but, when scarcely half completed, abandoned for *Le Nozze di Figaro*, would alone have conferred a mark of distinction upon the Drury Lane season just expired. It is refreshing now and then to get away from the well-worn groove which has confined us for so many years to certain works of Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, Flotow, &c., comparatively excluding even Mozart and Rossini, and positively excluding other composers, Italian, German, French, and English, who have written much that is worth hearing, but who rarely, if ever, get a chance of being heard. That the musical public were indebted for these interesting operas of Weber and Mozart to the same presiding intelligence which at Her Majesty's Theatre was the cause of several neglected masterpieces of Gluck, Mozart, Cherubini, Weber, Otto Nicolai, &c., being revived, is, we believe, a fact. Mr. Jarrett has done for Mr. Wood at Drury Lane what he did for Mr. Mapleson at Her Majesty's Theatre. He would be just the "acting manager," if permitted to follow the dictates of his own conscience, to give us an operatic season without one single performance of *Lucia*, *Lucrezia*, *Linda*, *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Martha*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, and the like. What a refreshing season that would be for musicians and connoisseurs! But "Fashion" stands in the way; and "Fashion" would have nothing to do either with *Abu Hassan* or the *Oca del Cairo*. Nevertheless, both were most effectively presented. The *Abu Hassan* of Weber, a comic opera in one act, built, as everyone knows who cares to know, upon the tale of "The Sleeper Awakened" in the *Thousand and One Nights*, is as pure Weber as *Der Freischütz* itself, though produced in 1811, some ten years earlier than *Der Freischütz*. The *Oca del Cairo*, while in some sort a concoction—pieces from *Zaide*, the *Sposo Deluso* and other works being introduced to fill up the gaps left by the composer, those numbers which he left barely sketched being instrumented for the orchestra by a modern hand, and a new libretto founded upon the original one of Abbe Varésco of Salzburg,* with whom, as his correspondence shows, Mozart was dissatisfied, consists, nevertheless, of music produced when the genius of the author of *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* was in its prime. The whole, moreover, is so skilfully arranged that few unacquainted with the historical facts would guess that the opera had not come from Mozart's own portfolio just as it is now heard at Drury Lane. M. Wilder, who prepared the new libretto for the French theatre at which the *Oco del Cairo* was first produced, deserves great credit; and still greater credit is due to Signor Bottesini, who has set the dialogue to musical recitative for the Italian version. Both operas, as we have hinted, received every justice at the hands of the chief performers at Drury Lane. Mesdames Trebelli-Bettini and Monbelli, as Abu Hassan and Fatima, especially distinguished themselves in the opera of Weber—for which, by the way, Signor Arditi had composed recitatives with an ability not less noticeable than that displayed by Signor Bottesini in the *Oca del Cairo*. In Mozart's work the principal singers were Madame Sinico, Mdlle. Lewitzky (of whom we have already spoken), Mr. Charles Lyall, Signors Gassier and Gardoni. We need not go into details; but we must add, with great regret, that the united attractions of these scarcely known works of Weber and Mozart amounted to little. *Abu Hassan* and *L'Oca del Cairo*, in fact, did not "draw," and were consequently played but twice or thrice at the most.

To say truly, our great operatic public, which arrogates to itself the prerogative of *arbiter elegantiarum* in matters connected with musical art, cares little or nothing for music in the abstract. It cares for executive "combinations"—as, for example, in the *Flauto Magico*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Figaro*, when a number of recognized artists of the first class can be heard together on the same night; and it cares still more for the popular *prima donna* of the hour. That the popular *prima donna* just now, and likely to be so for some time hence, is Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, can hardly be denied; and the mere announcement in the bills that Mdlle. Nilsson would appear on such or such a night in such or such an opera, sufficed to keep numbers away from the theatre, in anticipation of that glad event. Her first part was the well-worn Lucia, in which though evidently (not affectedly, as was afterwards clearly shown) indisposed, she brought back the old impressions, and again with her incomparably beautiful voice, reminded her hearers of the *ars celare artem* which lends to her singing a charm so strong, so fresh, and so abiding. Shortly afterwards, however, she achieved a still greater success in *Robert le Diable*. Her impersonation of Alice was by many amateurs unhesitatingly compared with that of another celebrated Swedish songstress, who when, in 1847, Mr. Lumley revived the earliest French opera of Meyerbeer at Her Majesty's Theatre, made her *début* among us in the same character. We do not care to institute comparisons, but are willing to own that there is much in common both as to conception of character and execution of the music, between the Alice of Mdlle. Nilsson and the Alice of Jenny Lind. Nevertheless, if our advice be worth anything, we urgently counsel Mdlle. Nilsson to play such parts very seldom, and indeed, as a rule, to avoid Meyerbeer as much as practicable. Her voice is not fitted to stand the necessary strain and consequent fatigue attendant on such exacting music. After two or three performances in *Robert le Diable* and one in *Faust* (with M. Faure) Mdlle. Nilsson fell ill; and her illness endured so long as almost to ruin the theatre. Nothing else would attract—not *Le Nozze di Figaro* and the "combination;" not Madame Volpini, with her well-feigned *espiéglerie;* not M. Faure, with all his popularity; not even what was perhaps the most admirable performance of *Dinorah* ever witnessed in this country, when Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, the most genial, shadowy, and best of all Dinorahs, Mr. Santley, the best Hoel, Signor Gardoni, the best Corentin, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini as the Goatherd, combined their talents in honour of Meyerbeer. Nothing would attract; and thus we had another exemplification of the questionable tendency of the "star" system. Fine music and a fine *ensemble* pass for nought; but let once the popular lady of the hour show herself, and all is immediately *couleur de rose*, all goes well and smoothly, every one is pleased, and art may take its chance. On her recovery Mdlle. Nilsson appeared as the Countess in *Le Nozze* and as Elvira in *Don Giovanni*—both revealing her as an adept in the classic school of Mozart. Elvira she had played already; but the Countess was a new part, and a new success. It would be difficult to sing "Porgi amor" and "Dove Sono" better. Rossini's *Otello* came next, and afforded Mdlle. Nilsson yet another opportunity of distinction in a part she had never previously assumed. No character in the established repertory can be imagined more happily suited to her than the gentle, suffering Desdemona; and few who witnessed her graceful delineation, or listened to her touching accents in the "Willow" song, with which Desdemona vainly tries to alleviate her sorrows, could have left the theatre unmoved by an exhibition of art at once so genuine and effortless. With the florid music of Rossini's earlier period,* of which *Otello* contains many striking examples, Mdlle. Nilsson showed herself thoroughly conversant. But we must not linger on details. It will answer all purposes to add that the Desdemona of the accomplished Swede more than came up to general expectation—great as that expectation had been. The opera was in almost every instance well represented. If Signor Mongini's vocal proficiency and dramatic intelligence were equal to his physical gifts, he would be the precise Othello Rossini must have had in his mind. Donzelli himself could not boast a more magnificent voice. The Iago of M. Faure has only been surpassed by the Iago of Ronconi; Signor Gardoni is an excellent Roderigo, Signor Foli is an imposing Elmiro, and Mdlle. Cari an Emilia alike prepossessing and unobtrusive. It was, moreover, a treat to listen to once again to melodies which time cannot make stale, and to concerted pieces as ingenious in design as they are masterly in treatment. Either of the *finales* in *Otello* would be the fortune of a modern opera.

Upon *Mignon*, which followed *Otello*, and, thanks chiefly to Mdlle. Nilsson's impersonation of the heroine, became the attractive feature of the season, we need not dilate. Our musical readers are acquainted with all that they need care to know about it. How MM. Barbier and Carré have accommodated Goethe and his famous romance to their purpose has been described at such length by our contemporaries, daily and weekly, that we refrain from approaching the, after all, not over-fertile topic. Besides, it little matters. *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and other works of genius, have been handled in the same fashion, and with a similar object in view. On the whole, too, what MM. Barbier and Carré have done (the custom being winked at, be it understood) they have done so cleverly that we have no wish to arraign them for high treason against the majesty of Goethe. M. Thomas was, we think, more successful in finding pleasing and appropriate music for *Mignon* than afterwards, when undertaking the same duty for *Hamlet*. The subject lies easier within his grasp, inasmuch as while Ophelia seems to move among beings more or less supernatural, Mignon is surrounded with types of ordinary humanity. M. Thomas has given to each of these a distinguishing character. Filine, the coquette, Lothario, the old harper, and above all, Mignon, stand out in well-defined individual prominence. The music, if never strikingly original, is full of stir and bustle, and the passages in which Mignon is directly concerned are sentimental without any approach to that maudlin expression which, especially with French composers, so often passes for sentiment. The general performance of the opera of M. Ambroise Thomas, as well as the manner in which it was put upon the stage, reflected credit on the theatre. Nothing could be more impressive than the Lothario of M. Faure, nothing more brilliant than the Filine of Madame Volpini. Of Wilhelm Meister himself (as those acquainted with the German romance might have guessed in advance) neither the authors of the book nor the composer of the music could make anything; it was therefore not surprising that Signor Bettini, a very useful and painstaking tenor, should equally fail to endow that personage with interest.

Not less unamenable to dramatists and composer was Frederick, Wilhelm's rival in the graces of Filine; and though M. Thomas added a song, expressly to reconcile Madame Trebelli-Bettini, that practised singer could succeed in making little out of the music and less out of the character. But in her impersonation of Mignon Mdlle. Nilsson achieved one of those successes which, in French idiom, "*font époque.*" Reports from abroad had been circulated about this unique performance; but the reality surpassed anticipation. Each phase in the life of the dreaming maiden is poetically realized;—the drudgery under Giarno, her cruel master, before Mignon is conscious that she has a heart; the growing love for Wilhelm, her deliverer; the jealousy of and

* Who also wrote the libretto for *Idomeneo*.

* *Otello* was composed in 1816, just after the *Barbiere* and just before the *Cenerentola*. Rossini was then in his 25th year.

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subsequent hatred for Fliine, her dazzling and unscrupulous opponent; the despair turned into unbounded rapture when she finds that at last her love is reciprocated by Wilhelm—each and all were depicted to admiration. The liberty taken by the French dramatists in causing Mignon to live for happiness, instead of dying suddenly of a broken heart, is forgotten, or at least forgiven, under the attractive spell of Mdlle. Nilsson's delineation. Her singing equals her acting; and so charmingly does she recount to us through the music of M. Thomas the characteristic features of her lost home, that we would give something to hear her tell the same story in the healthy and vigorous music of Beethoven—himself of opinion (and who could judge better?) that his own setting of "Kennst du das Land?" was perfection. That *Mignon* obtained an unqualified success is notorious. But for the unavoidable departure of Madame Volpini, and the difficulty of finding at a moment's notice a substitute, it might have been repeated, from time to time, up to the end of the season, instead of being given thrice and then abandoned. Why Madame Sinico, who is in every way competent, had not been advised to understudy the part of Fliine, is hard to explain. In fact, with Madame Sinico in the theatre, we cannot see how Madame Volpini, who is in no way her superior and does not possess half her versatility, was wanted at all. As a result of this *embarras de richesses*, the opera was laid aside, and works already too familiar had again to be resorted to.

At length, however, Herr Wagner came to the rescue, with his *Fliegende Holländer*, "done into Italian," by Signor Salvatore Marchesi, under the name of *L'Olandese Dannato*. We have several times been threatened with *Tannhäuser*, and more than once with *Lohengrin*, in the prospectuses of Her Majesty's Theatre. *Tannhäuser*, we understand, was even put into rehearsal, and the chorus of the indefatigable Signor Santi had almost mastered its part of the score. But, for reasons unexplained, season after season went by, and no opera exemplifying the "Art-work of the Future" appeared to enlighten while charming us. This time we are in luck. Whoever hit upon the idea of bringing out the first, and therefore the simplest composition in which is revealed the system by which all operatic art-work must henceforth be regulated deserves the thanks of the community. *Rienzi*, its immediate predecessor, would not have served the purpose half as well. In *Rienzi* we find nothing of the real Wagner, but, on the other hand, a great deal of weak Meyerbeer. The *Fliegende Holländer*, however, is the production of a wholly independent mind—we mean as regards *form*, because in so far as simple melodic invention is concerned, we are scarcely able to point out an original idea from the beginning of the opera to the end. Nevertheless, the entire thing is more or less interesting; and the music, in many respects, bears so close a resemblance to the music of ordinary mortals, that we can follow it without pain, and hear much of it with satisfaction. But it should be borne in mind that, although the *Holländer* is the first of three operas of which, in 1852, Herr Wagner published the librettos (*Drei Operndichtungen*), as models, with an explanatory communication "to his friends," it came into the world, somewhat spontaneously, before the infallible formula had been issued, which, condemning all past attempts, asserts that "the error in opera, as a species of Art, has consisted in the fact, that a means of expression (Music) has been made the end, while the end of expression (Drama) has been made the means, so that the actual lyric Drama has been forced to rest upon the basis of absolute music;" thus at once disposing of Mozart, Cherubini, Beethoven, Rossini, and (excepting Rameau and Gluck, by the way) the rest of them. The *Holländer* also came long before that other tremendous oracle, abolishing the "*patriarchal* system of modulation," and proclaiming aloud that—"all keys being equal and essentially related, *the privileges of tone-families are abolished!*" It was happy enough to be conceived in more bucolic times, when Herr Wagner was not a self-constituted demigod, and before *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, *Kunst und Revolution*, *Oper und Drama*, and other remarkable treatises had seen the light, before their author enjoyed the patronage of Liszt, and before Herr Brendel, the Leipsic publisher, had declared, in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, that in Wagner's operas, and in them only, was the truth.

The *Olandese Dannato* was brought out too late in the season to enable us to judge what might have been its success under more favourable circumstances. We are inclined to think that it would have been real, and, not unlikely, to be permanent. The well-known legend of the Flying Dutchman is set forth by Herr Wagner in his libretto with wonderful terseness and simplicity. Each of the characters is sharply defined, the most interesting being of course the fate-stricken sea captain, and Senta, the pensive and enthusiastic maiden, who, at once deeply interested in the story of his life and enamoured of his portrait, cherishes an inward hope that the task of rescuing him from perdition may one day be her own. Daland the skipper, Senta's father, the unconscious instrument of fulfilling his daughter's aspirations, makes a pleasant contrast to this somewhat gloomy pair; while Erik, the hunter, Senta's human suitor, effectively completes the quartet of principals—choruses of Norwegian sailors and Norwegian peasant girls forming an effective and enlivening back-ground. Of the music we have not space to say more than that it is characteristic, dramatic, highly coloured, and occasionally beautiful. The orchestration, proceeding from a composer who contends that music should only play a subordinate part in the lyric drama, appears to us overwrought and extravagant; but those acquainted with the subsequent operas of Herr Wagner will bear us out that, in spite of the storm which, from the overture to the end, is almost incessantly raging, the share assigned to the orchestra in the *Fliegende Holländer* is comparatively modest. In one respect the system of Herr Wagner is as clearly exemplified in this work as in any of its successors; a certain number of characteristic phrases, each appertaining to a particular character, a particular emotion, a particular incident, or a particular reminiscence, constituting the material out of which the entire fabric is constructed. One or more of these phrases, or passages, is invariably present, heard in this or that shape, and conferring a kind of homogeneity by no means either illogical or unacceptable.

The performance at Drury Lane Theatre was for the most part so good as to deserve not only applause but crowded audiences. Of applause there was enough, and to spare; but at both representations the house was scantily attended. What had become of the "faithful" it was impossible to say. Every absent Wagnerite lost an opportunity of fortifying his belief that, for some time at least, may not again occur. The overture to the *Holländer*, a boisterous prelude, in which all the individualizing phrases we have referred to as helping to make up the musical structure are jumbled together pell-mell, was grandly executed; and, indeed, the perfection generally of the orchestral accompaniments bore witness to the pains Signor Arditi must have taken in rehearsing a work the major part of which to a well-ordered Italian mind could hardly represent anything better than cacophony. The chorus, too, was efficient, if not quite as well up to the mark as the orchestra. The chief characters were mostly in competent hands, the exception being that of Erik, in which Signor Perotti exhibited more zeal than discretion. Signor Foli was excellent as Daland, and Signor Rinaldini excellent as the Helmsman. But Senta and the Dutchman were of course the prominent features. Mr. Santley, who, all through the season, in opera after opera, has been rendering valuable service, was at the eleventh hour rewarded by the opportunity afforded of creating for himself a new part—an opportunity of which he took signal advantage. Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, his associate, has never produced a more marked, or a more legitimate effect than in the character of Senta—"*das Weib der Zukunft*," as Herr Wagner himself calls her, in the *Mittheilung an seine Freunde*, the preface to the book already cited. These two were absolutely irreproachable, and their united efforts contributed more than anything else to the triumph of *L'Olandese Dannato*. We cannot enter into details; but let us express a hope that next season should there again be two Italian houses, which, as Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson have dissolved partnership, is not unlikely, a fairer chance may be vouchsafed to the musical public of appreciating this, the best of Herr Wagner's contributions to the lyric stage—an opera which, compared with *Tristan* and its successors, is as harmony to chaos.

A miscellaneous entertainment, for the benefit of Mdlle. Nilsson, brought the Drury Lane performances to an end. Much has been done since the 16th of April, when the theatre opened; but the production of *Mignon* and *L'Olandese Dannato* alone suffice to stamp the first season of the new management as exceptional. That the opera of M. Thomas should have drawn money, while Herr Wagner's opera did nothing of the kind, involves a question which may be discussed on some future occasion.

—o—

A POLONAISE BY CHOPIN.

So rarely does a musical thought gain, by a change of the language in which it is transmitted, that when an exception is met with, it may be worth noticing.

Most pianists, it is to be hoped, now that the Polonaises by Chopin,—of their kind, as incomparable and original as his Mazurkas—and among the most picturesque and characteristic pianoforte music in existence. One or two of them, however, may be cited as almost impossible to be performed, so as to work out the conception of the author, which includes gorgeous pomposity of sound, as well as dignity of idea. The Polonaise in A major is of the number. Even when given by the accomplished hands of the greatest pianists, and the most penetrated by the character of the music, it must disappoint the ear, because keys and strings and fingers are limited in their power of expression. I have heard it again and again—always with the same result. This shortcoming suggested the idea of arranging it for a band of "harmony music" (to use the German phrase). The suggestion was carried out the other evening by the excellent conductor of the music at Scarborough—Herr Meyer Lutz,—and the result was as magnificent and inspiriting as that of the "Torch Dance" of Meyerbeer to be heard here, concerning which a paragraph will be found in a former number of the *Athenæum*. Indeed, Chopin's "Polonaise," because simpler and nobler in its phrases, produces the greater effect of the two,—even under the disadvantage of its being an arrangement; whereas Meyerbeer's was calculated for the instruments which perform it, and if represented on the piano would lose no small part of its stately brilliancy. I have never heard a more superb piece of pageant music nor one more fitted for the most magnificent locality—or for the largest assemblage of instruments, be it as overpowering as that which Herr Wiprecht, of Berlin, brought together for the memorable serenade at the Bruhl Palace, near Bonn, given when our Queen entered the Rhineland, for the Beethoven Festival. As an exception I repeat, which proves an established rule—the effect of this splendid piece of music will not soon be forgotten by any who have "ears to hear."

Scarborough, August, 1870. HENRY F. CHORLEY.

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THE DRAMA IN SPAIN.

The intensely local character of the Spanish stage in its best days has given posterity so clear an insight into the life of the period, that its decadence must ever remain matter for regret. The Spanish stage of to-day, somewhat like our own, is fed by importations from Paris: occasionally originality finds an audience, but an attempt by one of that school of dramatists who maintain that Julius Cæsar in his toga was, after all, a human being, has proved a failure; not from want of merit in the author, but because the Potts and Slurks of a Spanish Eatanswill have damned it utterly.

A curious scene, or rather an unmistakable row, has lately occurred in the Theatre of Lope de Rueda, at Madrid. On the introduction of a comedy called *La Carmanola*, depicting, in the author's idea, the press life of the hour, he seems to have dispensed with those set appliances which make up the fun of a Spanish comedy,—the comic man—the triangle of cupboards, where somebody is always hiding from somebody else—where nobody overhears a word, although everybody is within ear-shot; no tables were upset, or hats crushed, for the amusement of the gallery;—in fact, none of the ordinary aids to success were used. The author essayed a realistic "dress suit" comedy, and the press, not relishing its satire, while they deny its truth, have condemned it. *La Carmanola*, having been produced at a time of great political excitement, created a sensation which should have brought profit to both author and manager.

La Carmanola had already been before the public some months; the author published it last year, but suppressed his name, and adopted that of "A Wit of this Court." His preface is as follows:—"This comedy is printed without having been represented at any theatre. The reason of this will be plain to the reader taking into consideration the times and circumstances of the hour; but if now, or at any future time, a manager should desire to represent it, it is hardly necessary to say that the author will not object." So much for the printed comedy. Of the acting one, the author, the manager, the Carlist press, the radically liberal press, and the outside public, those who paid to hear it and did not, are only competent to speak. The second representation has not taken place; the more sober Madrileno is, therefore, precluded from taking part in this misunderstanding. The first scene set is an editor's room: a round table, of gigantic dimensions, covered with inkstands, pens, &c.; piles of periodicals fill the centre of the stage; authors writing, others scissors-and-pasting, &c.; the walls, according to stage directions, are covered with ink-splashed announcements and pictorial representations, but not of saints; broken or ricketty stools fill in the foreground. In this den sits supreme the director of *La Carmanola:* the author has chosen that the journal he seeks to immortalize shall be of the scurrilous and scissors-and-paste school. The editors are rather black sheep. One has brought nothing away with him from Salamanca but slang songs and a recipe for salad. He has been superseded in an official capacity, and thinks it capital fun to turn editor, finding the occupation profitable. Another has written bad comedies by the dozen, which no manager will accept, and spends five hours daily in writing about everything, understanding nothing.

Don Rafael, the director, whom the author leads you to believe is to be the villain, but who turns out in the end to be all virtue and abnegation, feeds his small vanities by printing constant eulogiums upon himself. Eduardo, an assistant, whom Don Rafael is supposed to have perverted, and who, forgetting the lessons of virtue and abnegation taught by his parents, pens and publishes a scurrilous article vilifying a most respectable gentleman and the wife of his friend. Eduardo has not the slightest knowledge of the individuals calumniated; has overrun the constable, and a money-lender becomes troublesome; Don Rafael finds the money, and Eduardo the brains for the article. Presently Don Rafael desires to be introduced to Eduardo's parents, and becomes enamoured of his sister, who, he has heard, has been visiting the sick during the cholera epidemic. When Eduardo returns home, his father, Don Antonio, is furious; the lady calumniated is his wife, and of course Eduardo's mother. Don Antonio is determined to have judicious, not judicial satisfaction: he will not fight a duel because he may get the worst of it; so he determines to call on the director, and, "six-shooter" in hand, compel him to write, print, and publish a refutation. Don Rafael refuses to name the author or retract, and induces Don Antonio to withdraw, pocketing his six-shooter: and so ends the first act. The second is set in the house of Don Antonio. Don Rafael presents himself as a suitor for the hand of his daughter, Eduardo's sister. Don Antonio, ashamed of his choleric course of action, turns his choler upon his wife and his old friend, Don Manuel, who, it now turns out, went together in a hackney-carriage to secure the overdue acceptances of Eduardo. Don Rafael recognizes in the father of his *amante* the gentleman who violently assaulted and threatened to shoot him in his editorial capacity: Maria discovers her would-be lover to be the monster of iniquity vituperated by her parents. Eduardo now finds that he has vilified his own mother and his own and his father's best friend, on the occasion of their seeking to become possessed of the overdue documents. They strike—picturesque attitudes; and so closes the second act. In the third, Eduardo, to facilitate the *dénouement*, attempts suicide. Don Rafael prevents it. The latter decides to hand over to Don Manuel the directorship of *La Carmanola*, as a set-off against the vilification. Don Manuel accepts the post, although he does not think much of journalism in general, and less of journalists in particular. He moralizes thus upon military matters:—"It appears to me undesirable that rogues should parade the streets armed with muskets, while honest people go about their business unarmed"—a sarcasm on the volunteers of liberty. Don Antonio at last becomes reasonable, pardons his son, offers his friendship to Don Rafael, seeks forgiveness of his wife and his friend, Don Manuel; and thus ends the play. "We can hardly forgive the author (says Señor Cos-Gayon, from whose article in the *Revista de España* we quote), who, desiring to present a type of rectitude and good sense, makes Don Antonio from first to last act as a madman or a fool."

This is the outline of a comedy which set all the press of Madrid in motion, and brought the Potts and Slurks to the Lope de Rueda to applaud or hiss. The little preface, and the other means taken to call public attention to the production of *La Carmanola*, led up to this *dénouement*. "What was the author's object in vilifying the press? No doubt journalists commit errors, are like other men mortal, and if an author chooses to burlesque a profession, why not? If the play was slow, the dialogue was chaste and elegant. Nothing can discredit journalism: those who abuse it are like dogs who bark at the moon. Still, if the dogs who bay heavenward cannot stop the motion of a star, they may annoy the neighbourhood. *La Carmanola* will not slay journalism; but after the manner which was decided upon of announcing and discussing it the result was not doubtful. The press on this has shown itself to be the enemy of the press; for any scenic representation which shall rival the unwholesome food of the *café chantant* should not only be tolerated, but applauded. Señor Nocedal's sin is, that he has burlesqued the press. His comedy is a caricature, but it offends neither in word nor deed, as too many others have offended, and do offend, the eyes, ears, and consciences of decent people. The press is, indeed, weak, if it admits of no other solution but violence and disorder when it is clumsily burlesqued, as in *La Carmanola*.

F. W. C.

Song of the Day.*

Tramp, tramp, tramp!
With sabre and with gun,
To glory on the battle-field
The warrior hosts march on.
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
And still they onward go,
To fight for country, wife, and child,
And crush the daring foe.
Ah! why is it that thus,
For kings' ambitious greed,
So many loving, gallant hearts,
Should in the struggle bleed?
But, tramp, tramp, tramp! &c.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!
With trumpet, fife, and drum,
With flag and banner waving high,
The cry is "still they come!"
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
With cymbal's clashing sound,
On, on they march to victory,
Or death upon the ground.
And yet, oh Lord, how sad!
For kings and kaisers show,
That man with man should madly fight,
And blood in torrents flow.
But, tramp, tramp, tramp! &c.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!
In rank and serried file,
Let's pray that such may never be
In this our happy Isle.
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
But should e'er danger show,
Then Britons all with one accord,
Would rise and beat *their* foe.
Yet, Lord, protect our land
From all such horrid strife,
We war not—tho' we fear not—
And in peace would pass our life.
Tramp, tramp, tramp! &c.

August 10, 1870. LOUIS EMANUEL.

[We recommend these verses to the careful consideration of Mr. Charles Braham, who set to music Oxenford's renowned song of "Havelock."—A. S. S.]

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ON ECHOMETRY.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—You complain that I have set forth facts as to classical music being considered too weary for many people. It was not my own sentiment, therefore, in stating it, my responsibility ceases if I can make good my facts. Nor am I the first or only one who has noticed that such is frequently the case. The last time I was present at two great performances, I noticed especially that many people went away before the *finale* had begun. In one instance some Royal visitors took their departure: there followed, of course, quite an exodus. The two pieces escaped from on these two occasions were the Choral Symphony, and the Septet in E flat, both by Beethoven, each lasting about an hour. As I was never present when either of these works were performed previously, I can of course only speak from my impressions caused by what actually occurred. Heaven forfend the time when gasconading should become so much the rule that to record facts should be deemed "idiotic." Let us look the facts steadily in the face. Pray do not for one moment imagine that I can have any sentiment save such as can be comprehended in the word "reverence" for standard classical works, nor that I can treat the honestly-conceived and faithfully-expressed opinions of any worthy man otherwise than with sincere respect. I say unhesitatingly that our classical works are too few. If an individual has heard, for instance, a symphony of, say, Mozart's, one hundred times over (and very many have heard *all* the good symphonies one hundred times over), is his judgment to be deprecated because he asks for a change of diet! Two of the best men of the century possessed such good musical memories that the first bar of most sterling pieces was enough for them—memory supplied the remainder. This is, of all things else, the essential first quality of an original mind, in music, as in other matters. Perfect satisfaction with "things as they are," never yet gave the primary impetus to statesman, philosopher, or artist. If his "ideal" be not in advance of the actual, there is an end to progress. The first essential experience, then, of the musician comprises a memory of *all* the good that has been achieved before him, and a certain dissatisfaction with what is fast arising from a perception within his own mind of more beautiful ideas yet to be embodied. Were every artist to conclude that the best had been done art would die. So, if a musician, possessed with one of these "iron memories" (such men are to be found in every age), were invited to sit out for an hour a classic work already heard many times and clearly remembered, would it be a matter of wonder if he ventured to enquire for "change of air?" I think not. The wonder would be if he did not desire a change? What would be said if the Royal Academy Exhibition opened every year with but *two* new pictures; all the others newly exhibited having been on the walls for a generation at least? That is just the aspect of affairs in music. *All* the symphonies, except about *two* each season, have been (the very youngest of them), heard over and over, again and again, for forty years a perfect ritual and rubric of symphonies and overtures. And then the impudence of the public (who are willing to pay their guinea a seat) asking for "change of *air?*" "I never go to the play now," replied an elderly friend, whom I had asked if he was going to see *Macbeth;* "I saw Mrs. Siddons once, Sir, and I don't want to have my recollection disturbed." Can it be looked upon as strange that after hearing an artist, who, perhaps, stands alone, render a choice classical work, that a true lover of music, with even but a *fair* memory should dread an infinitely inferior reproduction of the *same* work by some unknown Brown, Jones, or Robinson. Smith may have made a very good copy of a Raphael; but is one to be blamed for preferring the original, and desiring not to have his recollection disturbed respecting it?

So much for controversial gossip. I will offend no more by wordiness. *One* object I have distinctly in view in treating of the "duration of notes," is to assert that, "What we gain in speed we lose in volume." If in one part there are four notes and in another but one, other things being equal, the part having the four notes will be much weaker than the part having but one note. Perhaps but a fourth part of the power will be manifested by the short notes: some would think this too much difference. Something depends upon speed (as to both), but yet I do not think the proportion excessive. Put eight notes in one part against one in another, and you will have but one-eighth of the power. Sixteen, or thirty-two, and a band of that number of very rapid notes (say if the passage be in violins) be reduced in power to the volume of one note drawn by Joachim. If it is thought I am over-stating the facts, let those who doubt recall their experience. The stridulous sound of the bows of thirty violins, when playing a rapid passage, is a material increase of their united small volume of actual noise; but even with this accretion, I feel that I am safely within the bounds of fact in stating that a solo violinist produces more in one long note than the thirty in thirty quick notes. However, I make the suggestion for those who care to think about such matters, without in any way vouching for mathematical correctness as to quantity. If what I have said sets any one enquiring, that is all I can wish or hope. Next, the rapid notes fail from the impossibility of all the atoms of atmospheric air in any apartment being, as a whole, so quietly set in motion as to become all *media* for the production and conveyance to the ear of the same harmony. (I am really very anxious not to be wordy, and with this remark I will cease altogether. My conscience will, upon this score at least, then be easy.) Just as a small flute can be quicker sounded than a large organ-pipe, so a small room quicker resounds than an expansive hall. The room should be imagined as one vast "organ-pipe." In large assemblies, therefore, the music that would reach all must be spread out broadly. The better the building is for sound, the more necessary should this conception be realized. If a large cathedral, small notes—pretty to those near—will be altogether lost to those at a distance. Illustrations of these fundamental principles so crowd upon me that I know not which to select, and I know that the briefer I am the better you will love me. Suppose, then, the rapid passages on the violin reached one hundred feet, the passages half as rapid, twice that distance; the slow ones, without any exaggeration, will reach the ear at half-a-mile. These considerations should guide conductors a little—composers a great deal. If a passage occurs—some of Handel's great cadences illustrate this—where the chorus in one part have a holding note for four or more slow bars, by the time the fourth bar is reached, if in such a place as Exeter Hall or the Crystal Palace, that note (like the old prophet's rod) will have swallowed up all its contemporaries. So that at certain points the conductor would do well to consider from such a basis as this:—If it takes the hundredth part of a minute to elapse betwixt opening the valve and the full discharge of sound from a sixty-four feet organ-pipe—(I think it will take more)—what period is required for the perfect reverberation of a space so many times larger than the guage mentioned? Until such a calculation enters into the mind, in some sort, of the musical director or composer, his conceptions, in proportion to the extent of his orchestra, or the grandeur of the music before him, must fall short of their possible result. In the *chorale* this is of the first importance. Conductors who overlook this are constantly urging their choirs to a speed that entirely destroys the music. If, in striking at the root of what I believe to be an evil, I have expressed myself too strongly, forgive me. If my statements are incorrect, no one would be more pleased than myself to have them controverted. Far beyond this very slight statement of the case the difficulty extends, in fact, to the very *heart* of *all* music, or indeed I should not go thus far out of my way to risk the disapprobation of many estimable people in making known these sentiments. You cannot move a "division" as you would a "light brigade." What is "*echelon*" but a suggestion that "full points" are necessary? How gratefully do we hail a bar's rest in grand choral music, that we may hear the "echo." Above all, let the young writer trace in Handel (none other knew the elements of the principle) how he keeps one slow subject, such as "I will sing," in *Israel*, or "For the Lord," in the "Hallelujah," always going. He gives his notes "time to speak." And yet he is by no means dull, because he has the counterpoint all the time, both lovely and lively.—

Yours very truly,

IDEALIKER.

August 12th, 1870.

DR. STEWART'S NEW ODE.

(*From the "Birmingham Daily Post."*)

By way of overture to the day's proceedings the orchestral parts of Dr. Stewart's *Ode to Shakspere* were again tried over, under the direction of the composer, but as the result showed, the precaution was superfluous, and the band had practically nothing either to learn or unlearn. Further experience of Dr. Stewart's music serves only to confirm the favourable impression we have already expressed of it. So far, at all events, as concerns the instrumental score, it must be pronounced an exceedingly creditable piece of work—broad, rythmatical, well-balanced, and spirited. If the ideas do not quite rise to the level of the subject—we do not speak of the text—it is, perhaps, because the subject is, intellectually considered, beyond the reach of musical art. Handel or Beethoven might doubtless have formed an adequate conception of the sublimity of Shakspere's genius, but even they must have failed to realize its many-sidedness. Dr. Stewart has not apparently aimed at exemplifying or delineating the genius of the immortal bard. He has been content to extol it, and this, judging from the instrumental portion of the work, he has accomplished in a highly satisfactory manner. If there be a fault to find with the orchestration, it is that it lacks the relief which a judicious economy of power would impart. It is of a too uniform strength and consistence throughout, and in many places, therefore, greatly over-weights the voice parts, especially in the solo passages. The ideas, though neither very profound nor very original, are often ingenious and always pleasing, while their treatment, as already intimated, leaves little or nothing to be desired.

THE Choir Benevolent Fund is to hold a Festival Service at Lincoln Cathedral on the 27th proximo.

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THE LATE JOHN COOPER.

Somebody should give us a sketch of John Cooper. He was a type of the conventional actor, but he was a very good actor, minded his business conscientiously, and always did all that he knew. Jacopo was his name in a Drury Lane adaptation of the American Mr. Cooper's *Bravo* (I think that was the novel, and that the drama, which was musical, was called *The Red Mask*), and on the first night Mr. Cooper knelt at the block and was duly beheaded. But audiences had not then learned to love the horrific, and the Drury Lane people made such a terrible disturbance about the execution of their favourite—like the "Cornish Boys" when Bishop Trelawny was in danger—that on the next night, as the death procession was crossing the grand square, a white handkerchief flew out at a window, and the chorus exultingly struck up—

"Doubt is over; see, of mercy
Yonder waves the happy sign."

Many who read this will remember Cooper as the Prince in that splendid spectacle and very effective drama, *The Jewess*, which has never been beaten except by some of the Covent Garden Meyerbeer representations. He had behaved ill to the heroine (exquisitely played by the lady who was then Miss Ellen Tree), and she went in search of him, and fell exhausted at the door of the palace, in an attitude which still dwells on one's eye, just as does that other wonderful bit of silent effect, Charles Kemble's "stroll into Angiers with indolent grace." But I am told that Cooper's Othello had singular merit. I should have thought him a good deal over-parted there; but I have heard the reverse from men who went to theatres when there were great actors. His Cassio was exceedingly good—the remorse of a genteel kind of person who had had the misfortune to get drunk, and who thought the world was therefore at an end, was just, I think, what we wanted. You did not feel in the least with the donkey; but Cooper made him manly enough at the end, and said, "Dear General, I never gave you cause," in a tone that I remember after twenty years. At one time no Drury Lane play in which he did not appear seemed complete; and the *Times* expressed what we all felt when it called him "our friend." He has helped me through many a pleasant evening; I am very glad that his own evening was pleasant.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

—o—

THE OLD STORY OVER AGAIN.

That master of humour; that wondrous pen-and-ink photographer of men (under which head are included women), and manners, Augustus Mayhew, once gave a highly amusing exemplification of Virgil's celebrated lines:

"Fama, malum qua non aliud velocius ullum;
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo," etc.

drawing the said exemplification from the apparently harmless fact that a worthy and respected family once lived in a London "Row," or "Crescent," and asked some friends to stop with them for a few days. The result of their hospitality was that tradesman after tradesman first ceased to call for orders, and then refused to serve them any longer; that the Water Works requested immediate payment of "those arrears;" that the Gas Company threatened to cut off the supply; and that their neighbours looked on them with an evil eye—or, rather, with as many evil eyes as they possessed eyes among them—and were evidently not particularly proud of their acquaintance. And what was the cause of this series of annoyances, loss of credit, and eventually almost ruin, which overtook this luckless family? Their visitors' name happened to be Sheriff! "Mr. and Mrs. Sheriff are stopping at No. 20," says No. 1 in the Row to No. 2." "The Sheriffs are at No. 20," says No. 2 to No. 3. "No. 20 is done up; the sheriffs are in the house," says No. 3 to No. 4. The reader may easily imagine with what keen satire and rollicking humour the story is carried out by Augustus Mayhew. A somewhat similar specimen of the mode in which facts may be distorted has just occurred in relation to M. Offenbach. A great many leading papers of Germany announced that M. Offenbach, a born German, being a native of Cologne, "had not blushed to compose, on the outbreak of the war, a hymn entitled, 'Dieu garde l'Empereur,' thus playing the traitor to his country," and much more to the same effect. The *Vossisische Zeitung*, which was one of the said papers, contained, however, the following notice in its issue for the 6th inst.:—"Out of respect for the German name, we expressed, in our Parisian correspondence of yesterday, our doubts about the report that the well-known composer, Jacob Offenbach, had composed a new French war-song, 'Dieu garde l'Empereur.' As we expected, the refutation follows quickly on the heels of the charge. We beg to-day to call attention to the fact that the composition in question dates from the year 1862 (as is proved by a catalogue of the publisher's), and was placed among the novelties of the day by being advertised afresh at the present moment."—"The sheriffs are in at No. 20!"—"Lor! are they though? Well, I never *did* think much of that lot!" These are not your words, Augustus Mayhew, but they are what you have proved beyond a doubt some one in the "Row" *must* have said to some one else.

—o—

THE LAST OF THE "MASTER-SINGERS."

"Master-song" ("*Meistergesang*") survived, at Ulm, the horrors of the wars of the first French Revolution. As late as 1830, there were, in that city, twelve old "Singmasters," who, after being expelled from their "*Schaushube*," or "Show-room," in the Town Hall, as well as from many other localities belonging to the Corporation, used to meet in the inns and lodging-houses frequented by artizans, and there sing their old tunes, without printed music or words, but simply from memory, so that it was quite incomprehensible how the artificial verses and the still more artificial melodies could have been preserved so long by mere tradition. In the year 1839, there were four of these old men still left. They represented the crafts of the gunsmiths, the locksmiths, the "*Werkmeister*," and the "*Kronmeister*." On the 21st October, 1839, they solemnly closed the old Mastersong, formally handing over to the Ulm Liederkranz their song-books, books of notes, school-boards, &c., &c., with a prayer that "Just as the tablet of the Mastersingers had for centuries invited their pious forefathers to listen to their songs, the banners of the Liederkranz might wave for centuries to come, and its songs be heard by a remote posterity." A few years after the dissolution of the guild, there was only one Mastersinger remaining, a linen weaver, of the name of Häberle. He was not averse to strong drinks, and his business was not as flourishing as he could have desired—and did desire, by the way. In order to ameliorate his circumstances, from a pecuniary point of view, he made up his mind, without more ado, to become town watchman. He possessed a good strong pair of lungs, and the musical education requisite for the post to which he aspired and which he obtained. His humour and facetious remarks caused him to be a welcome visitor at the wine shops and inns, and many a glass of liquor did he earn by his jokes and his singing. If ever he took a little too much, he used to jump on the table, and begin, with all his might and main, the old Master-Singers' strains, interpolating many a full-flavoured joke, and finally dropping into the usual watchman's cry. If, however, anyone indulged in the insulting quotation:

"Die Leinweber haben eine herrliche Zunft,
Titscharum, Titscharum, Titscharum,
Am Galgen ist ihre zu sammenkunft,
Titscharum, Titscharum, Titschum!" *

he would boil over with rage, resembling in appearance a perfect maniac, and swearing like an entire regiment of troopers. He would jump off the table, gulp down a glass of beer, seize his tremendous halberd, and rush out. Then would be heard the melancholy sound of his watchman's cry, growing gradually fainter and fainter:

"Hört, Ihr Herrn, und lasst Euch sagen,
Die Glock had elf geschlagen."†

And with this cry, the respectable old songs of the German Mastersingers died out. The *Minnegesang* had stepped down six hundred years previously from the the proud princely castle and into the workshop of honest burghers, where it grew so coarse and ossified as to be no longer recognizable. It disappeared from the world on the lips of a watchman.

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* "The linen-weavers boast a fine craft, do you see,
Tisharum, Tisharum, Tisharum!
They'll all hang some day on the tall gallows tree,
Tisharum, Tisharum, Tishum!"

The sarcasm in these lines does not certainly strike a dispassionate person as excruciatingly severe, still, if he be impartial as well as dispassionate, he will frankly confess that it is quite as scathing as that lurking beneath the question: "Who eat the puppy pie under Marlowe Bridge?" a question in itself apparently harmless, not to say, stupid, but which, nevertheless, will lash into foaming fury any Thames Bargee to whom it is addressed.

† The above German doggrel may be thus rendered in the subjoined English doggrel:

"'Tis eleven you've just heard;
That's the time, upon my word."

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DEATH.

On the 12th inst., EMMA MARY, the eldest daughter of FREDERICK KINGSBURY, of 18, Cecil Street, Strand, aged 23 years—deeply mourned.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1870.

MUSIC AND WAR.

THE connection of Music and War is one of very old date, but no advance of time seems to loosen the chain that binds together these apparently uncongenial allies. What the one was to the other when Joshua's trumpets blared round the walls of Jericho, so it is now, as Frenchman and German commit musical slaughter on the plains of Champagne. It might even be said with truth that at no period did music play a more important part in this connection than at present. Napoleon let slip the "Marseillaise" as though it were one of his most trusty dogs of war; and ever since the "Marseillaise" has raged up and down France with the effect of the Fiery Cross upon a Highland clan. King William had no need to let slip anything upon his people, because, always addicted to shouting themselves hoarse about their river god—the Rhine—the Germans had only to shout themselves quite hoarse to be equal to the occasion. So, from the one side come the determined phrases of "The Rhine Watch," and "Where is the German's Fatherland?" answering to the passionate strains of Rouget de l'Isle's hymn; and "Mourir pour la Patrie" from the other. With these notes upon their tongue, and ringing in their ear even above the din of battle, many a sturdy Teuton and daring Gaul die, as their fathers died before them. We, who love a beautiful art for its own sake, may regret to see it thus prostituted, and made the machinery for unscrupulous monarchs, and still more unscrupulous ministers, to work out their vile designs. We may sorrowfully look on as the power of music over men's passions is used to stir them up to mutual hatred and a common bloodthirstiness; but we cannot deny that the machinery is obvious, and the power great. Neither can we deny that the homage thus paid to the influence of music and song is the greatest it is possible to conceive. At times like the present we see, as at no other, what a mighty spell the art exercises over the minds and resolves of men. We can understand why great emperors have trembled at the sound of a people's hymn; and why, when it suits their purpose, they can bid it ring from frontier to frontier. The oft-quoted saying of a nameless philosopher—"Let me make the nation's songs, and I care not who makes the laws"—is no exaggeration, depend upon it; but rather one of those profound truths which, always visible to some, are seen by the many only when convulsions throw them on the surface. Out of a lamentable prostitution of art, therefore, some crumbs of comfort may be gathered; especially may he whose business it is to create or interpret the people's songs learn to magnify his office and measure his responsibility. As is the power exercised, so is both the importance and accountableness. That the power may be beyond measure, the spirit of Rouget de l'Isle, supposing it able to take note of passing events, can testify.

The tendency of war to enlist on its behalf every possible auxiliary is proverbial; and when the religion of peace and love is made to do duty in both the opposing ranks, music can hardly expect to escape. We have seen within the last few weeks an Emperor and a King declaring, with hands upon each other's throats, that the God of Battles is on their side, and invoking His aid with a pious unction many a Dissenting parson might envy. We have seen the King (the Emperor seems to have thought a like act superfluous) order his people on their knees to pray for victory; and we have seen the King (the Emperor has not had the chance) returning thanks for victory as though the Lord had fought against the French as He did against the Canaanites of old. This is very pitiful; but the mention of it may serve to show what an all-absorbing demon is War, and how the noblest and purest things are not safe from its blood-stained hands. There is need for patience, while we listen to those instinctive utterances from our inner nature, which speak of the halcyon time when the nations shall learn war no more; and Art and Religion—twin sisters of equal loveliness—may walk as unmolested as did Una under the protection of her chastity.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WE have heard the story of the man who offered a reward to be informed of the most extraordinary profession, and gave the prize to a poet who lived by his profession. The profession of a poet nowadays is not such a bad one—if we may judge by the balance-sheet which M. Victor Hugo, with that modesty which distinguishes him, has published in a French paper. "I am possessed," writes the author of the *Legénde des Siècles*—

	Yearly.
In Belgium, of 800 shares in the National Bank, producing about.....	£1,360
In England, £17,000 of Consols, producing annually	500
In France, from the Institute.....	40
In Guernsey, Hauteville House	40
Total	£1,940

M. Victor Hugo adds that his property in his works is disposed of for years to come; that he pays over to his children £1,200 a year, and lives himself on £500. To this should be added the *droits d'auteur* from the theatres of France and Belgium—a considerable source of revenue, no obstacles being now placed by the French Government in the way of M. Victor Hugo's pieces. Even *Le Roi s'amuse*, prohibited under Louis Philippe, has been performed at Nantes. A part of M. Victor Hugo's fortune is placed in the country which, in *L'Homme qui Rit*, he has so ridiculously misrepresented.

IF the accident at the Alhambra leads to any improvement it should extend to the clothing, or, rather, underclothing, of the dancers. It would be presumptuous to question the taste of the present day. We might point out that the ballets at the Alhambra are not exactly like the ballets in which Taglioni, Duvernay, and Carlotta Grisi were wont to perform. The world has made a considerable advance of late in appreciation of art, and there is little doubt that the present generation, which applauds the contortions of half-naked women in Leicester Square, is a vast improvement on our ancestors who only patronized the legitimate drama. Still there is something wanting at the Alhambra, and that is—clothes.

DRESDEN.—Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger* has been revived, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations, the first ones having been destroyed at the burning down of the Operahouse. Judicious "cuts" have been made in the long-winded score. The author-composer is extremely indignant at this, but the management has taken no notice of his displeasure.—Nothing definite is yet known concerning the erection of the new Theatre. The old building was insured in the Madgeburgh Insurance Company, for a sum of 120,000 thalers. This sum the Company refused to pay, for reasons which they, no doubt, deemed valid, and the matter was referred to the legal authorities. Unfortunately for the Company, the latter took a different view of the reasons aforesaid, and the Company had, therefore, to pay.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.

August, the great excursion month, has already brought large numbers of visitors. The three last fireworks evenings alone have attracted between 60,000 and 70,000 persons. The next display has been postponed a little longer than usual, in order that a great representation of the blowing up the railway bridge over the Rhine connecting Kehl with Strasburg may be prepared. Considering the interest taken in all matters connected with the present lamentable war, it is thought that such a representation will possess special attraction.

The mammoth shells displayed by Mr. Brock on the last occasions were of great splendour. Some of them were twelve inches in diameter; and, bursting into thousands of stars of all colours, their effect was surprisingly beautiful. The two greatest gatherings in August have hitherto been the Foresters and Temperance League Fêtes, each attracting between fifty and sixty thousand people. The Foresters' Day this year was on the 16th, and the Temperance League Fête will be held on the 30th. Balloon ascents, ballad operas, processions, and great fountains, are attractions common to each. In addition to these the Temperance League gives a choral concert of 5,000 children, and holds meetings in the grounds on behalf of its cause. A new Fête has this year been organised which will doubtless compete with the two last-named bodies for high numbers. It is in aid of the Metropolitan Police Orphanage. Amusements will be provided to last throughout the day. Nineteen police bands will compete for prizes, and there will be cricket and other matches in which members of the force will take part. The grounds now look very beautiful, the recent rain having freshened them considerably. The flower beds on terrace and round the rosary never looked more gorgeous.

—o—

MR. JOHN COOPER.

This name, once so familiar to old playgoers, has appeared not in a play-bill, but in the obituary. John Cooper died, last week, at Tunbridge Wells, aged seventy-seven. He may be said to have been the last actor of the Kemble school, which, no doubt, was what Mrs. Crawford called it, a "a paw and pause school," but which had one merit, in the clear and distinct enunciation even of words (like *tejious* for tedious, *Room* for Rome, *swvrin* for sovereign, &c.) which were excruciatingly mispronounced. John Kemble recognized young Cooper's adhesion to his school, by presenting him with a sword, as a testimony of the old actor's admiration of the young player's Romeo. That young player came from Bath to the Haymarket, in 1811, at which time he was but eighteen years of age. He made his *début* as Count Montablan, in *The Honeymoon* (Elliston was the Duke Aranza). Cooper soon withdrew, to make himself more practised, if not more perfect, by a course of provincial stages. He chiefly distinguished himself at Liverpool, whence his old colleague, Elliston, invited him to Drury Lane, where, in 1820, he made his first appearance as Romeo to the Juliet of his cousin, Mrs. W. West. From that time till Charles Kean left the Princess's a few years ago, Cooper was constantly before the public, playing everything, from Shaksperean heroes to rattling gentlemen in farces, and in later years the heavier personages generally. He played everything well, without showing any brilliancy of genius, but he had sound common sense, carefulness, and was in every respect a conscientious actor. He was one of the many players of the second order whose industry and thriftiness begat riches. John Cooper might have sung "My banks are well-furnished." But we chiefly notice this highly-respectable player, to contrast the labour which the performers of his time had to undergo, with the luxurious ease enjoyed by actors now. In our days, pieces run for hundreds of nights, and the player has no new study during the whole of that time. Some actors have but two or three characters in their *répertoire*, and these are played till the public are wearied. It was different in Cooper's time. Take for instance his first season at Drury Lane. During that season Cooper played three dozen different parts. He appeared in nine or ten characters, in old plays, for the first time; and he was the original representative, that season, of twelve parts in new pieces, some of which were five-act plays. Work like this would make the young stagers of to-day go mad. The Dolittles of this age have no conception how their grandfathers in the drama laboured. Among the varied characters which Cooper created in his first year at Drury Lane, were the Doge in Byron's *Marino Faliero*, and Tom King in *Monsieur Tonson*; Geraldi Duval, in the piece so-called, and Mr. Nicodemus in *The Spectre Bridegroom*. He also played Captain Smith to Mrs. W. West's Pocahontas in a melo-drama by Barker, which was first played in Philadelphia, in 1808, under the title of *The Indian Princess, or La Belle Sauvage*. At Drury it was called *Pocahontas, or the Indian Princess*. In this piece, the Indian Opechanusough was acted by Booth, the father of the man who shot President Lincoln. We have only to add, that Mr Cooper's home was at Ealing, where he was much respected. The figure of the upright, gentlemanlike, old player walking sedately cheerful, to or from Ealing Church, will be missed with much regret by those among whom he lived in that pleasant village.

The death, at Pilnitz, of Madame Bender, for whom Weber composed *Preciosa*, is announced.

PROVINCIAL.

The *Carmarthen Journal* of August 12th has the following:—

"The inhabitants of Cross Hands, a colliery district about 12 miles from Carmarthen, have a resident amongst them in Dr. Norton, of Nantglas (Norton Brothers, proprietors of the Cross Hands Colliery), who spares no trouble nor expense in getting up yearly a concert of vocal and instrumental music in aid of the School-Church, which has but a short time since been erected at Cross Hands for the spiritual benefit of the mass of colliers and their families, who inhabit the neighbourhood. On this occasion, the 31st ult., a most efficient company of amateurs gave their services, and Herr Hauptmann, of Cheltenham (late of Tenby), the celebrated violinist, so well known in Carmarthen, being on a visit to Dr. Norton, also lent his powerful aid, and enraptured a large audience by his extraordinary and impressive playing, which comprised De Beriot's first *Air Varie*, charmingly accompanied by Mrs. Higginson, another on popular airs from *Lucia*, and the ever popular 'Yankee Doodle,' which he gave as an encore after a most vociferous demand."

—o—

DR. SPARK ACROSS THE LEEDS ORGAN.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—I have just returned to Leeds from the Continent, and find the organ controversy still going on. I wish to say, with reference to the very sensible letter of the Rev. Henry Greeves, of Selby, in your issue of July 2nd, with which I entirely agree in all respects, that I think it only right to explain that those commendations of the Leeds Town Hall organ which originated with the Corporation authorities, and which he might think unjustifiable, were, in my opinion, rendered absolutely necessary by the long course of malicious attacks made upon this instrument, without the slightest semblance to art criticism, obviously from interested personal motives, and which we found to be really operating to prevent people from coming to hear the organ for themselves.

I am glad to say this necessity has now disappeared, and with it the remedy we thought it desirable to apply. The Leeds organ can speak for itself to all who listen with unprejudiced ears, and, for my part, I wish nothing better for it than that all who take real interest in the matter should thoroughly hear and examine for themselves, and they would soon be able to discover how far the statements of which I have complained are founded on truth.—Faithfully yours, Wm. Spark.

Leeds, 3rd August, 1870.

—o—

THE ORGAN CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Dear Sir,—After perusal, by the kind permission of my captors, of the straightforward and very comprehensive account of the organ in the Leeds Town Hall, given in your number of this date, and in order that there may be no further dispute as to which is the largest organ in the world, pipes, accessories, and all included, and granting that a stopped diapason bass, and a stopped diapason treble, constitute two *draw* stops, I beg you will notify to your multitudinous subscribers that in addition to the data given regarding the organ in question, this fact, an important one, must be taken into account when comparing it with the much-vaunted Liverpool monster. That, as the official in charge of the bellows of the latter instrument has only *one leg*, and a wooden "accessory," while the superintendent siffleur at Leeds possesses *two bona fide fleshly supports*, that organ must be credited with one leg, and that seems to be the only one it has to stand upon in the comparison. We take great interest in the controversy here, and hope to see some of your correspondents ere long. My love to the American. He knows what an organ is, he does. We think we have seen him on one, basely confined by a chain round his waist. Why not let him go, poor beggar? He's no madder than I am, and I live here, in perfect harmony, with five other fellows, but we want a flat seventh. Mad Tom.

Hanwell, 6th August, 1870.

Leipsic.—Herr Stägemann has been starring in *Hans Heiling*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Wilhelm Tell*, *Le Nozze*, and *Don Juan*. *Die Meistersinger* was to have been produced somewhere about this time, but, for some reason or other (on account of the war, perhaps), that great treat—for the Wagnerites—has been postponed.—The Stadt-theater is now under a new manager, Herr F. Haase, as celebrated an actor in Germany as his English equivalent, Hare, is in England.

Vienna.—Herr Abert's opera, *Asterya*, has been produced at the Carl Theater, under the auspices of Herr Sontheim. It proved a complete failure. The press are particularly unfavourable to it.—The post of Artistic Director has been offered by the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde to Herr Johannes Brahms, in the place of Herr Herbeck, resigned. As yet, Herr Brahms has not accepted.

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MDLLE. NILSSON AND THE APPROACHING AMERICAN MUSICAL SEASON.

The coming of Mdlle. Nilsson, now so near at hand, is looked forward to with all the more interest from the fact that it is so long since we have been visited by a really great *prima donna*. Those we have had have become almost traditions. Grisi and Sontag were of the number, but both of these illustrious singers were past their prime when they arrived in this country. Grisi helped out her failing powers as a vocalist by her noble presence and fine acting, but at times it was the reverse of pleasant to listen to her endeavours to repeat her former triumphs in some great aria that had already passed beyond her reach. Bosio and Patti were young when they went from here, and it was reserved to Europe to mature their powers, and hear them at their best. Steffanone was great, but unreliable. La Grange stayed long enough to let us all witness the decay of her fine powers. Miss Kellogg, charming singer that she is, has never been able to cope successfully with the great tragic parts, and has given us satisfactorily only the comedy side of the lyric stage. Parepa was accepted as a *prima donna* on account of her great ability as a vocalist, but it was always somewhat under protest, and with much shutting of the eyes to the many obvious incongruities and shortcomings.

But Nilsson comes without any drawbacks. She is in the prime of her youth and beauty, in the meridian of her powers as a singer, at the full tide of her triumphs upon the European stage. She comes of a people who have already given to us certainly one of the greatest singers that ever lived, being born of humble parents, in the south of Sweden. She is the eighth child of the family.

As has been almost without exception the case with all truly musical natures, hers was one of inheritance, and, as has always happened, the musical instinct manifested itself at a very early age. Her father was an ardent lover of the art, and had charge of the music at the church in the little village of Husaby. He was but a peasant, but his life was refined by this beautiful art. He taught his son Carl the violin, and Christine, the little sister, would get the boy's fiddle, and pick out for herself on it the tunes she had heard him play. Her proficiency soon became so great that the neighbouring people came to listen and admire, and finally Carl took her with him to the country fairs at the market towns, and there she attracted great attention. Happily, she attracted that of the good Thornerjelm, a magistrate of Llunby, who offered to provide for her musical education.

The offer was accepted, and Mdlle. Valerius afterward Baroness of Leuhusen, became her earliest instructor. The little peasant was soon put to school, and afterward sent to Stockholm and placed under the care of a composer, and teacher of talent, Mr. Franz Berwald. From Stockholm she went to Paris, and there studied carefully for three years before she went upon the stage. Her *debut* was made in 1864, in Verdi's *Traviata* a character not specially to her taste, and in which she failed then to make a great success. Mozart's music suited her better, and in the *Magic Flute* she gained her earliest triumph. From that time to the present her career has been one of uninterrupted success. Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*, Alice in *Robert le Diable*, Cherubino in the *Marriage of Figaro*, Lucia in Donizetti's opera, and Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* have been among her important *rôles*. Of late she has been singing at Drury Lane, in opposition to Patti at Covent Garden, and has, so far as popular enthusiasm goes, certainly borne away the palm. The marvellous purity of her voice, her great beauty, the excellence and loveliness of her private character, the charm of her acting which gains constantly in fervour, seem to be the principal elements of her success.

That she will be fully appreciated in this country there can scarcely be a doubt. Her renown as an oratorio singer is in no way inferior to that she possesses as a *prima donna*. At the Handel Festival in 1868 at the London Crystal Palace, and at the Birmingham Festival of the previous year, she took the same position that Mdme. Parepa holds with us. It is sincerely to be hoped that the company that supports her will be a good one, and that the whole success of the enterprise may not be made to depend on her single talent. If she is really well supported we may look for a more brilliant season of opera than we have seen since the days of the Havana Italian company.—*New York Sun.*

CREDAT JUDÆUS APELLA.—According to the Continental press, a French provincial manager has invented a mechanical *claque*, to supply the place of the human aforesaid, which was dear, and not particularly popular, having, on several occasions, been lustily hissed by the respectable portion of the audience. The mechanical *claque* consists, in the first place, of some hammers concealed in the four corners of the theatre, and which, when set going, imitate the sound of sticks rapped on the floor; and, in the second, of pairs of castagnettes covered with leather, and which, when struck together, produce a marvellous imitation of the clapping of hands. The wires leading from these castagnettes, situated under the rows of benches, terminate in a kind of massive key-board, with six large wooden keys, in the manager's room. Whenever the manager thinks it necessary, he presses down these keys, or as many of them as he chooses, and a storm of applause breaks forth, electrifying the public, who, on the principle of "follow my leader"—a principle much more prevalent than most persons suppose—zealously continue the applause thus began by the manager.

DICKENS'S FAVOURITE AUTHORS.

There are certain books of which Dickens liked to talk during his walks. Among his especial favourites were the writings of Cobbett, De Quincey, the Lectures on Moral Philosophy by Sydney Smith, and Carlyle's French Revolution. Of this latter Dickens said it was the book of all others which he read perpetually and of which he never tired—the book which always appeared more imaginative in proportion to the fresh imagination he brought to it, a book for inexhaustibleness to be placed before every other book. When writing the "Tale of Two Cities," he asked Carlyle if he might see one of the books to which he referred in his history; whereupon Carlyle packed up and sent down to Gad's Hill *all* his reference volumes, and Dickens read them faithfully. But the more he read the more he was astonished to find how the facts had passed through the alembic of Carlyle's brain, and had come out and fitted themselves, each as a part of one great whole, making a compact result, indestructible and unrivalled; and he always found himself turning away from the books of reference, and re-reading with increased wonder this marvellous new growth. There were certain books particularly hateful to him, and of which he never spoke except in terms of most ludicrous raillery. Mr. Barlow, in *Sandford and Merton* he said, was the favourite enemy of his boyhood and his first experience of a bore. He had an almost supernatural hatred for Barlow, "because he was so very *instructive*, and always hinting doubts with regard to the veracity of 'Sinbad the Sailor,' and had no belief whatever in 'The Wonderful Lamp' or 'The Enchanted Horse.'" Dickens rattling his mental cane over the head of Mr. Barlow was as much better than any play as can be well imagined. He gloried in many of Hood's poems, especially in that biting "Ode to Rae Wilson," and he would gesticulate with a fine fervour the lines:—

". . . . the hypocrites who ope Heaven's door
Obsequious to the sinful man of riches,—
But put the naked bare-legged poor
In parish *stocks* instead of *breeches*.

One of his favourite books was *Pepys's Diary*, the curious discovery of the key to which, and the odd characteristics of its writer, were a never-failing source of interest and amusement to him. The vision of Pepys hanging round the door of the theatre, hoping for an invitation to go in, not being able to keep away in spite of a promise he had made to himself that he would spend no more money foolishly, delighted him. Speaking one day of Gray, the author of the *Elegy*, he said: "No poet ever came walking down to posterity with so *small* a book under his arm." He preferred Smollett to Fielding, putting *Peregrine Pickle* above *Tom Jones*. Of the best novels by his contemporaries, he always spoke with warm commendation, and *Griffith Gaunt* he thought a production of very high merit. He was "hospitable to the thought" of all writers who were really in earnest, but at the first exhibition of floundering or inexactness he became an unbeliever. People with dislocated understandings he had no tolerance for.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

WAIFS.

Herr Ferdinand Ludwig has left London for Germany.

Mr. Henry Haigh is engaged for the operatic performance at the Gaiety Theatre.

Fraschini is once more engaged by M. Bagier for the Theatre Italiens at Paris.

Don Ramon Vilanova, a Spanish composer of sacred music has just died at Barcelona, in his seventieth year.

Miss Laura Harris, who sang some seasons since at Her Majesty's Theatre, has been engaged for the San Carlos at Lisbon, in October.

The church of St. Andrew, Plaistow, has been completed and consecrated, and will, we are informed, be supplied with an efficient choir.

Mdme. Anna Bishop is about to visit Canada with a company from New York, for a series of out-door concerts at Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, and the other chief cities.

The Nilsson party will leave Paris for America on the 27th of August, and will give their first concert in New York on the 19th of September.

Watson's Art Journal describing a performance of "Since first I saw your Face," at the recent Beethoven Festival, says it was sung in "a psalm-smiting manner."

An Association has just been established in West Cornwall, called "The West Cornwall Plain Song Association," to promote the use of the plain song music of the Church, and the dignity of the Eucharistic service.

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There is a talk at Dresden of building a large theatre in the Neustadt. Hitherto the drama has had its chief — we may say only — home in the well-known *Hof-theater*, which was burnt down some time ago, and is rebuilding.

Non è vero, secondo Filippi, che la musica sia per il popolo. No; essa è fatta soltanto "*per le persone educate, per quelle che assistendo a un dramma in musica debbono conoscerne ed apprezzarne le ragioni storiche ed estetiche!*"—Starebbero freschi allora gl'Impresari!

Signor Francesco Coletti, the best modern writer of Italian farces, has just published, at Milan, a collection of his farces in two volumes, which afford the reader nearly as much amusement as if they were being acted before him; such genuine fun and humour are to be found in these pages.

At a recent meeting of the Worcester Cathedral Restoration Committee Lord Lyttelton and Sir John Packington reported the result of the appeal to the diocese for funds. Including the contributions of Earl Dudley, and the Dean and Chapter, the sum obtained was nearly £16,000.

Madame Cora De Wilhorst (Miss Withers that was, of New York) has been singing with moderate success in Paris; and has now been engaged for the Italian Opera at Homburg, to sing, with Patti, such parts as Margaret of Valois, in *The Huguenots*, and Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*.

The Life of our Saviour, written by Dickens for his children, is to be published soon. Blanchard Jerrold says in an article in the last number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—"*The Life of our Saviour* was written by Charles Dickens to guide the hearts of his children; and if ever a labour of love was done by that most affectionate nature, this was pre-eminently it. By the eloquent pages that now will shortly be put within the reach of every English and American household, the children of Charles Dickens were taught their first lessons of Christian love and Christian chivalry."

Oxford wit at Commemoration-tide is generally obvious, and the puns are, as a rule, intelligible even to the mildest of undergraduates; but we question whether anything more common-place was ever perpetrated than the cry for "some *Corfe* mixture," which was heard from the gallery when Dr. Corfe took his place as conductor for the performance of the ode at the Chancellor's Installation. Bad as the joke was, however, it served to raise a laugh, and resulted in a word of advice to the worthy doctor, that he must be content for once to play second fiddle to Sir Frederick Ouseley, who, as the professor, occupied the seat of honour.

Of our two *prime donne*, an American contemporary says:—

"It is hard to imagine anything more exquisite than that wondrous voice of the lovely Swede, whose liquid purity and crystal clearness reminds the hearer of the fountain of molten diamonds celebrated in the Eastern fable. Nilsson has been reproached with a want of dramatic fervour, and it is true that her voice is of too celestial a quality to adapt itself readily to the accents of earthly passion; but the innocence of Marguerite and the sublime devotion of Alice have never found a more perfect interpréter. In the latter *rôle* (in *Robert le Diable*) she is the embodiment of a guardian angel. Patti has changed wonderfully little since the days when New York first went wild over the marvellous little singer. The rosebud has bloomed into a rose, that is all. Beauty and voice have alike developed into fuller perfection, and are alike unchanged in every other respect. She is still the dark-eyed, winsome damsel of pre-secession days, and her voice still possesses that exquisite, bird-like carol which distinguishes her notes from any songstress I ever heard. Patti reminds one of 'the lark that at heaven's gate sings,' but the voice of Nilsson seems a strain from the other side of the gate."

DICKENS'S HOME AT GAD'S HILL.

The spot is one of the loveliest in Kent, and must always be remembered as the last residence of Charles Dickens. He used to declare his firm belief that Shakspere was specially fond of Kent, and that the poet chose Gad's Hill and Rochester for the scenery of his plays from intimate personal knowledge of their localities. He said he had no manner of doubt but that one of Shakspere's haunts was the old inn at Rochester, and that this conviction came forcibly upon him one night as he was walking that way, and discovered Charles's Wain over the chimney, just as Shakspere has described it, in words put into the mouth of the carrier in King Henry the Fourth. There is no prettier place in England than Gad's Hill in all England for the earliest and latest flowers, and Dickens chose it, when he had arrived at the fulness of his fame and prosperity, as the home in which he most wished to spend the remainder of his days. When a boy he would often pass the house with his father, and frequently said to him, "If ever I have a dwelling of my own, Gad's Hill Place is the house I mean to buy." In that beautiful retreat he has for many years been accustomed to welcome his friends, and find relaxation from the crowded life of London. On the lawn, playing at bowls, in the Swiss summer-house, charmingly shaded by green leaves, he always seemed the best part of summer, beautiful as the season is in the delightful region where he lived. In a letter written not long ago to a friend in America, he thus describes his home:—

"Divers birds sing here all day, and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely, and in perfect order. I have put five mirrors in the Swiss châlet (where I write), and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious."

There he could be most thoroughly enjoyed, for he never seemed so cheerfully at home anywhere else. At his own table, surrounded by his family and a few guests, old acquaintances from town,—among them sometimes Forster, Carlyle, Reade, Collins, Layard, Maclise, Stone, Macready, Talfourd,—he was always the choicest and liviest companion. He was not what is called in society a professed talker, but he was something far better and rarer.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Your musical critic has made a serious mistake in his report of the concert at the Crystal Palace, which I hope you will allow me to correct. He speaks of *the* 4,500 certificated singers connected with us as though these were the only results of our efforts in individual examination. The truth is that, during the past year only, we have granted 9,872 Elementary Certificates, and 1,827 Intermediate Certificates. The full total of those who have successfully passed is—68,000 Elementary, and 16,000 Intermediate; besides 250 Members, and 140 Advanced—making, altogether, more than 84,000. As some intelligent friends have been misled by your critic in this matter, and as this constant process of individual effort and examination never pauses and never lessens, and is a thing to be proud of, I trust you will insert this note.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN CURWEN.

Plaistow, E., August 13.

OLD-FASHIONED MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.—Some short time since, Mad. Alboni was asked by a lady, with whom she was stopping on a visit, for a line from her hand. Taking up a score of Rossini's *Cenerentola*, she wrote on the title-page: "This is really the music of the future."

Say, my Heart, can this be Love?

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

Ever still he hovers round me,
And his presence wakes a thrill;
Yet, while others hourly praise me,
He alone is mute and still.
Though sweet flattery pleases ever,
And the sternest hearts can move,
Praise is tame unless he praises—
Say, my heart, can this be love?
Wayward heart, can this be love?

Night and day his image haunts me,
In each breeze his sighs I hear:
Some strange feeling thrills my bosom,
Is it love?—it is not fear!
Fear, oh no! those eyes so tender,
Voice so soft, his kindness prove,
Not from fear do I so tremble—
Say, my heart, can this be love?
Wayward heart, can this be love?

He shall never know my feeling;
I will hide it from all eyes!
Silly heart, thy love concealing,
Let no tell-tale blushes rise.
Should he never seek to woo me,
Time *my* heart can never move;
Vainly would another sue me—
Own, sad heart! this, this is love!
Wayward heart—ah, this is love!

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New York papers assert that Mdme. Lind-Goldschmidt will sing in the United States during the autumn and winter.

A correspondent of a contemporary reminds us that in the first Great Exhibition of 1851, were exhibited sets of steel bars, straight and circular, for use instead of church bells, giving a clear ringing note, and much cheaper. He asks whether any reader can give information as to where such bars can be obtained.

Mr. Willert Beale, son of the late Mr. Fredrick Beale, who was the manager of the Royal Italian Opera, when it was opened in 1847, is conductor of Signor Mario's farewell tour. Signor Mario will have the co-operation of Fräulein Liebhart (vocalist), Signor Sivori (violin), and the Chevalier de Kontski (pianist).

There are two competing operahouses in the capital of Catalonia one at the Liceo, with Mesdames Marziali, De Baillou, Ferrer, Mas-Porcell, Signori D'Antoni, Minette, Varvaro, Baraldi, Merely, Rodas, and Bargaglia; and the other at the Circo, with Mesdames Peralta, Artôt, Scalchi, Trebelli; Signori Graziani (tenor), Palermi, Bettini, Fagotti, Padilla, Gassier, Junca, Zucchini and Ronconi, to whom the Sisters Marchisio, will be added for a few nights. The Circo has decidedly the more formidable *troupe*.

The advisability of the use of the orchestra in church, though frequently debated, is so seldom put to the test that it is worthy of notice, that at the recent consecration at Arksey Church, near Doncaster, by the Archbishop of York, the absence of an organ rendered some such expedient necessary, and a militia band accompanied the choir throughout the service. As there seems to have been no lack of money for the restoration, which has been carried forward under the superintendence of Mr. Scott, we conclude that the organ will soon be supplied.—*Choir*.

A discovery in printing has recently attracted notice, namely, photographing the copies of the parts from the original score, and transferring the photograph to the printing-press. This process is a great saving of time, and secures accuracy in the instrumental parts, the correction of which occupies so long, and is a tedious interruption to the continuity of rehearsals. In Mr. Sullivan's *Overtura di Ballo*, at the first rehearsal in St. George's Hall for the Birmingham Festival, there was not a note to correct in the copies, all the string parts having been supplied by the new process.

As Madame Patti (Marquise de Caux) was unable to go to Homburg on account of the war, the committee of the Birmingham Musical Festival offered her an engagement, but the terms asked by the *prima donna* being £200 for each time of singing, which for eight performances would amount to £1,600, it need scarcely be added, that the negotiation came promptly to an end. This is an illustration of the pernicious "star" system, which has the effect of making *prime donne* believe that their services are indispensable. Firmness on the part of the managers would soon undeceive them.—*Athenæum*.

Whatever degree of truth there may be in the report which has gone the round of the Church papers with reference to St. David's Cathedral, there can be very little question that the services are rendered in anything but a creditable manner. According to the account given by the correspondents of the *Church Times* and its contemporaries, the service is not even choral, and Tate and Brady furnishes the hymnal of the congregation. At first sight such a statement seems to be incredible, but the ominous fact that it remains uncontradicted lends no slight weight in favour of its truth.—*Choir*.

The example of the Queen in providing English part music as one of the attractions of her last "garden party" was, we are glad to see, followed by Sir Edmund and Lady Lechmere, in the entertainment they offered to the Prince and Princess Christian, at Rhydd Court, near Worcester. A trip up the Severn in two steam frigates formed a part of this excursion; and on a raised platform in the vessel where the Royal guests were assembled, was stationed a party of glee singers, including three lay vicars of Worcester Cathedral. On their return to Sir Edmund's mansion, a selection of glees and madrigals was performed on the lawn, including German and English compositions.—*Choir*.

Old and middle-aged Italian operahouse frequenters will be shocked to learn the misfortunes which have befallen Signor Tamburini, the once-renowned baritone-bass. He had divided a large fortune in Paris, where he resided since his retirement from the stage, amongst his children, reserving only a portion of capital, which was left in the hands of his eldest son, who was an "*agent de change*." Heavy speculations on the Bourse, and the fall of prices on account of the war completely ruined the younger Tamburini, who committed suicide last week. Although the father has lost all his earnings by this sad event, he has, fortunately, an affectionate son-in-law in Signor Gardoni, to provide for his old age; Signor Tamburini being now upwards of seventy.—*Athenæum*.

REVIEWS.

Select Practice for the Pianoforte, consisting of Forty-two Progressive Lessons, intended as an Introduction to the Works of the Great Masters, selected, edited, and fingered by JULES BENEDICT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THE title of this work is itself a recommendation. Bearing in mind with what distressingly vague notions pianoforte improvers (and some pianoforte teachers) choose subjects for study, the term "Select Practice" brings comfort, especially as the themes are progressive, and act as an "Open, Sesame!" to the works of the great masters. The name of Mr. Benedict makes satisfaction complete. Nobody could wish a safer guide than this distinguished pianist and musician, or hesitate to follow him in implicit reliance upon his directions. The field from which Mr. Benedict has selected his examples is a wide one, embracing composers as various in character as Cherubini, Hummel, Gluck, Bellini, Handel, Dussek, Haydn, Liszt, Schubert, Beethoven, and J. S. Bach. This being the case, it is hardly necessary to say that thoughtful students may find in the work before us an epitome of the pianoforte *répertoire*, and so get a first insight into the diverse styles it is necessary they should know. A progressive character is well sustained from beginning to end. Commencing with a simple *volkslied*, by Weber, the work concludes with a *presto* by Mendelssohn; and takes the learner from one extreme to the other by stages so easy that he may well be surprised to find the journey so pleasant. Mr. Benedict has arranged all the pieces with a due regard to their educational character, and his fingering serves as a guide to wellnigh every passage likely to be met with elsewhere. For all these reasons we give the work our heartiest recommendation.

Twenty Popular Melodies for the Pianoforte, selected, arranged, and fingered by JULES BENEDICT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THIS extract from the author's "Instructions in the Art of Playing the Pianoforte" will be found very valuable by young students. The melodies are well known, with few exceptions, and their arrangement is simple enough for the most elementary use.

The Major and Minor Scales for the Pianoforte, with Preliminary Remarks and fingered by JULES BENEDICT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

IT is unnecessary for us to point out the supreme importance which belongs to a correct knowledge of the pianoforte scales. No time nor attention can be thrown away upon this essential study; and the publishers of Mr. Benedict's pianoforte instruction-book have done well to print the chapter on scales in a separate form. The fingering in all cases may not be that usually adopted, but Mr. Benedict supplies the alternative as well as his own suggestions; and it must be remembered, moreover, that anything from so great an authority carries with it no little weight. Let these scales be once mastered, and the student is more than half-prepared to face any executive difficulty.

My Nora. Song. Words by T. J. Ousely, Esq.; Music by ARTHUR FOX [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THE words of this song are very graceful, and, though sentimental enough to gratify the most *exigeant* of drawing-room tenors, have no trace of the sickliness affecting many of their kind. Mr. Fox has written very appropriate music. The melody has sufficient character to distinguish it from the mass of tunes poured forth by song-composers; and the accompaniment shows in addition to correctness, a facile adaption to the changing sentiment of the poetry. We see no reason why this song should not win favour both in public and private.

Two Epitaphs. Herrick. (As One Composition.) For Three Equal Voices. With Pianoforte Accompaniment by J. MCMURDIE, Mus. B. Oxon. [London: Lamborn Cock & Co.]

WE think the design of this work unhappy. The two epitaphs, though each good by itself, do not harmonize, either in style or subject, while even the grammatical "person" is different in the one to what it is in the other. The result is that the transition from epitaph to epitaph has the effect of a very unpleasant jerk. Mr. McMurdie has endeavoured to imitate the formalism of old English music, and to some extent with success. The composition, however, is not a pleasant one.

Journal of the London Society of Amateur Flute-Players. No. 5, "Sonata for Flute and Pianoforte," by G. A. MACFARREN. [London: Rudall, Rose, Carte, & Co.

THE amateur flute-player who can take part with efficiency in this important work may pride himself upon no small skill. Mr. Macfarren has produced a regularly-constructed sonata, of full average length. Moreover, he has brought to it all the resources of his undoubted talent, and thus paid the special public for whom he wrote a compliment we hope they appreciate. Without discussing the work minutely, we may say the flautists have now a classical composition of their own worthy all the attention they can bestow.

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"A PRODIGY;" A TALE OF MUSIC.*

A man's written works may fairly be considered as affording an accurate indication, no less of his acquirements than of himself, his mind, and the manner and fashion of it. But it may be doubted whether a three volume novel is in this sense to be regarded as an "opus," an *ἔργον*, the outgrowth of the man, or an accident of a particular mood assumed for the occasion. And, indeed, it is well that this should be so; for otherwise we should be driven to say that the author of *A Prodigy* was a gentleman (or lady) of the most confiding simplicity, combined with the weakest credulity. For what are we called upon to believe? First, that a child of ten years old may possess prodigious talents for music, for conversation, for repartee, for practical joking, along with the most headstrong violence of passion and of will, and the most complete absence of wisdom in opinion and propriety of conduct—an imp of darkness and an angel of light at one and the same time. Secondly, we are to believe that we live in a world where a man residing in an insignificant town, without a pound to start with, may, by the time he has reached the age of 50, amass a stupendous fortune; that he may, simultaneously with the purchase of a landed estate, be created a peer of the realm, without either having had a seat in Parliament, or having, so far as we know, done one atom of good to his fellow-men; and that Royalty may invite itself to visit him, *en famille*, out of curiosity to see his newly-built palace. Again, we must believe that the mother of a prodigy of genius, in whose life and its success her own life is entirely bound up, upon whom she lavishes affection at once extravagant and unjust, may with little apparent difficulty be brought to give up the darling of her heart for the sake of a second husband as rich as Crœsus, and the acquaintance of a month. We confess to thinking that events such as these do not occur in the world in which we are living, and we are very glad they do not.

This marvellous young gentleman, after fascinating half Germany with his music, his beauty, his waywardness, and his curls, before he has reached the age of twenty, goes in search of the young sister of a school friend, who like Mr. Dickens's Smike, seemed to have been hardly used by every body, but unlike him, came to a miserable and untimely end by being drowned on the very night that would have made him a hero. The young lady was worth the search, being represented as a very queen of beauty and loveliness, and endowed with every conceivable charm and grace of person. She was to have been a *danseuse*, and it is to be feared that the indispensable training for her profession had sadly interfered with other less showy branches of education; her mind had received little cultivation, and we suspect it was not capable of receiving much more. The Prodigy finds her at last in most questionable company, has his first interview with her on a certain evening; at midnight he runs away with her; by good fortune a carriage and a priest are at hand, and the happy pair are made man and wife before morning. But, angel though Marie is in form and feature, she can deceive. Her husband goes to England to fulfil a professional engagement; she chooses to remain in Germany, on the plea of approaching maternity, but nevertheless follows him within a fortnight, that she may appear in London as a ballet-dancer. Her *début* is unsuccessful, an uproar ensues at the opera; Charles, whose suspicions of her arrival in England have been aroused, rushes to her arms, to not be recognised (for his wife has become insane) but to be disowned, cursed, and ultimately stabbed by a knife, which, we are informed, "she drew from her bosom," though we should rather have supposed it came from under her pillow. The wound is not mortal, for a hint is given at the end of the story that Charles most probably married a little Quaker girl whom he had known in childhood, and whom he had met on some few subsequent occasions.

The reader will have gathered from this survey that there is no lack of startling incident in the book, and if this were all we cared to look for in a novel, we might heartily commend it. But our sense of the fitness of things refuses to be entirely satisfied with a work of fiction unless it introduces to us some character to admire, to love, or at least to be interested about. Now, there is nothing of the sort here. We cannot be brought to care a pinch of snuff about any one of the actors in the drama. To be sure Marie is devoted to her husband; that is, we are told so, but her conduct and even her language fail to show it. Yet, if there is no one to love, there are many to hate, especially a grand villain, who reminds us of Wilkie Collins's Fosco, with much of his cunning and very little of his cleverness. We close the book with this very devout hope, that no one belonging to us may have a son of such surpassing genius for music as Charles Einstern, or a daughter with such a passion for dancing as his unfortunate wife. Clerk of Speke.

The "Rhin Allemand" has been set in Paris by M. Deboux, M. Félicien David, M. Vaucorbat, M. Jules Lefort, M. Paul Herion, M. Ernest Poignée, M. Michel de Borne.

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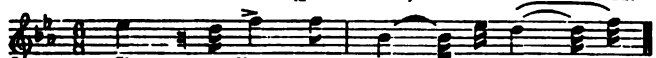

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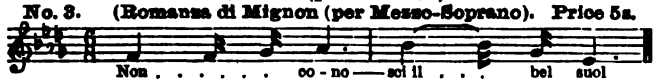

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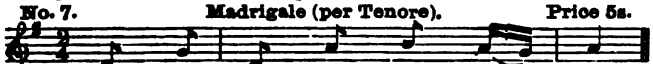

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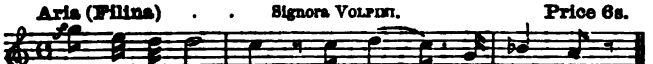

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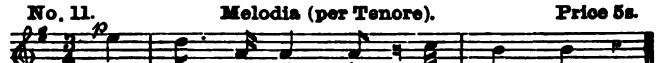

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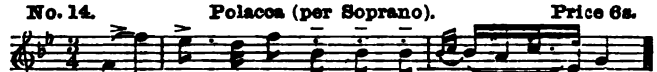

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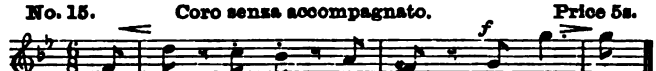

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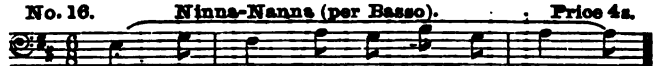

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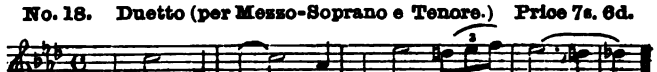

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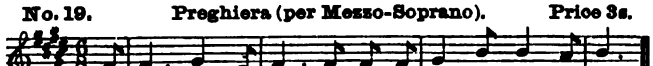

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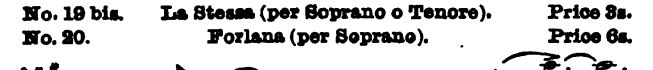

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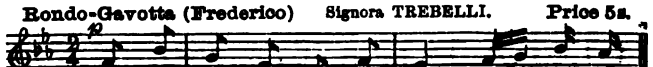

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HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

HEREFORD, *August 23rd*, 1870.

The Three Choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester began their 147th Festival to-day with full choral service in the justly-admired Cathedral of this ancient city. The almost continuous rain of yesterday went far to shake anticipations of a prosperous result; but this morning the weather had cleared up, and should it continue fair during the week there can, we are informed, be little doubt of a successful meeting. The origin, purport, and history of these mid-England festivals need not be told now, nor is it requisite again to dwell upon the attempts that from time to time, and proceeding from quarters more or less influential, have been made to put a stop to them—the more so inasmuch as such attempts have almost invariably proved unsuccessful. The temptations resisted by Worcester last year were a constant theme of discussion, and now Hereford goes further in what certain well-meaning persons insist on condemning as the wrong path. Not only are we to have the full number of day performances of oratorio at the Cathedral, but, as a substitute for the traditional miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall on Tuesday, we are promised Parts 1 and 2 of the *Creation*—the sacred building to be lit up with gas for the occasion. That this is an improvement will hardly be denied. The credit of having suggested it belongs to Mr. Townshend Smith, the local organist, who, besides acting as honorary secretary and superintending the musical arrangements, conducts the performances morning and evening. There is another substantial excuse for the innovation—the three miscellaneous concerts never "paid," but there is little cause to doubt the attraction of Haydn's chaste and beautiful music when presented under such exceptional circumstances.

The Festival this year is well backed up by those whose co-operation is of material importance, there being upwards of 60 responsible "stewards," including the Lord Lieutenant of the county (Lord Bateman), who acts as president. Among them we are glad to remark the names of not a few of the clergy, whose countenance is as welcome as it is beneficial, and who should feel an especial interest themselves in this admirable charity, of which these meetings have for so long a period been one of the main supports. In engaging his artists, vocal and instrumental, and in making out his programmes, Mr. Townshend Smith has displayed his customary intelligence and activity. His chorus, including many if not all the members of the Three Choirs, strengthened by delegates from various societies in the neighbourhood, and some few singers from the capital, is no less zealous, and, it should be added, no less efficient, than on former occasions; while his orchestra, chiefly selected from London players of eminence, is more than 60 strong—numerous enough for all that is required of them, the acoustical properties of the church and the limited accommodation of the Shire Hall taken into consideration. An orchestra of "60," moreover, was precisely the orchestra which, according to Beethoven himself, was required for Beethoven's symphonies; and Mr. Smith has done well, if on this account alone, to include the Symphony No. 4 ("B flat") in one of the evening programmes. The names of the principal vocal performers may speak for themselves:—Mdlle. Tietjens, Miss Edith Wynne, and Madame Sinico (sopranos); Madame Patey and Miss Marion Severn (contraltos); Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Montem Smith (tenors); Messrs. Santley and Lewis Thomas (basses).

Mr. Done (of Worcester) plays the organ at the performances in the Cathedral, and Dr. S. S. Wesley the pianoforte (and organ first evening), Conductor, Mr. Townshend Smith. The general programme of the week having already appeared in the *Musical World* it will suffice to notice each performance in particular as it occurs.

The Cathedral was not so fully attended this morning as might have been expected; and this seems the more extraordinary inasmuch as the members of the Three Choirs are afforded no other opportunity of distinguishing themselves apart from the general proceedings of the Festival. True, their combined efforts are not always exactly what they ought be; but it should be remembered that at one time the Three Choirs unaided were virtually the Festival, and that a large party even now exists which would, if it could, restrain once more the Festivals within the same narrow limits—or at least confine them to choral services on a grand scale to the exclusion of oratorios and other forms of sacred music. We are not called upon to criticize an act of worship, and need, therefore, only say that the musical part of this morning's services (which the Mayor and Corporation attended in State) comprised Orlando Gibbons's well-known service in F, and Attwood's not less familiar anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord;" besides a hymn—

"The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ our Lord,"

—set to music by Dr. Wesley, in which the congregation might, had they chosen, have also taken part—such being the evident intention of the composer in writing it. That the sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Jebb (Canon Residentiary), who selected for text, 68th Psalm, 5th verse—"He is a father of the fatherless and defendeth the cause of the widow, even God in his holy place"—was an appeal on behalf of the "widows and orphans" it is superfluous to say, or that in the course of it the preacher made becoming reference to Chancellor Bysse and his famous inaugural sermon at the institution of the meetings of the Choirs, nearly a century and a half ago. Though somewhat long and entering into what, under the circumstances, we can hardly think an appropriate critical digression upon the present method of conducting the Festivals, which Dr. Jebb by no means entirely approves, the discourse was otherwise earnest, unostentatious, and to the purpose. The organ voluntary was an elaborate fugue, the composition of Dr. Wesley, played in masterly style by his pupil, Mr. Pyne, who has shown his proficiency on similar occasions.

About to-day's performance of *Elijah*, which, owing to the previous service, did not begin till 1 o'clock, we have little to say; and had we ever so much to say, there would be but scant time to say it in, as the mail leaves here at 5 p.m. In so far as the chorus and orchestra were concerned it may be pronounced a more than fair average Three Choir Festival display. Some of the choruses were admirably executed; but in fact by this time our country choirs, just like our London choirs, know Mendelssohn's great work pretty well by heart, while our London orchestras could almost play the overture and accompaniments without book. Much of the solo singing was beyond praise. Mr. Santley has never given the music of the Prophet more impressively, nor Mdlle. Tietjens declaimed the great air, "Hear ye, Israel," with its brilliant pendant, "Be not afraid," more superbly. To Miss Edith Wynne was assigned the soprano music of Part I., which could scarcely have been in more competent hands. The contralto music was divided between Miss Marion Severn and Madame Patey; the tenor music between Messrs. Montem Smith and Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lewis Thomas taking part in some of the concerted music. All did their best; and for the greater part that best was all that could be desired.

WEDNESDAY, *Aug.* 24.

The substitution, last night, of sacred music, in the Cathedral, for the ordinary miscellaneous concert at the Shire Hall, which, time out of mind, has been the custom, on the first day of the Festival, proved a genuine success. The attendance in the sacred building was more than double what it used to be in the secular one, and the performances lost little or nothing by the absence of the audible marks of approval in the shape of applause and encores, which, under the altered circumstances, would of course have been intolerable. Much cannot be said in praise of the manner in which the church was illuminated, though the argument that a glare of artificial light would be indecorous in such a building is perhaps not wholly without its weight. At all events, the performance was thoroughly enjoyable. Why Haydn's very popular and perennially beautiful oratorio was shorn of its third, last, and, tuneful as is all that goes before, assuredly its most tuneful portion, we are at a loss to explain. Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah* is not long, and the serene and flowing strains put by the genial master into the mouths of his Adam and Eve—strains as primitively innocent as becomes the theme—would have left the audience in a frame of mind so happy as to dispose them to look at all things rather from an indulgent than from a critical point of view. The execution of Haydn's familiar music, under the direction of Mr. Townshend Smith,

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was generally effective. The only serious objection to be urged was against the somewhat slow time indicated by the conductor for a good many of the movements, which in the case of the bright and animated "Heavens are telling" (the chorus with trio at the end of Part I., otherwise admirably given), was particularly noticeable. Among the most entirely satisfactory of the choral displays were "Awake the harp" and "Achieved is the glorious work." The solo singers in Part I. were Mdlle. Tietjens, to whose share fell "The marvellous work" and the ineffably melodious "With verdure clad;" Mr. Montem Smith, always a favourite here, who gave "Now vanish" and "In splendour bright;" and Mr. Lewis Thomas, to whom were allotted "And God made the firmament" and the recitative and air, "Rolling with foaming billows," the three combining their voices in the trio which is ingeniously mixed up with "The heavens are telling." In the second part Madame Sinico took the place of Mdlle. Tietjens, and Mr. Santley that of Mr. Thomas—to Mr. Montem Smith (a special mark of distinction) being assigned the tenor music here, as in the introductory part. To Madame Sinico was allotted the florid air, "On mighty pens;" to Mr. Santley the important recitative and air, "Now heaven in fullest glory shine," in which the creation of the lower animals is descriptively set forth; and to Mr. M. Smith "In native worth and honour clad," dedicated to the primary apperition of man. The trio which forms an integral portion of the final chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work" was thus no less fortunate than its predeccessor, already cited. How the familiar solos were delivered by these practised and well-known artists may be readily imagined; and it will suffice to add that not one of them ever sang better, often as they have taken part in the same oratorio.

Mr. Joseph Barnby's *Rebekah*, appropriately styled a sacred idyll, was, though it has once been given in London, as good as new to those who heard it last night in the Cathedral. The "libretto" (if such it may be termed), by Mr. Arthur Matthison, is of the simplest possible construction. It is apportioned into a couple of scenes. The first scene relates to the mission of Eliezer, enjoined by Abraham, to seek out from among their kindred a wife for his son Isaac; and his interview, at the well of Nahor, with Rebekah, whom, after explaining the reason of his coming, he persuades to accompany him. The second scene comprises the meeting between Isaac and Rebekah; their mutual declarations; and a song of thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty. Nothing in substance more bucolic, however fantastically idealized in working out, could well be thought of; and the wonder is that Mr Barnby should have found music, which, while everywhere thoughtfully and carefully composed, is, at the same time, in character the very reverse of the story which Mr. Matthison has built upon one of the most primitive passages in the Jewish Testament. Such, however, is the case. Among the choral pieces there are even two lengthy and elaborate fugues, while the approach of Rebekah is illustrated by a march ("the Bride's March"), the chromatic harmony and restless tonality of which are strangely out of keeping with the subject. The most enthusiastic disciple of Spohr himself,—for whose manner, not so say mannerism, Mr. Barnby appears to entertain a rooted predilection, — in the moments of most laboured inspiration, could hardly have produced anything more laboured. There is, however, a great deal that is good in *Rebekah;* and the promise of something still better. Mr. Barnby's chief effort now should be to seem natural instead of seeming artificial. He has genuine feeling, a certain vein of melody, which, if he would only let it flow unimpeded, might serve him to good purpose, and considerable fancy in his management of the orchestra. The chorus for women's voices, "Who shall be fleetest and first?" Eliezer's air, "The daughters of the city come," and Isaac's air, "The soft southern breeze plays around me," to instance no other numbers, are enough to show this, and more. Moreover, Mr. Barnby is young, and, with his evident ambition and resolve to make progress in his art, there is no knowing what he may do hereafter. With the performance of his "sacred idyll," which he conducted himself, Mr. Barnby could hardly have felt otherwise than satisfied. The Herefordshire singers did themselves infinite credit by the manner in which they got through choruses not merely strange to them, but complex and difficult as well; the orchestra, which has no very easy task to accomplish, took infinite pains; and the solo singers Mdlle. Tietjens (Rebekah), Mr. Vernon Rigby (Isaac), and Mr. Lewis Thomas (Eliezer), were fairly irreproachable. To have heard his music, and some of the best passages in it, sung as it was sung on this occasion—more especially the solos of Mdlle. Tietjens, who always does her utmost towards insuring the success of a new work—should encourage the young composer to new exertions.

The success of Mr. Townshend Smith's innovation was so unequivocal that there can be little doubt that it will be accepted as a precedent, and invariably acted upon at future meetings. Perhaps, eventually, the miscellaneous evening concerts may be altogether done away with, and the performances exclusively confined to sacred music in the Cathedral. That such a result would enhance the dignity of the Festivals is unquestionable; and that it would add to their attraction in a financial sense is more than likely.

The performance this day at the Cathedral was a very long one, consisting of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, Spohr's *Last Judgment* entire, and Mozart's so-styled "Twelfth Mass." The Prince and Princess Christian, who came to-day from Stoke Edith, accompanied by Lady Foley and a large party, intend, it is understood, to pass the Festival week at Hereford. As they did not arrive till half-past one, they could only hear the second half of the selection; and thus escaped the *Prodigal Son* and Part I. of the *Last Judgment*. Nevertheless, the very admirable performance of Mr. Sullivan's work, under the composer's own direction, with Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Santley in the solos, was, for reasons easy to understand, the most interesting feature of the programme; and the Royal and distinguished visitors may, therefore, be condoled with on having experienced a decided loss. The *Prodigal Son* gains with each new hearing; and on that account alone it is to be hoped that its composer may be already engaged in something else of the kind, if not on something of a still more ambitious form. For more about the performance of to-day—which did not terminate till half-past four—there is no time at present.

THURSDAY, *Aug.* 25.

The first miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall (yesterday evening) was not so well attended as might have been expected. The sacred performance in the Cathedral on Tuesday had probably something to do with this. If so, it further encourages a hope that, not long hence, the Festivals of the Three Choirs will be able to dispense altogether with concerts of secular music. Everything seems to point that way; and the idea surely, if slowly, gains ground. The programme provided last night by Mr. Townshend Smith was, on the whole, better than usual, containing more music worthy the name of music. According to custom, the programme is here submitted *in extenso*:—

PART I.

Overture—"In Memoriam"	Arthur Sullivan.
Aria—Madame Patey, "Per Pieta"	Beethoven.
Song—Mr. Santley, "A life that lives for you"	Arthur Sullivan.
Cavatina—Madame Sinico, "Qui la voce"	Bellini.
Concerto Violin (No. 6)—Mr. H. Blagrove	Spohr.
Song—Mr. Montem Smith, "Spring-tide of youth" ...	Mendelssohn.
Air—Miss Edith Wynne, "Scenes that are brightest" ...	Wallace.
Duetto—Madame Sinico and Mr. Vernon Rigby" ...	Donizetti.
Selection from "Loreley"	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Symphony in B flat, No 4	Beethoven.
Aria—Madame Sinico (Faust)	Gounod.
Aria—Madame Patey (Abu Hassan)	Weber.
Song—Mr. Vernon Rigby, "The Message"	Blumenthal.
Cavatina—Mdlle. Tietjens, "Com' e bello"	Donizetti.
Ballad—Miss Marion Severn, "The Lady of the Lea" ...	H. Smart.
Trio—Mesdames Tietjens, Sinico, and Patey (Falstaff) ...	Balfe.
Song—Mr. Lewis Thomas, "Oh, firm as Oak"	Sir H. R. Bishop.
Welsh Air—Madame Patey "Ash Grove"	
Air—Miss Edith Wynne, "O bid your faithful Ariel" ...	T. Linley.
March and Chorus—(Ruins of Athens)	Beethoven.

It was satisfactory not only to find so many good things in the selection, but also for the greater part they seemingly gave pleasure to the audience. Mr. Sullivan's overture (conducted by himself)

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was well played and loudly applauded. The absence of an organ was a drawback to the performance, as may be easily understood by those who know how materially the composer has strengthened and enriched his score by the introduction, in the *coda*, of that solemn and weighty instrument. *In Memoriam* is unquestionably the best piece of orchestral music Mr. Sullivan has written; and it is rapidly winning the place in general estimation to which it is entitled. Madame Patey's beautiful contralto voice is always heard to such advantage in songs intended expressly for its register that she need not have borrowed the slow movement from Beethoven's grand *scena*, "Ah! perfido," and transposed it for the occasion. She imparted the true expression, however, to the melody, and thus deserved and obtained unanimous approval. Mr. Sullivan's new song is tuneful and spirited, and, sung with uncommon earnestness by Mr. Santley, it won a general encore. Madame Sinico was recalled after the hackneyed *cavatina* from *I Puritani*, and Mr. H. Blagrove's brilliant execution of the *adagio* and first movement from Spohr's sixth violin concerto was warmly appreciated. The song chosen by Mr. Montem Smith, one of the least pretentious from Mendelssohn's Op. 59, was much liked, and the popular romance from Vincent Wallace's *Maritana*, Miss Edith Wynne's singing of which was nothing short of perfection, even more. That the pretty duet from the garden scene in *Don Pasquale* was done full justice to by Madame Sinico and Mr. Vernon Rigby need hardly be stated. The great feature of the first part, however, was the selection from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, comprised in the "Ave Maria" (with chorus), Miss Wynne's tranquil and unpretending delivery of which was exactly to the purpose, the jovial "Song of Vintagers," admirably given by the chorus (encored and repeated), and the superb *finale* to the first act, the solos of Leonora being magnificently declaimed and sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, although the general execution of orchestra and chorus was too uniformly loud to be uniformly effective. Of the symphony—listened to for the most part with attention—the movement best understood, and, indeed, best played, was the *adagio*, which many regard as Beethoven's most perfect achievement of the kind. Madame Patey is to be thanked for bringing forward the air from Weber's *Abu Hassan* though the accompaniments were not altogether in order. To say anything about such familiar things as the *cavatina* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, the "Jewel song" from *Faust*, "The Message," or the "Lady of the Lea," would be superfluous; nor is it necessary to add more to this cursory notice than that the very animated and dramatic trio from Mr. Balfe's Italian opera was capitally given; and that Bishop's vigorous ballad, the pretty Welsh ditty (harp accompaniment, Mr. Lockwood), and Thomas Linley's once-admired air were each and all extremely well sung by the well-known artists whose names are affixed to them in the programme above quoted. The fault of this concert was its undue length. If one song had been allotted to each singer, instead of two, and occasionally three, the enjoyment of the listeners would have been enhanced. A miscellaneous performance of three hours and a half in duration is just one hour and a half *de trop*. It would have been advisable, under the circumstances, even to omit the symphony.

This morning their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian again visited the Cathedral, and arrived in time to listen to the whole of the first part of the performance. As the distinguished visitors were led to their places the theme of the National Anthem was heard from the orchestra, the first verse being then sung, with true earnestness, by Miss Edith Wynne, the rest, or so much of the rest as was given, being confided to the chorus.

The programme was once more a lengthy selection from various sources, the first part being exclusively devoted to Mendelssohn, who, though standing in little need of such honour now, was luckier in obtaining the ear of Royalty, than our clever English composer, Mr. Sullivan. A more imposing prelude to the day's proceedings could hardly have been thought of than the *Reformation Symphony*, that noble work long withheld from the musical world but now already, within so short a period of its first hearing at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham (1868)—in England at all events—everywhere popular and everywhere appreciated at its worth. Although the performance under Mr. Townshend Smith's direction can at the best be pronounced with justice only a tolerably fair one, it is questionable whether on any previous occasion the symphony has created a deeper and more lasting impression—upon those, be it understood, capable of entering into the spirit of such music. Its effect was surpassingly grand. The peculiar acoustic properties of the sacred building seemed to favour the design of the composer in bringing out emphatically the diverse themes and contrasts of tone and colour which are special characteristics of the first and last movements. Nothing could be more solemn and majestic than the introductory *andante*, in which some of the distinguishing features of the splendid *allegro con fuoco* which forms its sequel are set forth. Even the playful *allegro vivace* with its exquisitely tuneful episode (standing in place of *minuetto* and *trio*) seemed thoroughly in keeping, and this may be attributed to the fact that there is not a touch of levity in them from beginning to end, each phrase, in its serene and gentle course, suggesting rather the notion of innocent candour than of anything more worldly. The pathetic slow movement which follows and prepares the way for the first utterance, by a single flute, of the people's choral, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"—afterwards so wonderfully developed in the final movement—still further heightened the impression, which culminated with the delivery by full orchestra, *fortissimo*, and in graver measure, of the theme which is the key stone of the work. A hearing of the "Reformation" Symphony under such exceptional circumstances must have brought to many the conviction that if, at any future time, what has been briefly hinted should be made a rule, and the whole of the Festival performances be held in the Cathedral, there is no reason why the orchestral symphonies of the great masters should be excluded. God made art as God made all things, and the symphonies of Beethoven, as well as many of those composed by Haydn and Mozart, being among the highest manifestations of an art which, worthily employed, has not been inappropriately termed "divine," would surely not be out of place on such occasions as those referred to. Of course, a severe discretion should be exercised in the choice of the works to be given, and even single movements might be detached from the rest where the character of an entire symphony would appear to be in the slightest degree unsuitable.

Of the fragments from the unfinished oratorio, *Christus*, the 42nd Psalm, Mr. Henry Holmes's new cantata, and the selection from Handel's oratorios, also included in to-day's performance, we must speak next week.

The second miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall to-night, and the *Messiah* in the Cathedral to-morrow bring the Festival to a close. Of its success, we believe, there is now no doubt; but this and other matters connected with the meetings must be left for another occasion.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1871.—We are requested by Her Majesty's Commissioners to state, that there is no foundation for the rumour that the International Exhibition appointed for 1871 is to be postponed by reason of the war. The first of the series of Annual International Exhibitions of selected Works of Fine and Industrial Art and Scientific Inventions will take place next year, as already announced.

WIESBADEN.—Herr Hagen, formerly conductor of the Opera here, died on the 18th inst., of apoplexy.

STUTTGARDT.—Having completed his engagement at Vienna, Herr Sonntheim has returned here.

Moscow.—Herr Wilhelm Fitzenhagen has been appointed professor of the violoncello, in the place of Herr Cossmann, at the Conservatory.

TREVES.—The Town Band, which was established in 1865, the funds to maintain it being guaranteed for six years by the Corporation, has just been dissolved.

COBURG.—Herr Caspar Rummer, who enjoyed a high reputation both as a performer on, and as a writer for, the flute, died here lately, in his seventy-fifth year.

ROME.—Connected with the recent declaration of Infallibility, a new Papal Hymn has just been composed. It was recently performed before the Pope.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"—and Herren Niemann and Betz, of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, are now playing on it the part of "*Krankenwärter*, in the Second German Army Corps. *Krankenwärter*, as most of our readers are, doubtless aware, means in English, "attendants on the sick, or wounded."

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THE PARISIAN STAGE.

We read that the French theatres were never more crowded than during the old Reign of Terror. This fact, if fact it be, proves the danger of reasoning by analogy when we strive to derive practical wisdom from the study of historical records. Several Parisian playhouses are now closed; and a theatrical journal that has appeared twice a week for nearly half a century now declares that it can only appear once a week till the arrival of better times. The editor is in a position like that of another editor who one day shut up his shop and posted up a placard declaring that as no news had arrived no paper would be published.

Nevertheless a few theatrical events crop up, looking like the shipwrecked companies of Æneas, *Rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. At the Théâtre Français, *Une Fête de Néron*, a tragedy by MM. Alexander Soumet and Louis Belmontel, originally produced at the Odéon in 1829 with enormous success, has been revived. A French version, by M. E. Taillaide, of *Der Fechter von Ravenna*, a play by Friedrich Halm, which found great favour all over Germany, has been brought out at the Ambigu-Comique with the closely translated title, *Le Gladiateur de Ravenne*. The incidents of this piece occur under the reign of the Emperor Caligula. Thusnelda, the widow of Arminius, a German chief defeated by the Romans and consequently massacred by his own subjects, has been taken to Rome, where, when the curtain rises, she has been a captive for twenty years. The sentiment which keeps her alive is the desire of finding her son, who was stolen from his cradle by the Romans. She at last discovers him in the lowly condition of a gladiator, one among fifty hirelings, who are chosen to fight with each other in the Circus for the entertainment of the Emperor. She reveals herself in her true character, gives the degraded Thumelicus (as he is now called) "le sabre de son père," and tries to awaken in his heart something like a feeling of patriotism. Thumelicus is, however, not only degraded but degenerate. The word "Vaterland" or "Patrie" has with him no significance, and his sole notion of honour is the applause that he gains by his exploits in the Circus. Another drawback to his elevation is his passion for a courtesan slave, named Lycisca. The favourites of Caligula, wishing to afford their master a highly seasoned recreation, and having learned the relation between Thumelicus and Thusnelda, hit on the happy thought of making the son fight with a dangerous adversary in the presence of his mother. Thumelicus finds the proposition reasonable. In vain do his mother and his mistress entreat him to abstain from the combat; the voice of the only honour which he understands calls him to the Circus, and to the Circus he would go, did not Thusnelda stop him in his downward career by killing him with his father's sword. He dies still stupid, wishing prosperity to Cæsar, as all good gladiators should, and Thusnelda stabs herself over his corpse.

The Palais Royal has made some noise with a one-act farce by MM. E. Grangé and V. Bernard, entitled *La Belle aux Yeux d'Emaille*. The beauty in question is a doll, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Coclarius, a mediæval constructor of automata, who like Pygmalion, falls in love with his own work. He is not alone in his predilection. Fritz, a German student, who has seen the doll at the window, becomes enamoured likewise, and enters the house of the great mechanist. He is discovered and ejected by Coclarius, who, freed from the intruder, reflects on the possibility of conferring a soul on the inanimate object of his affections. Chance throws in his way a leaf torn from a book, which reveals a strange system of psychology—namely, that a soul can be made out of a quarter of lamb, with the aid of a little pepper, salt, and vinegar. While he is in the kitchen, reducing this theory to practice, Floristia, a young lady attached to Fritz, enters his sanctum, and, hearing his approach conceals herself in the cupboard appropriated to the doll. Saucepan in hand, the sage commences his invocations, and is almost terrified with his success, when Floristia, who has substituted herself for the doll, leaps from her pedestal. So mischievous, indeed, does she appear, that Coclarius feels convinced that he put too much vinegar into the mixture. After a series of odd incidents, Coclarius is forced to repair a pecuniary wrong which he has done to Fritz, and discovers the mistake which led to his operations in the kitchen. The stray leaf belonged to a cookery-book, and, this being produced, it turns out that the instructions conveyed referred to the preparation of an *Epigramme d'Agneau*. The fragment *Epig* was on the preceding page, and the remainder, *amme*, did duty for *âme*. We conclude that, although the action of the piece takes place in Germany, the cookery book was in French, as it would be difficult to conceive the name of any dish with "seele" as its latter half.

N. D.

—o—

"DIE WACHT AM RHEIN."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—I call your attention to an article in the *Kolnische Zeitung* of Sunday the 14th inst., written by Dr. K. Hundeshagen, Professor of Theology at this University, who reveals to the world the author of the poem, "Die Wacht am Rhein," in the mouth of every German at the present time. The author is Max Schneckenburger, who died in 1851. The poem was produced in February, 184[illegible], at Burgdurf, near Bern, and set to music by G. Mendel in 1842. It is now the favourite song of the German troops, and the Queen of Prussia has conferred the dignity of Poet Laureate on the author.

Bonn-am-Rhein, Prussia, Aug. 15. A Spectator.

AMERICA.

(*From our Special Correspondent.*)

New York, *July* 28.—I do not know precisely what "going to blazes" is, but what we are at present enduring in New York is probably something very like it. For the last fortnight we have been "among the nineties," the temperature varying from 95 to 99. The *Herald* speaks of the present "heated term" as being "without precedent in North America," and has recently been publishing every morning a list of deaths by sun-stroke, which occurred the day before. One day last week they amounted to no less than sixty! It is quite common, too, to see horses drop and die on the street. Every imaginable annoyance which a fierce sun can produce seems to afflict us at once. "Prickly heat" is a sensation akin to that which might be created by the simultaneous application of stinging nettles all over the body, only much more prickly and considerably hotter. Everybody has the "prickly heat." Mosquitos are graceful little creatures with long, slender legs—they pounce upon you with inconceivable rapidity, stinging as they pounce, and no one was ever yet known agile enough to dodge this inconceivably rapid pouncing, which generally eventuates in the closing of an eye or two, or fiery swellings somewhere. Roaches are of a sombre hue, but yet uncommonly sprightly; they run nimbly up and down the walls, over your bed-clothes, your table-cloth, or papers; glide swiftly across your face or limbs, but do not bite (fortunately), unless very sharp set indeed. They seem destined to excite unmitigated disgust rather than to inflict corporal punishment. Roaches, and mosquitos, like the "prickly heat," are inevitable. I could mention some more agile evidences of an American summer, which would find their way even into the king's chamber, if America had a king; but I have said enough to show you how very pleasant the "happy land" is just now, more especially to foreigners, and most especially in New York City, the most scorching and sultry place I know of. Of course all leave it who are able at this time of year, to seek refreshing breezes at Long Branch, Saratoga, Newport, Cape May, White Mountains, Cat's Hill, &c.; but I just now belong to the "can't get away club," and therefore must seek my shade and breezes in the parks, and my watering-place and rural gossip from the hordes of press reporters and "interviewers," whose powers of exaggeration and utterance of an infinite deal of nothing could not be matched throughout the world:—What the beautiful Mrs. —— wore at the afternoon promenade. How the lovely Miss —— was attired at the midnight "hop"—how the luscious Mrs. —— looked in her bathing dress—how the Long Branch *belles* are "after" Lord Wodehouse and Lord Alexander Campbell, two "sprigs" of British nobility—how John Hay (whose wife is one of the fashion-leaders here), drove Lord Wodehouse behind a team of 2.30 trotters, and how his lordship declared that they were "*doosed fawst, pon honaw*." This kind of small talk, accounts of the races and other amusements, with gushing descriptions of scenery familiar to everybody, are what we get from the gentlemen "detailed," as they say here, by the various New York journals, to write about the watering places. It does not amount to much.

The President is at Long Branch with his family, where, in spite of a publicly expressed desire to have peace for a while, he is awfully bored. A strange man the other day took General Grant's hand in the street, and held it tightly for some time, while he vainly endeavoured to get an opinion from the Chief Magistrate with respect to Cuba. It is really astonishing what the President of the United States has to put up with.

The New York theatres are nearly all closed—this overpowering weather is so bad for theatrical business. Notwithstanding there have been some highly successful novelties quite recently; two at Wallack's Theatre from the prolific pen of Mr. John Brougham, entitled respectively, *The Red Light* and *Minnie's Luck*. Brougham, who, whether as author or actor, is an immense favourite throughout the States, took prominent parts in both these pieces, and, by his inimitable histrionic abilities, contributed largely to their success. In the latter he personated a newspaper "interviewer" (a character, thank Heaven, unknown to British journalism), presenting a most life-like picture of that audacious intruder upon everybody who has been unfortunate enough to attract public attention in any way. In *Minnie's Luck*, too, a young lady named Leona Cavender made her *début* before the New York public, and pleased very much. She possesses a large amount of that frolicsome gaiety and sparkling vivacity which characterize the famous Lotta, who, by the way, is now in London, and going, I presume, to play there. A *débutante* of more mark and likelihood than Miss Cavender in the special line of business she has chosen I have not seen. The other novelties are Mr. Gazler's *Fritz, our Cousin German* (Wallack's Theatre), and the grand ballet of *Giselle, or the Willis*, at "General" "Commodore" Fisk's grand operahouse. The former was written by Mr. Gazler to exhibit the peculiar abilities of Mr. Emmet, who seeks to introduce a new line of business to the New York stage—that of the German American. With so large a lager-beer-drinking population and the high estimation in which the "Dutchman" is generally held as the best of naturalized citizens, Mr. Emmet's talent, which revels in the delineation of robust jollity, racy humour, and hazy metaphysical ideality, all essentially Teutonic in character, has every chance of appreciation. In England his success would be problematical. The ballet of *Giselle* with Adolph Adams's charming music and the delightful dancing of Madame Kattie Larmer and her Viennese *corps de ballet* drew crowded houses for a time, but soon failed

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to attract. But everything, in short, droops or slopes off at this time of year. Even the sensational parsons are breaking down, though one of them, at least rejoicing in a cool name,—Snow—Bishop Snow, has not yet melted, for quite recently he was vigorous enough to attack Gordon Bennett's paper in very stirring language. The rev. gentleman opened his discourse from the pulpit by accusing one morning journal of having told a "blasted lie," and then turned upon the *Herald*, saying, "it is written for by rogues and liars, inspired by the devil," characterising it generally as a "dirty, ignorant, shabby, filthy, infernal rag," which he finally left with other hideous sheets to the vengeance of God! Another parson, the Rev. Mr. Orr, has been displaying his Christian meekness by pitching into the late Charles Dickens, with respect to whose works he says, "the regenerate soul would loathe *such garbage*. I pass no sentence on this *poor foolish creature* who will have to appear before his Judge and Maker, but I feel and am grieved for the people who can enjoy such company and such *trash!*" Such manifestations are really acceptable in the dull season; and then we have had something more than words to shake us out of the torpor produced by what they describe in the *Herald* as the "deadly sun." Recently there was a sanguinary "faction-fight" in New York between Catholic and Protestant Irishmen. The Orangemen had determined to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne by a grand picnic in Elm Park, and their Catholic countrymen had equally determined that they should not. So, just as the farmers with their wives and children were beginning the festivities, an alarm was given that the Park was surrounded. Immediately after several shots were fired, and volleys of stones flung among the revellers, several of whom fell mortally wounded. The Orangemen then drew their revolvers, and armed themselves as they could and commenced a terrible retaliation. The battle soon became general—hundreds took part in it; pistols, pikes, knifes, pickaxes, and stones, being freely used on both sides. Women and children were inextricably mixed up with the belligerents, who intentionally, or unintentionally, trampled them under foot, and injured them dreadfully. From the Park the mob fought their way into the streets, and the horrors of the scene naturally deepened. Some of the combatants, anxious at last to escape with their families from the strife, sought refuge in the street cars, but these were stopped by an infuriated mob, who fired shots into the densely crowded vehicles at the risk of killing anybody or everybody; and for a long time there were only *nine* policemen present, out of 2,500, the effective force of New York, to quell this outrageous riot, which might easily have been foreseen, as a similar scene took place last year on the same occasion, and, doubtless, was foreseen. But what could Irish police authorities, elected by the Irish population of New York, do? Were they to break the heads of their constituents? Who can fail to see here the splendid working of the Republican system. About the same time there was a terrific "firemen's fight" in the "City of Brotherly Love." One party set a house in flames on purpose to bring an old quarrel to an issue. Stones, revolvers, knives, &c., were used indiscriminately, and many lives were lost.

The death of Charles Dickens made an immense sensation here, and I believe there was genuine sorrow for the unlooked-for event all over America; but now nothing is spoken of but the great European war the ocean yacht race, and Christine Nilsson, whose pretty face may be seen in every shop, and to whom six columns of the *Herald* were devoted the other day, besides a leader, in which the writer (who has not yet heard her), fully endorses the six-column puff.

The German-Americans are most enthusiastic in the cause of Prussia; and, indeed, the general feeling both of the American press and public is against France. It is only the Irish here who throw up their caps for the Emperor. They are going to make a grand demonstration in his behalf by parading the streets of New York with banners, &c. If this be allowed, there will be more blood shed to a certainty.

I have been waiting to close this dispatch for news of the ocean yacht race, which was hourly expected. It is come. I need not tell you what you must have known immediately after the event, by telegraphic cable, but may give you some idea of the impression made here by the *Cambria's* victory. It is that of profound disappointment, and mortification from one end of America to the other. No European war news—no gold panic, no anything could have created half the excitement which this ocean yacht-race has occasioned here during the last few days. Every American, I am sure, thought the *Dauntless* would win. Immense sums were bet upon her, while British seamanship and British pluck seemed to be held in no account. Imagine, then, the state of feeling produced here by the generally-unexpected result! From the moment when the fine French steamer, the *Ville de Paris*, arrived with the unwelcome news that she had seen the *Cambria's* signals only 200 miles from Sandy Hook, all New York was on the *qui vive!* Reporters and interviewers, *en masse*, were dispatched to Sandy Hook, a frightfully barren region, where they had to endure dry, scorching heat, and the exquisite tortures which only sand-flies can inflict, for many dreary hours. As time progressed, so increased the general anxiety. Captain James Cosgrove, a well-seasoned old salt, placed in command of the light ship (the winning-post of the race), who had been on the "look-out" for more than a week, could scarcely exercise his functions in consequence of the troublesome crowd which surrounded him. Eager reporters and "interviewers" plied their race-glasses in vain; they could make out nothing in the vasty deep like what they fondly expected. In fact, they could make out nothing at all beyond a limited distance. It requires an experienced sailor's eye to scan the ocean. Old Cosgrove, taking little notice of his fussy companions, steadily keeps the faithful telescope close to his eye, while those who surrounded him listened breathlessly for a word, as the heathen believers would have listened for the voice of an oracle. Now and then he lowered the glass and gave a kind of nautical grunt, which his observers were at liberty to interpret each in his own way, not much information being gained by anybody. At length, after very long and painful waiting, some one ventured to ask if he saw anything. "Hum!" said he "I see something now; but it is a speck." On the instant no end of glasses of every description was raised under the direction of his telescope; but no human being but Cosgrove could see anything. The excited reporters and "interviewers" declared their ocular inability with something like a reproachful tone, thinking, perhaps, they were being "chaffed." "Ha!" said Cosgrove with an odd nautical grin, and then relapsed into silence. At last the oracle spoke—"I make out something with queer-looking sails coming towards us at a tremendous pace—it is a yacht—but *not* the *Dauntless*." And so she came on and on—the gallant little British ship—until there could no longer be any possible mistake; and a mighty cheer rent the air—a cheer honourable to those who gave as to those who received it. The *Cambria* was alongside the light-ship; its owner, Mr. Ashbury, shouted from the deck through his speaking-trumpet—"*Dauntless* arrived?" to which old Cosgrove promptly shouted "No;" and then the gallant little crew of the gallant little Cambria cheered—not to crow over a rival's defeat, but because their hearts were full and they could not help it; and then everybody cheered, and hundreds of guns were fired, and hundreds of gay colours displayed, and dipped in honour of the victors. The *Cambria* could not have had a more generous, a more magnificent reception than she had from American yachtsmen and the American public. In the midst of this great scene, in which so many thousands took part, there was no accident, so well was everything managed. One daring act, on the part of a *Herald* reporter and "interviewer," might have led to disastrous consequences, but fortunately did not. In his eagerness to obtain news he threw himself from the light-ship into Mr. Ashbury's vessel where he fell upon his back, but fortunately without injury, for, once there, he refused all assistance, saying that he had no time to get up, and taking out his note-book as he lay screamed loudly for Ashbury's log-book and instant information about everything. At least so runs the story. I send you some extracts from the New York papers that you may observe the general tone of the press here upon this most remarkable contest.

[We have observed the general tone.—A. S. S.]

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SANS WAGNER.

"Au Redacteur du "Musical World."

Monsieur,—Récemment (avant la guerre, bien compris) on a donné *Oberon* au théâtre royal de Munich, et cet opéra, qui exige, comme on sait, un grand luxe de décors et de machineries, laissa beaucoup à désirer, surtout sous ce dernier rapport. Le roi, informé des inconvénients qui avaient accompagné la première représentation de cette intéressante reprise, s'empressa d'assister à la seconde; et y resta du commencement jusqu'à la fin. Après le spectacle, sa Majesté monta sur la scène pour faire de nouveau tous les changements à vue et faire jouer toutes les machines. Sa Majesté, pour se rendre un compte exact, fit également essayer le char en forme de coquillage, traîné par des paons, dans lequel monta d'abord l'intendant, puis le directeur, ensuite le régisseur, et enfin le roi lui-même.—Et voilà comme on s'amuse a la cour de Bavière . . . . . quand Richard Wagner n'est pas là.—Agreez, &c.,

Durillon d'Engelure.

La Sig. Carlotta Patti.

From the Rio Janeiro "Journal of Commerce."

Ecco alla fine, a noi giunta, la Patti
Sciogliere il dolce canto in sulla scena,
Ove di popol scelto immensa piena
Vede il promesso a ognun ridotto a fatti;

Eccola in suoni artistici ed esatti,
Spinti fuori a bell'agio e senza pena,
Spargersi d'armonia sì larga vena
Da farne gli uditor stupiti e matti.

E il rider suo, che in gorgheggiar sfavilla
Sul gentil labro, che soave incanta,
Due sensi alletta, e all'anima ci brilla.

Donna non è, ma un usignuol che canta;
Che dico?... angel nessun tanto ben trilla:
Mai fior avemmo qui d'arte cotanta!

Dr. L. V. De-Simoni.

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MARRIAGE.

On the 24th inst., at the Parish Church of St. John the Baptist, Kentish Town, by the Rev. George Jones, M.A., uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. George J. Monnington, M.A., RICHARD D'OYLEY, eldest son of RICHARD CARTE, Esq., of 2, Dartmouth Park Road, and 20, Charing Cross, to BLANCHE JULIA, youngest daughter of WILLIAM PROWSE, Esq., of Stroud Green, Hornsey, and 48, Cheapside.

DEATH.

On the 19th inst., J. N. HARRISON, Esq., first President of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in the 80th year of his age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

ARGUS.—Not exactly. It was Nadine de Névédomsky-Dunord. In the other particular "Argus" is wrong.

BASILISK.—By no means. It was Leona Ferrari de Campoleoni. In the other particular "Basilisk" is not right.

S. T. TABLE.—Cherubini composed thirty-two operas, commencing with *Quinto Fabio* in 1780, and terminating with *Ali Baba* in 1833. *Elisa*, his sixteenth, was produced at the Feydeau, Paris, in 1795. *Lodoiska* was brought out in 1791.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

IN accordance with a rule, perhaps necessary, certainly inexorable, London is just now without music. Impresarios and concert-givers are resting from their labours with grief or gladness, according to circumstances; while singers and players rusticate, or, disdaining repose, make what they can off "fresh fields and pastures new." It is not our present business to inquire why this should be to the extent it is. Otherwise we might put and follow up certain very pertinent questions; asking, for example, why London, always inhabited by from two to three millions of people, crowds its music into those few months when the highly-exalted "ten thousand" are supposed to grace the metropolis with their lofty presence? Our belief is that if no further query be put till this be satisfactorily answered the querist will need patience. Happily, however, there are signs, even in this matter, of the levelling process which is gradually but surely exalting every social valley and bringing low every social hill. The purveyors of music are beginning to see that "well born" folk are not their best patrons, and they will soon learn that insulting millions by becoming inactive when thousands draw down the blinds of west-end houses and leave Belgravia desolate is not a profitable course. As soon as this happens the provincial festivals will pass a very bad quarter of an hour. Now they are exalted into a sort of fictitious importance by the total collapse of music elsewhere, and the consequent fact that they alone are, *pro tem.*, the representatives of a popular art. For these reasons London journals give a national dignity to the country gatherings, and send forth men who duly and faithfully record for the benefit of an admiring world how Mr. Townshend Smith conducted the *Messiah*, and how Mr. Santley was encored in "O Ruddier than the Cherry." We do not say that, under the circumstances, this is wrong. Readers of musical reports and criticisms count by the hundred thousand, and their desire to know all that is going forward at a generally stagnant time ought to be gratified. We do say, however, that when the London music season lasts all the year round, instead of a few months, the provincial festivals will have seen their best days.

Our readers must be aware that the ancient Meeting of the Three Choirs began at Hereford on Tuesday morning last, and lasted till Friday night. This year the gathering seems never to have been in such danger as it was last year at Worcester, and the year previous at Gloucester, through the opposition, direct and indirect, of Ritualist or Puritan, or both combined. Either these zealous parties have no influence in Hereford, or their influence is so small as to be powerless even for self-assertion. Anyhow the Festival preparations were made without let or hindrance, the managers even going so far as to give a first evening performance in the Cathedral. We do not expect that this will at all discourage the fervent opponents of "desecration." Knowing very well that success in one of the three sister towns, means the ruin of the Festival in the other two, they are likely to redouble their efforts in Gloucester next year, and it may even be that victory will render unnecessary the exodus of the Cathedral clergy and the locking up of their uncontaminated surplices

Apart from the evening concert in the Cathedral, the general arrangements at Hereford differed in no respect from those of previous gatherings. Mr. Townshend Smith, by virtue of a system, wielded the conductor's *bâton*, and a body of London artists, including Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Sinico, Miss Wynne, Mdme. Patey; Messrs. Rigby, Smith, Thomas, and Santley, were engaged as "principals." Mr. Blagrove again acted as leader of an efficient London orchestra, and the chorus came from well-approved sources. In all respects the Festival was well equipped.

Referring to the programme, we find *Elijah* and the *Messiah* occupying a prominent place; these being, in fact, the only works which had an entire concert to themselves. Decision in their case must have cost the managers little reflection; for long ago Mendelssohn's great work joined the masterpiece of Handel in claiming, as of indisputable right, the first honours at every festival. The remaining two morning programmes had crowded into them many things, some of small value, but all, we must presume, more or less acceptable to a Hereford audience. Thus, the scheme of Wednesday morning comprised Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and Mozart's 12th Mass; that of Thursday being devoted to the *Reformation Symphony*, *Christus*, Mr. Holmes's psalm, "Praise ye the Lord," and a miscellaneous selection of sacred pieces. We doubt, nevertheless, whether the choice of one great work at each performance would not have better agreed with the dignity of the occasion. At the Cathedral evening concert on Tuesday, Haydn's *Creation* (Parts I. and II.), and Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah* were given; both works being sufficiently light to extort a groan from those jealous for the "house of the Lord." This time there were two, instead of three, evening concerts in the inconvenient Shire Hall; the programmes consisting, as usual, of hackneyed pieces familiar to every London concert-goer, and, therefore, unnecessary to specify. We look in vain, however, for a recognition of the fact that there was such a thing as a piano, not a single piece for that instrument being set down. Bearing in mind its importance and the nature of the music written for it, we may well call for an explanation, which, at the same time, we never expect to get. On Friday evening (last night) a concert of chamber music was to take place in the little College Hall; and here, again, where we should most have looked for it, the piano was absent. Has Mr. Townshend Smith an antipathy to the popular "box of wires," or are there local prejudices.

The Birmingham gathering commences on the morning of Tuesday, and, like that at Hereford, closes on the ensuing Friday night. Its arrangements are on the usual complete and extensive scale, Sir Michael Costa again acting as general-in-chief, and having under him the following band of principal artists:—

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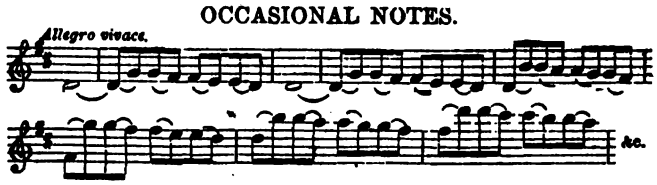
Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Madame Arabella Goddard, and M. Sainton. The orchestra, led by M. Sainton, consists of twenty-eight first, and twenty-six second violins, seventeen violas, seventeen violoncelli, seventeen double basses, and a double proportion of "wind;" making, in all, 137 instruments. The chorus numbers 363 voices—a small body for so great an occasion; but it must be borne in mind that none are "dummies," and the difference between the paper strength of a choral host and its effective strength is generally as great as that we sometimes read of in connection with hosts martial. On the whole, there is every reason to anticipate a Festival musically up to the high standard of its predecessors, and, therefore, one of which, not Birmingham alone, but all England will be proud. The programme would have satisfied those ancient Athenians who, a high authority tells us, were always on the look out for some new thing. It contains not less than five novelties, some of the greatest pretensions, and, possibly, of the greatest importance. In the order of presentation, they are Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata, *Paradise and the Peri;* Professor R. P. Stewart's cantata, *Ode to Shakspere;* Mr. A. S. Sullivan's *Overtura di Ballo;* Herr Ferdinand Hiller's cantata, *Nala and Damayanti;* and Mr. Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter.* We shall be excused from passing any criticism upon these works so far as they are yet known to us—criticism which, based upon imperfect acquaintance, may possibly be unjust—but we have a right to acknowledge the spirit which determined upon producing so many new things. Clearly the Birmingham managers put our metropolitan societies and concert-givers to shame. The latter think they do well if, after much goading from the public press, they bring out one novelty in the course of a season. The former, working at high pressure, but without noise and fuss, give us five in four days. We are bound to say within hearing of Exeter Hall, "Well done, Birmingham!" The not unfamiliar items in the programme consist of the *Messiah* and *Elijah*, Sir M. Costa's *Naaman*, Mozart's *Requiem*, and Handel's *Samson;* in addition to which the following important works have a place at the secular evening concerts:—The overtures to *Der Freischütz*, *Egmont*, and *Guillaume Tell;* Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G minor; Beethoven's pianoforte concerto, in E flat, and his sonata for piano and violin (Op. 24), "Adelaide," and a long selection from *Fidelio.* The vocal pieces are numerous and generally such as justify their choice, so that, from the highest matter to the lowest, the Birmingham Festival is well arranged with a view to complete artistic as well as pecuniary success. Whether both objects have been secured, it will soon be our duty to tell.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The concluding choral rehearsal of Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* was held on Tuesday evening, when the composer expressed his warm thanks for the care bestowed upon his work, which he said had cost him many sleepless nights. Dr. Hiller will be present on Thursday evening for the rehearsal of his cantata, *Nala and Damayanti.* The application for tickets and requests for lodgings are said to be numerous, and there is every prospect of the forthcoming Festival being quite as successful as the last, which was the best on record.—*Birmingham, Aug.* 24.

THE MANAGER OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Our readers will be grieved to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Bowley, the well-known manager of the Crystal Palace and treasurer of the Sacred Harmonic Society. He accidently fell from a river steamer near Greenwich, on Thursday, and though promptly taken out by Inspector Goode, of the Thames Police, life was extinct before he could be got on shore.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.



VERY much more than a pleasant volume—a book of sweet and permanent interest, commanding serious attention, and giving deep and enduring delight—is *Arne: a Sketch of Norwegian Country Life*, translated from the Norwegian of Björnstjerne Björnson. (London: Alexander Strahan.) Björnson is a writer in the prime of his powers, which are great and unique; and yet it does not strike the reader of this beautiful little book that he is likely to leave much work behind him. There is a wild flavour in his character and life, so far as we are informed of them, which does not suggest high productiveness. The characteristic of his *style* is such a *naïveté* as might exist in a high-born well-nurtured child that had been stolen and brought up by gipsies. The characteristic of his *matter* (to adopt for a moment a distinction which can never be made absolute) is a free poetic humour which reminds you now of Richter and now of Andersen. The essence of it is, that the mind of the writer is visibly possessed by the humour of life as a whole and the poetry of life as a whole. This is a thing which rarely happens. For a thousand who can catch the humour and poetry of particular situations there is barely one, if one, who can see everything in the light of the humour and poetry of the whole spectacle. That Björnson does this is the secret of his peculiar power. There is humour, awful humour though it be, in the dreadful scene in which the lad Arne takes up the axe to his own father, who, in a fit of *delirium tremens*, is trying to throttle the wife; and there is scarcely a page of the book which will not provoke a gentle inward smile, though there is scarcely a page without a passage of poetic description such as this:—

"It was twilight; and Eli stood at the window, looking away over the ice which lay bright in the moonlight. Arne went to the other window and looked out also. Indoors it was warm and quiet; outdoors it was cold, and a sharp wind swept through the vale, bending the branches of the trees, and making their shadows creep trembling on the snow. A light shone over from the parsonage—then vanished—then appeared again—taking various shapes and colours, as a distant light always seems to do when one looks at it long and intently. Opposite, the mountain stood dark, with deep shadows at its foot, where a thousand fairy tales hovered, but with its snowy upper plains bright in the moonlight. The stars were shining, and northern lights were flickering in one quarter of the sky, but they did not spread. A little way from the window, down towards the water, stood some trees, whose shadows kept stealing over to each other; but the tall ash stood alone, writing on the snow."

It is not often that one is prompted to speak so warmly, but we are unable to say less of *Arne* than the best of our contemporaries have said—namely, that it is one of the most beautiful love stories ever written. M. A. (*M. A.*)

DR. JEBB'S sermon in Hereford Cathedral was in many respects an excellent and appropriate one. But we would respectfully submit that the Rev. Dr. would have given a more effective justification of the Festival if he had confined himself to the enforcement of the claims of the charity in support of which it is held, instead of rushing into topics calculated to provoke controversy. We expect the clergy on these occasions to remind their hearers of what is due to the spirit of religion; and we should be very sorry to find the Cathedral turned into a place of merely secular entertainment. But to insist in the first place that the Oratorio shall only be given in the Church as a part of its established form of Divine Service, and then, secondly, that it shall never be given anywhere else but in the Church, is to set up an utterly impracticable theory, which would circumscribe the freedom of the religious spirit, on the one hand, whilst doing gross injustice to the claims of high art as such on the other. What would Dr. Jebb say if we were to insist that he should never discourse on anything but theology, and that he should never discourse on theology anywhere but from the pulpit? He is

a good theologian and an eloquent speaker. *In* the pulpit let him be reverent by all means, but a sermon is not a legitimate means of doing good simply because it is delivered in connection with a set service of worship, and religious oratory does not necessarily become impertinent or mischievous when exercised for philanthropic objects and in good faith on the unconsecrated public platform.

On Tuesday the experiment was made of an evening occupation of Hereford Cathedral, and the result proved that the idea was a happy one. The novelty of the thing created a haze in the minds of some people as to whether it was to be regarded, as, we are glad to say, it was regarded up to a certain point, as a religious service or an evening entertainment. It was satisfactory, therefore to find that those who were present observed the same laudable decorum as was noticeable in the morning. It was unsatisfactory, however, to see that the good behaviour, of which the sanctity of the place in which they were assembled ought to have sufficed to ensure an observance, forsook some of the audience at the end of the proceedings. When the last chorus of *Rebekah* commenced, up rose ladies and gentlemen in all parts of the Cathedral, just as they are accustomed to do before the conclusion of a concert, and sought to evade a crush by obtaining an early egress from the sacred building, of course distracting the attention of those whose sense of decency compelled them to keep their places until the proper time of departure had arrived. This was bad enough, but when the example was set by a steward it was utterly inexcusable. What would have been thought if every twentieth person in an ordinary Sunday evening congregation were to start upon a race for Booth's porch immediately the Bishop commenced the Benediction? Still more, what condemnation would there be if the clergy in the choir were, upon the Bishop beginning his concluding utterance, to commence their departure from the building?

It is curious to compare the war-songs of nations—those not written in time of peace, commemorating great events, but struck off at fever heat, in which the resolve and the rage of the people may find expression. Our literature is singularly poor in battle-songs. It would be difficult to name one worthy a great nation, those only being redeemed from mediocrity which commemorate our naval battles; we have no song to rouse the people, and serve, words and music, as fitting outlet for enthusiasm, which else might be dissipated in mere shouting. The best we have are the Jacobite songs of Scotland and the patriotic songs of Ireland. It proves the pacific tenour of English thought, and illustrates the fact that for six generations no battle has been fought on our soil—the '45 troubles excepted; that not one war-song has become popular among us, even when such songs were plentiful and the war fever high. We neither have nor wish to have a poetry of war. On the Continent things are different. There we find the war poetry of the last ninety years, and singularly illustrative of the national genius of each country. Take Germany and France. From their war songs the character of either land may be read. The German goes to war with words not the less burning because there is a depth of melancholy in them. He leaves his home, wife, children, with sorrow. Says Korner, who, at twenty-two wrote his last song on the field of Rosenberg, an hour before he fell:—"If tears rise at the thought of home, tears disgrace not the eyes of valour." The pageant of war awakes little joy in the German. He fights well when he loves his cause, and in the piety which lies at the bottom of his heart, can pray in the midst of battle. The buoyancy and joyousness of war are seldom to be found in German songs. There is none of the rattle and activity of camp life; no beat of drum and blare of bugle. The German sings in his tent songs tinged with sadness; he fights for no glory, thinking of those at home who love him well and bid him do his duty. But while the German is the armed custodian of his own, the Frenchman is the agressor. The songs of Germany breathe resistance, those of France a crusade. "The French nation," says Carlyle, "distinguishes itself among nations by the characteristic of excitability, with the good, and also the perilous evil, which belongs to that." The good is, perhaps, that hope which, in disaster, perennially renews itself in a Frenchman's heart. Easily disheartened, he is easily revived. Ragged, barefoot, starved, the Republican armies marched to the fight as to a wedding feast. Every man was a missionary; before him trembled tyrants; at his aspect mercenary hosts broke ranks and fled; their guns were avenging arms of Providence; they represented liberty and the love of country. Has not every French army since 1792 thus marched to war? Italy and Mexico have seen the Eagles of Deliverance; Algiers, the Eagle of Civilization. Casimir Delavigne, in the "Parisienne," Rouget de l'Isle, in the "Marseillaise," Chenier, in the "Chant du Départ," have all harped upon this strain. Not that every French soldier is fired with the consciousness of a divine mission, but that his love of war, for war's sake, its splendour, excitement, dangers, pride, is deepened by a conviction that he is fighting for great ideas, and that the French army is the vanguard of civilization.

The subjoined is an extract from a letter to an American paper describing Madame Goldschmidt's last appearance in Exeter Hall, London:—

"We waited very impatiently through Herr Goldschmidt's ambitious 'Instrumental Prelude,' and through the first of his jerky choruses. It was not entirely the fog which made our eyes see dimly the sweet-faced woman sitting on his left-hand; thinner, older, sadder, but still with the same winning, pathetic atmosphere about every pose, and every expression which conquered all hearts twenty years ago, disarms all criticism to-day, and will continue to do so so long as Jenny Lind's soul dwells in Jenny Lind's body. If there be such things as perfect grace of clumsiness, perfect beauty of homeliness, she has them; and they are more lasting than the grace of gracefulness, or the beauty of good looks. As it is with her face, her movements, her attitudes, so it is with her voice. Sacred above all it has lost, it has kept something of such individuality that one would know it for Jenny Lind's voice. In spite of the husky chest tones, in spite of the strained and hardly reached upper C, there is a peculiar soulful quality in it which has been rarely heard on any stage, except when Jenny Lind has sung. Critics would say—and perhaps, by rules of art, the assertion cannot be contradicted—that Jenny Lind's voice is gone. But men and women are still moved to their hearts' depths by her singing I believe if she sings when she is three-score years and ten it will be the same."

The German papers complain of the patriotic songs with which they are overwhelmed, and which they are obliged to refuse *en bloc*. Occasionally, however, exceptions are made. Thus the *Cologne Gazette* published three poems, one by the veteran Simrook, another by Giebel, and a third, in English, by a minstrel who as yet has only initials. Simrook's poem, entitled "Kugelspritzencultur," begins in this wise:—

"Marschirst Du an der Spitze
Der Civilization
Mit deiner Kugelspritze [mitrailleuse]
Dritter Napoleon?

Des frommen Landmanns Saaten
Zerstampfen wider Zug,
Wär' Dir nicht Grau'ls genug,
Du willst im Blute waten?" &c.

Of Geibel's "Kriegalied" we give the first and last stanza:—

"Empor, mein Volk, das Schwert zur Hand,
Und rück hervor in Haufen!
Vom heil'gen Zorn um's Vaterland
Mit Feuer lass dich taufen!
Der Erbfeind bent dir Schmach und Spott,
Das Maas ist voll—zur Schlacht mit Gott!
Vorwärts!

Flieg, Adler, flieg! Wir stürmen nach,
Ein einig Volk in Waffen;
Wir stürmen nach, ob tausendfach
Des Todes Pforten klaffen,
Und fallen wir: flieg, Adler, flieg!
Aus unsrem Blute wächst der Sieg.
Vorwärts!"

The Englishman, become a poet through indignation, sings:—

"O, England, England! once so proud,
When on thy glory's sunny *hight*,
How are thy spirits now so *low!*
How are thy stars so little *bright!*"

And then follows another "word-play" upon *glad stone-still*, which we, however, will spare our readers.

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BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

I returned this morning from the concert which the incomparable Madame Arabella Goddard has given for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. It would be impossible for me to give you the slightest idea of the enormous sensation she has created. The immense hall was full to suffocation, and the receipts I am told were over 10,000 francs. When Madame Goddard was led on the platform by the gentlemanly director of the Cursalon, a storm of applause greeted her. Her majestic appearance, and the beauty of her person, made quite a sensation; but when she performed, with that wonderful *maestria*, the grand fantasia from *Masaniello*, the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds, and on that occasion, as also after the fantasia on airs from *Der Freischütz*, by Benedict, she was called out again and again until she favoured the public with Thalberg's transcription of "Home, sweet Home." Princess Metternich, Duchess of Mouchy, and other of the most fashionable ladies of Paris, who are now here, expressed their delight at the marvellous performance, and assured Madame Goddard that if she would come next winter to Paris, she would have such a recognition which has been accorded to no pianist since the time of Liszt, Thalberg, and Chopin. Can you now imagine what a excitement Madame Goddard would create if she would play, besides the pieces she has performed here, some of the concertos or sonatas of Beethoven, Mozart, or Mendelssohn, where no living pianist comes near to her. I cannot hide the immense pleasure I feel at Madame Goddard's triumphant success here, as I always prophesied it, that she would receive immense satisfaction if she would come to France.

M. S.

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PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The Theatre has been nightly crowded during the past week to witness the excellent performances of Mr. Sothern. *Lord Dundreary* and *David Garrick* have been given, as well as *A Regular Fix*, likewise a new comedy by Madame Morton, entitled, *A Threepenny Bit*, of which all can be said is, that it succeeded in making the audience laugh. It is a pity that Mr. Sothern had not better assistance, as, with the exception of Mr. Shenton and Miss Roselle, the company was very indifferent. As an amateur, Mr. Shenton deserves more than a passing word of praise for the professional manner in which he played his parts. As the Gardener, he made quite a hit out of a mere stock character in the new comedy, and as Chivey in *David Garrick* he received a hearty recall on each night of its representation. Miss Roselle has talent which we shall hear of in London, no doubt. She has been nightly called before the curtain, in conjunction with Mr. Sothern."

SWANSEA.—The *Cambrian* informs us that:—

"A brilliant assemblage welcomed Miss Edmonds at her annual concert. The room in every part was densely crowded, many of the principal families of the town and neighbourhood being present. Upon making her first appearance upon the platform, our fair artist (Ehedydd Cymru) was received with deafening applause, a pleasing proof of the approval and esteem in which she is held by all who can thoroughly appreciate real merit and artistic taste. The programme, which had been drawn up with great care, was of a varied character. Miss Edmonds was exceedingly happy in all her vocal emanations, and she never appeared to better advantage than last evening. She displayed great taste and purity of execution in her rendering of the quaint old English airs; but the attraction of the evening, so far as Miss Edmonds was concerned, was the Welsh song, 'Deryn Pûr,' which she gave in true Celtic style, and in the costume of the Cymry. The dress worn was the same as that in which she appeared at Lady Llanover's Welsh entertainment, when she sang before some of the members of the Royal family. Her complete transformation—her *naïveté* as the fascinating Welsh maiden—was the occasion of the loudest cheers from all parts of the house, and it was some minutes before she could proceed with her song. We need scarcely say that Miss Edmonds rendered the air in a manner worthy her high repute and acknowledged taste and expression. She received a most determined encore—again and again repeated, and the audience expressed their gratification at her singing by their heartiest marks of approval. The artists who were engaged to assist Miss Edmonds, were Mdlle. Drasdil; Miss Lizzie Moulding, (pianist); Mr. Arthur Byron (tenor); Mr. Henry Lazarus (clarionet), and Herr Sjoden (harpist). In every respect the concert was a most complete success, and all present seemed thoroughly to enjoy the rich musical treat which had been provided for them by Swansea's fair and talented cantatrice and her accomplished *confrères*."

FLORENCE.—A new ballet, *Bianca di Nevers*, by Sig. Pratesi, has made a hit at the Teatro Principe Umberto.

THE "APPRENTICESHIP" OF GREAT MEN.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Whether for or against their works, your constant criticisms of our great men in music has contributed to throw around each and all of them a halo of interest that cannot fail to enchain everyone. It matters not whether the criticism be adverse or favourable provided the work or the man who does the work be worth "powder and shot," the attention of the young musician is kept in pleasurable excitement; and he, in common with every lover of the art, delights to trace the infant footsteps of true greatness. If his idol come in for a fair share of just animadversion, he takes, in Emerson's words, the flattering unction to his soul, that "To be blamed is to be blessed"—his idol, if not his ideal, remains his idol still. Blame or praise only increases his interest and his adoration. This, of course, refers but to "representative men;" by no means to those who are not worth even blaming. Silence in such cases is better than any "tongue" known or unknown. Though, in a few isolated instances, great men have "waked some morning to find themselves immortal"—that is to say, they have appeared to reach the pinnacle of fame at a single bound—yet this is not the *rule* but the *exception*—the *rarest* exception; and even such examples will probably become further instructive by further scrutiny. Men, though divinely gifted, do not usually vault into high places in the esteem and love of their fellows without great labour, pains, and patience. Everything, as in nature, of whom Burns sang:—

"Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!"

is the result of a gradual and certain growth. Since to everything, even to nature herself, an "apprenticeship," an intermediate period betwixt seed-time and harvest, is imperative, it may be worth while to turn attention for a moment to the apprenticeship of the celebrated musicians. The gift of composition, even as the art of poetry, is regarded as being beyond the pale of an ordinary or extraordinary education to impart. Yet, given the genius, education can do so much towards shaping its ends and purposes, that without this necessary assistance the creations of genius could not be ushered into being, could not live; unless, indeed, the word "live" could with justice be applied to notes as transient as the nightingale's song. Without education in some sort there could be no tangible existence, no permanent endurance to the utterances of poet or musician. To reduce to written signs, as the means of communication between mind and mind, an education alone can supply the indispensable caligraphic art which alone gives vitality to the emanations of the imagination and fancy. But after the art of writing has been acquired, with the addition even of all the adjuncts of rhetorical science, there is yet a "something" more subtle than power, elegance, or fluency; a *something* which some few possess, though the many do not possess it; and, it is to the cultivation of this latent faculty; this hidden gift; the furnishing of this secret Aladdin's lamp, that might be termed the "apprenticeship" of the man of genius. Their very diligence is amazing; their earnestness appals one. The less real stand aghast, dismayed at the enormous quantity of work they do, and at the persistently untiring momentum of their daily lives:—

"Never hasting, never resting; like a star."

Two modes appear to have been pursued by the musicians in perfecting their 'prentice han'—one, to re-write over and over again the same thing, as did Mendelssohn with his *Elijah*; the other to get his apprenticeship out of the public, by writing rapidly a succession of fresh works, as did Handel. It is noteworthy to remark the proportion of a man's works that live after him. Of Handel's thirty or more operas, only a few (six, I believe) have been printed. Of his thirty oratorios, about a like number hold their ground; three of them transcendently so, though there is no reason why *Samson* should not be esteemed the equal of either *Judas*, *Israel*, or *Messiah*. I want chiefly to call attention to the enormous practice in composition, the long apprenticeship this thirty years of ephemeral opera-writing gave to our greatest master. If informed that one-sixth part of his works would have been in after years preferred before the remaining five-sixths, he would, at the time of their production, be scarcely in a position to indicate with certainty which would be the favoured compositions. Shakspere, it would seem, destroyed the ladder by which he rose to Herculean capacity; yet, about a like proportion, six or eight out of forty great works, have been preferred uniformly to the others, by the popular vote. Such was the case with our chief metrical hymn writers; Watts and Wesley producing some five hundred each, only about a sixth part of them find now general acceptance and approval. Far from being any occasion of contumely on the labours of these good men, this is only a fair average proportion. Of Mozart's Masses, of Haydn's Masses, the proportion of popularity is about the same. Bach's "apprenticeship" is still more strongly marked. An excep-

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tional man in every aspect, Bach, he would occasionally re-write, often polish and embellish; still the evidences abound that he obtained the larger amount of his unrivalled "manipulation" (I use the word in the sense of having a wide comprehension and minute disposal of material "to hand"), from those innumerable little fancies thrown off apparently without the slightest effort in some felicitous "idle" moment. These he by no means patched up; but wrote on, and on, and on, thus acquiring by slow and sure degrees, a giant's grasp. So in the bagatelles and simple variations of a still more exceptional man, Beethoven, we have some slight, but by no means unimportant "foot-prints" of greatness; he did not go back and write and re-write his trifles until, by accretion, they became symphonies. He let them go for what they were worth and "tried again." So likewise with Mozart and Haydn. The subject offers unbounded scope for thoughtful attention; more than space permits. Perhaps Haydn's symphonies and quartets might be thinned out much about in the same ratio. Of his quartets, eighty-four in number, about one-sixth are more popular than the rest; of his symphonies, numbering about a hundred, about the same proportion. The twelve he wrote for *Saloman* are all, perhaps, equally good; but then he had written fifty or sixty before that time, and thus got, during forty years of labour before he came to England, a very fair apprenticeship. In Weber, chiefly in his operas, the same gradual growth can be pleasantly traced; his "apprentice-ship" must have extended over a quarter of a century (for he began young) before his genius culminated in *Oberon*. Rossini also evinces the various stages he passed in his "apprenticeship" in a most trans-parent degree. Out of his thirty operas about five take marked precedence of the others. So with Donizetti, Auber, Balfe, Bishop, and others, if there be any others who have written so extensively as these composers. Out of something like two hundred vocal works, about twenty of Bishop's are greatly preferred to all the others. Dibdin, who exceeded this large number of original songs, is now popularly represented by some half-a-dozen ballads; but these are models of the highest excellence of their kind. Better ballads were never written than a *few* Dibdin has left to perpetuate his name. Suppose the early efforts of these distinguished men—the operas of Handel, the lessons of Bach, the bagatelles of Beethoven, the juvenile sonatas of Mozart, the first quartets of Haydn, the operas of Weber, Rossini, Donizetti, Auber, Balfe, Bishop, or Dibdin, had been subjected to the scathing crucible of an exacting public criticism through the press, at the outset of their career, the composers must have possessed nerves of iron to have gone on, and on, through all the steps of their tedious appren-ticeship to the production of such works as the *Messiah*, *Passion-Music*, *Choral Symphony*, *Giovanni*, *Creation*, *Freischütz*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Lucrezia*, *Masaniello*, *Bohemian Girl*, "Should he upbraid," or "Tom Bowling." The "moral" I would draw is this: that difficulties do not daunt genius. They were doubtless all well criticized in select circles, and the best abused amongst them was perhaps the best man of all. Again, they did not anticipate that every work would be re-ceived with equal favour. Further, they did not always know which would eventually prove their best work. They were possessed of un-failing patience, and a belief in themselves that sustained them ever. Would it not be well for our young aspirants to emulate the greatness of their patience; to work on not knowing which shall prosper—"this or that." To work on, because only by actual and constant work can the indispensable qualities arising from a thorough apprenticeship become theirs. Mendelssohn, who is said to have been nine years polishing his *Elijah*; also Meyerbeer and some others, proceeded in their "apprenticeship" in another method; if not with more success, they are worthy of all honour for their conscientious devotion to their own principles. The sets of symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart are beyond the pale of a gossiping communication like this. To say they are perfection would be but to "paint the lily," or "gild refined gold." There is, I believe, evidence to show that portions of these were re-written with most assiduous care; showing how essential, even to men of their colossal mould, unbounded experience, and long appren-ticeship, was a constant and patient comparison of their own actual achievements with the ideal of perfection that was within them.—Yours very truly,

IDEALIZER.

—o—

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Will you kindly insert the following notice in the *Musical World*.—Yours obediently,

DR. FERD. RAHLES.

Aug. 23, 1870.

STEEL BARS INSTEAD OF CHURCH BELLS.

Information can be obtained through Dr. Ferdinand Rahles, who is entirely conversant with regard to the manufactory, price, and form of the Steel Bars. Letters may be addressed at the office of the *Musical World*.

WAIFS.

Mr. H. Jarrett accompanies Mdlle. Christine Nilsson to America. The steamer sails on the 3rd of September.

Mdlle. Carlotta Patti is singing with great success at Rio Janiero.

Signor Mario and family are staying at present at Eastbourne.

From *Il Trovatore*, we learn that Signor Ciampi is at Milan.

A son of Taglioni has been killed in one of the recent battles.

Meyerbeer's *Africaine* was given with great success at Buenos Ayres, on the occasion of the benefit of Madame Giulia Gasc.

The corner-stone of a new concert-hall at Sheffield will be laid on the 31st inst., by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

Philadelphia will have five theatres next season. A theatre is designed for Baltimore to accommodate 5,000 persons.

Mr. Charles Reade is in treaty for a play to be produced at the Hol-born.

A new difficulty has arisen to perplex the managers of Parisian theatres: all the firemen have been taken for active service.

A new *opera buffa*, by Signor Usiglio (*La Scommessa*), the libretto by Signor B. Prado, has been successful at the Principe Umberto Theatre, Florence.

The Princess's Theatre will we understand, be opened under the direction of Mr. Boucicault. A new drama of Irish life (*The Rapparee*) is in rehearsal.

Letters from Paris say that the English, terrified by the "Marseil-laise," have been practising the "Chant du Départ," and are coming home "in thousands."—U. or S.

As one of the results of the war *La Revue et Gazette des Théâtres*, a theatrical paper of more than forty years' standing, which was regu-larly published twice a week, has announced that for some time to come it will appear once a week only.

A son of Tamburini has committed suicide, having sustained heavy losses on the Bourse, where he held the responsible position of an agent de change. The whole of Tamburini's fortune is said to have been involved in the speculations which brought about this catastrophe.

The Empress has been putting the *Crown Diamonds* to rights in view of "eventualities." We are sorry for the distress of a beautiful woman; but if "eventualities" force her to reside at Sevenoaks, she will find *Love in a Village* more satisfactory than *Les Diamans de la Couronne*.—U. or S.

As Madame Patti (Marquise de Caux) was unable to go to Homburg on account of the war, the committee of the Birmingham Musical Festival offered her an engagement, but the terms asked by the *prima donna* being 200*l.* for each time of singing, which for eight perform-ances would amount to 1,600*l.*, the negotiation came promptly to an end.

Che cosa è il *Guglielmo Tell* per chi non conosce la rivoluzione Elvetica, domanda l' *orco dell' avvenire* (come egli si batteeza). Che cosa sono gli *Ugonotti* per chi non conosce la strage di San Bartolomeo? —Glielo diremo noi: è musica così potente da far capire anche senza le parole che cosa sia la *rivoluzione Elvetica* e *la strage di San Bartolomeo* a coloro per i quali l'*orco* non vorrebbe fosse fatta la musica!

The *Melbourne Argus* of June 18 states that the principal event in theatrical circles for some time had been the *début* of Mrs. Charles Mathews. Mrs. Mathews appeared as Harriet Routh, in *Black Sheep*, and met with a very kindly reception. Subsequently Mrs. Mathews performed as Medea, in the burlesque of *The Golden Fleece*, and Mr. and Mrs. Mathews brought the season to a close on Friday, the 3rd of June with the performance of *London Assurance*. At the end of the enter-tainment Mr. Mathews made a speech.

We read the following in *Watson's Art Journal* (U. S.):—

"The world-renowned cantatrice and traveller of every clime, Madame Anna Bishop, visits Canada with a view of giving out-door concerts in the Horti-cultural Gardens, Toronto, as well as at Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, and Halifax. The first performance was to take place at Toronto on the 25th ult. Madame Bishop is accompanied by some leading artists from New York."

We have been requested to State that the British Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, which for many years has maintained a crowded out-patient department at No. 56, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, and more recently another of equal extent at No. 13A, Finsbury Square, has lately been anonymously presented with a £1,000 Bank of England note. The committee of management have devoted this addition to their resources to the purchase of the lease of their premises in Great Marlborough Street and to the establishment of an in-patient

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department, which is much needed for the proper treatment of the severer cases of disease that are daily applying for relief. But the sum so generously placed at their disposal, large as it is, falls far below what is necessary for the maintenance of the in-patients whom they will shortly be ready to receive. They hope, however, by the aid of further contributions, to be enabled to utilise in the manner proposed the munificent gift that has been entrusted to them. For those who may desire to aid so meritorious a work we may state that contributions of one shilling and upwards in stamps, or by post-office order or cheques, forwarded to Mr. Alexander Rivington, the hon. sec., at No. 56, Great Marlborough Street, will be thankfully acknowledged by him.

In the patriotic demonstrations recently made in Paris by means of song, the "Marseillaise" has commonly been supplemented with the "Rhin Allemand" of Alfred de Musset. The poem was written as an answer to a German Rhenish song by Herr Becker, and its force cannot be appreciated without a knowledge of the previous effusion. We therefore give the words of Herr Becker, which originally appeared in the *Rheinisches Jahrbuch* for the year 1841:—

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den freien deutschen Rhein;
Ob sie, wie gier'ge Raben,
Sich heiser danach schrein.

So lang' er ruhig wallend
Sein grünes Kleid noch trägt,
So lang'ein Ruder schallend
In seine Wogen schlägt!

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben!
Den freien deutschen Rhein,
So lang' sich Herzen laben
An seinem Feuerwein.

So lang' in seinem Strome
Noch fest die Felsen stehn,
So lang sich' hohe Dome
In seinem Spiegel sehn!

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den freien deutschen Rhein,
So lang dort kühne Knaben
Um schlanke Dirnen frein.

So lang' die Flösse hebet
Ein Fisch in seinem Grund;
So lang' ein Lied noch lebet
In seiner Sänger Mund.

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den freien deut-chen Rhein,
Bis seine Fluth begraben
Des letzten Manns Gebein."

This song has been made known to the French through a prose translation, in the *Poésies Nouvelles* (1836-52) of Alfred de Musset, and we may conclude that de Musset never read the German original, from the fact that the six stanzas, in which he replies to Becker's seven, overlook the stanza omitted in the prose version. This is "Le Rhin Allemand," written in February, 1841:—

"Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand,
Il a tenu dans notre verre
Un couplet qu'on s'en va chantant,
Effacc-t-il la trace altière
Du pied de nos chevaux marqué dans votre sang?

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand,
Son sein porte une plaie ouverte,
Du jour où Condé triomphant
A déchiré sa robe verte
Où le père a passé, passera bien l'enfant.

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand,
Que faisaient vos vertus germaines,
Quand notre César, tout puissant,
De son ombre couvrait vos plaines?
Où donc est-il tombé ce dernier ossement?

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand,
Si vous oubliez votre histoire,
Vos jeunes filles, sûrement,
Ont mieux gardé notre mémoire;
Elles nous ont versé votre petit vin blanc.

S'il est à vous, votre Rhin Allemand,
Lavez-y donc votre livrée;
Mais parlez-en moins fièrement.
Combien, au jour de la curée,
Etiez-vous de corbeaux contre l'aigle expirant?

Qu'il coule en paix, votre Rhin Allemand,
Que vos cathédrales gothiques
S'y reflètent modestement;
Mais craignez que vos airs bachiques
Ne révéillent les morts de leur repos sanglant."

The song of the German, by no means celebrated in Germany, is better than that of the Frenchman, very celebrated in France. The bluffness of the one expresses a national sentiment more directly than the smartness of the other. Had an arbiter in the days of Theocritus pronounced sentence in the case of "Becker *v.* de Musset," he would have awarded a quart of the best beer to the Teuton, and a bottle of cheap champagne to the Gaul.

The sketch of Michael Kelly, who knew Mozart—says *Dwight's Journal of Music*—strangely omits to mention that very interesting book of *Reminiscences*, published in his later days, and even reprinted in this country many years ago. Copies are rare, but it is well worth reading. [A reprint of this interesting book will shortly be commenced in the *Musical World*.—Ed.]

The following is extracted from a private letter:—

"Mdlle. Emilie Tate's tour in Germany has been discontinued in consequence of the war. At Ems the young pianist was favourably received by the King. Thence she proceeded to Wiesbaden, but the war put a stop to abstract music, although the theatre was kept open by "command;" the receipts on one occasion amounting to *three thalers!* At a concert and performance given at the theatre on the 13th, Mdlle. Emilie Tate played Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*—a *Spinnlied*, by Litolff, a fantasia on *I Lombardi*, and 'Gott erhalte den König," with variations. She was recalled after each. Since then the fingers of the young pianist have been exclusively employed in manufacturing *charpie* (lint) for the wounded. Mdlle. Tate leaves shortly for Brussels."

The Paris *American Register* says:—

"Miss Minnie Hauck, the American artist of whom we have already spoken in our columns, has been gaining repeated and brilliant success before critical and appreciative audiences in Vienna. She made her first appearance on the 6th of May, in the *rôle* of Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*. Her youth, her graceful acting, added to the extreme power and richness of her voice, at once enlisted the sympathies of the entire house, and confirmed the opinion we had already formed, that her artistic career is certain to be a series of successes. The clearness of her low notes surprises and captivates the hearers. The German press was unanimous in predicting for our fair countrywoman as high, if not higher, reputation than that obtained by Sontag. Miss Minnie Hauck's subsequent Zerlina in the opera of *Don Juan*, represented on the 20th of May, before an overflowing house, was most enthusiastically applauded. Rarely, if ever, were the musical lovers of Vienna favoured with such a thorough artistic impersonation of Zerlina. Miss Hauck's acting is free from all staginess. Her delineations show deep study; and yet, withal, she preserves intact that youthful freshness which appeals so strongly to the spectator. Her Marguerite had raised expectations that were fully, we may indeed say, more than realized, by the immense powers that she puts forth in Zerlina. As an operatic vocalist, Miss Minnie Hauck is evidently called on to fill a high position; and we are but too happy to be afforded an opportunity of congratulating her on her recent success in Vienna, thus according our meed of praise to American talent, as so well represented by this lady."

Barcelona.—Don Raman Villanova, one of the few composers Spain has produced of late years, died here a short time ago, aged 69.

Naples.—The new theatre now building will be named either the Teatro Rossini, or the Teatro Principessa Margherita.

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BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times.")

BIRMINGHAM, *Sept.* 2.

Novelties crowd one upon another at this extraordinarily busy Festival, the success of which seems now to be placed beyond the shadow of a doubt. The enterprise of the Committee of Management assuredly merited such a result; but, at the same time, everything has been in their favour, not the least important phenomenon of the week being the unchangeable fine weather. A programme more varied in its attractions than that which Sir Michael Costa had prepared for the occasion could hardly be imagined. Upon the works which stood in no need of further recognition—such as *Elijah*, the *Messiah*, his own *Naaman*, and Handel's *Samson*, with which the Festival comes to an end to-night—he might have reckoned as a matter of course; but, in addition to these, all the new things produced have more or less justified his choice, while the miscellaneous evening programmes, intended chiefly for the exhibition of solo vocalists, have without exception been happily made out. One thing is certain—everybody appeared content; and "What a splendid Festival, even for Birmingham!" is the general exclamation.

Since yesterday two more novelties have been tried, and both have passed triumphantly through the ordeal. The first of these was Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's new dramatic cantata, entitled *Nala and Damayanti*, the libretto by Sophie Hasenclever Schadow (the English version made expressly for the occasion being by Madame Natalia Macfarren). This new work took up the whole of the first part of the concert yesterday evening; and that, combined with other conspicuous features in the programme, it proved a genuine attraction the official statement subjoined will suffice to prove:—

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-Presidents' seats (15s. each)	85 ...	£26 5 0
Secured seats (15s. each)	810 ...	607 10 0
Unsecured seats (8s. each)	769 ...	307 12 0
Total	1,614	£941 7 0

The composer himself directed the performance, and on appearing in the orchestra was welcomed with the hearty enthusiasm which English amateurs have always in reserve for foreigners, especially distinguished in the musical art, among whom Ferdinand Hiller stands deservedly high, although not so many of his important compositions are generally known in this country as might be desirable. In writing *Nala and Damayanti* for the Birmingham Festival Dr. Hiller has enriched its by no means limited repertory of original compositions by the addition of a new masterpiece. Without entering for the moment into a critical analysis of the admirably characteristic music to which the poem of *Nala and Damayanti* is set we may submit the argument, in order to afford our readers some notion of the peculiar kind of task which Dr. Hiller has undertaken:—

"*Nala and Damayanti* is founded on a Hindu poem of great antiquity—'The Nala' one of the episodes of the 'Mahabharata.' The two great epic poems of Ancient India, the 'Mahabharata' and 'Ramayana,' bear something like the same relation to Hindu literature, with respect to national importance as the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' to that of Ancient Greece. The 'Mahabharata' is an aggregate of epics, founded on popular legends of antiquity. The compiler is said to have been Vyassa, who lived about 500 years before Homer. The episode of 'Nala' occurs in the 'Mahabharata as an incidental narrative. A holy Brahmin, in order to restore hope and courage to a fallen prince, ruined by gambling, relates to him the history of the Rajah Nala, who, in old times, had, like him, lost everything at two fatal games of dice, and nevertheless had not sunk into dispair. This episode is the subject of the third of the eighteen 'cantos' or 'parvas' of the 'Mahabharata.' King Bhima has a daughter, Damayanti. Nala hears entrancing praises of her, and she the like of Nala. Though at a distance they fall desperately in love, and miraculous swans convey tidings between them. The King desiring to marry his daughter, there is a competition of princes for her hand, but Damayanti will not accept anyone but Nala. Nala appears at last with a sad message from the gods, who have bound him to declare that Damayanti must choose one of the immortals. But she will accept no one but Nala, and the gods do not insist. The marriage takes place, and Nala conducts his wife to his kingdom of Nishadha. Days of misfortune come. The god Kali, jealous of Nala, induces him to play at dice with his brother, and he looses all—wealth, chariots, robes, kingdom, and wife. Nala flies to a forest; his wife will not forsake him, but, unwilling to allow her to share his misfortune, he flies from her. Damayanti wanders in search of him; each encounters dangers and sufferings, racked by the thought of the possible fate of the other. The constant lovers at last succeed in meeting, and by a fortunate occurrence, Nala, winning back his treasures and kingdom, lives happily with his beloved Damayanti. The dramatic cantata, by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, is built upon the earlier part of the story. It comprises the desolation of the Princess, dreaming of her lover; the ceremony, ordained by King Bhima, of disposing of her hand; the communication of the gods to Nala; his despair; his appearance at the climax of Damayanti's anxiety, only to give his message; Damayanti's choice; the appearance of the gods offering her immortality, and their retirement before the resolve of the Princess; and the union of Nala and Damayanti."

At present it must suffice to add that the performance, although there had been only one general rehearsal, although the music is as difficult as it is original, and although Dr. Hiller's manner of beating time with the conductor's stick is strange to the members of our orchestra, was really excellent; that Miss Edith Wynne (Damyanti), Mr. Cummings (Nala), and Mr. Santley (King Bhima), were the solo singers; and that the cantata was received with every mark of favour. It may be remarked, in passing, that on more than one occasion when the applause was most general, hearty, and prolonged, Dr. Hiller would by no means consent to appropriate it all to himself, but, gallantly taking Miss Edith Wynne by the hand, in this manner publicly showed his sense of the services rendered to his music by the accomplished young Welshwoman, an act which did honour alike to himself and to the artist whose exertions had been evidently so much to his satisfaction. That the freedom of Birmingham has been conferred upon *Nala and Damayanti* and its composer admits of no doubt. We may, perhaps, have an oratorio from Dr. Hiller (he has written two) one of these days—who can say?

The cantata was followed by Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violin, played by Madame Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton, who were both called back at the conclusion. To this succeeded the following miscellaneous programme:—

Overture (William Tell)	Rossini.
Duo—"Son geloso," Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka and Mr. Vernon Rigby (Sonnambula)	Bellini.
Song—"Requital," Mr. Sims Reeves	Blumenthal.
Air—Madame L. Sherrington, "Invano il fato" (Robert il Diavolo)	Meyerbeer.
Trio—Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Vernon Rigby, "Vanne a colei"	Sir M. Costa.
Song—Signor Foli, "Fireside Dreams"	Reyloff.
Song—Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, "Roberto o tu che adoro" (Roberto il Diavolo)	Meyerbeer.
Trio—Madame Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foli, "Il vento tace" (I Naviganti)	Randegger.
Duo—Miss E. Wynne and Mdlle. Drasdil, "Dolce conforto" (Giuramento)	Mercadante.
Serenade—Mr. Vernon Rigby, "The joy of truly loving" (The Dream)	Sir M. Costa.
Trio—Miss E. Wynne, Mdlle. Drasdil, and Mr. Cummings "Ti prego, O Madre pia"	Carschmann.
Hungarian Song—Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka.	
Quartet—Mdme. Sherrington, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foli, "Over the dark blue Waters"... ...	Weber.

The overture was superbly played, and encored so unanimously that Sir Michael Costa was compelled to give the last movement again. A word of unqualified praise is due to Mr. Edward Howell for the admirably pure tone and expression with which he gave the melody allotted to the first violoncello, the beautiful introduction to this most picturesque of dramatic preludes.

There is barely time to add that Mr. Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter*, was performed to-day with a success that was never for an instant doubtful, and, what is still better, a success no less amply merited than it was brilliant. As it will be necessary to speak of the music of this oratorio somewhat in detail, its importance as a work of art being unquestionable, it is advisable at once to give Mr. Benedict's own account of the manner in which he has found it expedient to accommodate the subject to his ends. Here, then, is his argument:—

"The subject of St. Peter might be treated in various ways for the purposes of oratorio. Within no ordinary limits, however, could all the important events of the Apostle's life and all the significance of his character and position be illustrated. The aim of the present work is very simple. It affects neither to show, exclusively as such, Peter the Disciple nor Peter the Apostle; its object, moreover, is not to treat the chief personage concerned in any symbolical or representative capacity. What has been attempted is merely

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the illustration of a few of those occurrences in St. Peter's life which most invite musical treatment, and, at the same time, exhibit the Galilean fisherman as an object of the Divine regard which so pre-eminently distinguished him.

"PART I.

"The Divine Call.—Galilean fishermen are preparing to rest from the labours of the day, when John the Baptist appears, urging them to 'Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.' After the forerunner comes the Master, who commands Peter to leave all and follow him. Peter obeys, expressing his firm confidence in the goodness of the Lord, and departs amid the benedictions of his friends and neighbours.

"Trial of Faith.—The Saviour, having sent his disciples to 'the other side,' retires to a mountain apart to pray. While thus engaged the storm rises and the little ship is in distress. Jesus appears walking on the waters, to the terror of His disciples, whom he speedily reassures, bidding them not to fear. Peter obtains permission to leave the ship and go to Jesus, but his faith fails him, and 'beginning to sink,' he is sustained by the hand of his Lord. They reach the ship, and immediately the storm ceases. A chorus of praise and thanksgiving then brings the first part to an end.

"PART II.

"Denial.—Peter declares his resolve to follow the Master at all hazards; but when Jesus is taken before the High Priest the disciple is found 'afar off.' He enters the servants' hall of the High Priest's Palace, where a crowd of attendants are expressing their hatred of the 'Nazarene,' and Peter is three times charged with being a follower of Jesus. Three times he denies the accusation.

"Repentance.—The procession escorting Jesus to the Roman Governor passes through the hall where Peter is, and the Lord turns and looks upon His erring disciple. Touched to the heart, Peter repents, 'with strong crying and tears,' the anguish of his soul being heightened by each successive scene of the great drama which then passes before him. He hears the lamentations of fellow-disciples and the mournful song of his Lord's mother; he watches the procession to Calvary, and listens to the taunts of the Jews as they mingle with the wailings of the 'daughters of Jerusalem.' Weeping for 'all these things' and for himself, the hope of the Christian comes to his aid, and he is assured that death will be swallowed up in victory.

"Deliverance.—Peter, lying in the dungeon where Herod had thrown him, is visited by angels, who assure him of Divine help, and release him from captivity. He acknowledges the goodness of God, fully relying upon which he expresses confidence as to his ultimate entrance into the everlasting kingdom of his Lord and Saviour. Rejoining his fellow-believers he is received with gladness, and a song of hope and joy forms the conclusion of the work."

Of the very striking performance of the new work, under its composer's own direction, and of its truly enthusiastic reception, we must defer speaking. How great was the curiosity to hear *St. Peter* may be gathered from the subjoined official statement of attendance and receipts:—

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-Presidents' seats (21s. each)	199 ...	£208 19 0
Secured seats (21s. each)	1,104 ...	1,159 4 0
Unsecured seats (10s. 6d. each)	695 ...	364 17 6
Donations and collections	... ...	318 15 10
	1,998	£2,051 16 4

St. Peter was followed by the *Requiem* of Mozart—a more than ordinarily long morning performance. The solo singers in the oratorio were Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Mrs. Sutton, Messrs. Cummings, Santley, and Sims Reeves; in the *Requiem*, Mdlles. Ilma di Murska and Drasdil, Mr. V. Rigby and Signor Foli.

Among the company to-day were observed the following:—

President, the Right Hon. Earl of Bradford and party, the Mayor of Birmingham and party, Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, Lord and Lady Newport, Lord and Lady Edward Clinton, the Dowager Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lord Elliott, Lord and Lady Wrottesley, the High Sheriff of Staffordshire and party, the High Sheriff of Worcestershire and party, Lord Charles Bertie Percy and party, Lady Ward and party, Lady Wilmot Horton, the Right Hon. Sir C. B. Adderley, M. P., and party; the Hon. Mr. Lyttelton and party, the Hon. E. S. Parker Jervis and party, the Hon. Mrs. Newdigate, Sir. Baldwin Leighton and Miss Leighton, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Boothby and party, the Hon. and Rev. James Leigh, the Hon. Mrs. Godsal, Sir Charles Oakley, Mrs. Pole Shaw Mr. G. Phillips and party, Miss Theodosia Hinckes and party, the Dowager Lady Mordaunt, Mrs. Claughton and party, Mr. W. Otto Goldsmidt, Mr. J. R. M'Lean, M. P., and party, Mr. S. Beale and party, Mrs. Dyott and party, Mrs. Walker and party, Mr. Robert Heath and party, Mr. W. C. Alston and party, Captain Traill, R.A., Mrs. Pitt, Mr. L. P. Hoppie and party, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Chance and party, Mr. T. C. S. Kynnersley and party, the Rev. G. D. Boyle and Mrs. Boyle, &c.

Samson, to-night, brings the Festival to an end.

SATURDAY, *Sept.* 3.

Reserving critical remarks upon Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter*, which proved to be, in accordance with anticipation, the great event of the Festival, we may add a few words about the performance, the satisfactory character of which, all circumstances allowed for, can hardly be over estimated. It did not require the enthusiastic applause, and simultaneous waving of hats and handkerchiefs, with which, at the conclusion of the new oratorio, the members of the chorus greeted the composer—fortunate alike in the interpretation of his work and the manner in which it was appreciated—to persuade everybody that a genuine pleasure in their task had been felt by the multitude of singers. This was convincingly demonstrated in the spirit and general accuracy of their execution almost throughout—the result, unquestionably, of much arduous preliminary study under Mr. Stockley, conductor of the Festival Choral Society, and Mr. A. Sutton, conductor of the Amateur Harmonic Society, in this very musically-given town. For a first performance better choral singing has rarely been listened to. Equally happy was Mr. Benedict in his orchestra, which took as much pains with *St. Peter* as though it had been the work of their own respected conductor, Sir Michael Costa, Generalissimo of the forces, vocal and instrumental, as though, in fact, Sir Michael himself, instead of the composer of *St. Peter*, had been conducting. Last, not least, the solo singers were quite as anxious to do justice to Mr. Benedict, and succeeded fully as well. To Mdlle. Tietjens three important solos were assigned, one of which, perhaps the most beautiful of all ("I mourn as a dove"), she gave with exquisite feeling, and repeated, in obedience to the President's despotic signal. In a charming air for contralto, "O thou afflicted," one section of a phrase of which recalls the *notturno* of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Madame Patey was eminently successful. Mr. Santley, to whom was allotted the whole of the music of St. Peter, sung it from first to last like the genuine musician whom we all know, making a deep and strong impression in an air, "O that my head were water" (Peter's contrite acknowledgment of his sin), his delivery of which was as pathetic as the air itself. Mr. Sims Reeves gave the music allotted to John the Baptist in Part I, and the two airs in Part II., in his most chaste and finished manner. Anything more purely devotional than his reading of the touchingly beautiful song, "The Lord is very pitiful," in which is foreshadowed a sort of pardon for the repentent Peter, could scarcely be imagined. What fell to the share of Mr. Cummings was accomplished by that excellent artist and thorough musician in such a way as to cause regret that his share in the oratorio had been so circumscribed. The little, too, assigned to Mrs. Sutton was carefully done. In short, Mr. Benedict had as good reason to be satisfied with his executants as with his audience. How the oratorio was received has been already stated; and it only remains to add that two other encores were enforced by the President—a quartet, "O come let us sing unto the Lord" (Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Messrs. Cummings and Santley), for the most part unaccompanied, and a chorus, "The Lord be a lamp unto thy feet" (Part I.), one of the finest pieces in the entire work. In *St. Peter*—to avoid for the present further detail—it may be said with confidence that Mr. Benedict has gifted Birmingham with a new masterpiece of sacred music, one that deserves and is likely to be heard again and again. It is long, very long, since such an oratorio has been written.

The evening performance of Handel's *Samson* brought an enormous audience and large receipts, as may be seen by the subjoined official statement:—

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-Presidents' seats (15s. each)	95 ...	£71 5 0
Secured seats (15s. each)...	1,074 ...	805 10 0
Unsecured seats (8s. each)	935 ...	374 0 0
	2,004	£1,250 15 0

Fatigued—tired out, in short—as chorus, orchestra, and leading singers must have been by their almost unexampled exertions at this Festival, the execution generally of the oratorio which Handel is said almost to have preferred to his *Messiah* was one of more than average excellence. Sir Michael Costa abated none of his vigour, and those who obeyed the indications of his unwavering *bâton* seconded him with the utmost spirit and goodwill. The solo singers were Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Signor Foli, Messrs. Cummings, Santley, and Sims Reeves, of whose respective performances in this well-known oratorio it is unnecessary to speak. Enough that the entire performance gave satisfaction to the audience, who, after honouring Sir Michael Costa with an "ovation" justly due to his almost unparalleled exertions, successively called for Mr. Benedict, Mr. Barnett, Mr. Sullivan, Dr. Hiller, and Dr. Stewart—the composers who had furnished new works for the meeting. These among them who happened to be present acknowledged the compliment in due form.

The following official table, comparing the pecuniary results of this Festival with the result of the last (1867), may be read with interest

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by those—and they are by no means few—who care for the welfare and prosperity of the grandest of all music meetings:—

	1867.			1870.		
Tuesday morning—						
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	£284	11	0	£443	2	0
Secured ditto	949	4	0	1,580	5	0
Unsecured ditto	229	19	0	157	10	0
Donations	641	8	7	823	3	0
Tuesday evening—						
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	44	5	0	68	5	0
Secured ditto	410	5	0	1,315	10	0
Unsecured ditto	125	4	0	142	16	0
Wednesday morning—						
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	266	14	0	144	18	0
Secured ditto	1,359	15	0	491	8	0
Unsecured ditto	353	17	0	138	1	6
Passes	7	7	0			
Donations	108	14	5	143	18	3
Wednesday evening—						
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	69	0	0	42	0	0
Secured ditto	677	5	0	537	15	0
Unsecured ditto	230	16	0	183	4	0
Passes	2	2	0			
Thursday morning—						
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	340	4	0	402	3	0
Secured ditto	1,913	2	0	2,039	2	0
Unsecured ditto	48	1	0			
Donations	433	8	0	460	1	5
Thursday evening—						
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	46	10	0	26	5	0
Secured ditto	1,233	0	0	607	10	0
Unsecured ditto	292	0	0	307	12	0
Friday morning—						
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	250	19	0	208	19	0
Secured ditto	967	1	0	1,159	4	0
Unsecured ditto	396	7	6	364	17	6
Donations	460	18	2	318	15	10
Friday evening—						
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	44	5	0	71	5	0
Secured ditto	706	10	0	805	10	0
Unsecured ditto	460	0	0	374	0	0
Totals	£13,342	7	8	£13,357	0	6

The proceeds from other sources in 1867 were as below:—

Tickets at £5 5s. each (65)	£331	5	0
Schemes	£375	0	0

Which swelled the sum total to £14,048 12s. 8d. What they may be by this time is not yet verified, but, as the *Birmingham Daily Post* remarks, "should they reach as high a figure as at last Festival, the total proceeds this year will be greater than on any former occasion." From the same authority we learn that "the highest amount taken at any Festival previous to 1867 was in 1834, when the Town Hall was opened for the first time, and the receipts amounted to £13,527."

Notwithstanding all that, in certain quarters, was prognosticated to the contrary, the Birmingham Festival of 1870 has proved a brilliant success. On no former occasion, indeed, has it been supported more liberally, and on no previous occasion have the exertions of the Festival Committee more amply merited the substantial results that have accrued. Even some of the local papers, for reasons superfluous to discuss, were apprehensive at the outset; but they soon changed their tone, and now it is one sustained and unanimous chorus of exultation.

We have to acknowledge the obliging courtesy of the Festival Committee, and especially of the Orchestral Steward, Mr. Peyton, a worthy successor of the zealous and active Mr. Oliver Mason, to whom the admirable organization of these meetings was so long and so greatly indebted.

Lucerne.—On the 25th ult. Herr R. Wagner was married, in the Protestant church, to Madame Cosima, *née* Liszt.

Leipsic.—Herr Carl Riedel, the director of Riedel's Association, intends giving a performance, next season, of Hector Berlioz's *Requiem*.

Pesth.—The Abbate Franz Liszt lately paid this town a visit. The vocal associations serenaded him. He came to a window of his rooms and listened to this mark of respect, applauding vigorously from time to time. He then went down and invited the singers to come up and continue their serenade in his rooms.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

On Saturday a meeting of the General Committee was held at the Secretary's office, Midland Institute. The Earl of Bradford, President, took the chair, the Mayor of Birmingham and a large number of gentlemen of the committee were present. The minutes having been signed, Mr. Hickman, superintendent of the ticket office laid the following before the meeting:—

1870.	Number attending.	Receipts.
August 30—Tuesday, first day	4,429	£4,530 8 8
,, 31—Wednesday, second day	2,100	1,681 4 9
Total 1st and 2nd days	6,529	6,211 13 0
September 1—Thursday, third day	3,939	3,842 13 5
Total 1st, 2nd, and 3rd days	10,468	10,054 6 5
September 2—Friday, fourth day	4,102	3,302 11 4
Total 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th days	14,570	13,356 17 9
74 tickets at £5 5s. each		388 10 0
4 tickets at £4 4s. each		16 16 0
Passes and money taken at doors		16 15 6
Schemes		352 0 0
Total		£14,130 19 3

This, said Mr. Hickman, was the largest amount ever realized at a Birmingham Festival. From 1829 to 1834 no Festival was held, the performances having ceased at St. Philip's Church, and the Town Hall not being ready. The first Festival in the Town Hall was in 1834, when the receipts were the largest till 1867, and the amount was £13,998. There was one item for the present Festival still uncertain, namely, donations after the Festival. It might appear a little ungracious to say anything about further amounts being received, but the expenses had increased, and to pay over an amount to the hospital equal, proportionately, to former years, the committee would have to rely on the patrons of the hospital.

The Chairman was glad to find the receipts greater than had been announced, and proposed: "That this meeting dutifully acknowledges with gratitude her Majesty's gracious patronage. That the thanks of this meeting are due to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family," &c.

The Mayor proposed "That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Earl of Bradford, President of the Festival.

The Chairman congratulated the Mayor, on the success of the meeting, and hoped, not only that the success of these Festivals might go on but that on the present occasion a large sum might be handed over to the General Hospital.

A vote of thanks from the chair being passed to the Vice-Presidents, nobility, and gentry, who had honoured the meeting with their support, the Chairman then proposed "the warmest thanks of the Committee to Sir Michael Costa, for the great energy and ability with which he had conducted the music on this, the eighth occasion of his appearance in Birmingham as conductor of the Festivals."

Mr. R. Peyton said it was not generally known how much Sir M. Costa did before he went into the orchestra. He supposed there never was a conductor who equalled Sir Michael, and probably never would be. He had rendered great service in advising upon the musical arrangements, and he kept an eye upon the instrumentalists in London, which the committee, of course, could not do. They are indebted to Sir Michael for assisting throughout.

The Chairman before putting the resolution, said that though he and the public could not appreciate all Sir Michael Costa had done, they could appreciate the results, see the wonderful power which he exercised over those under his guidance, and the great superiority with which he wielded his magical baton. He hoped Sir Michael might live long to carry on the profession of which he was the distinguished leader and ornament. The resolution was carried Resolutions were then proposed from the chair, congratulating Mr. Benedict, Dr. Hiller, Mr. J. F. Barnett, Mr. A. Sullivan, and Professor Stewart. Thanks were also passed to the Watch Committee, Town Hall Committee, Mr. G. Whateley, and the Strangers Committee.

The Chairman proposed:—"That the best thanks of this meeting be presented to Mr. Richard Peyton, chairman of the Orchestral Committee, and orchestral steward, for the great ability and judgment with which he has arranged the orchestral department, and for the untiring attention which he has given to the general interests of the Festival, to which its success is greatly to be attributed. To none more than to Mr. Peyton, were the committee indebted; and for the ability with which he had carried out what he had undertaken, the thanks of the committee were most justly his due.

Mr. W. J. Beale said that he himself had been congratulated upon

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the success of the Festival, but that the congratulations were due to Mr. Peyton. Such judgment as he had he had willingly brought to Mr. Peyton's assistance; but the consummation of their hopes was Mr. Peyton's work. The resolution was carried.

Mr. Peyton bore testimony to the services rendered by Mr. Beale, He (Mr. Peyton) was not anxious to take upon himself the office he filled, but when Mr. Mason left, he saw that somebody must take it and it came to him naturally. Without the help of Mr. Beale and Mr Chas. Harding he should not have got through as he had done; he was indebted, also, to the Orchestral Committee. He was glad the Festival had gone off well, for by the general public something had been said about the engagement of artists. In regard to this matter the committee thought that the Festival ought to carry with it the sympathy of the musical world, and that they ought not to engage artists at sums which would not be returned. Guided by this principle, they did the best in the selection of their principals. The hospital would receive the benefit of the policy.

Thanks were next passed to the Ticket and Book Committee, especially Messrs. Henry and Charles Richards;—to Mr. Charles Harding, in connection with the orchestral arrangements; to Mr. Hickman and Mr. Thomas Simpson, for the ticket office; to the sub-committees; to the stewards; to the orchestra, instrumental and choral; to the Birmingham Amateur Harmonic Association, and other amateurs, for gratuitous service; to the Sacred Harmonic Society, for loan of music; to Mr. Stimpson, organist; to Mr. C. Stockley and Mr. A. J. Sutton, chorus masters; to the committee of the Blue Coat School and Midland Institute, for use of rooms; to the General Committee, to Mr. W. J. Beale, chairman, and Mr. Howard S. Smith, secretary.

The Earl of Bradford having vacated the chair, it was taken by Mr. Beale, who proposed a vote of thanks to his lordship. The resolution was carried. His Lordship regretted he had been prevented from attending two meetings of the committee. But he was prevented accidently. However, all was well that ended well, and he hoped they might say that the Festival had ended well. He was glad to have been of any service in the cause. This concluded the proceedings.

Mr. Benedict's "St. Peter."

During thirty-five years of rather busy life as a journalist, and attempting original composition, I have, on principle, avoided obtruding my own personality on the public. It is with no common reluctance, then, that, at the eleventh hour of my career, I feel myself obliged to state a case, which concerns every literary man who writes for Music.

I have always held that, in an oratorio, no intermixture of secular words with those from Holy Writ was in accordance with reverence or good taste. The two greatest works of the kind existing—the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*—were constructed on this principle. I have never been able to comprehend how any one could venture to dilute or eke out the text of the Bible, or to acquiesce in the introduction of verses from the Psalter or Hymn Book into Scriptural stories, such as occurs in the oratorios of Sebastian Bach,—unless, indeed, these be performed according to their author's intention, that is, with the audience joining in, congregationally. The admirers of Mendelssohn, who admit no fault in his judgment, will be displeased at my saying that the objection applies in yet fuller force to his *St. Paul*,—because there no such assistance on the part of "the people" was contemplated. Be these wire-drawn scruples, or convictions worthy of consideration—I have acted on them whenever I have attempted to arrange a Biblical subject for music; as in the book of my friend Mr. H. Leslie's *Judith*, and with greater care and pains, because on a more extended scale, when I treated the story of St. Peter.

This *was* the work to have been performed at the late Birmingham Festival; and my completed book, having been submitted to, and accepted by, the Committee, was handed over to Mr. Benedict, who had been selected to compose the new oratorio for the year 1870, early in the last year. Mr. Benedict, both personally and in writing, expressed himself (to speak moderately) entirely satisfied with what was set before him; and thus not only to myself, but to other persons. It was, further, expressly agreed on, in terms of the most perfect amity, that no alterations or modifications of the text were to be made save by myself. It was subsequently suggested by me that, should time fall short, only the first two parts of the oratorio should be performed at this year's Festival.

The past year went on, and I heard not a word of the oratorio; which was to be delivered for rehearsal at Birmingham on the 1st of March, 1870. I returned to London permanently, after occasional absences (always within reach of recall), on the 15th of October, 1869. Becoming curious, not to say anxious, with regard to a work of extent and pretension, suggested by myself, and in which I had expended some research and contrivance, I wrote to Mr. Benedict, on the 15th of November, to enquire how matters were proceeding, —announcing that I intended to be absent from England for two months of the early spring of this year; and that I was anxious to leave nothing incomplete or requiring reconsideration. On the 10th of last January I learned, for the first time, that Mr. Benedict (who had answered my note) had shown portions of the music of *St. Peter* to more than one person, and that he had disposed of the oratorio to a publisher. In reply to my request for an explanation of conduct so strangely savouring of contempt to myself, I was favoured, on the 15th of January, with direct information from Mr. Benedict, that he had thought fit to make changes, omissions, and additions in my book; which had been accepted by him unconditionally,—and with regard to which he had not up to that time uttered a syllable of objection, suggestion, or remonstrance. He informed me that he had made these alterations by aid of a concordance. While I distinctly refused, by the slightest connivance, to sanction so amazing a transaction, the full impertinence of which was, even then, unknown to me, my intention was to keep silence with regard to it. I felt that every possible deference was due to the committee of the Birmingham Festival, in recognition of their known services to art, and in gratitude for their private and liberal hospitality. But seeing that I received after-communications on the subject from Mr. Benedict, not so much explanatory as aggressive, I have decided that it behoves me to lay the matter before the public,—the more so, since I have only very recently learnt that Mr. Benedict, had absolutely, before the oratorio was sold, thought proper to call in, not merely a "concordance," but the assistance of a gentleman, who consented to accept the strange task of remodelling another man's production. I have purposely forborne speaking out till the present moment, not wishing to damage a new work by the statement of such a case of flagrant injustice and discourtesy, —this however, out of no consideration to the composer. To myself the affront is one of small consequence: I have written enough for musical purposes to give the public a fair impression of such power, greater or less, as I may possess. But the cause is the cause of all younger (and I hope better) men who may come after me;—and to whom it may be of immediate importance that they should not be first cajoled and flattered, and subsequently ignored and insulted, by persons pretending to hold a place in the rank of artists.

Henry F. Chorley.

Augsburg.—Herr Böckel, formerly manager of the Theatre here, is at present an attendant on the wounded in the Bavarian army.

Dresden.—A considerable number of concerts have been given for the benefit of the Wounded. At one of them Handel's *Messiah* was performed, the solos being entrusted to Mdmes. Otto-Alvsleben, Nanitz, Herr Degele and Dr. Guns.

Schmalkalden.—Her Majesty the Queen of Prussia lately ordered two gold medals to be struck, one for the composer, and one for the writer, of "Die Wacht am Rhein." The composer, Herr Carl Wilhelm, who resides here, has already received his. The writer of the words, Herr Max Schneckenburger, however, having died many years ago, her Majesty has commanded inquiries to be set on foot with the object of seeing whether the medal can not be presented to some child or relative of his.

Vienna.—The opera selected by Herr Theodor Wachtel wherewith to inaugurate his engagement at the Carl Theater is *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*.—Mdme. Minnie Hauck was announced to appear on the 1st inst., at the Imperial Operahouse, as Zerlina in *Don Juan*.—Herr Brahms has declined to accept the post as conductor of the Conservatory Concerts.—The following modest advertisement appeared lately in one of the local papers: "A young artist, who, from the very moment of his first appearance, has met with great favour and encouragement, wishes to enter into communication with a lady of distinction and influence, whose patronage might open for him a sphere worthy of his talents. He has been induced to take this step neither by a secondary position nor by want, but by a desire to be enabled, by means of such patronage, to break through, with the least possible delay, the obstacles wherewith the partisans of mediocrity and materialism endeavour to close against him the career on which he has so triumphantly entered! He cherishes, also, the hope of meeting a sensitive heart, that can sympathize with his ideal aspirations!"—The "young artist" above may or may not possess talent; he may or may not be in temporary want of "tin"—he most probably *is*—but there can be no doubt about his possessing a plentiful amount of brass.

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Mr. Robert A. Bowley.

Those who for some thirty years past, have been among the figures most familiar to musical London are rapidly disappearing from the scene. The Sacred Harmonic Society has lost two of its oldest, most valuable, and energetic members: its venerable President, Mr. Harrison, who died the other day, at a very advanced age, and Mr. Robert Bowley, to whose shrewdness, energy of persistence, and thorough habits of business is largely due its present high—we might say unparalleled—position among the Musical societies of Europe. Napoleon the first contumeliously called England, "a nation of shopkeepers." Ours, in more than one notable instance, have done for Music that which the aristocratic and opulent, at home and abroad, with all their superiority of wealth, refinement, and intellectual training, have failed to accomplish. The Antient Concerts, though to the last upheld by our Prince Consort, our Wellington, relative to Lord Mornington, and like him keenly alive to the pleasures of music, Lord Howe. Lord Darnley, Lord Dartmouth, and other amateurs no less distinguished and liberal, were virtually, swept from the face of musical London by the Exeter Hall Oratorios.

These began queerly enough; though with a certain earnestness of purpose, excellent to note in men, otherwise so practically occupied; whereas the *dilettanti* who ruled the Antient Concerts, had only rank, leisure, taste, and money on their side. The indigenous voices of London called out to make a chorus were anything but rich and tuneable thirty-five years ago. The "Antients" drew their supplies from Lancashire; and those were days when the journey from Lancashire to London was an affair of some eight-and twenty hours. But a few tradesmen in the west end of London were resolved to have music of their own, and to Mr. Harrison, in St. James's Street, and Mr. Bowley, at Charing Cross, was mainly due the establishment of the Sacred Harmonic Society. For a time this body may have been said to exist rather than to flourish. Nevertheless, by its appeal to popular favour, and its courage as superseding the old intolerable playhouse oratorios which were no longer to be endured by persons of any artistic culture the Sacred Harmonic Society began to excite curiosity, attention, and respect; and its promoters were wise enough to profit by the strictures which the imperfection of their performances excited, to strengthen their orchestra, and to weed their chorus. A hampering influence, however, existed in the person of the original conductor, who, however well-intentioned, was, in no respect, equal to the situation. After a time, Mr. Surman, and the Society separated and the latter was placed in the hands of Sir Michael Costa. The result was at once immediate and progressive. Before many years were over, the Sacred Harmonic Society was strong enough to lend a well-drilled squadron of musicians to provincial performances, to gather a library, to establish a benevolent fund, and, lastly, to lead up to those stupendous gatherings at the Crystal Palace, which, when all in their disfavour regarding the vastness of their locality is said, remain, and will remain, in musical history, as among the most magnificent displays of art ever seen in Europe. The greatest share in this progress and prosperity is, beyond question due to the shrewd foresight, energy, and administrative power of Mr. Bowley. Without such an organization, the Sydenham Oratorios would have been so many chaotic failures.

It is not to be wondered at that the directors of that preposterous building (for preposterous it is with all its magnificence) should be naturally attracted by the skill in generalship to which allusion has been made. In a lucky hour, the management of the Crystal Palace was, fourteen years ago, placed in the hands of Mr. Bowley. The right man was in the right place. He was firm, indefatigable, ingenious, of unimpeachable probity. Never was there an officer at once more resolute in carrying out his plans, yet more willing to receive suggestions, always at his post, always with a resource at hand in case of difficulty. Hence, he was habitually called in and consulted whenever any great celebration was to be organized. In brief he was an excellent and remarkable example of administrative powers such as are given to few, and which entitle his name to a permanent record in the history of English exhibitions of art.

Such a life, however, as his is not to be led with impunity. The incessant strain on every nerve and every faculty, the honest resolution to fulfil every duty of a most onerous stewardship, could not but have told on one of greater physical power and a healthier habit of body than himself. It had been obvious, for some short time past, that Mr. Bowley's health was beginning to give way, but the end was hastened by the decease of his friend and comrade of many years standing, Mr. Harrison. The mind finally lost its balance, and a few days ago his life was sadly closed by a catastrophe, the details of which have been too largely laid before the public to be dwelt on here. It is enough for the present to insist that in the position he occupied, and for the duties he undertook, Mr. Bowley was emphatically a rare man, whose place will not be soon, if it be ever, filled. H. L. H.

PATRIOTIC SONGS OF FRANCE.

The lasting popularity of the "Marseillaise," now nearly eighty years old, becomes more remarkable when we consider that, although the first song of the Revolution, it was immediately followed by a host of Republican effusions, which competed with it for public favour. There were the "Chant de la Victoire," the "Chant du Retour," and the "Chanson de Roland," by Méhul; the "Chant du Juillet," the "Chant Martial," the "Hymne à l'Etre Suprême," the "Hymne à la Liberté," and "Peuple, reveille-toi," by Gossée. All these, the fruits of a general ferment, have died away, and the only lyrical work that, besides the "Marseillaise," has continued to live in the memory of the French is the "Chant du Départ," by Méhul. This was recently sung at one of the Parisian theatres; but as it is a sort of cantata with solos and choruses arranged for different voices it can never become a popular song in the ordinary sense of the word.

One forgotten melody of the old Revolution was revived shortly before the affair of February, when the *Histoire des Girondins*, by M. de Lamartine was the book of the day. Girey-Dupré, a journalist attached to the Girondists, and condemned to share their fate, composed, a few hours before his execution, a hymn, which long afterwards responded to the state of feeling in 1847, and which, with a slight modification, became the "Chant des Girondins," better perhaps known as "Mourir pour la Patrie." M. Alexandre Dumas' *Chevalier de la Maison Rouge*, then a new piece, terminated with the supper of the Girondists, at which this song was appropriately introduced.

The lays of the First Empire were generally of a warlike kind, or, to speak more correctly, the words were warlike, though often set to the most pacific music. Nothing, for instance, could be less martial than the air extracted from an opera by Grétry, which was made to fit "Veillons au salut de l'Empire." However the First Empire was by no means badly represented in the world of song by the "Partant pour la Syrie," which in the days of the Crimean war became the most popular tune in England and France, and by the "Sentinelle" of Choron and the "Vaillant Troubadeur," of Sauvan, both of which are to be found in the most common music books.

The Restoration brought with it the revival of the two famed Bourbon melodies, "Vive Henri IV.," and "Charmante Gabrielle." A pacific air by Grétry was now made to do duty in honour of the restored *régime*; but this time the music was not diverted from its proper purpose. The words to which it was fitted, "Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?" rather celebrated the blessings of peace than the triumph of a dynasty.

The Revolutions of 1830 had a song of its own, with which great name were connected, but which after a short popularity sank into utter oblivion. Casimir Delavigne, the poet of the renowned "Messéniennes," was looked upon as the proper person to celebrate the deeds of July. As he had not even that uncultivated power of music which belonged to Rouget de l'Isle, he fitted his words to a Hungarian air, which he had retained in his memory, and which was duly noted down and scored by Auber. Thus arose the "Parisienne," and to its non-national origin is attributed the short duration of its popularity.

Of late the patriotic songs of France have been the "Marseillaise" and the "Rhin Allemand," which M. Alfred de Musset produced during the consumption of a single cigar, and to which music has been set by MM. Félicien David and Voucorbeil. A greater novelty, however, is "A la frontière," with music by M. Gounod, sung at the opera by M. Devoyod in the uniform of a Zouave.

M. Eugène Manuel, whose piece, *Les Ouvriers*, although only in one act, was one of the greatest successes at the Théâtre Français in the beginning of the year, has manifested his patriotic feelings in a dramatic form, having written for the same theatre a scene, entitled "Pour les Blessés." The decoration represents a rustic house used as an ambulance, and the speakers are only two in number—namely, a wounded French officer and a woman who attends him, and to whom he tells the history of his service. The performers are M. Coquelin and Mdlle. Favart.

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DEATH.

On the 29th ult., Mr. ALFRED NICHOLSON, aged 48—sincerely lamented.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.

MR. CHORLEY AND *ST. PETER.*

MR. H. F. CHORLEY has thrown a bomb from his old mortar, the *Athenæum*, into the Benedictine camp, and, as yet, nobody seems any the worse for it. Let us explain the signification of this warlike movement.

Gossip like the following has long been current in the musical world:—A. "Benedict is working hard at *St. Peter*, I hear."—B. "So much the better. The words are Chorley's, are they not?"—A. "They were to have been."—B. "Explain."—A. "Benedict, I am told, rejected Chorley's libretto as impossible."—B. "Won't there be a row?"—A. "Rather."—The "row" has come, for on Saturday last, within twenty-four hours after the performance of *St. Peter* at Birmingham, the author of the rejected libretto fired his first ready-charged gun; in other words, he came forward, with a lengthy "card," personal to himself, and remarkably so to Mr. Benedict. Remembering that we have to do with an *ex parte* statement, we will look at the said "card" awhile.

Let us promptly give Mr. Chorley the credit he claims. The veteran journalist has made a name and fame which, "at the eleventh hour of his career," no affront can injure. He, therefore, looks upon the rejection of his libretto with philosophic calm, being especially consoled by the thought that he has written enough to show the world his abilities. So far Mr. Chorley is right. We all know exactly what he can do; and feel tolerably sure that his character as a librettist cannot be lowered by any contumacious behaviour on the part of mere musicians. "Why, then," some may ask, "has he so eagerly rushed into print?" Mr. Chorley himself explains with customary emphasis. He comes forward burning with desire to save his younger brethren from the snares of "persons pretending to hold a place in the rank of artists." The vivid fancy of the author of *The Prodigy* sees multitudinous spiders, like Mr. Benedict, waiting for multitudinous flies, like himself, in the hope of repeating the "Walk into my parlour" business, and so compassing their ultimate humiliation. "Hence these tears." Hence, rather, the warning note in the columns of the *Athenæum*. "Look at me," says Mr. Chorley, to his yet unscathed fellows, "I make an exhibition of myself for your sakes, that you may not be 'first cajoled and flattered, and subsequently ignored and insulted.'" The sacrifice is as great as the object of it is noble; and, assuredly, in this respect, no hour of Mr. Chorley's career better becomes him than the "eleventh."

Having paid the above just acknowledgment on demand, we arrive at the marrow of Mr. Chorley's complaint—stay, though, what is all this about the "intermixture of secular words with those of Holy Writ?" Has Mr. Benedict been guilty of intermixture in the actual *St. Peter?* No. Has anybody, relative to *St. Peter*, urged the intermixing theory? No. Then why the emphatic delivery of opinions which Mr. Chorley, himself, hesitates whether to call "wire-drawn scruples," or "convictions worthy of consideration?" We confess ourselves unable to answer the question; but as regards the point afflicting Mr. Chorley with uncertainty, we have no doubt at all. The "wire-drawn scruples" are obvious. This, however, is apart from the main issue, to which we now come.

Pending a statement from the "other side," we are not in a position to judge between Messrs. Chorley and Benedict on matters of fact. The former gentleman tells a straightforward story, very precise in regard to dates, and not less definite in its charges; but *Humanum est errare*, and it is clearly within the range of possibility that Mr. Benedict may be able to disprove some, at least, of Mr. Chorley's assertions, and upset his position. At the same time, he may *not* have it in his power to do this; and speculation thereupon would, of necessity, be dangerous. Certain qualifying observations, however, suggest themselves, even accepting Mr. Chorley's statements as true. To these we will give brief utterance.

1. Mr. Chorley says: "Mr. Benedict, both personally and in writing, expressed himself (to speak moderately) entirely satisfied with what was set before him, and this not only to myself but to other persons. "Is it impossible, we ask, for Mr. Benedict to have done so and yet to have found, on closer examination of the libretto, that it required serious alteration in order to meet his views? The composition of an oratorio cannot be set about as one would begin the manufacture of a table or a coat; it being essential, for instance, that the worker should feel perfect sympathy with his materials. We can understand, therefore, how a musician may be satisfied with the result of a cursory glance at a libretto; and yet be profoundly dissatisfied when addressing himself to the task of composition. We are inclined to believe in this, as Mr. Benedict's case; especially while there is an entire absence of motive for the strange behaviour with which he, an honourable gentleman, is charged.

2. Mr. Chorley says: "It was, further, expressly agreed on in terms of the most perfect amity, that no alterations or modifications of the text were to be made save by myself." This is, probably, the truth; but is it the whole truth? We are tempted to ask whether Mr. Benedict may not, over and over again, have suggested improvements in the libretto, which Mr, Chorley may have absolutely refused to sanction, treating his work as a perfect thing. The hypothesis is not unreasonable, and, if it hit the truth, we see at once how the affair of the oratorio came to a dead lock. A composer who could not set his librettist's words, and a librettist who would not meet his composer's views, are a "house divided against itself," which cannot possibly stand. What wonder if, in these circumstances, Mr. Benedict acted upon the first law of nature," self-preservation, and took the book of *St. Peter* into his own hands.

On another matter, Mr. Chorley has hardly been as explicit as could be wished. He talks about the "remodelling" of his *St. Peter*; but without telling us in what degree the actual libretto is new. If Mr. Benedict's book differ entirely in plan from that of Mr. Chorley, the latter gentleman has only to complain of rejection. If, on the other hand, it be the original libretto, with alterations, his grievance is of a character every literary man will keenly estimate. On this matter particulars will doubtless be forthcoming; and we can only wonder why, presuming they strengthen his case, Mr. Chorley left us to speculate upon the actual facts.

Here we leave the matter for the present; our only motive for taking it up just now being anxiety lest too much weight should be given to statements purely one-sided. When Mr. Benedict speaks, if he think it worth while to speak at all, we may have more to say.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE War has called forth our sympathies in a new and unexpected direction—unexpected, because a few weeks ago we could have no idea that the Paris musical journals would cease to appear. So it is, however. *Le Ménestrel*, *L'Art Musicale*, *La France Musicale*, and their lesser brethren, have put up the shutters, locked the office doors, and sent all hands to the drill ground. We condole with them, while taking the event as a matter of course. Bellona has things her own way just now, and Minerva must hide in some congenial corner, till the terrible war-goddess is satisfied. May the latter result be speedy, and may our French contemporaries soon reappear with all their wonted happy mixture of fact and fiction.

A REPORT of the meeting of the General Committee of the Birmingham Festival appears in another part of this impression, and is chiefly noticeable for some remarks of the Orchestral Steward, Mr. Peyton. Referring to the engagement of artists, that gentleman said, "In regard to this matter, the Committee thought that the Festival ought to carry with it the sympathy of the musical world, and that they ought not to engage artists at sums which would not be returned. Guided by this principle, they did their best in the selection." It would appear, therefore, that the Committee resisted the demands of singers who put a higher price upon their services than could be paid with hope of profit. As the whole transaction is governed by laws of demand and supply, we shall be content to applaud the committee, without censuring the singers. Both were within their rights; but it is to be expected that public sympathy will go with those who exercised the privilege of refusing ruinous demands.

GIVEN a fresh subject of study involving both theory and practice, to be introduced into a great national seat of education; what better introduction could it receive than at the hands of a professor who is preceded by a reputation, and a deserved reputation, such as to bring together to his first lectures crowds from all quarters, men and women, young and old—crowds probably the most eager that have ever attended a University course since the Middle Ages; whose words, whether true or false, have it in them to stir and brace the fibre of their hearers, and to set them thinking and working; who fights with a generous ardour for the ascendancy of moral over material influences and ambitions; who is able to drive home all that he has to say or to suggest with the weight of a single-minded conviction, and the charm of an impressive, an engaging, an admirable personality; who has spent the best years of his life in the pursuit as well as in the encouragement of the arts which he is appointed to profess; who unites to the gifts of a brilliant verbal expositor the gifts of an accomplished and faithful manual student, who believes in his mission, and is manifestly determined to devote all his powers and all his enthusiasm to the task he has undertaken? Such, we all know, is Mr. Ruskin.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—A correspondent informs us that:—

"Mr. H. Corri's English opera *troupe* began a fortnight's engagement at the Theatre on Monday. The company consists of Madame Ida Gilliess-Corri, Misses Harrison, Rosire, Collins, Messrs. F. Gaynar, Corri, Manley, Watts, and Henry Corri. *Il Trovatore* was selected for the first night's performance.—Signor Mario's farewell concert is announced for the 22nd inst. Mdlle. Liebhart and Mdlle. Enriques are to be the lady vocalists, and Signor Sivori, the violinist, and Chevalier de Kontski, pianist.—A concert has been given by M. D'Alavene, at the West Street Concert Hall, assisted by several French vocalists, and Mdlle. Secretain as pianist."

COLOGNE.—The Theatre-Committee have adopted the plans and estimate for a new theatre. The house is to contain one thousand eight hundred spectators, and the expense, including the cost of the stage, scenery, &c., not to exceed one hundred and fifty-five thousand thalers.

MUNICH.—The Theatre Royal re-opened on the 25th ult.—the day of Herr R. Wagner's wedding with Liszt's daughter. Nothing by the Musician of the Future, however, figured in the bills, which included Weber's "Jubel-Ouverture;" a spirited prologue by Hermann Schmidt; and Grétry's *Richard Cœur de Lion*.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From our Special Correspondent.*)

BIRMINGHAM, *Sept.* 8.

I sent you yesterday a brief telegram announcing the success of Mr. Benedict's oratorio, of which I shall have further occasion to speak after treating of the previous night's concert, in accordance with the somewhat worn quotation (so often impressed on irregular mortals), that tells us "Order is Heaven's first law." Thursday evening, then, opened with the fourth novelty of the Festival, in the shape of a cantata, entitled *Nala and Damayanti*, the words of which are by Madame Sophie Hasenclever (daughter of the well-known German painter, Schadow), translated by our clever countrywoman, Madame Natalie Macfarren, the music being by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, the friend and intimate of Mendelssohn—a musician who has long stood in the foremost rank of the professors of the divine art, and of whom the following memoir will doubtless be read with interest:—

Ferdinand Hiller, pianist and composer, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, on the 24th October, 1811, and is, consequently, in his 59th year. While still a child, the great talent he exhibited for music already determined his vocation, and no pains were spared to perfect his musical education under Hoffmann, the imaginative composer of music, A. Schmidt, the great contrapuntist, Vollweiler, and subsequently Hummel, Mozart's favourite pupil, with whom young Hiller spent two years in Weimar. He was not ten years old when he made his first public appearance as a pianist, and in his 17th year he published, at Vienna, his first composition—a quartet for piano and strings. The subsequent fertility of the young composer is shown by the fact that the opus number of his new cantata, produced at the Birmingham Festival on Thursday evening is 150. On the completion of his musical apprenticeship Ferdinand Hiller spent no less than seven years in Paris, where he devoted himself chiefly to classical music, and especially to the study of Bach and Beethoven. In the winter of 1836-37 returning to his native town, he was appointed director of the Orchestra of the Frankfort Cecilien Verein. His next move was to Milan, where his unsuccessful opera of *Romilde* was produced. The winter of 1839-40 found him at Leipsic, where he produced his oratorio, *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, which deservedly ranks as one of his best and most successful works. Returning to Italy, he married there in the summer of 1841, since which time he has lived in turn at Dresden, Frankfort, and Leipsic, in which latter town he directed the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, in the winter of 1843-44. Dr. Hiller afterwards spent four years in Dresden, where he brought out his two operas, *Der Traum in der Christnacht* (*The Dream in the Night of the Nativity*), in 1844, and *Coradin der letzten Hohenstanfen* (*Coradin, the last Rose of the Hohenstanfen*), in 1847. In the same year he accepted the office of music director at Düsseldorff, where he remained three years, removing thence, in 1850, to Cologne, where he was invited to undertake the office of Capelmeister. Here, the already existing Concert Institute flourished greatly under his vigorous management, where, also, he founded the Rhenish Music School. In the winter of 1851-52 he went to Paris, where he directed the Italian Opera. He passed the following spring in London, and returned in November of the same year to Cologne, where he has since constantly resided, with the exception of occasional journeys, of which the last was to Russia.

Of his numerous compositions, the most notable, besides those incidentally mentioned above, are his various collections of songs—especially the *drei Bücher neus Gesänge*—some pianoforte sonatas, two concertos for the same instrument, several excellent studies for the violin and piano, impromptus, rythmical studies, an operetta without words, *à quatre mains*, and of vocal pieces for solo, chorus, and orchestra, the "*Gesang der Geister uber dem Wasser*" ("Song of the spirits above the water"), and "*O weint um sie*" ("Oh weep for her"), after Byron; *The Night of the Nativity*," "Heloise," the *Loreley*, "Night," "The morning of Palm Sunday," the "93rd Psalm," and "Whit-suntide," may be cited as the most important. His great choral works are *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, already mentioned, the oratorios, *Ver sacrum* and *Saul*, and the opera, *Die Katakomben*, (*The Catacombs*). Among his instrumental compositions his Symphony in E flat is especially good.

The outline of the cantata has already been given at length in the columns of the *Musical World*, and therefore need not be now recapitulated; suffice it to say that the subject, being of very remote Hindoo origin, *i.e.*, some 3,000 years since its author (or compiler), Vigass, having lived some five centuries before Homer, can hardly be expected to create any very profound interest at the present day. Nevertheless, the story has in itself a certain poetic grace, of which Dr. Hiller has not failed to avail himself, and the result is a work teeming at once with elegant fancy and rich in ingenious devices, abounding in beauties which are certain to develop themselves more and more at each successive hearing, and showing everywhere the hand of a

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master, the oriental colouring being above all things conspicuous throughout; while the entire work is no less remarkable for its originality than the thorough command which Dr. Hiller possesses of the varied resources of voices and instruments. The conditions to which I have already more than once had occasion to allude, prevent my going fully into each separate number of the new cantata, in which Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley sustained the principal parts with credit to themselves and advantage to the work, while the band and chorus alike exerted themselves to do justice to the production of the eminent musician, who conducted his own composition, and who was at the first received with such warmth and at the conclusion cheered with such hearty enthusiasm as must have clearly proved we are no strangers to his well earned reputation, and that the estimation in which he is held here will be considerably enhanced by the manner in which he has executed his first commission for a Birmingham Festival. A few minutes having allowed the excitement time to cool, Madame Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton came forward to perform Beethoven's sonata in F, for pianoforte and violin, a task of which it is almost superfluous to say that they both acquitted themselves to perfection. With regard to our Queen of Pianists I have heard it more than once remarked that her playing this week has been if anything more magnificent than ever. The following formed the second part of this interesting, if far too lengthy evening programme (*see page* 605).

That the overture to *Guillaume Tell* (a stock piece at all Festivals) should be given in such a manner as might be expected with such a body of instruments and such a conductor, need hardly be said; but a separate and strong line of praise must be awarded to Mr. Edward Howell (whose early studies were directed by that admirable musician, the late Lovell Phillips), for his playing the violoncello introduction with a breadth and purity of tone which not only electrified the audience but at the same time delighted the older connoisseurs, who remember every first violoncellist who has taken the part for the last quarter of a century. The remainder of the programme calls for no particular remark—artists and pieces being alike more or less familiar.

MONDAY, *Sept.* 5.

For the first time during the week rain fell after the termination of Thursday evening's concert, just a mere sprinkle to commence with and then a steady downpour which lasted all through the night, and lent a very gloomy opening to the day which was to witness the most important novelty of the Festival. Fortunately, however, as the morning advanced the heavy clouds receded, and some time before the gaily dressed multitude began to flock towards the Town Hall, glorious sunshine burst forth and gave happy augury of the treat that was in store for those who were about to assist at the production of a work so soon to confer enduring lustre on the composer and the place that has had the honour of first presenting it to the public. Precisely at half-past eleven o'clock Mr. Benedict took his place at the conductor's desk amidst the applause of welcome spontaneously accorded by audience and orchestra. The overture, descriptive of evening by the Sea of Galilee, at once gave evidence of the skill of a practised master, and prepared the mind to expect still greater things to follow; nor were such expectations disappointed, for from the first note to last the entire work was listened to with increased interest, and pronounced on all hands to be in, every respect worthy the genius of Weber's most accomplished pupil—a musician whose sterling qualities have now been proved in every form of composition. The oratorio of *St. Peter* is divded into two parts, the first embracing the Divine Call and Tirial of Faith, the second comprising the Denial and Repentance, each subject being treated in an appropriate and fitting manner. As it is intended shortly to give to the readers of the *Musical World* a detailed analysis of the work, illustrated in music type, it would be but anticipating were I to attempt to particularize each individual number of an oratorio which, if there be any appreciation of all that is best and noblest in music is certain to be heard very many times and to take its place as an acknowledged masterpiece of art. It would be scarcely possible to improve upon the four vocalists to whom the principal parts were assigned, and as Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, one and all, sang their very best, it will be quite understood that, so far as they were concerned, there was literally nothing to be desired, while both chorus and band did their utmost to ensure the success of a work whose composer is no less remarkable for his amiability of manner than for his unquestionable ability. Three pieces were repeated at the desire of the President—the chorus of Benediction, "The Lord be a lamp;" the unaccompanied quartet, "O come let us sing;" and the soprano air, "I mourn as a dove." So far as effect is concerned, the last air, for Mdlle. Tietjens, "Gird up thy loins," might well have been asked for again, but that it would have been a little too much to have expected a singer, even with the great German *prima donna's* exceptional powers, twice to have attacked such a succession of high passages, ascending to D flat, although her countrymen had that day achieved the greatest victory of modern times. At the conclusion of the work a perfect hurricane of applause arose from every side, which was renewed again and again, until Mr. Benedict had once more presented himself and acknowledged the enthusiastic greetings of the vast audience, whose demonstration was of that genuine and unmistakable sort which can never by any possibility be confounded with that mild and artificial form of approval which goes to make up a mere *succès d'estime*.

It was a mistake on the part of those who arranged the Festival programme to supplement a complete and lengthy oratorio like *St. Peter* with the *Requiem*, in which Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli were set down for the principal parts. How these artists acquitted themselves, and how the work went generally, I am unable to say, at least from my own observation, and therefore prefer to maintain a silence, which may be considered discreet or the reverse. It is, however, no breach of confidence to mention that, long as was the morning's performance, *i.e.*, nearly five hours, it would have been considerably longer had not the idea originally entertained of commencing with Spohr's "God, Thou art great," been abandoned by the Committee.

In accordance with the custom which has for some time obtained here, the last evening instead of being of the same miscellaneous character as its three predecessors is devoted to oratorio, so as to suit the requirements of those to whom a morning performance may be inconvenient. Upon this occasion the work chosen was *Samson*, the seventh in order of Handel's oratorios, begun eight days after the completion of the *Messiah*, finished in five weeks, produced at one of the Lenten performances at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 18th February, 1743, and said to be preferred by its composer even before its immediate forerunner, a judgment at the present day hardly likely to be endorsed; despite the many and striking beauties with which it abounds. The soloists on Friday were Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The intense pathos which the last named singer throws into that most touching air, "Total eclipse," has never been equalled, much less excelled by any vocalist, and those who were present will not readily forget how Mr. Reeves, who has sung at every performance, morning and evening, all through the week, distinguished himself on the last night of the Festival, his share in the duet, "Go, baffled coward," with Signor Foli, being as remarkable for its defiant vigour as the air above named was conspicuous for its depth and tenderness of feeling. Mdme. Patey again added largely to her previous successes by the manner in which she sang throughout, her greatest triumph being in "Return, O God of Hosts." Although considerably past 11 o'clock when Mdlle. Tietjens sang "Let the bright Seraphim" (the *obbligato* trumpet accompaniment being played by Mr. Thomas Harper with all his wonted skill), so spirited was her delivery of the well-known air that the audience with one voice asked for its repetition, a demand which the artist would have been quite justified in declining considering the amount of work that had fallen to her share during the past four days. Mr. Santley's splendid delivery of "How willing my paternal love" was in every way worthy his well-earned reputation, and what Mr. Cummings and Signor Foli had to do was done well, while the band and chorus, despite their prodigious labours, played and sang with unflagging energy up to the last note, the same arrangement of "God save the Queen" which had opened the Festival bringing it to a close. Ringing cheers then followed for some minutes, Sir Michael Costa being applauded again and again, the band and chorus, who best knew the indefatigable labours and immeasurable worth of their chief, being loudest of all in their demonstrations. Calls were got up for Benedict, Sullivan, Hiller, and Barnett, and those present of the gentlemen named responded to the compliment. A strong and well-deserved word of praise is especially due to Mr. Stockley and Mr. Sutton, upon whom all the weight of training the choruses devolves, and whose labours extend over many months preceding the Festival. The result of these labours has been a series of choral performances of the highest mark, and the unqualified approval of a body of singers who do the highest credit to the careful manner in which they have been prepared for their task. To Mr. Peyton, who by his courtesy and business-like manner shows himself a worthy successor to Mr. Oliver Mason, my especial thanks are due, while the duties of those gentlemen who take upon themselves the office of Stewards have been discharged with a quiet unobtrusiveness deserving of all praise, and particularly commended to the imitation of the Stewards of the Three Choir Festivals.

DRINKWATER HARD.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"The New Prussian March," by J. Gesten; "Watch by the Rhine," by W. S. Rockstro; "Angel of Peace," song, by Anne Fricker.

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—Two vocal quartets, The 23rd Psalm, for voice and piano (or organ); "A Lily thou wast," "An old Song," "Give," "The Fountain," "A Farewell"—songs, composed by Edward Hecht.

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THE LATE ALFRED NICHOLSON.

The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the *Leicester Advertiser*:—

"Dear Sir,—Your obituary columns will contain this week the name of one of our townsmen, which, as a musical amateur, I should not willingly see passed over without a few lines of respect and affectionate remembrance. I allude to the removal by death of Alfred Nicholson from amongst us, who, by his talent as an oboeist, was known throughout the whole of the three kingdoms, and universally esteemed *facile princeps* amongst English oboe players. The modesty which almost always accompanies true talent of every kind was a very conspicuous component of his character, and his readiness to oblige and delight his friends by his wonderful power of musical expression were well known and appreciated. His services for public charitable occasions were equally prompt and kind. The estimation in which he was held by the musical profession was well shown by the eager offer of gratuitous services from all the leading instrumentalists in the London orchestra, on the occasion of his being first stricken down with paralysis; and the result of this will be long remembered by the performance for his benefit of the *Ancient Mariner*, conducted by the composer, Mr. Barnett, in which all the instrumental orchestra were gratuitous professional players, and the performance unrivalled in beauty and delicacy by any ever heard here during the memory of man.

"Alfred Nicholson was born June 30th, 1822. His father, Henry Nicholson, was master of the Duke of Rutland's private band, and will be remembered by the older inhabitants as a skilful musician. Alfred began to study at six years old, and was afterwards placed under Mr. Alsept (a sterling musician of His Majesty's Theatre orchestra), and Mr. Tolbecque for violin, but preferring to make the oboe his chief instrument, he was put in charge of M. Barret (of whom he continued the favourite pupil), by whose side he played in the opera orchestra until disabled by the fatal attack which prostrated him.

"He was a distinguished member of all the Festival orchestras for many years, and attended especially all the Birmingham Festivals since 1834 (and died the day of the commencement of the latter this week). He was a member of the Philharmonic orchestra, the Royal Italian orchestra, Sacred Harmonic Society, and every important society in existence in London, since he went there, and his example, I know, has been an encouragement to his brothers, who are worthily sustaining the family reputation for musicianship, and whose reputation is great, and increasing in the provinces as well as London.

"As a friend who has known him from boyhood, I can bear testimony to his power of commanding the esteem and affection of all who knew him, and have recollection of many pleasant musical meetings with him, when his kind consideration for the deficiencies of those less gifted than himself, was as conspicuous as his own able conquest of all the difficulties which presented themselves in the performance of the music before him.

"It is pleasant to be able to refer, which I do very briefly (because I do not wish to raise the veil of private life), to the willing and kindly manner in which his afflictions have been lightened, and his failing strength upheld by the unwearied sympathy and assistance of his nearest friends. Suffice it to say they have done what they could, and I trust in doing so they will find their affliction for his loss lightened, and their own kindness returned in that form to themselves.

"Poor Alfred was proud of the old town, and loved the old friends in it, and though he has passed away after a long and distressing calamity, he will not be forgotten hastily by many here, amongst whom I am proud to include, dear Sir, yours respectfully, "William Rowlett.

"39, *Princess Street*."

NEW MUSIC.

Angel of Peace. Song. Written by the Rev. J. B. Dalton, M.A. Music by Anne Fricker. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

A simple and expressive song, which will command acceptance everywhere. The words are above the average of religious verses, and Miss Fricker has set them with much feeling. It is long since we met with a song at once so unambitious and so good.

Watch by the Rhine (*Die Wacht am Rhein*). Transcribed for the Pianoforte by W. S. Rockstro. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

It was to be expected that the popular German song of the Rhine would fall into the transcribers' hands; and here we have one of many versions. Mr. Rockstro has treated his theme in a manner so ornate that we doubt if Wilhelm would at once recognize his own composition. This, however, will be no drawback to those who love works of the kind, and to such we recommend the piece before us.

The New Prussian March. Composed for the Piano by Th. Oesten. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

This is not the least interesting of the many musical effusions springing out of the present miserable war. If any pianists wish to celebrate the Prussian victories they can now do it, without much trouble, in strains both vigorous and pleasing.

ENGLISH ACTORS OF OUR TIME.

In nothing is the difficulty of contemporary criticism more apparent than in acting. The natural bias of the human mind to hold the men with whom it acquires familiarity late in life inferior in all respects to those it knew in youth, to believe the past greater than the present is never so obvious as in judgments passed upon actors. In other cases the assertions of the *laudator temporis acti* can be disproved. Those who maintain that modern Englishmen are smaller in size and feebler in constitution and in strength than their sires are answered by the fact that Englishmen of the present day can wear the armour of their ancestor, and that from the monuments upon tombs we can gather that Englishmen of half-a-dozen centuries ago were much the same in shape and build that they now are. Is degeneracy in valour or in pluck maintained? We answer it in a score of ways. Never was better riding to hounds or manlier cricket exhibited. For deeds of heroism the behaviour of our soldiers during the Indian Mutiny, and in the battles of Balaclava and Inkerman may stand beside that of the troops of Cressy or of Flodden, while the manly action of those noble fellows who perished in the Birkenhead shows that the poorest soldier can by circumstances be rendered a Philip Sidney. Had such a deed as they performed been done in any country but England a monument would have commemorated the fact, and blazoned to future generations their worth.* In literature, lastly, and in art, the comparison between the present and the past can be readily established. We know that in spite of the cry of degeneracy echoed by every writer since Homer, human intellect attained its supreme development in the comparatively modern days of Elizabeth. We know that in writers like Montaigne, Milton, Locke, Voltaire, Goethe, Wordsworth, Shelley, Victor Hugo, Tennyson, Ruskin, Swinburne, and Rossetti, the glories of old literature are worthily transmitted and maintained, and placing their works together we defy the warmest supporter of old times to show us any sign of decadence.

In art we can speak less boldly, but we know that in this there is revival, and that though the glories of the remote past may not be reached, those of the past nearer at hand are equalled and even eclipsed. But in acting the case is different. A clamour of testimony from all who have attained middle age, tells us that actors now-a-days are not fit to be mentioned side by side with those who went before, and the evidence of preceding writers and playgoers supports the theory that the process of degradation now going on with accelerating speed has been in existence since the infancy of histrionic art in England. In the greatest as in the least the falling off is equally perceptible. We can thus establish that Kean was less than Garrick, and Garrick less than Betterton. Could we go back further we should find, doubtless, that Betterton himself was inferior, according to public report, to Burbage, who in turn came behind some now forgotten exponent of miracle play or religious pegeantry. These statements cannot be confuted. In the case of the actor we cannot compare the living with the dead. No vestige of their work except such portion of it as is preserved in tradition, which probably caricatures it, is left behind. Of the tens of thousands down whose cheeks they brought tears of sorrow or joy, not one probably has left behind him a written word upon their merits. Concerning most actors we know nothing; concerning all we know nothing which will enable us to form a thorough judgment upon their merits. Cibber has rendered the greatest service to modern playgoers of any writer of past times. He has left us a gallery of dramatic portraits, each face in which seems recognizable. As a consequence we know the stage in the time when Betterton and Mountford, Kynaston, Wilks, Sandford, Mrs. Betterton, Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Mountford, and Mrs. Bracegirdle were its ornaments better than we know it in the time of our own infancy and adolescence. But even with this aid, the best we have received or are likely to receive, we cannot compare living actors with dead. We cannot tell whether Mountford or Charles Mathews was the greater comedian. The fact that the actor's art dies with him and that no trace of it can survive, is what first strikes one in connection with it. This fact has of course been often dwelt upon. It confers upon the profession itself a measure of the pathos of human life. Where all is fugitive feelings of sadness must intrude. We see an actress enchanting an audience. Delighted thousands bask in her smile and hang upon her lips. Yet while we know that her talent, the godlike gift she possesses, the power almost unequalled of stirring man's blood and thrilling his pulse with pleasure or with pain, is as ephemeral as the beauty of face and limb; that her art "expires before the flowers in her *cheeks*." That the memory of those who have delighted us in our youth lingers in our hearts, and that no modern siren can breathe melodies that make us forget the old seems almost a sort of attempt on the part of nature to compensate for the fate which inevitably attends the actress. Brief as is the triumph she knows it is the most complete a woman can obtain. No crown of empire ministers half the gratification given by that of dramatic art. "A month or twain to live on honeycomb," then to fade and leave behind recollections that make, to those who have obtained them, all subsequent performances pale and colourless such is the fate of the queen of comedy, perhaps on the whole, when the general scope of nature's work is taken into account no unsatisfactory fate after all.

"Et rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin."

* There is such a monument, though "K" does not know of it, in Chelsea Hospital. —Ed. *M. W.*

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The considerations upon which we have dwelt surround with difficulty the task of him who essays to write upon modern actors and acting. He can hope to please or satisfy but a small proportion of his audience. Very naturally those on whom he writes with the school of believers each one of them carries with him will consider whatever commendation he can bestow inadequate, whatever censure he implies undeserved. Those, on the other hand, who have the keenest appreciation of the subject and are most likely to read his notes and observations will be sure to judge all praise excessive. As the traveller in Switzerland when he finds you know most spots he has explored tries again and again until he brings forward one spot you have not visited, then gleefully assures you your visits have been wasted while that spot remained unknown, so the reader of theatrical criticisms will maintain that all merit is usurped by those actors whom you have not seen. Undaunted, however, by all considerations of this or any other kind, we purpose to give a few sketches of living actors. That we know the difficulties of the task we undertake is shown by what we have said. We endeavour, however in the present introductory portion to explain our motives in commencing the task before us, and to solicit indulgence in its execution. To speak by name of contemporaries is a thankless office from which by choice most men would gladly retire. Unfortunately, the necessity that some should so speak of them exists, or, what is practically the same thing, is thought to exist.

The list of actors who attain absolute excellence is great. Whether or not we have any actor of very highest mark is what we can scarcely tell. We do not profess to have a tragedian who can maintain the glories transmitted in an unbroken chain by Betterton to Macready. But in other departments of art we regard the stage as wealthy. We need but let our memories run over a few of the leading names with no hope that we shall be able to dwell at length upon half of them, to see that our stage is not poor so far as regards actors of comedy and of realistic drama. Some few actors even we have who are capable of excursions into the regions of high and poetical art. In general strength our companies are greatly behind those of a generation past, and immeasurably behind those of a century ago. In the merits of individual actors the present generation may compete with any that has preceded it. We conclude this introductory portion of our criticisms with an appeal to those whose merits we shall have to discuss, and the public we shall have to address. Actors must see in their lifetimes an estimate of their merits, or else their merits are likely in the future to receive very inadequate recognition. Hence, a measure of the delicacy of contemporaneous criticism is removed. The contemporary must, in the very condition of things, give to posterity the only verdict it can have. There is no actor alive, moreover, of whom we can speak in terms of unmitigated eulogy, though there are many for whose talents we entertain a profound admiration. Actors, thus can scarcely find the mention of their names entirely to their liking. We ask them, accordingly, to look at the spirit of the whole, rather than that of particular passages, and we ask both them and the public to believe that, however much fault-finding may force its way into these columns, the writing emanates from one whose sincere conviction is that criticism is truest to itself and to the art it illustrates when it most strives to be appreciative. K.

BEETHOVEN AS A VIENNA VOLUNTEER.*

The date was 1796. The French under Bonaparte were advancing victoriously in Italy. At this juncture, two noblemen, as patriotic as brave, were inspired by a happy idea. Count Franz Hugo von Salen-Keifferscheid and Count Wenzel Paar drew up, with the assistance of Captain Friedrich Wilhelm von Mayern, of the Imperial Austrian army, a genial plan for the voluntary arming of the people. It was instantly approved of by the Emperor Francis. In an incredibly short space of time about eleven thousand recruits had assembled, who equipped themselves at their own expense, and asked the Government only for arms. There was soon a corps of 14,000 men, a light fusilier battalion, complete in every particular. It enjoyed the privilege of playing the "Grenadiers' March," and the public functionaries and students serving in it retained their stipends. It bore the name of the *Wiener Freiwilliger* (Vienna Volunteers). The Commander was Major Kowosdy, of the Imperial Austrian service, and the consecration of the colours took place on the glacis, before the Burg-gate, in presence of the Emperor and the Empress. The latter had given the regiment a handsomely embroidered belt for the ensign to support the colours in. Amid vociferous cheers the regiment marched off, by the way of Klagenfurt and Brixen, to join Field Marshal Alvinczy at Trent.

Let us transplant ourselves to the Neuer-Markt. Opposite the "Mehlgrube," as it was called (now the Hotel Munsch), was a recruiting-tent, so surrounded by people that it was hardly possible for any one to get inside. Opposite the tent the band of the new corps had stationed itself on the balcony of the Mehlgrube. It was conducted by a young man of about twenty-five, whose intellectual, quick eye was continually shooting forth glances over the scene beneath. Near the recruiting-tent, in the market place, stood a man, somewhere about thirty, of robust build, with broad athletic shoulders. He was gazing with a longing eye on the young volunteers who had just been enlisted. This man was one of the best known individuals among the people. He was called "Hupfauf-und-Schnappnieder."* He earned his living as a coffin-bearer, and his name was Joseph Hupfauf. By a strange caprice of nature, while he was shaped like a giant in the upper part of his body, his lower extremities were altogether out of keeping with his head and shoulders. He had awfully bowed legs, and could make but very slow progress, his legs giving way so frequently that the above nick-name, which has survived even to the present day, was universally bestowed upon him.

Hupfauf was as ardent a patriot as thousands of others, better built than himself, and all he thought of was how to get enlisted as a volunteer. He had already been to several recruiting tents, and endeavoured to carry out his wish, but, in every case, the officials had regretfully refused the portly individual, as soon as their glances caught sight of the unsatisfactory extremities, which threatened, at every step, to leave the seeming Hercules in the lurch. The Mehlmarkt was his last hope. If he did not succeed in getting accepted there, he would have to return to his old calling of coffin-bearer. Unfortunately, he was not more successful in the Mehlmarkt than in other places, and, with despair in his heart, he sneaked away.

Twilight had set in; the band in the balcony of the Mehlgrube had ceased playing, and the bandmaster, arm-in-arm with one of the recruiting officers, who, like himself, resided in the Alser suburb, was strolling quietly home. In the Wipplingerstrasse, their attention was directed to a portly individual whose hat did not display the well-known tuft, though, to all appearance, the wearer would have made a splendid volunteer. He must have been drinking a little more than was good for him, for he staggered about in every direction, and his legs sometimes gave way so that he could not walk straight a single step.

"What an acquisition he would be to the Volunteer Corps," said the bandmaster, directing the officer's attention to the athlete.—"He must be a cur," replied the officer, Lieutenant Krail, "for it is scarcely credible that a man of such a build can, at a moment like this, shirk military duty. But stop—perhaps we are wrong; he is going down into the wine-cellar, and there are usually recruiting officers there. Let us follow him and try our luck; perhaps we may supply the Committee with a finer bird than any one else has done."

There is still in the Wipplingerstrasse at No. 25 (originally No. 352) a wine-cellar, called from the Färbergasse, which is close at hand, the "Färberkeller." At that time such subterranean drinking-places were the rendezvous of crowds of high-spirited young fellows, and, consequently, greatly frequented by recruiting officers. Hupfauf was aware of this, and in his despair had hit upon a little plan for realizing his patriotic wishes. He descended into the cellar, sat down at a table, and, sticking his unshapely legs under the bench, waited with a glass of wine before him, to see how near he was towards attaining his object. He pretended to be the worse for liquor, and felt certain of attracting attention. Scarcely had he taken his place before the bandmaster and the recruiting officer entered, and immediately seated themselves near him.

"Here's luck to you, my worthy friend!" exclaimed the officer, merrily. "I feel convinced you have only been waiting for me, to join the ranks of the Volunteers against Bonaparte."—"Not a bit—I should lie, if I said so," replied Hupfauf, anxiously. "Supposing I wanted to do so, it wouldn't be any good, for nature has neglected me shamefully. First of all, I haven't got a bit of courage."—"And you are not ashamed to say so, ain't you?" observed the bandmaster, indignantly. "Look ye. I am not an Austrian, though I hope soon to be one, and yet I have voluntarily joined—if only in my own line, namely, music—the brave soldiers. My notes shall inspire the volunteer host, and no bullet shall make me break down in my *tempo*. Come, drink with us the toast: Long live the Emperor Franz; long live the gallant army!"—"No, my dear bandmaster, no. I am very 'greeable to drink the—the health o' the Emp'ror and his gallant sojers, but I'm hanged if I'm a-going along with 'em. I han't got any pluck."—"You're sure to have pluck—you cannot help it—if you are only once in the midst of the fighting," answered the officer.—"No—besides, as I have told you, I ain't bodily qualified. I'm so weak and shaky on my legs, that I am near falling every step I take."—"What are you talking about! When the charge has once sounded; when you once hear the roll of the drums, and when once the smell of the powder tickles your nostrils, there will be no more falling."—"It's all very well to talk about charging. How can I, with my wretched body, run fast enough to charge?"—"You will have no need to run yourself. Those about you will carry you with them."—"But I waddle like a duck."—"That will be splendid for swimming over the rivers."—"No—say what you like, you will not persuade me."

The more the coffin-bearer insisted upon his bodily unfitness, the

* From the *Signale*.

* "Hop-up-and-Bob-down."

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less did his companions believe him, and the more did they strive to enlist so fine a man. Wine was ordered, and the glasses so often emptied, that the timid giant appeared to become tipsy, and gradually began to pluck up courage. At last, he allowed himself to be persuaded, and consented to enlist. The officer joyfully counted the bounty out on the table for him, and settled the bargain with the formal shake of the hand.

"So, now I am irrevocably a Vienna Volunteer, eh?" said the recruit in a drunken accent, and sticking the bounty in his pocket.—"Certainly," replied the bandmaster, "you shook hands and accepted the bounty. You must now have your name entered. Come along—the enlisting tent on the Freiung is, no doubt, still open."—"All right; the sooner the better," replied the other, as, suddenly growing sober, he stood up and advanced.—"What the deuce does this mean!" exclaimed the officer, scrutinizing him from top to toe. "I fancy I know those bow legs."—"I dare say you do; unfortunately I have no others."—"Confound it! why that's Hupfauf, whom we refused to-day in the Mehlmarkt."—"Yes; that's correct. I'm Hupfauf-und-Schnappnieder."—"Who can make anything out of you? You waddle with your feet like a duck."—"A splendid qualification for swimming over rivers."—"Your legs collapse every minute."—"What do you mean by collapse? When once the signal is given to charge; when once I hear the roll of the drums; when once the smell of the powder tickles my nose, there'll be an end to anything like collapse."—"You talk about charging, do you? What! with those crooked legs? With your wretched figure, how could you ever run fast enough to charge?"—"It is not necessary that I should be able to do so. In close column, my comrades will carry me along with them."—"Confound it all, he is turning my own words against me. Just listen, like a good fellow. Be reasonable, and retire of your own accord. I should be always taunted with enrolling you. I make you a present of the bounty; leave the Vienna Volunteers alone."—"I will add ten florins, if you will withdraw," said the bandmaster.—"Gentlemen, all your talking is no good. I am a volunteer, and I mean to remain a volunteer. I am now going to the Freiung to get my name entered."

His two companions followed him with a heavy heart. The officials in the tent laughed heartily at the trick Hupfauf had played, but he was refused and sent off. When the consecration of the colours took place afterwards upon the glacis, and the bandmaster was stationed on the right wing of the Corps, someone tapped him on the shoulder. It was bow-legged Hupfauf.

"I beg your pardon, bandmaster, don't you really think I could march with you?"—"I do not; but there is one thing I can tell you: I respect your patriotic sentiments, and only wish that every man in Austria capable of bearing arms were like you. I shall often think of you, and I will preserve the memory of noble-minded 'Bow-Legs' among the Vienna Volunteers."—Aye, do, bandmaster. I, too, will often think of you. By the way, what is your name?"

"My name is Ludwig van Beethoven."

"Very good; now, Herr van Beethoven, if, you return safe and sound to Vienna, come and see me at the Neubau, in the Wandelstadt; that's where I live. My warmest good wishes accompany the Vienna Volunteers."

Endless cheers disturbed the conversation; the words of command re-echoed along the ranks, and the music struck up—the Emperor Franz was approaching to be present at the consecration of the colours. Then, amid the vociferous plaudits of the immense crowd, the Volunteer Corps marched out from Vienna.

Beethoven wielded, as a volunteer, the bandmaster's conducting-stick in 1796, and the first part of 1797. He was present at Anghiari, Rivoli, Bevilaqua, Minerbe, and San Giorgio, and—as he had predicted—no bullet made him break down in his *tempo*. He composed several marches, which have probably been lost, or which he afterwards considered too insignificant to be included in the list of his works. The only composition of his that has survived from this period is "Oesterreich's Kriegslied," words by Friedelberg; but Carl Gross-Athanasius, the painter and writer on musical subjects, possesses a portrait, which, dating from about 1795, is a vivid likeness of the young Volunteer Bandmaster.

We are a week nearer to the coming of Nilsson, so that we can count seven days of anxiety as past and at rest. But this fact only intensifies the public interest to hear one of the world's few great vocal and dramatic artists. In less than two weeks Nilsson will leave the shores of England *en route* for New York. The date of her leaving is fixed for the 3rd of September, so that she will reach New York early enough to afford her a few days' rest, before she throws the glamour of her beautiful voice and her art refinements over the people of this city. From present appearances, every seat for the first half dozen concerts will be bought up in advance, and the price of tickets will be quoted by speculators at fabulous amounts. But the wary will eschew the speculators and seek the legitimate sources of sale.—*Watson's Art Journal.*

HAYDN'S *SEASONS.*

We can only construe neglect of the *Seasons* as one of those freaks for which nobody can account. Certainly there is nothing in the subject and nothing in the music capable of affording an explanation. Rather are both subject and music attractive in the highest degree; the only way of accounting for the fact, therefore, is to suppose that the *Creation* absorbs all the notice that can be spared to Haydn's oratorios, by virtue of its more decidedly religious and scriptural character. This, to large numbers of English people, would appear a sufficient explanation. It is hardly such, however, looked at from a musical point of view.

Among the noticeable features in Haydn's life is a vigorous attempt to make his mark upon oratorio when far advanced in years. It may have been that during his long residence with the Esterhazy family—a period of thirty years—he was not encouraged to work in that department of the art, especially as his one Italian oratorio, *Il Ritorno di Tobia*, did not make a great success. We are inclined, however, to believe that both the *Creation* and the *Seasons* were prompted, in the first instance, by Haydn's English experience. In 1790, the master visited this country, and, probably for the first time in his life, was brought close to the genius and success of Handel. Here he heard the noble works of his predecessor, and, not only felt their power himself, but noted the hold they had obtained upon the people generally. He was then fifty-nine years of age, and had all his life been a hard worker. But Handel wrote oratorios in more advanced years; and why should not Haydn. The idea doubtless occurred to him, and stayed by him; so that when, in 1797, the Baron von Swieten, librarian to the Emperor of Austria, suggested the *Creation*, as a subject for musical treatment he took up the matter with ardour.

In 1798 the work was ready and was received with rapture. That Haydn delighted in it and loved it, all his biographers tell. "I was never so pious," said the master, "as when engaged on the *Creation*; I fell on my knees daily and prayed God would vouchsafe me strength to carry out the work." The result must have seemed to him a providential blessing on the spirit in which he laboured. With what humility he gave his oratorio to the world may be gathered from some remarks in a letter to his publishers, Breitkopf and Härtel:—"As for myself," wrote Haydn, "now an old man, I only wish and hope that the critics may not handle my *Creation* with too great severity, and be too hard on it. They may possibly find the musical orthography faulty in various passages, and, perhaps, other things also which I have for so many years been accustomed to consider as minor points; but the genuine connoisseur will see the real cause as readily as I do, and willingly cast aside such stumbling-blocks. This, however, is entirely *inter nos*; or I might be accused of conceit and arrogance, from which, however, my heavenly Father has preserved me all my life long." As we have said, the *Creation* was a success; and when, after a first performance in Paris, the artists engaged sent the master a gold medal, inscribed "Hommage à Haydn," the old man must have felt stimulated to a fresh effort in his new field of labour.

Baron von Swieten was, happily, ready with another subject, and Haydn again set to work. The baron had been reading Thompson's *Seasons*, and, naturally enough after the success of Haydn's descriptive writing in the *Creation*, the idea occurred to him of making it the theme of an oratorio. We can fancy with what readiness the aged musician entered upon his task. He had a thoroughly congenial subject; the encouragement of success; a strong conviction that much could yet be done ("O God," said he in one of his letters, "how much remains to be done in this splendid art, even by a man like myself"), and he must have felt that to him the night was fast coming in which no man can work. So, in his seventieth year, Haydn buckled on his armour for a last great effort.

THADDEUS EGG.

PESTH.—Herr Ellinger, the "heroic tenor" (*Heldentenor*) at the National Theatre will celebrate next month the twenty-fifth anniversary of his heroic-tenoric career.

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HERR R. WAGNER ON HERR R. WAGNER AND HIS WORKS.*

It was a deliciously painful state of mind in which I then was; it bore for me the *Fliegender Holländer*, long previously conceived. All irony, all bitter or humorous sarcasm, which, in such cases, is all that remains as sole plastic impetus to our literary authors, had been provisionally so far let loose and cast forth by me, in the literary efforts already named, and those succeeding them,† that, after this deliverance, I was placed in a position to satisfy my inward impulse only by genuine artistic plastic creations. It is probable that after what I had experienced, and from the standpoint upon which my knowledge of life had placed me, I should not have gained this power, had I from my youth upwards acquired only literary accomplishments; I might, perhaps, have followed the path pursued by our modern *literati* and writers of stage-pieces, who, under the petty influences exerted by the formal relations of life, take the field, with every stroke of their prosaic or rhyming pens, against equally formal expressions of those relations, and thus carry on pretty much the same kind of warfare that, in our own days, General Willisen and his faithful followers waged against the Danes; I should very probably—to employ the popular phraseology—have thus acted like the driver who beats the sack instead of beating the ass,‡ had I not been fitted by something for higher efforts, and that something was *Music*.

It was but lately that I expressed, at length, my opinions concerning music; I will merely refer to it here as my good angel, who preserved me as an artist, nay, really made me one, from the time that my outraged feeling revolted, more and more decidedly, against the state of our art. That my revolt did not take place beyond the pale of art, from the standpoint either of the criticizing man of letters, or of the art-denying, socialistically calculating, political mathematician of the present day, but that my revolutionary feeling awakened in me the impulse and the capability for artistic efforts, this, as I have said, I owe entirely to music. I just now named music my good angel. This angel was not sent down to me from heaven; he came to me out of the sweat of centuries of human genius; he did not merely touch, with an impalpable sunny hand, as it were, the crown of my head; in the blood-warm night of my violently-desiring heart, he was nourished until he had strength to produce outwardly for the world of day.—I cannot conceive the spirit of music otherwise than in *love*. Filled with love's holy power, I beheld before me, as the visual strength of my human life-glance increased, not formalism to be criticized; no, looking through that, I recognized, at the bottom of the phenomenon, by sympathetic power of conception, the want of love under the oppression of loveless formalism. He only who experiences the want of love, recognizes the same want in others. My artistic faculty of perception, filled with music, rendered me capable of recognizing this want in the world of art, also, everywhere that, by the repulsive contact with its external formalism, I felt my own powers of love wounded, and from this very fact my own need of love actively awakened. Thus, I revolted through love, and not through envy or anger, and thus, therefore, I became an *artist*, and not a critical literary man.

The influence exerted by my power of musical conception upon the fashioning of my artistic efforts, and especially on the choice and treatment of my poetic subjects, I will describe according to its nature, when, by the narration of the origin and character of the productions brought to light by me under this influence, I shall have rendered such a description more easy for the understanding. At present, I give the narrative.

The course I took in the conception of the *Fliegender Holländer* was followed by me in the dramatic poems, which, in the order they sprang into existence, I present, in this book, to my friends; they are, in addition to the *Fliegender Holländer* above named, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. I have been reproached with having, by these works, gone *back* to the track of "romantic opera," a track passed by and closed—people say—by Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, and already deserted by me in my *Rienzi*. Those who reproach me with this, think naturally rather of romantic *Opera*, than of those *operas* which, in conformity with a conventionally classifying assumption, may be called romantic. It will be seen whether I proceeded from an artistically formal purpose to the construction of "romantic' operas, when I describe the manner in which the three works sprang into existence.

I have described generally the frame of mind in which I conceived the *Fliegender Holländer*. The conception was just as old as the frame of mind, which at first was only being prepared in me, but, struggling against ensnaring impressions, at length obtained the power of utterance, so that it could express itself in a work of art peculiar to it.—The figure of the Flying Dutchman is the mythic poem of the people; a primæval trait of human nature is expressed in it with heart-moving force. This trait, in its most general significance, is the yearning for repose after the storms of life. In the bright Hellenic world, we meet it in the wanderings of Ulysses, and in his longing for home, house, hearth, and—wife, something actually attainable and ultimately attained by the jog-trot son of old Hellas. Christianity, without an earthly home, fashioned this trait into the figure of the "Wandering Jew;" for this wanderer condemned for ever, without an object, and without a joy, to a life long lived out, there was no redemption on earth; the only desire left him was the yearning for death; the only hope, the prospect of annihilation. At the end of the Middle Ages, a new and vigorous impulse directed nations to *Life;* the history of the world shows this most successfully expressed in the form of a desire for discovery. The sea now became the ground of life; no longer, however, the small inland sea of the Hellenic world, but the globe-encircling ocean. Men now broke with the old world; the longing felt by Ulysses to return to his home, hearth, and wife, had, after being nourished on the sufferings of the "Wandering Jew" into a yearning for death, risen into the ardent desire for something new, unknown, and not visibly present, but yet felt beforehand. This immensely-extended trait we find in the myth of the Flying Dutchman, that poem of a sea-faring people at the historical epoch of voyages of discovery. We hit upon a remarkable mixture, effected by the spirit of the people, of the character of the Wandering Jew and that of Ulysses. The Dutch mariner is condemned by the Devil—here evidently the element of the deluge and the storm*—to sail about restlessly for all eternity upon the ocean. Exactly like Ahasverus he longs for death as a termination to his sufferings; this redemption, denied the Wandering Jew, may, however, be obtained by the Dutchman through the instrumentality of a *woman*, who shall sacrifice herself out of love for him; the yearning for death impels him, therefore, to seek out this woman; she is no longer, however, the Penelope of Ulysses, attending to her home duties, and wedded years before; she is woman generally, but woman not present, woman we long for, of whom we have a presentiment, the endlessly womanly woman—or, to express it in a word: *the Woman of the Future.*

* Extracted from *Drei Opernd ichtungen, nebst einer Mittheilung an seine Freunde als Vorwort, von Richard Wagner.* Leipsic, 1852.

† Among them are included, also, some articles which I wrote, under the name of Freudenfeuer, in Lewald's *Europa*.

‡ The German proverb: "*Auf den Sack schlagen und den Esel meinen*" ("To beat the sack and mean the ass"), signifies, figuratively, to punish or reprimand a person before his superior for a fault of which it is the latter who is really guilty.—J. V. B.

* A critic recently considered this devil and the Flying Dutchman to be a dogmatic devil and a dogmatic spectre.

MUSIC IN NAPLES.

A correspondent writes from Naples thus:—

"Our great theatre remains closed, and up to the present moment there is no indication of its being re-opened this season. What probability, indeed, would there be of its being able to pay its expenses with half Europe in a state of agitation? Few stronger facts could be adduced to prove the universal paralysis with which war has struck the Peninsula than that San Carlo shows no sign of returning animation. It has always been considered a necessity of existence for our Neapolitans. Let any disaster befall the people, but let the great theatre open wide its doors! Something, however, may be done later; hopes have been expressed that a foreign Appaltatore may come forward to risk his reputation, and what would be considered of more value, his purse, to revive the ancient glory of this City of the Muses. To tell the truth, however, the pulses of the country beat too strongly now to allow of much expenditure of thought on Art. There has been an event at the Fondo which has excited much attention, and it is the production of *Giannina e Barnardone* by Cimarosa. For some time the false taste which has encouraged mere noise, or what the *Patrie* well styles 'tempeste obbligate' and 'migliatrici applicate all'orchestra,' has ignored the purity of an older school, but, thanks to Signor Trisolini, the *Matrimonio Segreto* and the *Giannina e Bernardone* of Cimarosa have been disinterred from the dust of the archives of the College of Music, and have been received with delight by large audiences who never before had heard them. It is hoped that this may inaugurate a period of better taste, and that 'young writers who, deficient in study and inspiration, now fill works of a day with polkas and mazurkas,' may hereafter give more attention to a 'Master' whom Rossini studied diligently. The performers, who were well received, were La Paoletti, La Valeriani, La Bolis, Paoletti, Brignoli, Borelli, and Palmieri, of whom La Paoletti, and Brignoli especially were applauded. *Il Conte d'Ory* will, it is expected, be shortly put upon the stage, and with this the season at the Fondo will close. And what then? Are we to have an exhibition on a larger scale in Rome? Time has yet to show it."

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ENGLISH ACTORS OF OUR TIME.

No. 2.—Webster.

The most popular style of acting in England, and that in which during late years the most frequent triumphs have been obtained, is the serio-comic. Tragedy, in its highest developments, seems to have accompanied Mr. Macready into retirement, while comedy finds but few representatives, and those chiefly lingerers from a previous generation. In parts, however, in which the pathos is domestic, and in which tragedy is shown through a veil of comedy, modern acting leaves little to desire. In this class of art recent years have seen the marvellous impersonations of the late Mr. Robson, besides those of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Craven, Mr. Dominick Murray, Mr. Belmore, and many other actors of equal merit and reputation. Mr. Webster's fame has been derived from parts of this class. Unlike, however, Mr. Robson or Mr. Jefferson, in whom the comic and tragic seem nicely balanced, Mr. Webster is much more successful in presenting the serious than the humorous side of the character he assumes. It may be doubted, indeed, whether his acting can justly be said to have a comic side. Those semi-humorous or semi-ludicrous traits occasionally introduced into some of his more popular representations seem scarcely more than the touches of light in a picture, which are necessary to indicate the profundity of the gloom. Mr. Webster's career is one that should be studied by those aspirants to the stage who believe that success can be achieved by a *coup de-main*. At the present moment Mr. Webster is one of the most intelligent, conscientious, and, in the fullest sense of the word, artistic actors our stage possesses. Each performance of his bears marks of dramatic appreciation and intelligent study. Yet how long it took to ripen the powers he possesses, to give the familiarity with stage device, the insight into character, and the executive ability he displays, may be seen from his early career. Year after year, in patient obscurity, were the foundations of his reputation laid.

About 1825, if we mistake not, he first appeared in London and played at Drury Lane. Two years subsequently the first mention of him we have traced in stage records occurs, and we find him playing a subordinate part in a version of *The Lady of the Lake*. The same year he obtained the praise of Judge Talfourd for the comic manner in which he presented a fat negro servant in a worthless and forgotten melodrama entitled *The Boy of Santillane; or, Gil Blas and the Bandits*. Half a dozen years later we hear of him unfavourably, this time as giving at the Haymarket an incompetent rendering of Figaro, in *The Barber of Seville*. Silence again follows until an illness of Harley gives the young actor an opportunity of displaying the existence of unsuspected power. In 1837 he became the manager of the Haymarket, which theatre he subsequently left, as is well known, for the Adelphi and other houses connected with his name. Since that period when his management began, all his best remembered impersonations have been given, Lavater, Belphegor, Triplet, Pennholder, Pierre Leroux, Joseph Chavigny, Richard Pride, Robert Landry, and Luke Fielding contributing to increase his reputation, and to show the limits as well as the reality of his abilities. Mr. Webster's range is not great. He is most successful in depicting characters in which the pathos is drawn from surroundings than those in which it is inherent. Of purely comic representations, or, indeed, of representations into which any considerable spirit of comedy enters, he has during late years given us little. Calvinistic sternness of heart, an unpardoning disposition wrought upon and stirred to a point of agony by domestic trials and shame as in Luke Fielding, in *The Willow Copse*, is the kind of character he most easily presents. He would be admirable, we cannot help thinking, in a whole range of characters, from the novels of Scott, beginning with douce Davie Deans and ending with Balfour of Burley. Next to characters of this class come those in which poverty and want are exhibited as breaking the spirit of a man of talent and even of genius, representations of struggle between starvation and dishonour in the mind of the scholar. The third range of characters in which Mr. Webster has attained a mark which, though inferior to that he attains in parts to which previous reference has been made, is still high, is in heroes of pure melodrama. His performance of Robert Landry, in *The Dead Heart*, of Watts Phillips, is one of the most popular of his representations. Though full of vigour and colour, however, it is decidedly inferior to many impersonations Mr. Webster has given us. For this, however, the actor is not wholly responsible. The motives of the character have been but imperfectly revealed by the dramatist. We see the unconquerable devotion, the zeal and the readiness for self-sacrifice of the hero, but the key to much of his conduct and to his relations to those around him is not supplied. The part is played by Mr. Webster with great care, but the qualities depicted are those which afford least difficulty to the actor. In one respect does the representation approach greatness. We see in Landry a character formed by the Revolution. Just as Figaro sprang out of the corruptions of the Regency, as Andrew Fairservice developed from Scotch "canniness" worked upon by Calvinistic teaching, as *Old Mortality* issued from the Covenanters, as Lovelace sprang from the riotous courts of the Stuarts, as Pendennis was a direct emanation from the commonplace life of yesterday, was Robert Landry beggotten by the French Revolution. He was cradled in its principles of revenge, and baptized in its water, or, shall we say, its blood of heroism and self sacrifice? This individuality of Landry is, moreover, due principally to the actor. Something of the kind is indicated in the play. Its perfect realization is attributable to the artist.

What displays to fullest advantage Mr. Webster's gifts of expression and gesture is the character of Triplet in *Masks and Faces*. Attired in all the panoply of Grub Street, the poor author, bankrupt in purse and in spirit, displays the purposeless and gloomy despondency his situation is calculated to arouse. Flashes of hope irradiate for a moment his mind, but its general atmosphere is gloom; its constant attitude one of hopeless wretchedness. As a picture the representation was perfect. Each detail of costume had received minute attention. Hogarth could scarcely have drawn with brush, or Pope described with pen, a more truthful portrait of the poor scribbler, whose high aspirations had sunk in the long-sustained conflict with the world, until what had once been a battle for glory and on behalf of principle had ended as a struggle almost despairing for bread. The rapture of the man as new prospects arose before him is not less touching than his demeanour in defeat. At first the news can scarcely be credited. As slowly its truth becomes apparent the man seems to thaw into tears of joy. His old sorrows seem almost visibly to drop from him, and joy and delight suffuse his whole being. While resembling in some respects the character of Triplet, that of Pennholder differs from it in being more pathetic. Few scenes on the modern stage are more touching than that in which the father endeavours by attitude and inflection to make his daughter love and understand the voice of nature, and bring her to realize the fact that no personator of a father but the father himself solicits her recognition and pines for her caress. Very noteworthy in this is the manner in which helplessness and timidity are conveyed. The love for the newly-found child while it has raised the feelings of the father to a state of supreme exaltation has taken from him no slight measure of his power and his very manhood. So afraid is he of a refusal to acknowledge him that he draws back again and again from the critical experiment he is yet resolved to try. In the contrast between eagerness and mistrust and in the manner in which the profound yearning of a father's heart is depicted this representation is unsurpassed upon the English stage.

Mr. Webster's Belphegor showed his inferiority in melodramatic parts to his illustrious compeer, Frederic Lemaitre. The pathos of the situation is evoked by Mr. Webster with the heart of a master, but the delicacy, subtlety, and refinement of Lemaitre were not reached. In Richard Pride the gloom of the representation deepens almost beyond tragedy. Fine as is Mr. Webster's acting in the part, and it succeeds in indicating rather than depicting its cruelty, it cannot altogether soften its repulsiveness. Drunkenness, which accomplishes one murder and is on the point of accomplishing a second, is not very pleasant or easy to present. The alternations of maudlin penitence with desperate resolve in the earlier scenes are finely indicated. Among characters which are less kind, but which have merit equal to those described, may be mentioned Joseph Chavigny, in a play of the same name, which, for a short time, held possession of the Adelphi, and the Jesuit in *Two Loves and a Life*. Admirable in all respects was the manner in which in the latter the presence of better feeling behind the stern cold exterior was indicated.

The quietude of Mr. Webster's manner, and his power of manifesting emotion with no employment of the common methods of noise and rant, are two of his remarkable characteristics. A slight movement and the mere inflection of a voice are adequate with him to a world of revelation. Fine, however, as is the actor's method, and complete as is his mastery of the passions he essays to depict, his range is, as we have said, not wide. No comic impersonation lingers in the mind, although many comic parts, such as Wildrake, in *The Love Chase*, and others have been played by him. Sadness and pathos constitute his forte, and the confines of his empire are distinctly marked. Ferocity hidden behind emotions, subservience and a slimy self-satisfaction in Tartuffe, puritanical rapidity and inveterate and unflinching honesty in Luke Fielding, timid and disconsolate and rather maundering regret and despair in Triplet, and exquisite tenderness and pathos in Pennholder represent the bounds of his kingdom and shut in a small but scarcely inconsiderable domain.

K.

Hymns for Music.

Rataplan, friends, sing
In a minor key,
War is no slight thing
Even fools may see.
While the thinking man
Must their folly rue
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapooh, pooh, pooh!

Tra la la, tric-trac!
Sing ye small o'er night,
In the bivouac,
Upon eve of fight.
If indeed you can
Hold your nonsense, do.
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapooh, pooh, pooh!

Silly chorus such
To insane war-song
We have heard too much—
We have heard too long.
The results now scan
To vain-glory due.
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapooh, pooh, pooh!

Promenade, advance
On invaded land,
Is unlike a dance—
Do you understand?
It is no *can-can*,
For your foes or you.
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapooh, pooh, pooh!

Punch.

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RICHARD WAGNER.

(From "Dwight's Journal of Music.")

Our friend of the London *Musical World* wonders that we waste our time in the translation of some passages from "that miserable piece of egotistical coxcombry and absolute nonsense, the pamphlet called *Ueber das Dirigiren*," and asks: "What, in the name of Music, does any sensible American care about such stuff?" Pray do not be alarmed; we never dreamed of undertaking to translate the whole work, or even the larger part of it; that would, indeed, be a thankless and a dreary task. But we have given a few of the opening chapters by way of specimens to gratify the curiosity of our readers, and because, with all their egotism, they do contain some good hints about the matter of conducting an orchestra. With the same view, we make a few more extracts, referring meanwhile to Ferdinand Hiller's pungent criticism, which we have copied at the same time, for an *aperçu* of the general drift and spirit of the whole.

While we are by no means convinced by Wagner's theories nor partial to his music, we have endeavoured, so far as possible, to do him justice. So, when we can conveniently, we let him speak for himself. Often enough before—perhaps too early for our present audience—we have expressed our distrust of his principles, our distrust for his practice, and have given our reasons. Lately, during the year past, we have allowed his admirers to speak pretty freely and fully in our columns; giving place, for instance, to the long and glowing article about him from the *Revue de deux Mondes*, as well as to the letters of a young friend whose face is set towards "the Future." Soon we propose to translate some of what we consider the sounder criticisms of the best German writers upon music, such as the talented Otto Jahn. Meanwhile, we go back to our own first honest endeavours to get at the truth, and hereby resume the thread.

We attempted years ago to give our readers an outline of Wagner's theory of Operatic composition as developed in the three volumes of his book, entitled *Opera and Drama*. We stated his fundamental criticism upon the Opera as hitherto existing: to wit, that the mistake has lain in the endeavour to construct it on the basis of absolute music, making music the end instead of the means; whereas the only true lyric drama, hitherto never realized, can spring only from the marriage of poetry and music. In his own operas, his *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, he thinks to have emancipated the poet from that completely menial relation in which he has stood to the musician, merely furnishing the latter with some slight verbal text for the forms in which he chooses to compose, as recitative, arias, *ensembles*, chorus, ballet, &c.—and thus producing texts or libretti of the most empty, trivial character. Here is a double slavery; the composer cuts his music to the fashionable patterns required by the singers for the display of their voices and *tours de force;* while the poet writes to order for the composer. In the drama according to Wagner, the music is nothing but the art of expressing the thoughts furnished by the poem.

His whole thinking on the subject seems to have fallen under the control of an ingenious simile. He makes Poetry the masculine and Music the feminine element of expression. He denies to Music any power of independent production; and considers all the efforts of absolute, or purely instrumental music as doomed to everlasting impotence, as so much barren yearning for delivery. This he thinks to be the characteristic of all our modern instrumental music in symphony and overture, and chamber music. Instrumental music exhausts itself in a vain struggle after definite expression. In confirmation of which criticism, he points to the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, the last word of instrumental music, from its genius *par excellence*. After striving in vain for utterance through the orchestra, until the instruments themselves do all but speak in human recitative, he suddenly bursts the bonds and calls in words the "Hymn to Joy" of Schiller. And that bold act, thinks Wagner, marks the transition from the music of the past to the music of the future, from music pure, and barren, to music in its true and fruitful function as confactor with Poetry in the living and perfect Drama. Music, according to him, can only bear, it cannot generate; the generating power is extraneous to it and resides only in the poet.

We perhaps wrong his thought in this bald statement, divesting it of all that wealth of ingenious and happy illustration with which he develops it. But we believe we give the kernel of the thought. Richard Wagner is himself both poet and musician, alike an adept at both arts; he has carefully prepared his own librettos; and it must be a satisfaction for once to have librettos which, when only read, amount to real poems. His practice, too, in this double character of poet-composer, may be better than his theory. *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* may be works of genius;—genius enough to save them from the consequences of the worst preconceived theory of composition. But we must say, this theory hardly chimes with musical experience. We do not think that any true music-lover, who has had personal experience of the power with which Beethoven's symphonies address the deeper instincts of the soul, would willingly exchange them for any amount of the best poetry skilfully set to recitative. We do not think it will be owned, by true music lovers, that instruments have failed in *th se* instances, to convey some meaning; that those *Adagios* and *Scherzos* are not *b na fide* live creations, real deliveries of divine brain-children, or that they convey to you no adequate expression of the tone-artist's inmost life and purpose. Nor is it at all true to history that instrumental or pure music exhausts itself in a vain effort and is on the decline. On the contrary, the age runs into instrumental music; no music has such power over a community at all musically cultivated, as that in the grand orchestral forms; and it is matter of almost universal experience, that as we grow more musical the love for instrumental music gains upon, sometimes outlives, the love for vocal. Music may correspond to the feminine principle:—so far we do not quarrel with Wagner's analogy. But what is the feminine principle in the soul? It is feeling, Sentiment, as contrasted with the colder masculine principle of Intellect or Reason. Words are the language of the intellect, tones are the language of the heart. Love and Wisdom (no one disputes the axiom of the Swedish seer in this) are the feminine and masculine principle in the universe. But love is first, before and deeper than Wisdom. And so the poet says:

> "Thought is deeper than all speech
> Feeling deeper than all thought," &c.

It is this Feeling, this *something deeper* in us than words can utter, or than can ever take the definite forms of thought, that seeks its utterance in music as its only natural language. It is this that necessitates the art of music in the life of man. The symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven never had existed but for these experiences in human souls of something deeper, finer, more essential than words were ever framed to utter. Vague are they? But the very definiteness of words perverts their sense and puts their heavenly influence to flight. Why do our deeper moods love silence? Music is but the audible breath of such full silence. Hence there may be, there should be profound moral and spiritual culture in listening sympathetically to great instrumental music. You want no words; you do not ask a literal meaning; you enter into the spirit of it, which is somehow wondrously in harmony with deeper depths than you were perhaps aware of in *your* spirit. No, Herr Wagner! the great tone-poet does not need the word-poet to impregnate his creative genius, or to furnish him the wherewithal to express himself. Pure music is a very subtle, perfect medium of expression. Its fluid, universal language conveys the deep and universal sentiments, the sense of the Infinite, the spiritual part of us, in which we are all most deeply related to one another and to the source of all, as words with their limitations and distinctions never can do. No human being, not even Coleridge, or Goethe, or Shakspere, lives more fully revealed, expressed, communicated to mankind, than Beethoven, the meaning of whose life and character flowed almost wholly into instrumental music. Those symphonies may not be rendered into words, yet who that loves them deeply does not feel that he *knows* Beethoven? Dumb otherwise, as he was deaf, almost, yet what great soul has succeeded better in making himself understood? And should the Choral Symphony become universally recognized as the greatest, will that be at the expense of the other symphonies? Shall we love the Fifth and the Seventh and the "Pastoral" *less*, that we love the last one *more?* Did the orchestra in that one outburst into human speech yield up its soul for ever, and pronounce pure instrumental music henceforth absolute? The musical genius of mankind says no; it plunges more and more deeply into the mysteries of instrumental music, *because* it has more to utter than words and voices can convey. It remains to see whether the zest of symphonies and overtures and quartets will sicken under the new charm of the interminable Wagner recitative, shaped to the mould of cunningly contrived alliterative verses, borrowing from them its only melody or rhythm, and for modulation knowing no key-note, but swimming ambignously in all keys at once.

But we anticipate. We must see how Wagner theoretically arrives at and justifies these peculiarities of style, or rather of musical structure. The generative power of the poet, he says, manifests itself chiefly in the *formation of melodies*. Not that he supplies the melodies ready made to the musician's hand. He says repeatedly, to be sure, that the melody is already implied in the versification of the poem; but then he explains this to mean that the poet in his verse gives the musician the fructifying seeds; "the fruit is matured and moulded by the musician according to his own individual means." "The risings and fallings of the melody must conform to the risings and fallings of the verse; the musical time or measure is governed by the expression designed by the poet; and the musical modulation brings out as clearly as possible the bond of relationship between the single tones or keys of feeling, which the poet could only indicate to a limited extent by means of *alliteration*." As an instance of a melody thus springing immediately out of the word-verse, he cites the manner in which Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony has set the words: "*Seid umschlungen, Millionen*, &c. ("Mingle in embrace, ye millions"). In *Lohengrin* all the melodies are made upon this principle.

Wagner proclaims a sort of revolution in the sphere of Modulation. Hitherto it has been supposed essential to any unity in a piece of music that all its harmonies should pivot, as it were, upon one prevailing key; that the deviations therefrom should keep as much as possible within the *next* related keys, as those of the dominant and subdominant, relative major and minor, and so forth; and that however exclusive or centrifugal the movement, everything in it should still gravitate back to the central key-note and starting-point. A certain family affinity of keys, with only exceptional intermarriages of now and then a branch into a remoter race, has been an essential law of all good music. Wagner throws down the barriers of this *patriarchal* system of modulation, as he calls it. He wants the whole range of keys: these are to the

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musician what the vowels and consonants are to the poet, who intimates affinities and contrasts of feeling by alliteration; and the musician has to show the ground——.

[We much regret that the remaining part of this interesting article has been mislaid and lost. Will our respected J. D. furnish us with another copy?—Ed. *M. W.*]

A BACK VIEW OF THE FESTIVALS.

We now enter upon the third, and last stage of our Festival notices. Events prospective and events current have occupied attention in turn, bringing us to that point where looking back becomes a duty. Taking the Hereford Festival first, as being first in point of time, we come upon what seems a failure. But is it really so? Everybody may answer "yes" without giving a satisfactory proof, because everybody is a pessimist at heart, and apt to be easily convinced in the direction of his inclinations. Let us look a little into the matter. Success at the Festival of the Three Choirs is of two sorts—artistic and pecuniary; the one by no means dependent on the other: though, perhaps, the latter is of greater importance than the former as far as concerns the stability of the institution. What was the result at Hereford in respect of each? Here it may be well to premise that the average artistic success of these Festivals is not high, for reasons we have set forth again and again,—reasons which must exist while a cathedral organist, unused to the work, is placed in the conductor's seat. Bearing this low average in mind, we fail to discover any falling off at Hereford. Band and chorus were excellent; the principal singers were among the best obtainable; and the performances, as a rule, could claim credit for a fair degree of merit. In these respects the Festival was up to the standard; but in others it went beyond. That was a genuine change for the better which abolished one of the unmeaning secular concerts in favour of an oratorio in the Cathedral. Moreover, it may have established a precedent which, eventually, will do away with the hodge-podge programmes of the Shire Hall, and devote the entire scheme to nobler work. Should this prove the case, the late Hereford gathering, far from being looked upon as a failure, will have to be regarded as a great success. Should no such a result follow, the well-directed enterprise of Mr. Townshend Smith and his fellow managers will still deserve approving recognition. In one respect a course was adopted which, we hope, may never meet with favour again. Many of the works chosen for performance were too insignificant for the occasion, and took up the place of others more important and more likely to be remunerative. In their proper place we have nothing to say against the compositions to which we refer. They have all more or less merit, and all make a claim upon our notice it would be unjust to disregard. But such Festivals as that of Hereford should concern themselves only with the greatest productions of genius; the exhibition of which is their special duty, and constitutes almost wholly their *raison d'être*. A few more schemes drawn up in defiance of this consideration will go farther to ruin the gathering of the Three Choirs than all the assaults of Ritualist or Puritan, or both combined. But, putting this aside, there was nothing to prove artistic retrogression in the doings at Hereford, or to warrant the Jeremiads of those whose thoughts of such a result were fathered by the wish. The statistics of the Festival, both in regard to attendance and money, are not re-assuring, we must confess. Smaller audiences and smaller collections for the charity than those of 1867, which, in turn, were smaller than those of 1864, suggest unpleasant reflections as to the future of a time-honoured and useful institution. We will not, however, consent to believe, without further proof, that indifference to the Festival has become chronic. As regards the present year, at least, good reasons for indifferent success are not far to seek. A war is raging which affects a wider area than the two nations actually engaged; commerce lives, so to speak, from hand to mouth; and drought has done mischief which dwellers in pastoral Herefordshire can well appreciate. These things conspired against the Festival, and scotched if they have not killed it. On the other hand, it would be folly to shut our eyes to the fact that the ease with which distances can now be traversed, and the mobile habits springing out of it, have sorely injured provincial music meetings everywhere. The best artist and the finest choral effects are familiar to the thousands of amateurs who often "run up to town," and who are the main supporters of local gatherings. That these thousands should grow less anxious about Festival matters in consequence, is a perfectly natural result, however it may be regrettable. On the whole, the prospects of the Three Choir Meetings, as shown by late experience, are not hopeful. Their well-wishers, however, have the alternative of hoping against hope.

Coming now to the Birmingham Festival, let us, at the outset, dismiss a matter personal to ourselves. The letter with which a special correspondent was able to supply us from amid the distractions of a busy and exciting week could only deal lightly with topics which demand an exhaustive notice. Their demand shall eventually be satisfied, and we hope in subsequent numbers of the *Musical World* to discuss at fitting length the novelties with which the Birmingham programme was crowded. For the present, however, our business is merely to touch the salient points of the Festival, with a view to bringing them more closely under the reader's eye than is possible in a detailed report. The first is an eminently satisfactory point. Although the number present on Wednesday morning fell woefully below the average, the gross attendance reached a higher figure than ever. So with the gross receipts, which, for the only time in the history of the Festival, exceeded £24,000. This result seems to dispose of the reasons given above why the Hereford Festival should have fallen off. In reality, it does no such thing. Birmingham flourishes when war is raging; and the Festival exerts an attraction over so wide an area that little short of universal distress could give it a damaging blow. The two cases stand apart, therefore, and in respect of them the homely proverb, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," does not apply. But leaving Hereford for good, we must congratulate Birmingham upon the splendid result above stated—a result certain to establish the Festival upon a firmer basis than ever, and to urge on the managers to renewed enterprise. In the matter of enterprise, however, there has of late been small reason to complain. Take, as proof, the five new works of which our correspondent had to speak last week. Whatever the ultimate fate of those compositions, *Paradise and the Peri*, *Nala and Damayanti*, the *Ouvertura di Ballo*, *Ode to Shakspere*, and *St. Peter*, form a monumental group by which the memory of the Festival of 1870 will be kept green. Nothing like the spirit which called them forth has been known of recent years, while equally admirable was the discretion shown in the choice of their composers. Wherever else it may be forgotten, Birmingham remembers that a man's first duty is to his native country; and, hence, out of the five musicians honoured with invitations to write for the Festival only one can strictly be called a foreigner. Messrs. Barnett and Sullivan are Englishmen, Dr. Stewart brings his Scottish name from Dublin; and Mr. Benedict years ago adopted this country as his own. Here we have what should be; and, moreover, what should be imitated by all who are able to patronize art. Once establish this as a rule, and the languishing musical genius of England would, we venture to say, assert itself as never before. With reference to the value of the new works produced, it would serve little purpose if an unsupported opinion were given. That each has a value, and that one, at least,—need Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* be named?—will take very high rank, cannot for a moment be doubted. In other respects the Festival demands scarcely qualified praise. The executive forces were as complete as ever; Sir Michael Costa was again an unequalled general-in-chief; and in every department of the working, complete organization was attained. Briefly, the Festival, with all its load of responsibility, was a triumph of easy management, and a model thing of its kind. Birmingham, is, of course, elated with the success attained, and an exultant ring marked the tone of all the speeches made at the last meeting of the general committee; not a little of the gratification, it may be hoped, arising from the fact that a noble hospital will be largely benefited, and that a beneficent art has again shown herself, to some purpose, the handmaid of charity.

THADDEUS EGG.

SALZBURG.—The celebration of the Beethoven Festival at the Mozarteum has been postponed to quieter times.

VIENNA.—Herr Theodor Wachtel has appeared, at the Carl Theater, as George Brown, in *La Dame Blanche*, but his rendering of the character could not bear comparison with that of Herr Walter or Herr Sontheim.—The season at the Imperial Operahouse was inaugurated by *Der Freischütz*. Madame Dustmann was good as Agatha; Mdlle. Tellheim, ditto, as Aennchen; and Herr Labatt, unsatisfactory as Max. The *mise-en-scène*, especially of the celebrated "Wolf's Glen," was very mean, and more befitting a third-rate provincial theatre than the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. Among the works in preparation are, *Mignon*, *Robert le Diable*, and *Lohengrin*. The new tenor, Sig. Cesena, will make his first appearance in October. The character he has chosen is Elcazar in Halévy's *Juive*.—The receipts of the grand concert given the other day for "humane purposes" (a neutral expression for "the wounded Germans"), amounted to 1,200 florins.

PESTH.—The Abbate Franz Liszt lately related, to a circle of friends here, the following anecdote:—"The Vocal Association in a Belgian town, where I was stopping for a day or so, had been split up into two opposite factions. After I had given my concert one evening, each faction serenaded me separately. I had duly returned thanks for both these tributes of respect, and both the factions had long since left. I was about to retire to rest. Suddenly, I heard a powerful bass voice close under my window. I threw up the latter, and listened, while the singer gave the whole of Bertram's address to the nuns in *Robert the Devil*, without the slightest accompaniment, but with an amount of vigour which caused the notes to re-echo far and wide through the fresh night air. Highly pleased with the powers and skill of the unseen vocalist, and anxious to know the reason of this somewhat strange manifestation, I said, looking out into the dark, 'May I inquire to what I am indebted for this honour?'—'Deign,' replied the invisible warbler, 'to accept this tribute of a solitary admirer. I was the solo bass of our Vocal Association for Male Voices; since, however, the Association split up stupidly into two parties I have stood alone, for I could not agree with either party. I have, therefore, been obliged to testify, in the only way left me, my great admiration for your talent.'"

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MILLIET ON THE EARLY FRENCH STAGE.*

This elegant little volume, consisting as it does of less than 120 small pages, is a wonderful satire on the fraternity of bookmakers. M. Milliet begins with the earliest French mysteries of the twelfth century, descants on the dramas that, immediately preceding the golden age, first marked out the theatre as an institution independent of the Church, and ultimately lands us in safety at the death-bed of Molière, wondering how we have accomplished so long a journey in so short a time. What a contrast have we here to those craftsmen who, by dint of useless particulars, empty twaddle, and insignificant epistles, contrive to build bulky tomes on the smallest of foundations! It is a characteristic of our author's talent for compression that he even finds room for the introduction of documentary evidence. Nor is his work a mere fleshless skeleton. His description of the decline and fall of the "confrères de la Passion," to whom belongs the honour of establishing the first permanent theatre in Paris, his comparisons between the poverty of the dramatic entertainments of France and the public pageants, his critical reviews of the poets who preceded Corneille, are as full as most readers would desire, while for those who court more detailed information, his work will serve as an excellent text-book on which any amount of erudition may be based. That nothing may be wanting, he adds a chronological table which shows that his researches have extended over a period of nearly 500 years, and a list of public decrees, &c., connected with the history of the theatre.

It might be supposed that on undertaking to treat so large a subject within so small a compass, M. Milliet rigidly bound himself to abstain from anecdote or any trivial matter of the kind. So far is this from the truth, that he is evidently pleased when he can find an opportunity for telling a good story. A conflict which ensued between Jean Alais, a celebrated "droll" of the sixteenth century (something like our Tarlton), and the curé of Saint Eustache, which is recorded with much gusto by M. Milliet, rudely symbolizes the never-ending contest between the Church and the stage. Alais, it seems, was beating a drum near the Saint Eustache in order to bring together the patrons of the dramatic art. The curé, who was preaching, found that he could not make himself heard, and consequently elevated his voice, whereupon Jean increased the noise of his drum. At last the rev. gentleman, unable to support the infliction any longer, rushed out of the church, and bawled to the actor, "Qui t'a permis de tambouriner si fort quand je prêche?" Jean, nothing daunted, retorted the question, "Qui t'a permis de prêcher si fort quand je tambourine?" The enraged priest broke the drum, but Jean was victorious in the end, for, performing a well-known clown's trick, he "bonneted" the priest with the broken instrument, and thrust him back into the church amid the laughter of the multitude. When we reflect that Saint Eustache is one of the most important parishes in the French capital it is hard to reconcile this story with the supposed power of the clergy in the sixteenth century. We may suspect, at least, that it has received a little extra colour from the liberal brush of tradition.

The English have of late been made so familiar with the sacred dramas of Spain and Bavaria that we may venture to quote some verses by Robbé, comprising a brief narrative of the irreverence with which the actor of the principal part in a passion play was treated in the course of the performance:—

"Il advint que chez Caïphe un drôle,
Qui haïssait l'acteur du premier rôle,
D'un fier soufflet appliqué rudement
Colaphisa, le Redempteur flamand,
Qui de respect manquait chez le grand prêtre.
A ce coup là dit-il, 'Ah, maudit traître!
Je ne dis mot, mais de par la corbleu
Tu n'auras pas toujours affaire à Dieu.'"

Notwithstanding the profanity of their tone, these trivial verses furnish an argument in favour of that opposition to sacred plays which the very reverential performance at Ober-Ammergau tended to weaken. A theatrical representation of the New Testament will more efficiently convey scriptural knowledge to an illiterate multitude than a gallery of cartoons on the same series of subjects. We assume that we may represent the most sacred personages by the manipulation of the pencil. Why, then, is it profane for an actor so to attire himself that an analogous representation may be effected? Robbé unknowingly gives to this question a very plausible answer. He virtually declares that the stage is an unfit place for the representation of sacred subjects inasmuch as theatrical art is more than any other subject to ridiculous, mischances which tend to promote irreverence.

As a specimen of typography, M. Milliet's little book is in every way worthy of the choice "Librairie des Bibliophiles."

* *De L'Origine du Théâtre à Paris.* Par Paul Milliet, (Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles. 1870.)

Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

It would seem superfluous at the time present to say a word concerning Mendelssohn's *Elijah* were it not a fact that there is "*everything* new under the sun,"—as those professing to write history make us remember ever and anon.

As an illustration, it was startling to read the other day in the columns of a contemporary, a "full, true, and particular" account of the production of *Elijah* at Birmingham, which took place scarcely a quarter of a century ago: and to be told that Grisi, Signor Mario, and Miss Dolby were among the original artists who (as the French have it) "created" the Oratorio. Grisi and Signor Mario sang one or two Italian pieces after the close of *Elijah* from which it would seem as if the Directors fancied that the greatest work of modern times might want "backing up." The principal soprano on the occasion referred to was the late Madame Caradori-Allan; who troubled the composer greatly, by requesting him to transpose to a tone lower the air "Hear ye, Israel," which passes into the chorus, "Be not afraid," in order to suit her convenience. This, of course, could not be done. "It was not," she said, "a lady's song." He was much annoyed, too, by her finical and mannered delivery of the recitative, "Arise now; get thee without," which precedes the Chorus of the Vision. The principal tenors were Mr. Lockey and Mr. Hobbs. Owing to the limited compass of the latter gentleman's voice, the song, "If with all your hearts" had to be transferred to the younger singer, who may be said to have begun his career of popularity by the effect he produced in that lovely and tender sacred melody. The contralto was Miss Maria B. Hawes; Miss Anne and Miss Martha Williams were the assistant soprano and contralto singers. Miss Bassano, too, sang in some of the concerted music. Staudigl was the original *Elijah*.

At the pianoforte, I heard the *solo* parts of the oratorio, as they arrived in fragments, gone through, at the house of Mendelssohn's friend Moscheles, in the presence of the composer. He had been so much hurried that year by other continental commissions as again and again to express fear that he could not be ready in time, and declared that he would never tie himself so closely again. How undecided he was on the eve of presenting his masterpiece, and how little he considered it complete, are proved by the fact, among others, that he doubted whether he should not suppress the song, "O rest in the Lord." "It was too sweet," he said. His friends urged him at least to try its effect. The lady who was to sing it was anxious, in the fine old English fashion, to conclude it by a long shake on the closing notes. "No," said the composer, "I have kept that for my orchestra," and archly played that shake in the accompaniment for the flute; the effect of which is so delicious. The lady, I fear, was not altogether satisfied.

The amount of changes made by Mendelssohn after the first performance of the Oratorio, in which *only* eight pieces were encored, is very large. The scene of the widow and her son was re-written. So, too, was the scene for Jezebel, which even in its amended state was avoided by *contralti* till Madame Viardot had produced in it one of the sublimest dramatic effects ever heard in an orchestra. The vocal trio for angels was an afterthought, having been originally a duet for the second soprano and contralto, with a triplet accompaniment. This weakened the effect of the subsequent lovely chorus, "He watching over Israel," and was removed accordingly in favour of the movement as it stands. The recitative introducing the superb scene of the Vision, was re-written again and again, and only at last, I believe, was allowed to retain its original form. Mendelssohn intended, I know, to re-model the final chorus. I am not aware that this was done.

It seems like only yesterday that before our going into the hall, he said to me, "Now stick your claws into my book. Don't tell me what you like—but tell me what you don't like." When all was over, we came together again, and he said in his merriest humour, "Come, and I will show you the prettiest walk in Birmingham." He took me to the banks of a canal, bordered by coke and cinder heaps. We walked and talked there betwixt two bridges for more than an hour; and the patience with which he considered the remarks which, —in obedience to what, with me, was equivalent to a royal command,—I had ventured to note, lives in my mind as one of the most precious proofs of that fairness, modesty, and condescension to the suggestions of his inferiors, of which any true story of his life must contain so many instances. It may be as well, seeing that so many mis-statements are abroad, to put the above facts and corrections on record, for the use of biographers to come.

Henry F. Chorley.

SCHMALKALDEN.—On the 27th ult., the gold medal sent by Queen Augusta to the composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein," together with a letter from the Governor-General of the district, Herr Herrwarth von Bittenfeld, was presented, at the Town Hall, by the *Landrath*, to Herr Karl Wilhelm. At the same time, the Corporation conferred on him the freedom of the town. In the evening, the various vocal associations got up a serenade and a torchlight procession in his honour.

DRESDEN.—The want of good, spacious, and convenient concert-rooms, something on the model of the *Concerthaus*, Berlin, has long been an urgent want here. That want has at length been supplied, and the new establishment was opened on the 3rd inst. by a concert for the wounded German soldiers.

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NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

PERHAPS, after one or other of the late Festival performances at Birmingham, some of the audience may have walked across Ratcliff Place to the Corporation Art Gallery. The trouble is not much, and it was worth taking, for in the gallery, in the place of honour—as it deserves to be—hangs the portrait of the man who set the good work on foot more than a hundred years ago. When a general wins a great victory, we give him a peerage and a pension, and set up his effigy in public places, and render honour to him through generations, in all imaginable ways. When a man gives his mind to saving instead of taking life, we do not quite make so much of him; and sometimes he is forgotten, or lives only in a sort of dim tradition, or in a casual portrait, which the public has no chance of seeing.

Now this is much the case with Dr. John Ash, the physician who set on foot the Birmingham General Hospital, and helped to begin the great series of music meetings known throughout Europe as the Birmingham Festival. Outside the town which he benefited so much, the history of Dr. Ash is not known at all, and in it very little; indeed, but for the portrait kept in the Board Room of the Hospital, he would be a name, and nothing more. But this picture really helps to keep before us the man as he lived. Happily, it was painted by a great artist—Sir Joshua Reynolds, who put his best work into it, and made it one of his masterpieces. Until now the picture has remained in the Board Room of the Hospital, carefully tended, but little seen—many Birmingham men, even, knowing nothing of it. At the request of the Free Libraries Committee, however, the Board of the Hospital lent the picture to the Corporation Art Gallery; and there it is now, freely open to view.

But it may be asked—Why all this fuss about Dr. Ash, a Birmingham doctor who lived a hundred years ago, and happened to be painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds? Just this. Dr. Ash was the founder of the Hospital, and from his day to ours, the Hospital has received and treated 750,000 patients, of whom thousands upon thousands have had cause to bless the benevolence which prompted and the brain which devised such a noble means of relieving human misery. The population of Birmingham is now about 370,000; and since the General Hospital was established, nearly twice that number has passed through its wards.

It is only proper that the well-to-do classes who throng to the magnificent performances at the Birmingham Festival should be thus reminded of the chief object which brings them together, and of the man to whom the beginning of the great work was due. Dr. Ash not only founded the Hospital but the Festivals as well. The two have gone on growing together. Dr. Ash had a prophetic instinct that it would be so. The Hospital was only a small institution when opened, but as back-ground to the portrait of the founder there is a view of the charity, which those who look at will allow to be an imposing feature. So with the Festivals. The first, held in 1768, yielded the modest amount of £299. The one, held in 1867, produced a net sum of £5,541. The whole series (not including the Festival just over) has realized for the Hospital more than £90,000, and provided, in addition, for the purchase of a great organ and a musical library, worth together £6,000, or £7,000 more. So that, looking both at the progress of the Hospital and the growth of the Festival, we recognize the vast importance of the work begun by a Birmingham physician a century ago. The result is worth commemorating, as a victory over suffering and disease; and the man who planned and gave the first impulse to an undertaking so noble and unselfish in its aims, and so admirable in its organization, deserves honourable recognition quite as much as if he had been a successful general with a peerage and a pension.

On such an occasion as the celebration of its great music meeting Birmingham has a right to put itself *en fête*, proud of what it has done, and proud of what it is going to do. For a large number of people the week is one of pleasure, with this difference from ordinary pleasure, that the ultimate object is charity. We do not say that all who attend the Festival attend because they are thus helping the sick and suffering, or that they would be so liberal if the impulse to benevolence were not supplemented by the attractions of art. But even with those who think least about it the consciousness that a great charity derives benefit from their expenditure must essentially operate as a healthy influence. If this feeling tells nowhere else, it is revealed in the collections after each performance. When the claims of the Hospital are thus preferred, people do not like to go back to their homes, after much refined enjoyment, without having made some direct contribution to the funds of the charity. In this particular year of 1870 the Hospital happened to be very much in want of aid. The reconstruction and enlargement of the building has been recently completed, augmenting to 235 the number of in-patients receivable at one time, and awarding to each nearly twice the breathing space which the limited capacity of former wards could furnish. New rooms have also been erected for out-patients; a separate building has been put up for fever patients; the nurses and resident officers have been decently cared for; and altogether the Hospital is a different place compared with what it was a few years ago. These improvements, it need scarcely be said, have cost money—no less than £22,000. And though many friends of the charity have come forward, and the public has behaved liberally, a large sum still remains to be provided. In fact, to pay for the new buildings and improvements, the Hospital Board stood in want of about £8,000, and looked to the Festival to help them very materially.

£8,000 is a large sum; but was it quite beyond the region of probability? The Festival Committee, in providing an admirable series of performances, sacred and secular, including several interesting novelties, and in keeping the expenditure, at the same time, within reasonable limits, did all that was expected of them, the hearty acknowledgment of which forms the best reward they can hope for or desire. The result has, we believe, surpassed anticipation. There was no reason why this should not have been so. Birmingham is growing in wealth and prosperity year by year.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.—Messrs. Lyster & Smith have introduced an entertainment at the Masonic Hall new to the Sydney public. The *opera di camera*, or chamber opera, is often given in continental circles, and no doubt it will become popular in Sydney, judging from the patronage bestowed upon it last evening. The hall was filled with the *élite* of Sydney. The operas performed were *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Maritana*. The performers were all in evening costume, and although there was no acting, the audience enjoyed a great treat with the vocalization. All the principals, English and Italian, appeared for the last time previously to their departure for Melbourne. One and all received rapturous applause at the conclusion of their performances. The only encore that was taken was by Miss Lucy Chambers, in "Alas, those chimes," from *Maritana;* the others simply bowed their acknowledgments.—*Sydney Paper.*

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IRELAND, if report may be credited, is subscribing impartially to the fund for the French and German wounded. The exclusive French committee only obtains small sums from a poorer class of donors. Mdlle. Tietjens, it is stated, was requested to sing at a concert for the general fund, at the close of her operatic engagement in Dublin, and would seem to have greatly displeased the Germans by declining without giving a reason. Her compatriots are the more annoyed as the request was made to her by one of the Prussian ministers.

IN a sketch of theatrical matters in Italy, contributed by Signor Valentino Carrera to the *Rivista Europea*, the writer, himself an author of merit, expatiates on the difficulty which managers and authors have in finding good supernumeraries. In Italy managers of theatres are often at a loss for persons who can act, with some degree of intelligence, the subordinate (and generally mute) parts of peasants, guards, courtiers, &c. Out of six thousand who undertake them scarcely one hundred have any aptitude for the task. The pay of a supernumerary averages from fifty centimes to one *lira* a night; and at Turin there are workmen who for twenty-five centimes are willing to remain the whole night muffled up as Romans. At Florence the best supernumeraries are furnished by the Società Tramagnini; but the assistance of this society of twenty is not to be had for less than fifty *lire* a night. If, however, the supernumeraries are generally at sea, they have some excuse, as they are frequently not called previous to the last rehearsal.

THE New York *True Democrat*, after an account of an organ-grinder's being struck by lightning near that place, says:—

"On examination of the body of the deceased at the inquest it was found that one of the limbs of the tree under which he was sitting at the time of the electric stroke, had been photographed by the lightning upon his left bosom. This is both curious and remarkable, and may lead to developments in science not heretofore known. The deceased was eating an apple at the time the bolt fell, and his knife was found lying alongside of him at the time of his death."

Photographs of the apple and the knife are said also to have been discovered upon the abdomen of the unlucky organ-grinder.—A. S. S.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

At the meeting of the Stewards, just over, the following accounts were audited:—

Principal Singers. £ s. d.		Band. £ s. d.		Chorus. £ s. d.		Advertising. £ s. d.
1867—1176 15 0	..	906 0 0	..	575 19 0	..	63 11 6
1870—1011 5 0	..	908 3 6	..	576 3 0	..	76 6 5
165 10 0 less.		2 3 6 more.		0 4 0 more.		12 14 11 more.

Miscellaneous. £ s. d.		Net Receipts.* £ s. d.		Expenditure. £ s. d.		
1867—626 18 7	..	3498 17 0	..	3349 4 1	..	149 12 11 gain.
1870—581 10 8	..	3058 8 6	..	3153 8 7	..	95 0 1 loss.
45 7 11 less.		440 9 6 less.		195 15 6 less.		

1870.		Collections.	
Expenditure	3153 8 7	1861	1075 17 7
Receipts	3058 8 6	1864	1100 14 0
	95 0 1 loss.	1867	1410 5 0
		1870	1078 7 1

62 Stewards, 31s. each .. .. £96 2s.

G. TOWNSHEND SMITH, *Hon. Sec.*

* After deducting commission on Tickets and Books.

Votes of thanks were given to Bishop, Dean, and Chapter, for the effective aid and countenance afforded to the Festival, and for their hospitality.

Resolved unanimously, that the thanks of the Stewards be given to the conductor and honorary secretary for his indefatigable exertions in making arrangements for the Festival, and bringing it to its successful issue.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Gustav Schmidt, *Capellmeister*, has lost his only son, who fell before Metz on the 18th inst.—At Michaelmas, Herr Reinecke will cease to be a member of the professional staff at the Conservatory.

PROVINCIAL.

WEYMOUTH.—The *Southern Times*, alluding to the last of the Promenade Concerts given by Herr van Heddeghem, writes as follows:—

"It is with considerable regret that we announce this as the last of, perhaps, the most pleasant series of entertainments the inhabitants and visitors of Weymouth have enjoyed for some time; but shortening days and uncertain weather both point to the necessity of discontinuing the amusement. We must not dismiss the matter without mentioning the debt we owe to Herr van Heddeghem for having originated so attractive a means of public recreation. We trust that in the coming season Weymouth may still have the benefit of his residence here, and again enjoy another series of promenade concerts. In reviewing the eight entertainments that have been held, we call to mind that the principal features have been original compositions of Herr van Heddeghem, and we have no doubt that the numerous audiences who have shared in the pleasure of the concerts have, like ourselves, retained agreeable reminiscences of these pieces, in all of which are manifested musical scholarship of the highest order and worthy of the cherished pupil of De Beriot."

LEEDS.—In the *Leeds Mercury* we read the following account of Dr. Spark's "organ recitals:"—

"Since returning from a tour in Germany this summer, Dr. Spark has introduced to the lovers of music in Leeds many high-class foreign works secured by him during his temporary absence from England. Some of the compositions that we have heard have evidently been selected with especial regard to the orchestral richness and power of the noble instrument over which the borough organist so ably presides, and rarely has the grand organ been heard to better advantage than on the occasion of some recent recitals. Dr. Spark seldom fails to place before the large audiences that attend the popular concerts on Saturday evenings high-class works which, played with a delicate appreciation of their merits, command the admiration of those present, but the hour devoted exclusively to an afternoon recital is unquestionably the time to hear the instrument at its best, in all the beauty and breadth of musical expression. Visitors to the Victoria Hall on Tuesday afternoon had abundant evidence of this. The new and the old were carefully blended in the programme, and yet each piece was so distinctive in its character that the contrast was well marked, while the general result was highly gratifying. As showing the organist's desire to bring new works before a Leeds audience it may be mentioned that the place of honour was occupied by a selection from the new cantata, *Nala and Damayanti*, composed by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, for the recent Musical Festival at Birmingham. Its first performance in Yorkshire made a favourable impression, and Dr. Spark would do well to reproduce it at some future recital."

OUTSIDE THE HALL ON *ELIJAH* DAY.*

From an early hour the whole aspect of the centre of the town gave evidence of something unusual. Shopkeepers were astir at unaccustomed hours arranging, polishing, and brightening up their shops and goods; by a judicious stroke of forethought on the part of some one, the streets were well watered in the approaches to the Town Hall long before anyone in the vicinity knew anything about it; the cab-stands—owing to the greater portion of the horses being required elsewhere—were tenantless; and, altogether, what with the efforts made to render New Street and Paradise Street, and the other principal thoroughfares converging on the Hall, as picturesque as possible, the appearance of the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of the Festival of 1870 was quite satisfactory. According to the arrangements the doors were to have been thrown open at half-past ten, and, punctual to the moment, access to the morning performance was obtained at that hour. A strong detachment of the borough police—whose appearance was quite in keeping with the universal furbishing mania which seems to have spread on all sides, publicly and privately—was disposed about the Hall and the approaches, and they had a busy time of it. Soon after the doors were opened the company began to arrive, and it was found that the arrangements worked admirably. By eleven fully one-half the brilliant assembly had found seats, and shortly before the lapse of another half hour the Hall, from the fringe of the orchestra to the limit of the great gallery, was filled to overflowing. During the performance of *Elijah* a large crowd, happy in the possession of standing-places in Congreve Street and Ratcliff Place, and blessed with what is familiarly known as "outside tickets," clustered about the barriers, and were rewarded by stray snatches of harmony, which, welling out from the windows high up among the Corinthian columns, made themselves heard all round the neighbourhood. For three hours a compact mass lined Congreve Street, spread out at the back of the Hall, and filled Ratcliff Place. If ordinary traffic had been forbidden, absolute silence would have reigned outside the walls temporarily devoted to St.

* *Apropos* of the recent Birmingham Festival.

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Cecilia. although thousands were congregated round about; but all were charmed into quiet by the occasional strains of Mendelssohn's sublime oratorio which reached them. To many, however, the chief attraction was the arrival and departure of the company; and, at the close of the performance some difficulty was experienced in preserving free egress. An over-zealous Corporation underling had—with the best intentions no doubt—flooded the carriage-ways with water a quarter of an hour or so before the company began to disperse; and as at the least two-thirds were obliged to walk from the Hall or wait an unreasonable time for carriages, the consequences to many of the ladies were anything but agreeab'e. The break up, as has been mentioned, was witnessed by an immense concourse, and at half-past two. as the full stream of the assemblage poured down New Street and along Paradise Street, a spectacle well worth seeing was presented.

BUTTON OF BIRMINGHAM.

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THE DRAMATIST'S DIFFICULTIES.

In one respect dramatic criticism in the present day is quite in harmony with the tastes of audiences. It is thoroughly intolerant of long speeches or long scenes in a drama. This fact is curious and significant. In most respects dramatic criticism, whatever its defec's, is immeasurably ahead of the public taste. Those who take, as the critic must, an intelligent interest in the drama, cannot but deplore the wrong counsel the public gives the actor, and the wrong suasion it exercises upon the manager. Everything, or almost everything, the public urge those connected with theatrical affairs to do is wrong. The majority of the public—the vast majority—even cheers when it ought to hiss, and laughs when it ought to frown. Hence, those who endeavour to direct public taste must, if they have any fitness for the task they undertake, be perpetually at discord with those for whom they write. But in the matter of length the unanimity is complete. "When they do agree their unanimity is wonderful." It does not follow, however, that because those who are at other times at issue are in the present instance at one that the judgment so generally held is correct. We doubt, indeed, whether many proofs of the erudity of our knowledge of dramatic affairs could be advanced much stronger than the evidence afforded by unanimity. The limitations Englishmen would impose upon stage representations in this very respect of length of scene and speech are fatal to dramas of the highest order. It is impossible for a dramatist to exhibit his most refined analysis, to pourtray the strongest emotion, or to evoke his most powerful effects, if you tie him down to sharp stage speeches and crisp dialogue. For the display of great emotion and passion the soliloquy is neccessary, and the soliloquy must needs be long under certain circumstances. Effective stage plays have been written by those who have looked to public taste and have clipped and pruned their dialogues and monologues. But a really great drama can never be composed under such conditions.

In England there is now little taste for the drama. There is a great and growing taste for theatrical entertainments, but that and a taste for the drama are quite distinct. People in England like to go to theatres and to be amused. They are fond of the gaiety and splendour of the scene, and they take a close and friendly interest in the actors We support in London, accordingly, close upon two score theatres of one class and another. Our shop windows, wherein photographs of our celebrities are exposed, contain more actors, probably, than all other professions put together. When, moreover, an actor like Mr. Mathews is about to leave us for a distant country we gave him such an ovation as no other country possibly can afford. Here is abundant proof of our fondness for the stage, but not of our fondness for the drama. We doubt whether any great nation shows less regard for the drama as such than ourselves. To an Italian the theatre is his house, his club, his *café*, and his friends' house in one. You would as soon think of asking an English merchant whether he was going to his counting-house on any given day as an Italian whether he was going to a theatre. You know, as a matter of course, he will be there unless ill-health or some equivalent cause prevents him. The performances to which he listens are most frequently musical rather than dramatic, but he is a connoisseur in the drama also. and tolerates and finds charms in pieces which would sink an Englishman into the depths of weariness. The tragedies of Niccolini are among the hugest dramatic works that ever have been produced, and modern dramatic writings which are acceptable to the Italian, requires strong compression before they become fitted for the English stage. Germans and Spaniards are tolerant of pieces that would drive Englishmen to destruction. Every German piece prepared for the English stage needs to have its dimensions reduced by a third before it is capable of undergoing the ordeal of an English audience.

France, however, is now pre-eminently the land of the dramatist. It has at once the best actors, the best dramatists, and the public the most thoroughly appreciative and critical. When a new piece is produced in Paris it is, if good, a thing of national importance. A successful writer obtains a greeting such as in England we give only to a statesman or a soldier. The country showers honours upon the successful dramatist, the people delight to do him honour. It is hard to say where the marks of appreciation stop. M. Sardou's *Patrie*, which is not a work of genius, but only a production of high talent and admirable powers of adaptation, has secured for its author a larger share of distinction than the English people have ever awarded any writer, and will yet be productive of future honours. From the latest reports we see that M. Sardou is candidate for a vacant seat in the Académie. We are inclined to wager upon his obtaining it. Such minor distinctions as the various grades of the Legion of Honour are too common in France to call for notice. The French people, so ready to recognize merit that it makes the appearance of a dramatist in the private box of a theatre an occasion for tumultuous applause, does not limit the dramatist's art of the means by which he shall produce his effects as we in England limit them. So long as the result is dramatic and satisfactory it does not insist that each scene shall have its piquancy, that no dialogue shall be introduced but such as is short, crisp, and rapid. It tolerates soliloquies as long as any in Shakspere Take the best known pieces of Victor Hugo for instance: *Hernani*, the *Roi S'Amuse*, *Lucrèce Borgia*, *Marion Delorme*, or *Ruy Blas*. There is not one of these that has not long—often very long—soliloquies to which the Parisian public listens with interest and with a keen delight in tracking the thought and intention of the author. Every piece of this author is cut, clipped, and pruned before it can be played with a chance of success in England, and few of them, even when cut and clipped to their smallest proportions, are held fitted for our pure and virtuous public. So soon as any piece is produced in England we hear the cry on all sides it must be cut. If it is in five acts, it should have been in four, if in two, it ought to have been in one. The principle on which people judge, carried a very short way, would reduce all pieces to the simple incident on which they rest, and take away from the dramatists every one of his means of impressing his audiences, except, perhaps, surprise. We are ourselves not guiltless of joining in the cry.

It is difficult to resist always the influence of the epoch in which we dwell, and there are, moreover, many pieces produced concerning which the criticism that they are too long is as just and true as it can be. But the fault with modern English plays is, after all, rather in the other direction. Dramatists do not allow themselves scope enough fully to illustrate the passions they depict and the characters they design. There can scarcely be a greater difficulty than to let us see thoroughly, and recognize a rich and noble nature without the employment of soliloquy. Seldom, indeed, do events or incidents draw from us such speech or gesture as will enable spectators to know much about us. But soliloquy is on the stage what thought is in real life, and in it man can disclose his whole nature. What should we know of Hamlet if we took from him his soliloquies? How completely incomprehensible would be his slowness to action, how meaningless in form and character would appear his action when it was taken. If ever, then, we are to have a great acted drama, we plead with audiences to be more tolerant of long speeches. It is not in the interest of long-winded writers nor mouthing actors that we thus plead, but in the sacred interest of art. If theatres are to be mere sources of gratification to the more ordinarily pleased senses, our labour is in vain. If when we visit a theatre it is that the eye may be dazed by spectacles of extreme brilliance, the desires caressed by the spectacle of female beauty, or the heart's action stimulated by the spectacle of momentarily endured danger, then the stage, attractive as it may be to certain classes, is not what we have always regarded it. But the stage is by universal consent far more than this. It is the means for the exposition of some of the highest kinds of art, the dramatic and the histrionic. If art it be let us give those who work in it artist's privileges. We allow the sculptor to make his bust collossal or life size at will. We leave the painter to cover yards of canvas or to make his picture so small that a microscope is necessary to discover all its beauties. We do not attempt to interfere with the size of the work or the proportion of the figures. Only with the dramatist do we attempt to cramp the figures and limit the range.

There is at present a tendency to rehabilitate old and honoured, but of late neglected, forms of drama. Poetical plays have more than once of late obtained success upon our stage. If we are going to make at length a step in the right direction, let the step be a bold one. Let us accord the dramatist the right, so he produces us a work of art, to shape it how he will. It is to writers on the stage the first appeal is to be made, for the public is too large and too scattered to be got at. But if those who guide to a certain extent public taste will set the example the public in time will come up to it. We wish for no exaggeration or abuse of monologues. We are not anxious to see pieces such as the Germans affect, where the dramatic element is swallowed in the idyllic produced. But we do wish to remove the reproach that a French piece which has won the just approval of a critical audience must be reduced one half to be played in England, and may then move the people to impatience. K.

FREIBURG.—Herr Franz Hauser, formerly the director of the Munich Conservatory, and a highly esteemed operatic singer, lately died here, Mendelssohn dedicated the "Hebrides Overture" to him.

MUNICH.—At the King's desire, negotiations have been commenced with Mad. Mallinger, with reference to her giving a round of performances every summer for the next three years.—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has been reproduced at the Royal Operahouse, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations.

WHILE the national German hymn of Sir Michael Costa is advertised by our contemporaries, we read in American papers of another "Hymn of German Unity," composed by Mr. M. Keller, of Boston, the dedication of which has been accepted by King William. In recognition of the compliment, His Majesty has sent the writer a sum of money which Mr. Keller has devoted to the Patriotic Fund for the widows of German soldiers who fall in the war.—*Choir.*

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BEETHOVEN, GOETHE, AND MICHAEL ANGELO.*

I recollect once seeing in the Pitti Palace at Florence a picture by Rubens, a magnificent, first-class painting: an "Allegory of War." Enflamed with rage, Mars is rushing out through the gates, flung wide apart, of the Temple of Janus; a wild Fury, waving a torch, is dragging him forward; Harpies are fluttering before him, and Europe (represented as Cybele with the mural crown) follows wringing her hands. It is in vain that the Goddess of Love, with flattering embraces, endeavours to hold him back. In his furious career, as God of War, he has thrown over several male figures, with the emblems of art and science in their hands, among them being a man with a lute. In the background there are all kinds of desolation and wretchedness. It is evident that Rubens painted the picture under the impression of the Thirty Years' War, then ravaging Germany with fire and sword. Late events brought this painting to my mind, and I thought to myself that the Beethoven Festival Committee, at Bonn, might very well borrow it from the Italian Government, and hang it up as a public excuse before the Festival Hall (just as theatrical managers in Germany have red bills posted at the street corners, when there is any sudden and unexpected change of performance); the man thrown down with the lute, and Mars rushing past him would render any further explanation superfluous. But war and the tumult of war shall not prevent us from reminding our readers that in December a century will have elapsed since one of the greatest German masters of the art of music was born—the master whom we are fond of naming with Mozart, just as we are fond of saying "Raphael and Michael Angelo," or "Schiller and Goethe," when we would allude, by two names, to the highest efforts in other branches of art. If, however, matters progress as they are now progressing at the seat of war, we may yet be able to leave Rubens' picture in Florence, and perform the Ninth Symphony with the "Te Deum" for victory and peace. God grant it may be so.

Of the bearers of the brilliant names I have just mentioned, the two great German poets, and the two great German composers, were contemporaries. Mozart and Schiller died at an early age, but fate permitted Beethoven to behold the countenance of his great predecessor, Mozart, who is said to have made on the occasion, the oft repeated remark: "Take care of him there; some day he, too, will have something to say." Goethe survived them all. He was, moreover, brought into personal communication with Beethoven, but, with regard to Mozart, we should scarcely be aware whether he ever knew of the existence of Schiller or of Goethe, if he had not set to music Goethe's "Veilchen;" Heaven knows in what chance walk of his he found the lovely modest little flower, whose aromatic perfume delights us even at the present day. *Don Carlos* and *Don Juan* both belong to the same year (1787)—but could Mozart, in his Vienna, know aught about the former? It was not till a long time afterwards, when Mozart had long been in the realms of eternal harmonies, that the Vienna censure at length admitted Schiller's tragic muse into the Imperial hereditary dominions. This appears rather strange to us, who have been nourished on Schiller's dramas, as on a sort of intellectual mother's milk, but let the reader put himself mentally in the place of a Vienna Censor of the Year One, and answer the question whether, when the worthy individual in question perused the *Räuber, Kabale und Liebe, Fiesko, Don Carlos, Wallenstein*, and *Tell*, his hair must not have stood on end, even supposing him to have worn a wig. When people spoke in Vienna at that period of German literature, they meant Klopstock and Wieland, who, like Alpha and Omega, like the two opposite poles, represented the "Elevated" and the "Graceful." That so joyous a mortal as Mozart should not be particularly impressed by Klopstock's elevated bombast is something very intelligible, and he made a most furious resistance when called upon to set to music the ode, "Calpe, dir donnert's am Fuss," by a Viennese local Klopstock—Denis or Sined. The words were beautiful, lofty, anything you liked, but as for being fitted for music, such a thing was totally out of the question, he said. He was as little pleased with the pretty frivolities of Wieland; the latter, reversing the course pursued by the French who at the time possessed a French *à la Grecque*, had given the world Greek *à la Française*. Mozart was just as little edified by Wieland personally, as we learn from his Mannheim Letters.

Beethoven at first allowed himself to be talked into an admiration for Klopstock. What people in Vienna then thought of Klopstock is very amusingly shown by a picture of Abel's, to be found (if I am not mistaken) in the "new school" of the Belvedere, a copy by the artist himself being in the Picture Gallery at Prague: "Klopstock's Arrival in Elysium." Klopstock is introduced by Siona, clad in Vestal-like costume, and bearing in her hand a palm branch half a fathom long. He is welcomed by a group of Greek poets, with Homer at their head. "I regret," Homer appears to be saying, "that I am acquainted with your admirable *Messiade* only through the medium of a translation, as I do not understand German." Dante stands some distance off, under laurel bushes, but he is perfectly penetrated with a sentiment of his own nothingness, and feels ashamed of his *Divina Commedia*, which must certainly have struck the wits of the Year One as a piece of barbarism. Near at hand sits Petrarch with his Laura.—The whole resembles a parody on Raphael's Parnassus, from which, indeed, the one Muse has been rather unceremoniously taken.

Beethoven, as he afterwards told Rochlitz, when the latter called upon him, was incessantly reading Klopstock's Odes. Who knows that he was not first excited to the Pastoral Symphony by the "Frühlingsfeier," which is really powerful and moving. When he became acquainted with Goethe's poems, he spoke no more about Klopstock. "He always began in D flat major—always from upwards downwards." What he thought of Schiller is proved by the words with which, according to his first plan, he meant to introduce the final movement of the Ninth Symphony. "Let us sing the song of the immortal Schiller: 'Freude schöne Götterfunken.'"

But Goethe probably was more highly prized by him. The highest and crowning task of his life struck him as being the composition of music to *Faust;* he wanted with this to conclude his artistic labours. His chorus, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," was dedicated by him to the author. Though this composition cannot, perhaps, be called one of his best, his melodies to some of Goethe's lyrical poems are so much the more magnificent: "Kennst du das Land?"—"Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben?"—"Trocknet nicht, Thränen der ewigen Liebe"—"Was zieht mir das Herz so"—no man ever composed finer songs, not even Franz Schubert. The words and the tune are so blended that it is impossible to imagine them apart; it seems to us as though something is wanting if we accidentally come upon the verses alone when turning over an edition of Goethe's works. And, lastly, the music to *Egmont!* Kayser of Zurich (Goethe's composer-in-ordinary before Zelter came) composed, in Rome, where the poet had sent for him, some music for *Egmont*, which was just completed. In one of his letters, Goethe praises it as "very appropriate." This may have been the case, for we must confess that Beethoven's music to *Egmont* is "very inappropriate;" it appears to subordinate itself so modestly to the poetry; it appears to give in a mere sketchy form the situations that are musically rendered (let the reader compare with this Meyerbeer's intrusive show-music to his brother's *Struensee*); and yet—yet—with all respect for *Egmont* and the great poet, we must say that the music outshines the drama; the frame is, in this instance, finer than the picture, fine though the latter be.

Goethe appears to have been as deaf to all these beauties, intellectually, as the composer was physically. He made Beethoven's acquaintance at Teplitz, but appears to have been inwardly little impressed by Beethoven's intellectual grandeur. We may say: without even having a suspicion of Beethoven's greatness, he beheld in the composer scarcely aught else than a man with whom it was difficult to keep up a communication, in consequence of his deafness, and who, from his bristling roughness and melancholy pining, was but slightly sympathetic. To Bettina's enthusiastic epistle Goethe answered, "cool to his inmost heart;"—with a gracious nod, and half depreciatingly he admits, "Beethoven's talent, which will show him the right way." When young Mendelssohn played him the first piece of the C minor Symphony upon the piano, the old gentleman evidently did not feel at all comfortable. "That is music which would cause the roof to fall in if performed by the whole orchestra at once," he muttered.

Though taking the purest and deepest interest in plastic art and in music, nay, more, though perfectly capable of appreciating both most thoroughly, Goethe unfortunately had as advisers by his side mediocrities like Heinrich Meyer and Zelter. To what a degree his immeasurably larger mind believingly submitted to the guidance is strikingly proved, for instance, by his allowing Zelter graciously to accord him Sebastian Bach's music. He would certainly have been able to comprehend Beethoven's music ten times better! The "Sonate Pathétique" was, at any rate, something which could penetrate ten times more confidentially to his heart than the Chromatic Fantasia. After Goethe had become acquainted in Upper Italy with Palladio, and in Venice with all sorts of specimens of the Antique, he solemnly renounced the Gothic principle, and himself threw down the monument that he had erected, "diis manibus Ervini a Steinbach." But the Gothic, or rather that Christian, and, at the same time, profoundly and significantly mysterious principle of art, organically constructing with the sharpest sense the principle which created the "frozen music" of the Gothic style of architecture, melted and was dissolved in the "thawed architecture" of Bach's Preludes, Toccatas, Fugues, and Fantasias, while the "heathen" Goethe knelt believingly before these revelations, or rather, "he went to bed, and let the organist, von Berka, play him Sebastiana." Zelter praised this highly: "So he is; he must be overheard, as it were, by an eavesdropper!" According to this rule, when "Sebastiana" are for the future announced in the programme, the public will do well to run

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

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directly out of the room and listen at the key-hole, not to hear (according to the proverb) their own shame, but Sebastian's glory.

In the correspondence between Goethe and Zelter frequent mention is made of Beethoven. Zelter speaks of him in pretty much the same way that a blind man, hearing a peal of bells, would calculate the height of the steeple in which they hang. On one occasion, he even says: "We might, perhaps, compare Beethoven, at a distance, to Michael Angelo." That was a great thing to say to Goethe. For Goethe wrote from Rome after seeing the frescoes of the Sixtine Chapel: "I am at this moment so captivated by Michael Angelo, that not even Nature pleases me after him, for I cannot see with such great eyes as he does." (Parenthetically remarked, it is a strange fact that Goethe never says a syllable anywhere of the Moses or the Medici Digger, &c., &c.) Zelter hazarded the comparison, but only timidly; he places Beethoven at his proper "distance," that is, considerably *under* the great Florentine. We, having clearly before our eyes all Beethoven did, and knowing all his importance, shall not think Michael Angelo's truly Titanic mind less, but we consider what he created as analogous to only one side of Beethoven's labours. When parallels have been drawn between Mozart and Raphael—Rochlitz began it, and was followed by von Hentel, Ulrici, and Alberti—there is a great temptation to play the Plutarch between Michael Angelo and Beethoven, and, placing them back to back, as we sometimes place Jack and Gill, to see which is the taller of the two. Such comparisons are, in reality, not worth much, they are games of wit rather than aught else, with which superficiality pays itself court. For instance, Rochlitz, who had certainly seen nothing of Raphael beyond the Dresden Madonna, could not possibly possess a correct standard by which to judge the master. When, therefore, we see such points adduced as: each died young; each left his last and most highly prized work unfinished, and it had to be completed by the hands of novices, &c., &c., such silly nonsense having nothing to do with the essential attributes of the masters—we look about to see whether we are not also informed that: "Both were exceedingly fond of such and such a dish." With regard, however, to Beethoven and Michael Angelo, the idea of employing the one to explain the other, recurs in the writings of exceedingly able critics, such as Lübke and Hermann Grimm, and we may as well have a glance at it.

(*To be continued.*)

MAURICE DE SAXE.

The circumstances accompanying the production of the play called *Maurice de Saxe*, a drama in five acts and in verse, are remarkable. It is the last piece of importance brought out at the Théâtre Français, where it was played early in June. Had it remained on the shelves a few weeks longer, it would never have seen lamplight. The hero of Fontenoy, when he wants to make himself especially popular, boasts that he is a German, and thus defies the taunts of the French nobles, who sneer at his illegitimate birth. Otherwise the authors of the drama, MM. Jules Amigues and Marcellin Desboutier, do not represent Marshal Saxe in a favourable light. If on the one hand he appears as the self-made man, asserting his dignity against adversaries who rely on the sole merit of high blood, he is conspicuous on the other as an unscrupulous aristocrat of the lowest class, without scruple, employing dishonourable means to render the comic singer, Justine Chantilly, unfaithful to her husband, Favart. Herein he is the very opposite of the Maurice in early life, depicted by Scribe as the lover of Adrienne Lacouvreur. He does not intrigue, he openly oppresses; and far from attempting to conceal his passion from Favart, exults in it, and dares the poor player to interfere. Favart, represented by Got, is the character of the piece—a sort of Figaro, who, tortured by jealousy, retains a comic vein, contrasting the privileges of the great with his own unprotected condition, and predicting the Revolution as a judgment on lordly oppressors. The action consists in a series of attempts by the Marshal to secure Justine, and as many contrivances on the part of the husband to frustrate his intentions; but though the plot hinges on contemplated infidelity, there is not a situation by which propriety is offended. The characters are drawn with discrimination. Favart is elaborately coloured: Justine derives individuality from the circumstance that, while attached to her husband and her duty, she feels flattered by the homage of the great man; and even Maurice has some excuse for his conduct in the fact that he is not a mere libertine, desirous of conquest, but the victim of a passion, the power of which he himself laments when there is none to overhear him. The dialogue abounds in forcible passages, and though the piece is in verse, it more resembles the romantic drama of the old English stage than one of the French classical school, the elevation of its style distinguishing it from such historical plays as the *Patrie* of M. Victorien Sardou. It begins with the battle of Rancoux, and ends with Maurice being killed in a duel by the Prince De Conti. In his early days the Marshal has had an intrigue with that Prince's mother, which has come to the knowledge of Favart, who, finding other means ineffectual, acquaints De Conti with the scandal, and thus indirectly produces the result. Though the story of the duel is without historical foundation, it is not the invention of MM. Amigues and Desboutier, but an old tale long believed in the French army. N. D.

IMPEDIMENTS TO TRAGIC ART IN ENGLAND.

In the essay on "Tragic Art," by Dr. Westland Marston, delivered before the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, of which we were fortunate enough to give lately a *resumé*, the speaker pronounced authoritatively opinions coinciding to a great extent with those once and again enumerated in these columns. We have frequently pointed to the repression on the part of middle-class and educated England of all demonstrations of feeling and emotion as an unpleasant feature in English society, and one that sadly impedes the efforts of dramatists. When social distinctions are rapidly becoming abrogated, as they are in large towns, when men at dinner-table are dressed as much alike as if they wore uniform, and are only distinguishable from the servants by whom they are waited upon by whatever appearance of dignity or cultivation they are able to impart to their faces and actions, there is indeed a poor field for the writer of comedies. It is necessary for him to paint broad and easily decipherable figures, to produce types which can by no chance be confounded each with other. But how is this to be done with becoming truth to nature when the chief aim of all men is to be as alike in their actions and manners as they are in their dress. Dr. Marston has shown what is in fact to be expected, that the same cause which operates so banefully upon comedy influences tragedy also. The tragedian, according to his views, finds in men thus constituted no types suitable for his purposes and no audiences capable of appreciating his ideal creations.

Our purpose to-day is less to add our unnecessary confirmation to views which while they do not need our sanction have already received it, than to point out other causes co-existent with those to which the lecturer pointed and co-operative with them, in producing the result we deplore. We have never known an age more sordid than this, or one in which the outside resemblance of men was more characteristic of a like uniformity of baseness. Money-getting or money-grubbing is the only employment of the immense majority of Englishmen. With elaborate care and conspicuous success we have succeeded in depriving the profession of money-making of all the poetry that was once associated with it. When we think of a London merchant of the olden times or of a Flemish burgher, we call up ideas of a character full of dignity and not devoid of romance. The man whose ships were sailing on the ocean, whose word on Change was good for whatever he might say, and whose pride was in the honesty and dignity of his occupation, was a figure worthy of admiration and capable of employment in art. He who held up the London merchant now as symbolizing anything but dishonesty, greed, rapacity, and the eagerness to obtain by any means a discreditable triumph, would be laughed at by all, and by none so roundly as by the merchant himself. The declension of which we complain has extended through all classes. Noblemen are chairmen of companies whose deliberate and systematic purpose is fraud; artists, with a few noble exceptions, are reduced to the level of mere shopkeepers. What, alas! is tragedy or any form of highest art to do in the midst of a world like this? Characters such as these she can neither please nor present. Who will care to see a play in which the principal personages are drawn from the life of the day and consist of fraudulent trustees, dishonest managers, and youths with their fingers, to pay Derby losses, in their masters' tills? For such society the realistic drama is specially provided. To celebrate these deeds it is fitting province to set before the age its repulsive portrait in its highest effort.

Of the school of realistic dramatists Mr. Boucicault is the clever and satisfactory representative. We must not be understood as sinking Mr. Boucicault to the level of the materials in which he works. He continues to throw upon the life and characters he depicts as much sentiment and illusion as they are capable of retaining, and he lends the features of the present age something almost like beauty and tenderness. But a dramatist who purposes to portray noble characters and noble sufferings is driven perforce from the world around him into another world remote in space or time. This difficulty he might overcome were it not met by another which is to follow it. Those men whom he cannot paint he cannot please. If he would obtain an audience he must be content to give his hearers what will please them. Most surely is the beauty of art a secret to those whose lives are ignoble. Those secrets and mysteries with which the beginnings of old religion were shrouded belong, in fact, to art. Coy, and yet proud of her beauty, she will not reveal herself to the unloving and unsympathetic. Hence all highest work of this age is confined to few readers. That an audience "fit though few" can be found for some highest forms of art we admit. There is a leaven of cultivation in England and a leaven of nobility also. Were it otherwise we should not see poured forth a series of works in highest branches of art, such as has recently been given to the world. Take the one branch of poetry and we unhesitatingly say that the poems which have seen the light during the past year or two are sufficient to shed on any age renown. A time that has seen Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, *The Ring and the Book* of Browning, the Laureate's continuation of *The Idylls of the King*, and the recently published work of Mr. Rosetti, has exhibited proof of poetic possession such as may enable it to challenge competition with the most illustrious in our annals. A public can be found, moreover, to support such works, and it is a fact creditable to the public that this work of Mr. Rosetti's, though it saw the light last month or that preceding, has already gone through five editions. But those who purchase and patronize works of this description are not patrons of the theatres. Rarely, on some special occasion, you may see them at a house like the Prince of

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Wales's, at which it is sought to give a superior class of representations, or at another house upon an occasion of excessive interest. But the realistic drama and the style of acting it has brought with it, drives the intelligent from the theatres. Those patrons to whom managers appeal are wholly insensible to the beauty and dignity of tragedy, and will none of it. Its lessons, could they take them home, would be only a rebuke to the practice of their daily lives. But, as a rule, they are insensible to its teaching, for their minds are pachydermatous. Intellectually, they sink to the level of the savage, and find the sight in a glass of their own features is more agreeable to them than any picture how beautiful soever.

Under existing conditions, then, we despair of seeing a revival of tragic or poetic drama. Daily, alas! the difficulties in the way of its revival grow greater and more numerous. Use, which is second habit, renders more and more familiar the class of productions now common on the stage. And increasingly distasteful works of a higher order until what would once have appeared a mere return to olden form will assume a semblance of revolution. Men again grow hardened in their pursuits. The widespreading canker of lust of unholy gain spreads itself wider and wider till it threatens to absorb the whole body.

That the poetic drama should be wholly banished from our stage we regard we need not say, as a distinct and great misfortune to art. What, then, is the remedy for the existing state of affairs? Again and again does the question arise before us; it is the close of all argument or enquiry concerning dramatic art in England. To it there is but one answer. The theatres want a government subvention. That they will not get it in modern years is no reason why the question should not be brought forward that men's minds may be prepared to receive it. To expect it from the most retrograde of all governments in matters of art which now holds the reins, would be madness. But we regret to say it is none the more expected from a Conservative government. Conservatives dare not give us a subvention and Liberals cannot elevate their minds to the level of such a thing. If, however by means of state aid one theatre in London were kept open in which works of the highest order could be played; if to this house were attached those actors who in different branches had distinguished themselves by superior excellence, and if occasionally performances in which these took part were given irrespective of the question of their proving remunerative, a reign of better things might be expected. A nursery for art would be provided. Actors would learn that their highest meed was not the approval of a deplorably ignorant public, authors would obtain a certain recompense for labours which attained a requisite measure of competency, and the public would have a chance of seeing high class performances. It is no time for us to declare with what kindred institutions we would link a subvention theatre. Our sole concern at present is with the need for the subvention. Its advantages can scarcely be doubted by those who believe in the purifying and elevating influences of art. Is it too much to hope that if occasionally to a noble and worthy performance of tragedy some members of that public to which tragedy is now sealed were attracted, a few among them might find the teaching of art and the contemplation of beauty a means of information, and might try to set their minds in tune with the moral beauty they had been led to contemplate and admire? K.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard returned to Boulogne-sur-Mer after the Birmingham Festival.

Signor Bottesini, the eminent contre-basso, has arrived in London.

Mr. James M. Wehli is about to visit the United States this "fall."

Mr. Alexandre Billet, the well-known pianist, has arrived in London.

At Salvador, in Central America, the Theatre of the Union is being constructed by the Government.

The receipts at the Parisian theatres and other spectacles during the past month amounted to the exceptionally low sum of 580,000 francs.

The *Journal de Toulouse* announces the death, in his twenty-ninth year, of the celebrated gymnast Léotard.

The youthful Signor Ettore Mariotti has finished an opera, entitled *Fedra*, which is shortly to be brought out in Venice.

Mr. C. H. Ross has, we understand, become the lessee of the Charing Cross Theatre.

Sadler's Wells opens to-night under the management of Mr. Pennington, who begins with *Hamlet*.

Mdlle. Nilsson sailed from Liverpool, for America, accompanied by her agent, Mr. H. Jarrett, on Saturday, the 3rd inst.

The Dean and Chapter of Worcester Cathedral have adopted the resolution of adding another minor canon to their clerical staff.

Remember the Grotto!
By custom is not to.

Punch.

The copyright for England of the last successful opera of M. de Flotow, *L'Ombre*, has been purchased by Mr. Jefferys, of Berners Street.

The Parisian musical papers are temporarily suppressed. Were this not the case little news of immediate interest to musicians would be likely to come from that beleaguered city.

Two dramas by Mr. Watts Phillips, are in the hands of the management of the Queen's Theatre. His *Marlborough* will not be played this season.

The Lyceum opens to-night with a new Irish drama called *Innisfallen*, from the pen of Mr. E. Falconer, again lessee of the theatre where *Peep o' Day* made so great a hit.

London musicians seeking recreation in the country, are getting up concerts in aid of the sick and wounded. Among them in the North, is Mr. Goss, organist of our metropolitan cathedral.

A short essay on Palestrina, entitled *Elogio di Giovanni Pierluigi Palestrina, principe della Musica Sacra*, has been published at Rome by Agostino Bartolini.

Signor Mabellini's new opera, *Fiammetta*, recently performed in Milan, has been received with much favour by the public and musical critics of Italy.

All lovers of the dance will be pleased to learn that a new floor has been laid down in the Great Hall at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.

A drama, entitled *Clelia, la Perla del Trastevere*, founded on Garibaldi's novel, *Clelia*, and written by Signor Alessandro Sabbadini, has been published by Barbini at Milan.

Booth's theatre at New York has re-opened with Mr. Jefferson as Rip van Winkle. Wallack's theatre is occupied with the drama, *Our Fritz*, in which Mr. Emmet sustains the principal character,—a German who speaks imperfect English.

Playgoers will remember the favourable impression created by a young French actor, M. Marius, in M. Hervé's *Chilperic* at the Lyceum Theatre. We hear that M. Marius has fallen before the walls of Metz, while serving in the French army.

At the termination of the Birmingham Festival, Mr. Peyton, secretary, on behalf of the committee, presented Mr. W. H. Cummings with a testimonial in the shape of a gold chain and appendages, for his kind and ready help in several cases of emergency during the Festival.

Mr. Howard Paul impersonates Napoleon III. in his entertainment. A few evenings since the audience at Bradford took exception to this; the consequence was a division of opinion winding up with a riot in which French and Germans were moderately represented.

The Beethoven Festival which was to have been held at Bonn this week under the direction of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, is, under existing circumstances, inevitably postponed. The new Beethoven Hall is used as a hospital.

Amongst the curiosities at the Exhibition of Antiquities and objects of Art belonging to the Sienese province, held at Sienna on the 15th of August, under the direction of Prof. Carlo Livi, was the autograph will and testament of Boccaccio.

The *Rivista Europea* states that at the Balbo Theatre, in Turin, Seffor Arieta's comic operetta, *Il Mozzo*, has been performed for the first time, but was not very successful. The composer is the Director of the Musical Conservatoire of Madrid.

In November an opera, by Johann Strauss, the prince of waltz-writers, entitled *Ali Baba*, is to be brought out at Vienna; the libretto by Herr O. F. Berg. The Vienna public anxiously await the first performance. The same subject was treated by Cherubini in an opera of the same name.

The new opera, *Aida*, by Signor Verdi, will be performed for the first time at the Cairo Theatre. The composer is said to have already received 150,000 francs from the Khedive of Egypt, for whom it is being written. The libretto is by Signor Ghislanzoni, and the subject was proposed by the distinguished Egyptian scholar, Mariette.

Mdlle. Nilsson's visit to the United States is, we understand, the occasion of considerable speculation, some agents having bought up tickets for the first half-dozen performances, to sell again at extravagant prices when the demand can no longer be supplied from ordinary sources.—*Choir*.

At the recent election of a parochial council in South London, one of the seatholders who was subsequently chosen for senatorial honours announced his intention of advocating the re-introduction of lady choristers and double chants. At present, he is in a minority, and the boys of the choir retain their position.

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The correspondents of the daily papers give some accounts of the manner in which the Prussians spend their Sundays on French territory. The celebration of the Holy Communion has been the rule even on the battle-field, and the by-standers are struck with the heartiness with which the soldiers join in chorales accompanied by military bands.

The Amateur Musical Society of Brixton (founded in 1857) has issued its prospectus for the season 1870-71. Mr. H. Weist Hill is again the conductor, a guarantee that the concerts, of which six are to be given, will be satisfactory both in selection and performance. The orchestra is fifty in number. The first concert is announced for November 2nd.

The Chapel Royal, St James's, is temporarily closed. As the fabric is thus cared for by the Court, we would suggest some improvements, at the same time, in the services. For Sundays past the arrangements have been utterly unworthy the chapel of the English Queen and even at the best of times it is only the professional lay clerks who redeem the music from discredit.—*Choir.*

Charles Sloman, "the only English Improvisatore," who was for many years known in theatrical circles and "about town," has just died. The Improvisatore's talents were not very remarkable, and his songs were often not a little dull, but as the original of one of Thackeray's most graphic sketches he will be long remembered. Every one who knows—and who does not?—the wonderfully humorous description of the Cave of Harmony, in *The Newcomes*, knows all about the only English Improvisatore.—*George Dolby's Musical Circular.*

The directors of the Opéra Comique called a meeting of their artists and *employés* the other day, and informed them what a deplorable effect present events had upon theatres. Two days before the meeting *Zampa* was performed, and the amount received at the box-office was *ten francs*; three days previously the box-office keeper had just *eight francs* in his till. The Minister, informed of the facts, gave permission to the Lyrique and the Odéon to defer the opening of their season, and to the Opéra Comique to close its doors.

The accounts of the income and expenditure connected with the Festival of the Three Choirs recently held at Hereford, have been made up. All the bills are paid, and although receipts fall short of expenditure, the deficiency to be made up by the sixty stewards is trifling. The charity, however, benefits to the full extent. Donations have been sent in since the meeting, and the dividends from money funded by the Worcester and Gloucester Festival Committees, amounting to over £100, have been received, bringing the total receipts for the charity up to £1,053, 14*s.*

Should the war unhappily continue another month, there will scarcely be a literary or scientific journal published. In addition to a previous long list, we have received two fresh notices to-day, announcing the suspension of the *Moniteur des Architects* and the *Chronique des Arts*. Considering the drafts upon the editorial and working staff, it is not surprising that so many journals are stopped for a time, but that any of them of this nature appear. To a certain extent it is the same in Germany. A French correspondent engaged in conversation with a private soldier of the Landwehr, attached to the army of the Crown Prince, and found that he was a Professor of Philosophy at the University of Tubingen.

Charles Dibdin's ballad opera, *The Quaker*, has been produced at the Gaiety. So many additions have been made to its music that little opportunity of judging of the orignal is afforded. When we state that "Cherry Ripe," "Why are you wandering here, I pray," and "Here's a health to all good lasses," are sung, the fact is apparent that no special regard for the composer and no wish to exhibit the music and verse of a particular epoch dictated the revival. The whole is dull. Miss Tremaine, as Cicely, gives "Why are you wandering here, I pray" exactly as it ought not to be sung, crowding it with unmeaning *roulades*. Miss E. Farren was lively as Lubin, Mr. Aynsley Cook quiet as Steady, Mr. Stoyle exaggerated as Solomon, and Miss Annie Goodall spiritless as Gillian.

Toujours perdrix was an aristocratic complaint; but the French soldiers are just as great *gourmets*, and just as fickle as princes and young ladies. The Mobile got tired of the everlasting *Marseillaise*; they had been roaring it for full a fortnight, when they cried out "*Toujours Marseillaise!*" and substituted the following elegant effusion—

Bon, ça commence!
Ca va fort bien,
Nous allons faire bombance.
A ce festin
Il ne manquera risen,
Car j'aperçois *un* jambon de Mayence.

Change *one* to *two* in the last line, and you have the second verse, and so on *ad infinitum*; or, as they say here, "To $n + n + 1$ *jambon*."

We take the following from the *Chicago Post* (of August —):—

"An important international wedding is to come off on the 29th instant, the bridegroom being a no less distinguished person than Ole Bull, the violinist. The bride appointed for the occasion is Miss Thorpe, daughter of the Hon. J. G. Thorpe, of Maddison, Wis., a very brilliant and accomplished maiden of eighteen years. Miss Thorpe and her mother are now visiting various parts of Europe, including the home of Mr. Bull in Norway, where the nuptials are to occur."

["The bride *appointed for the occasion*" is excellent! Bravissimo, old Ole!—A. S. S.]

Among some general observations upon the recent Festival, the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* has the following:—

"It used to be said of one of the orchestral stewards—and probably the same may be said of Mr. R. Peyton, the present holder of that important office—that before one Festival was over he was obliged to be thinking of the next. Why, it must be nearly twelve months since the members of the chorus were engaged, and all the present year they have been laboriously practising the choral music under the able guidance of Mr. W. C. Stockley and Mr. A. J. Sutton. How long it is since the band and principals were engaged, and how long since the composers who have composed new works for the Festival received their commissions we don't know, but it must be a considerable period, seeing the importance and proportions of many of the new pieces. Then there are no end of local committees, who, under the general direction of Mr. R. Peyton and Mr. W. J. Beale, with Mr. Howard Smith as secretary, divide and subdivide all sorts of work connected with those business arrangements, which require to be so well done to ensure the success of the Festival."

There are many other details connected with these great meetings upon which our contemporary might have dwelt with equal justice. It is to be hoped, by the way, that there may be no real foundation for a rumour which lately obtained that Mr. Peyton contemplated resigning his position. A greater loss could hardly be.

NEW MUSIC.

The Message from the Battlefield. Song. Written by H. B. Farnie. Composed by John Hullah. [London: Metzler & Co.]

The "argument" of this song tells how a German warrior went forth to battle with his name-label sewn to his coat by loving hands; and how the label alone came back. A touching story, but one which Mr. Farnie has handled tenderly, and to which Mr. Hullah has set appropriate and expressive music. The composition appeals strongly to every one with a heart in his breast; and we shall be surprised if it do not meet with wide popularity.

Metzler & Co's Standard Edition of the celebrated War Songs of France and Germany. [London: Metzler & Co.]

In this convenient shilling volume we have eight of the most prominent songs of the war, the words being given both in the original and in a spirited translation by Mr. Henry Farnie. The editor has well preserved the impartiality of a neutral by devoting half his pages to the Germans and half to the French, but as regards the selection made he had no choice, the respective nationalities having indicated their preference with unmistakable clearness. Hence the German portion of the volume contains "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" ("Where is the German's Fatherland?"), "Die Wacht am Rhein" ("The Watch by the Rhine"), "Blucher Lied" ("The Blucher Song"), and "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben" ("Thou shalt not have it, the German Rhine"). These titles are now as familiar as household words, and so should the songs themselves be, at least to all who can appreciate stirring, vigorous melodies, which seem as though they had been struck from the burning national heart, as sparks from heated iron. The French selections are "The Marseillaise," that model of a people's anthem; "Mourir pour la Patrie," "Le Chant du Départ," and "La Parisienne." These are better known than the songs of the opposite camp, and we need only add, therefore, that the volume before us is a collection of war music, the interest of which will outlive the war itself.

The Watch by the Rhine, the great national German Song, now being sung by the Army of the Rhine. Music by C. Wilhelm. [London: Metzler & Co.]

This is a separate issue of one of the songs comprised in the volume noticed above; the honour being due to the amazing popularity Wilhelm's composition enjoys all over the so-called "Fatherland." How the song sprang into notice when the time came for its use; and how honours are now being heaped upon the hitherto obscure composer, is too well known for description here. We may say, however, that the result can surprise nobody; for in "Die Wacht am Rhein" are all the elements of a true people's *Lied*. Vigorous words and a bold rhythmical diatonic melody have made the song what it is, and what it deserves to be. The present edition is well got up, and ornamented with an appropriate title-page.

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MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CHAPPELL & Co.—"Chappell's Organ Journal," Nos. 6, 7, and 8, consisting of favourite movements, selected from the works of the great masters by the most eminent organists. "L'Echo de la Guerre," by the Chevalier de Koniski; "The Buccaneer," song by Berthold Tours; "The Blind Girl's Dream," by Louisa Gray; Three Sacred Songs by Alexander Rowland; "Lady Clare," and "Deep in my heart," songs by Walter Maynard.

LAMBORN COCK & Co.—"Te Deum Laudamus," by Charles Henry Shepherd.

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VOL. 48—No. 40. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—FIRST SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.

Symphony, No 1 (Beethoven); Concerto, Pianoforte, No. 4, in G (Beethoven); Ouvertura di Ballo (Sullivan), first time, &c. Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Charles Hallé. Conductor—Mr. MANNS.

Admission, 2s. 6d., or by Guinea Season Tickets. The new October tickets, admitting till 30th Sept., 1871, at all entrances to-day. Two Guinea railway (first-class) season tickets for same period also ready. Transferable Stalls for the twenty-six concerts, Two Guineas. Stalls for this concert, Half-a-Crown.

NOTE.—A collection of 120 Original Sketches, taken at the Seat of War by the artists of the "Illustrated London News" and the "Graphic," and kindly lent to the Company by the Proprietors of those papers, will be on view To-day in the Picture Gallery. No extra charge.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

SATURDAY CONCERTS.—The Fifteenth Series of these Concerts will commence THIS DAY, 1st October. It will comprise Twenty-six Concerts in all—twelve before and fourteen after Christmas. The Subscription for Transferable Stalls for the twenty-six concerts is fixed at Two Guineas each. Stalls for a single concert, Half-a-crown. The Band and Chorus will be maintained at the same number and efficiency as during last season, and the programmes will be selected on the same principles as those of former years. The standard works of the great masters will be performed with all the care possible, new works of importance will be brought forward when practicable, and every endeavour made to maintain the width of range and excellence of performance on which the Crystal Palace Concerts have achieved their reputation.

The present year being the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Beethoven a more than usual prominence will be given to his works in the first twelve concerts. It is intended to perform his nine Symphonies, in chronological order, with the Mass in C, Op. 86, and the music to "The Ruins of Athens" (both for the first time at these concerts), and such of his Overtures, Concertos, and other compositions, both vocal and orchestral, as can be introduced; and all that intimate acquaintance, affectionate study, and careful rehearsal can do will be done to put these immortal works before the subscribers in a fuller and finer light than they have hitherto been presented, and thus do fitting honour to the memory of the greatest and most beloved master of the modern concert-room. On one of the Saturdays the performance will consist of the opera of "Fidelio," in English, produced in the new Theatre. On Saturday, 17th December, the performance will assume the character of a "Beethoven Festival." The Choral Symphony and other works of the great master will on that occasion be performed by a largely increased band and chorus, and the most eminent vocalists and solo instrumentalists obtainable will be secured in order to render this Festival a befitting homage to the genius of Beethoven.

The following eminent artists are already engaged for the concerts of this season:—Vocalists: Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Edith Wynne, Josè Sherrington, Vanzini, Patey-Whytock; and Messrs. Sims Reeves, Foli, Patey, Nelson Varley, and Vernon Rigby. Solo Instrumentalists: Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, and Mr. Charles Hallé. Other eminent artists, local and foreign, will be added, so that the solo department of this series of concerts will be superior in excellence, and more varied than its predecessors.

By order, G. GROVE, Secretary.

Crystal Palace, October 1, 1870.

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MISS JULIA ELTON will sing "THE WEAVER," by KATE WARD, at Clifton, October 5.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ will sing Miss KATE L. WARD'S new song, "THAT'S THE WAY FOR WILLIE AND ME," at Manchester, October 3rd and 24th; Southport, 13th; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 19th; and during her provincial engagements.—WEEKES & Co., 16, Hanover Street.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing L. EMANUEL'S new song, "THE DREAM OF MY HEART," at his Provincial Engagements this Autumn. Address for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., care of Mr. G. Dolby, 52, New Bond Street, W.

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ENGLISH ACTORS OF OUR TIME.

No. 4.—Mr. Charles Mathews.

The extreme and enduring popularity of Charles Mathews does not rest wholly upon his merits as an actor, great and conspicuous as these are. His temperament has a large measure of that buoyancy, the effect of which upon most people is irresistible. In private life the most popular men are those endowed with more than ordinary elasticity of temperament, men incapable of being permanently depressed by calamity, and sure to float with cork-like buoyancy over the waves of life. Such may not be the men whom we grapple "to our soul with hoops of steel," but they are the most pleasing and palatable acquaintances with whom we come into contact. Those on whom life's concerns press heaviest, and to whom its struggle is painful and sometimes scarcely endurable, reap a kind of cheerfulness from the contemplation of natures unlike their own, and cling to the vivacious and confident companion, as the invalid clings to the strong man, whose presence seems like an antidote against the evils with which life is perpetually menaced. The popularity enjoyed in real life by men of this stamp is inconsiderable, however, compared with that they obtain on the stage. Men who can present before us on the boards the spectacle of unending triumph over difficulty, of irrepressible cheerfulness and unconquerable elasticity, who can make us forget in their successes our own defeats, and can secure our sympathy while they move our laughter, obtain a personal hold over us such as can be gained in no other way. In England, especially, are characters of this kind acceptable. Men who successfully enact them seem to become our personal friends. We are strangely tolerant, moreover, in characters of this kind of moral shortcomings.

A viler and more worthless scamp history of fiction does not present than the Lovelace of *Clarissa Harlowe;* yet towards him, even, the worst of his class, we find lurking in our hearts some feeling not wholly separated from liking. Young Wilding, in *The Liar*, is profoundly mean and contemptible, yet we pardon in him baseness which in another man would revolt us. When we come to the unprincipled rakes and libertines of Charles II.'s time, our moral code is reversed. Not for the life of us can we hold to our own views of propriety. Our sympathies are given to the worthy "cits," who are the prey of the spoiler, and withheld from the dare-devils whom we know in our hearts to merit our sternest condemnation. Of characters of this class, Mr. Mathews is the only living exponent. On him has descended the mantle, worn by successive generations of comedians, from Mountfort and Verbruggen to Gentleman Lewis. During the years that have elapsed since first in 1835 he appeared in *The Old and Young Stager*, and learned from Liston how to handle the reins, he has played many score parts of different descriptions, and has become unequalled in representations of the shifts and resources to which a man may be driven by love or impecuniosity. In high class comedy, in general, he is unsurpassed among living actors, but in the portraiture of scamps and adventurers he stands without a rival. Bold, fearless sanguine, collected, incapable of betraying confusion, and sure to seize on every passing circumstance and turn it to advantage, he carries our sympathies with him wherever he goes and whatever he does, and returns them to us not seldom after they have been dragged a wretched course through the mire. Balzac might have had in view his acting when he imagined the character of Mercadet le Faiseur, which, since under its English name, Sir Affable Hawk has become one of Mr. Mathews's most successful representations.

Unlike many actors Mr. Mathews knows exactly his own range. The limits of this are pretty clearly defined. Whatever heroes of adventure or animal spirits the polite comedy presents belong to him of right. But with the comic his empire ends. When emotion of the slightest or most transient kind has to be presented the actor is at fault. When the shadow for a moment falls on the life he is like a pilot placed among strange seas and beneath unfamiliar skies. He may take for motto the legend of the dial-plate, "Horas non numero nisi serenas." In saying this we chronicle a fact and impute no blame. We are not of those who would direct the developments of genius, or quarrel with it for being other than it is. During late years Mr. Mathews has played about forty parts, in all of which he has been more than respectable, and in about a fourth of which he has obtained conspicuous success. A few of these are characters in which, during the days of his association with Madame Vestris, his reputation was first established. The majority of them were, however, first seen at a more recent date. Young Wilding in an altered version of *The Liar;* Tangent, in the elder Morton's comedy, *The Way to Get Married;* Lavater, in Mr. Planché's *Not a Bad Judge;* the chorus in *The Golden Fleece* burlesque of the same author; Sir Affable Hawk, in *The Game of Speculation;* a successful adaptation of Balzac's *Mercadet*; Sir Charles Coldstream, in *Used Up;* Felix Featherly, in Stirling Coyne's *Everybody's Friend;* Tom Dexter, in *The Overland Route;* Captain Patter, in *Patter v. Clatter;* Plumper, in *Cool as a Cucumber;* and Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary, in *The Critic*, are the parts in which of late Mr. Mathews has been seen to greatest advantage. His versatility is proved, however, by the fact that while presenting these various characters he has given a successful representation of a villain, Stewart Routh, in *The Black Sheep* of Mr. Edmund Yates, and has performed in French and has carried off the applause and approval of the most fastidious of French critics. Sir Charles Coldstream is probably the most generally diverting and the most artistic of his representations. Nothing can be conceived finer in its way than his representation in the first act of *Used Up* of aristocratic indifference and high-bred affectation The manner in which physical and mtellectual strength and energy are indicated behind indolence and apparent incapacity for exertion is in the highest degree artistic. The strong arm hangs listlessly over the chair, the mouth scarcely opens except to yawn, and drops, without an effort, words of wit and wisdom. His friends are as ready to applaud his jokes as his wines, and he sits accordingly at a feast, both material and intellectual, of which he is the giver, while he is the only man to whom its delicacies are tasteless and insipid. No finer satire upon the manners of aristocratic society has been put upon the stage. Lord Dundreary, as depicted by Mr. Sothern, is equally clever but more caricatured. The manners of Sir Charles Coldstream are those of a certain section of English society. When the blacksmith, to whose wife he has made proposals of the culpability of which he is unaware appears, the manner in which he quickens into powerful and irascible manhood, is capital. The flush of indignation, arrested by such acquired habits as enable him to protract the commencement of a fight in order to ascertain under unprecedented conditions the state of his own pulse, is intensely droll. In the following act of the play the acting becomes farcical—a fault for which, however, the author, and not the actor is responsible. Mr. Mathews's performances in *The Critic*, wherein he ordinarily assumes the two characters of Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary, are among the best of his impersonations.

Surprise is a vulgar and commonplace element in acting, and that form of surprise which results from a rapid change of character is among the lowest devices to which, ordinarily, an actor can resort. Still, some portion of the spectators' pleasure in seeing Mr. Mathews in *The Critic* is due to this device, of which he makes admirable use. Bewigged, conceited, courteous, and cross, Sir Fretful makes his exit at one door, and at the same moment, as it seems, enters Puff, spruce, dapper, airy, volatile, irrepressible. Both these representations abound with touches of genius. Especially noticeable is the manner in which the good nature and *bonhomie* of Sir Fretful yield to the irritability he strives in vain to repress. His nervousness of manner, his asides, and his appeals to all around him who might minister to his self-complacency, or soothe his injured vanity, are in the highest vein of comedy. In Sir Affable Hawk the actor has fully realized one of the finest conceptions of one of the boldest and most daring of creators. Neither Geoffroy, who created the part, nor Got, his successor, had *aplomb* so ineffable. Geoffroy was but a "bourgeois" speculator. Mercadet, as depicted by him, knew in his heart that he was a trickster. But Mathews, aflame in his imagination, believes the lies he tells, and sees himself always on the point of possessing, if not in possession, of the riches for which he has schemed and plotted. So much in earnest is he that the return of his partner and the unexpected realization of his own wildest imaginings ruffle but a brief while his serenity, and he is ready in a moment to start again just as sanguine, as hopeful, and as composed as before. Patter shows the singular volubility of utterance of Mr. Mathews,—volubility which, when the clearness of articulation with which it is accompanied is taken into account, is nothing less than marvellous. Plumper is simply a man to whom bashfulness or any form of reticence or reserve is wholly unknown. So supremely impressed is he with the sense of his own merits, and so occupied with the ideas that pass through his own mind, that no thought that his behaviour may perplex others can enter into his comprehension. The utter absence of consideration for others accompanied by an irresistible inclination to meddle with the affairs of others has formed the basis of not a few clever representations—notably, Aggravating Sam, Percy Wilding in Mr. Sketchley's *How Will They Get Out of It?* and Felix Featherley in Stirling Coyne's *Everybody's Friend*. Among representations not to be lost sight of is the chorus in the burlesque of *Jason*, In this the ludicrous solemnity and dignity of bearing of Mr. Mathews showed a full sense of the burlesque. Mr. Matthews's method or art is admirable. The only fault to be found is the manifestation of an occasional tendency to jauntiness and over sprightliness. His walk too often quickens to a run, and his exits from a room are at times over demonstrative. Taken, however, for all in all, he is the best representative we possess of that class of drama known as light comedy.

K.

Cologne.—It is intended to celebrate shortly a "memorial service" for those who have fallen in the war. Herr Brahms' *Deutsches Requiem* will be performed under the direction of Professor Gernsheim. The new term at the Conservatory of Music begins on the 3rd October. The following are the gentlemen forming the professional staff:—Herren A. Breuer, Fr. Derckum, Fr. Gernsheim, Hompesch, Hülle, Japha von Königslöw, O. von Königslöw, O. Lindhult, E. Mertke, F. Weber, and Dr. Derichswoiler. At the head of all stands Herr Ferdinand Hiller as Director. The above list of names will show that the institution still continues one of the best of its class in Germany.—The operatic season commenced very favourably as regards the singers with Verdi's *Trovatore*. The band, however, is anything but satisfactory. It had to be made up anyhow, as all the musicians of any merit who could subsist without belonging to it, refused to accept engagements in consequence of notices having been published to the effect that the terms offered by the management were shamefully low.

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THE STORY OF "MOZART'S *REQUIEM*."*

In the last ten years of the eighteenth century, there resided on his estates in Lower Austria, a certain Count Wallsegg, one of the wealthiest members of the Austrian aristocracy. Musical art was then held in high esteem; the Emperor Joseph was its zealous friend and patron; a long series of celebrated composers, of whom we will here mention only Haydn, Mozart, Salieri, and Dittesdorf, enjoyed the Imperial favour, and imparted unusual brilliancy to artistic life in Vienna. The Emperor's example was imitated by the nobility of the country; the noble landed proprietors especially were accustomed to keep up private musical establishments, to devote themselves to the study of music, and to strive after the reputation of being composers. Like others, Count Wallsegg did homage to this fashion of the time; kept a private musical establishment, and was fond of collecting around him celebrated musicians. His ambition was most particularly pleased at shining as a composer, and his band had to execute every one of his compositions immediately it was written.

In the year 1791, the Count's wife died. Nothing was more natural than for the Count to wish to celebrate her memory in an artistic manner. He composed a *Requiem* to be performed at some funeral service in her honour. It was a rather considerable instrumental and vocal work, and the score, which still exists, and is written in the Count's own hand, bears the title: "*Requiem, composto 'del Conte Wallsegg.*" The work was rehearsed with great care. To strengthen the orchestra, a number of excellent musicians were sent for from Vienna, and, at the beginning of the year 1792, a grand performance took place at the Count's country mansion. The success was brilliant. The competent judges, who had been invited from far and wide, were astonished at the sterling merit and the genial spirit of the work. The latter was repeated several times, and the reputation of the Count as a highly gifted composer was established.

At this time musical Vienna suffered an irreparable loss. On the 5th December, 1791, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the greatest master of tone in any country, and in any age, breathed his last, at the very moment that his previously rather pinched pecuniary circumstances were beginning to improve, and when, too, people at home no longer refused to display that recognition which they had hitherto only sparingly paid his genius. Immediately after his death it was stated in the musical circles of Vienna, that the master, on feeling his end approaching, had composed a dying strain, a *Requiem*, of which the score was complete, and which would forthwith be publicly performed. The report turned out to be true, and the performance of the *Requeim* took place. The announcement ran thus: "*Missa pro Defunctis*, set to music by W. A. Mozart." The whole musical world of Vienna assembled to listen to the last legacy of the great composer. As a matter of course, it satisfied the expectations formed of it, and its fame instantly flew throughout all Germany. In Leipsic, too, and other towns, performances were given of it, and everywhere with the same successful result. Copies of the score were sold for high prices, and, to become the possessor of one a celebrated musician of the day himself wrote out the work, note for note, placing in gigantic letters over the title the motto: "*Opus summum viri summi*" ("The greatest work of the greatest of men").

Up to this point we have been enabled to follow simply the course of events. We must now, however, acquaint the reader with the remarkable fact that the *Requiem* by Count Wallsegg, and the "*Missa pro Defunctis*" by W. A. Mozart, agreed exactly with each other; that they were both one and the same composition. But what is still more remarkable is that the real contriver of the work was neither Count Wallsegg, who could not have composed even three bars of such music, nor Mozart, at whose decease only a very little of it was finished. This remarkable forgery was the labour of two different individuals, one of whom attained by the affair a certain notoriety, while the other was more nearly connected with the deceased master, and whom, therefore, when the acted falsehood began to be known, there was a wish to spare as much as possible: we allude to Mozart's widow.

Count Wallsegg was anything but a composer. His right to the authorship of the *Requiem* corresponded with that of a modern fashionable lady to her rich profusion of beautiful hair—he purchased it. As his vanity impelled him to appear in the character of an eminent composer, though he was not capable of writing the veriest trifle, he decked himself out in borrowed plumes, and bought from composers of repute at the time whatever he wanted. He gave a very good price, but made a stipulation that the author should renounce all pretensions to his work, and never claim it as his. In order to avoid the chance of discovery, the Count was accustomed not to print the compositions he acquired in the way described. He contented himself with having them performed by his private band at the concerts given by the latter. In order to escape even suspicion, he kept personally aloof from all the negotiations about these purchases; he had them carried out by exclusively confidential agents, so that the composers, as a rule, actually did not know what had become of their works, or into whose hands they had fallen. Of course, the worthy Count was not in a condition to deceive his own musicians as to the true state of his musical capabilities, but, as he paid them well, and, in other respects, treated them with consideration, it was clearly their interest to hold their tongue, and not spoil their employer's game.

After his wife's death, and when he had resolved on dedicating a requiem to her memory, the Count selected Mozart as the person best fitted to supply such a work. It is highly probable that Mozart had already executed commissions of a similar description for him; at any rate, the Count knew that the celebrated composer was in straightened circumstances, and consequently very ready to agree to such a bargain as the Count wished. One of his agents was, therefore, forthwith despatched to Vienna, to make arrangements with Mozart. This was the stranger, the subject of so much discussion, and who once played so mysterious a part in the concluding pages of the composer's biographies. Mozart expressed his readiness to execute the commission; he asked a certain sum, which the Count willingly paid in advance, and promised to double, as soon as the score was handed to him complete. Overwhelmed with a mass of other commissions, Mozart at first found but little leisure for this one; it was not till the others had been executed, and he had been reminded by the Count's agent of his promise, that he set to work with activity. About this time, the state of his health began to grow worse, and he had a presentiment of his approaching end. The fact that it happened to be a *Requiem* that was ordered of him contributed very materially to strengthen him in his melancholy forebodings. He continued, however, working very assiduously, until his medical man, who apprehended bad results from such application, forbade him most strictly to do so any more. A transient amelioration of his health supervened, and, during this, Mozart resumed his labours upon the *Requiem;* then he was suddenly called away to the land of eternal harmonies.

Mozart left his small family in very straightened circumstances. The non-completion of the *Requiem* caused his widow great anxiety. She feared, above all things, that the stranger who had given the order would, as soon as he heard the work was not finished, ask for the restoration of the money he had advanced. As, however, her husband's illness had nearly exhausted the whole amount, she was not in a position to repay it. In order to escape any such demand, she determined on having the work finished by some one else. She had plenty of acquaintances among the composers at Vienna, and, as for the expense, that would be fully covered by the extra money to be paid, according to promise, on the delivery of the score. After reflecting over the matter for some time, she came to the conclusion that the person best adapted for her purpose, was a young pupil of her husband's, Franz Xavier Süssmayer, who had been in daily communication with Mozart during the last few years of the latter's life; had assisted him in his labours; and, moreover, copied out scores for him. This young man, who was highly gifted musically, appears to have led a somewhat loose kind of life, without much stability of character. There are some compositions of his by no means without value, but, probably on account of his excesses, he died too soon to make himself a name.

According to the plan projected by Mozart, the *Requiem* was to consist of thirteen separate parts. One alone was quite completed at his death; others were commenced, or sketched out; but of the last four or five, there was not a single note. Süssmayer, who readily consented to undertake the task, completed what was unfinished, and supplied with his own compositions what was wanting. But he did even more than this. Mad. Constanz, Mozart's widow, deemed it necessary that a full score should be written out in her husband's hand. This was really a more difficult task than the filling up of the music, for Mozart wrote a very peculiar hand, difficult of imitation. But Süssmayer was equal to this effort also. He had previously attained great dexterity in imitating his master's hand, and, by continued practice, soon brought it to such a pitch, that even the best judges were deceived. When everything was ready, he bound that part of the *Requiem* composed and written by Mozart himself with the parts he, Süssmayer, had added, and no one was able to discover even the slightest difference in the hand-writing.

(*To be continued.*)

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

DRESDEN.—Herr Fr. Wagner, composer and virtuoso on the trumpet and band-master of the Saxony Guards, fell, pierced by six mitrailleuse balls, at Sedan.—Mdlle. Marie Krebs will proceed to America on a professional tour in October.

SALZBURG.—The Grand Mass, in D minor, by Professor Bruckner, Court Organist, at present stopping here, was lately performed in the Cathedral. Both the work and the performance of it are highly praised.

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BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

At the annual meeting of the Governors of the General Hospital the secretary read a letter from Mr. Richard Peyton (Chairman of the Orchestral Committee), enclosing cheque for £5000, part proceeds of the late Festival. As soon as accounts were closed and audited, Mr. Peyton hoped that a further sum would be placed at disposal of the Hospital board.

Mr. Jaffray had been requested to move a resolution with reference to the communication just made to the meeting, and was not sorry that Mr. Peyton was absent, inasmuch as his presence might hamper him in what he had to say about the services that gentleman had rendered. The resolution proposed by Mr. Jaffray is subjoined:—

"That the letter of Mr. Peyton be received and entered upon the minutes, and that in acknowledging the sum of £5,000, part proceeds of the late Festival, this Board desires to tender a warm vote of thanks to Mr. Peyton, chairman of the Orchestral Committee; Mr. W. J. Beale, chairman of the General Committee; and the other members of the Festival Committee, for time and personal labour, whereby the devotion of so large an addition to the Hospital funds has been secured."

As chairman of one of the sub-committees Mr. Jaffray could bear testimony to the work which the two gentlemen had performed. They gave up their business for some time before the Festival, and in the smallest things as well as in the greatest, in private as in public, they were assiduous, able, courteous, and unassuming. The thanks of the whole body of governors and of the town generally were their due. The most successful meeting up to 1864 was the one held in that year, and since then the Festival had gone on increasing in attractiveness. In 1867 the amount paid over to the Hospital was £5,541, and £5,000 had already been received on account of the late Festival. He believed that a further sum of nearly one thousand pounds would be received. That would be an answer to the objection entertained by some—namely, that a very large sum was expended in getting up the Festivals, while a comparatively small proportion of the proceeds was given to the Hospital. It could not be said that that was the case now.

Mr. Hickman seconded the resolution, and said there was no doubt that the proceeds would at least equal those of 1867, while he hoped Mr. Jaffray's estimate would be justified, of which there was at present some doubt. It was, therefore, desirable that a wrong impression should not get abroad. The account would be kept open for the purpose of affording gentlemen who had not subscribed the opportunity of doing so.

On the motion of the chairman, seconded by Mr. G. Heaton, the Orchestral Committee were re-appointed. D. H.

—o—

THE MUSICAL CRITIC'S DUTY.

L. H. Southard, Director of Music at the Peabody Institute Baltimore, read a paper on Musical Criticism at the recent Musical Congress. In the course of his remarks he said:—

"A musical literature, a musical criticism, is an indispensible necessity toward a national school of art and cultivated popular taste. Without it it is mere anarchy. With it comes real culture, and the elevation of musical art to its proper share in the daily thoughts and life of the people. True, we must not lose sight of the fact that, to a certain extent, the public is to blame for whatever may be faulty in the musical press of the day. If there is little or no demand for high-toned and instructive articles, there will certainly be but a small supply. It is beyond question that we have in our three or four leading musical journals, and attached to a few of our most influential newspapers, gentlemen fully capable of writing with keen insight and just discrimination, and who sometimes give us articles which justly deserve to become part of our standard literature. But it cannot be denied that they reach a comparatively small class of readers, and that any marked improvement in popular taste must be heralded or at least accompanied by a corresponding change in the method of treatment of musical matters by the average daily press. Let us urge then upon those who undertake to enlighten the public, the duty of making themselves at least a little acquainted with the estimation of elaborate works; of freeing themselves completely from all merely personal professions or prejudices, of merging the artist completely in the art itself, and of separating the private interests of the individual from the public interest so far as they may be incompatible. Nor is the essayist's influence in educating the public taste and appreciation of less importance than the critic's. A great composer must have a proper musical atmosphere, or his works die of suffocation, and it is the peculiar province of those who lead public opinion through the press to furnish such an atmosphere; which is obviously not to be done by merely accommodating one's self to the average taste of the general public. It is the critic's duty to pry the public out of those ruts to which it continually gravitates if left to itself, to make it feel the ugliness of tinsel and commonplace, and appreciate the sublime and beautiful. In doing this he becomes at once a public benefactor."

PROVINCIAL.

MARGATE.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"This healthy little watering place is crammed, and music has been exerting its attractions. Last week the Assembly Rooms were brilliantly attended on the occasion of Signor Mario's 'farewell' concert. Mdlle. Liebhart, Mdlle. Enriquez, Signor Sivori, and the Chevalier de Kontski assisted. Signor Mario, in excellent voice, was received with immense enthusiasm. He sang 'Parigi o cara,' with Mdlle. Liebhart, and the duet was encored and repeated. In response to the encore for a new song by Mr. Walter Maynard, Signor Mario gave 'Good-bye, sweetheart.' He also sung, with Mdlle. Enriquez, a duet from *La Favorita*. Mdlle. Liebhart introduced some of her most popular songs, including 'Little bird' (G. B. Allen) and 'Deh vieni' (Mozart). Mdlle. Enriquez being encored in an air from *Faust*, substituted Mr. Benedict's 'Rock me to sleep.' The Chevalier de Kontski played several pieces in his usual style. Signor Sivori created a marked sensation in Paganini's 'La Clochette' and his own *Mouvement perpetuel*, at the end of which he was recalled. Mr. Walter Maynard was accompanist at the pianoforte. In the morning of the same day the Chevalier de Kontski gave a pianoforte recital, at which he performed several of his most effective compositions. He was assisted by the same artists, Signor Mario excepted. Mr. Hingston's benefit concert, at the Hall-by-the-Sea, has also taken place.

ALTRINCHAM (CHESHIRE).—Mr. R. Andrews recently got up a concert at the Lecture Hall of the Literary Institute in aid of the fund for the sick and wounded on both sides, in the Franco-German war A local journal says:—

"Mr. Andrews was ably seconded. Mrs. R. Cowley Squier, soprano, sang, without reward, but that which is in the consciousness of doing good. Miss Jones and Miss Winstanley, whom no ordinary motive could have induced to leave their homes for a public appearance, came forward to aid in the good work. Mr. C. R. Walton, bass; and Mr. Crogan, tenor, were just as willing. Messrs. Henry & Co. of Manchester, furnished a grand piano without charge. The directors of the Literary Institution gave their room for the same object. There was a numerous audience. It was hoped that the number would have been greater, but much had been already collected in this neighbourhood for the same purpose."

PENZANCE.—A correspondent writes to us as follows:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Nunn's Annual Matinée Musicale took place on Wednesday, September 14th, in St. John's Hall, when a select programme of vocal and instrumental music was well performed. The concert commenced with a pianoforte quartet in G minor, Op. 6, by Henry Leslie, the executants being Miss Harry (piano), Mr. Vingoe (violin), Mr. Nunn (viola), and Mr. Marrack (violoncello). This was followed by H. Smart's duet, 'The Wood and the Wave,' admirably sung by the Misses Mitchell. The faultless execution by Miss Symons of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 14, in G was listened to with the greatest attention, and enthusiastically applauded. A beautiful composition by Berthold Tours, *Melodie Relegieuse*, for violin, pianoforte, violoncello, and organ, was charmingly performed by Mr. Nunn, Miss Ross, Messrs. Marrack and Vingoe; the effect of the fine organ with the other instruments quite captivated the audience, and it had to be repeated. The rendering of 'Parto-parto' from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, with clarionet *obbligato*, was a novelty and evinced careful training in both vocalist (Miss Woodcock) and clarionettist (Mr. H. A. Smith). The audience were more demonstrative in their applause of the trio by Campana, 'O'er the star-lit waters gliding,' sung by the Misses Mitchell and Miss Davey (of Camborne). It was delivered with much taste and heartily encored Songs were also given by Captain Douglas and Miss Davey; pianoforte duets, &c., by young ladies of the town and neighbourhood. The concert, which concluded with Mendelssohn's "Cornelius" march, performed on the organ by Mr. Vingoe, reflected the greatest credit on Mr. and Mrs. Nunn. The Hall was crowded in every part.

HALLE.—Herr Damm, a private gentleman of artistic tendencies, is now erecting, at his own expense, a large and splendid theatre. It stands in the midst of pretty gardens, and is so constructed that it can be employed as what the Germans call a Summer Theatre. Herr Damm will be his own manager. An excellent orchestra has been engaged, and will be under the direction of Herr H. Starke, of the Grand Opera, Paris. The only drawback is that Herr Starke is an enthusiastic Wagnerite, and may, perhaps, give the public more than they like of the Music of the Future. During the winter months, a series of concerts will alternate with the regular operas. It seems more than possible that Herr Damm and his new edifice will shut up the Stadt-theater. Were the manager of the latter establishment an Englishman, he would probably say—"Damm it," and, under the circumstances, would be justified in employing such bad language.

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MUSIC A MEANS OF CULTURE.

By J. S. Dwight.

Our musical history has been peculiar. We were in no sense a musical people forty years ago. Nothing could be further from the New England character and "bringing up"—we will not call it culture. But strangely (and not much in accordance with the common theory that the way to elevate the taste is to begin with what is light and popular), the first real and deep interest in music awakened here in Boston was an interest in the greatest kind of music. Handel, and then more irresistibly Beethoven, were the first to take deep hold on thoughtful, earnest, influential souls. This was when the new spirit of culture, in the fullest freest, highest sense, became in various ways so rife in this community. So that it is scarcely paradoxical to say, that music in this country, or at least this portion of the country, "came in with the conqueror." That is to say, the love for the highest kind of music (for it is only the love of it, not the creative gift as yet), which has for some time been imputed to this once Puritanical Boston and the regions spiritually watered from it, came in with the conquering *ideas*,—with the ideas of spiritual freedom, of self-reliance, of the dignity of human nature, of the insignificance of creeds compared with life and practice, of social justice, equal opportunities to all, a common birthright in the beautiful,—ideas which from the time of Channing began to quicken the whole thought and conscience of the young Republic, and which were glowing with fresh fervour of conviction in the light of that ideal philosophy which, where it made one mystic, made a dozen practical and sound reformers,—ideas fitly summed up in the one idea of culture, in the nobler sense in which it then began to haunt the mind, as something distinct from, and superior to, the barren routine of a narrow, utilitarian, provincial, and timid education; culture in the sense of free unfolding of intrinsic germs of character, of conscious, quick, sincere relationship and sympathy with all the beauty and the order of the universe, instead of, in the old sense of a mere makeshift clothing upon, from without, with approved special knowledges, conventional beliefs and maxims, and the time-honoured prejudices. Intimately implied in this idea, of culture is the æsthetic principle. For what is culture without art?—art, the type and mirror of ideal, complete life, the one free mode of man's activity, wherein he may become partaker in the Divine creative energy? And what form of art, what ministry to the æsthetic instinct, was so peculiarly the need and product of our age, so widely, easily available, as music? It was not strange that it should come in with the conquering ideas, as we have said.

At all events, it is a fact of some significance, that the interest was felt in Beethoven at the same moment with the interest in Emerson and notably in the same minds who found such quickening in his free and bracing utterance. It was to a great extent the young souls drawn to "Transcendentalism" (as it was nicknamed), to escape spiritual starvation, who were most drawn also to the great, deep music which we began to hear at that time. For, be it remembered, the first great awakening of the musical instinct here was when the C minor Symphony of Beethoven was played, thirty years ago or more, in that old theatre, long since vanished from the heart of the drygoods part of Boston, which had been converted into an "Odeon," where an "Academy of Music" gave us some first glimpses of the glories of great orchestral music. Some may yet remember how many young men and women of the most cultured circles, whom the new intellectual dayspring had made thoughtful and at the same time open and impressible to all appeals of art and beauty, used to sit there through the concert in that far-off uper gallery or sky-parlour, secluded in the shade, and give themselves up completely to the influence of the sublime harmonies that sank into their souls, enlarging and colouring thenceforth the whole horizon of their life. Then came the Brook Farm experiment; and it is equally a curious fact, that music, and of the best kind, the Beethoven Sonatas, the Masses of Mozart and Haydn, got at, indeed, in a very humble home made and imperfect way, was one of the chief interests and refreshments of those halcyon days. Nay, it was among the singing portion of those plain farmers, teachers, and (but for such cheer) domestic drudges, that the first example sprang up of the so called "Mass Clubs," once so much in vogue among small knots of amateurs. They met to practise music which to them seemed heavenly, after the old hackneyed glees and psalm-tunes, though little many of them thought or cared about the creed embodied in the Latin words that formed the convenient vehicle for tones so thrilling; the *music* was quite innocent of creed, except that of the heart and of the common deepest wants and aspirations of all souls, darkly locked up in formulas, till set free by the subtile solvent of the delicious harmonies. And our genial friend who sits in Harper's "Easy Chair," has lately told the world what parties from "the Farm" (and he was "one of them") would come to town to drink in the symphonies, and then walk back the whole way, seven miles, at night, elated and unconscious of fatigue, carrying home with them a new good genius beautiful and strong, to help them through the next day's labours. Then, too, and among the same class of minds (the same "Transcendental set") began the writing and the lecturing on music and its great masters, treating it from a high spiritual point of view, and seeking (too imaginatively, no doubt) the key and meaning to the symphony, but anyhow establishing a vital, true affinity between the great tone-poems and all great ideals of the human mind. In the *Harbinger*, for years printed at Brook Farm, in the *Dial*, which told the time of day so far ahead, in the writings of Margaret Fuller and others, these became favourite and glowing topics of discourse; and such discussion did at least contribute much to make music much more respected, to lift it in the esteem of thoughtful persons to a level with the "humanities" of culture, and especially to turn attention to the nobler compositions, and away from that which is but idle, sensual, and vulgar.

The kind reader will grant plenary indulgence to these gossiping memories, and must not for a moment think it is intended by them to claim for any one class the exclusive credit of the impulse given in those days to music. Cecilia had her ardent friends and votaries among conservatives as well. But is it not significant as well as curious, that the free-thinking and idealistic class referred to (call them "Transcendental dreamers" if you will, they can afford to bear the title now!) were so largely engaged in the movement,—that among the "select few," constant to all opportunities of hearing the great music in its days of small things here, so many of this class were found? The ideas of those enthusiasts, if we look around us now, have leavened the whole thought and culture of this people; have melted icy creeds, and opened genial communion between sects; have set the whole breast of the nation having, till it has cast off at least one of its great established crimes and curses; have set all men thinking of the elevation of mankind. These are the conquering ideas, and with them came in the respect for music, which now in its way too, is leavening, refining, humanizing our too crude and swaggering young democratic civilization. A short pedigree! but great ideas, by their transforming power, work centuries of change in a few years.

The great music came in then because it was in full affinity with the best thoughts stirring in fresh, earnest souls. The same unsatisfied, deep want that shrank from the old Puritanic creed and practice; that sought a positive soul's joy instead of abnegation; that yearned for the "*beauty* of holiness," and for communion with the Father in some sincere way of one's own without profession; that kindled with ideals of a heaven on earth and of a reign of love in harmony with Nature's beauties and the prophesies of Art,—found just then and here unwonted comfort, courage, and expression in the strains of the divine composers, of which we were then getting the first visitations. It was as if our social globe, charged with the electricity of new divine ideas and longings, germs of a new era, were beginning to be haunted by auroral gleams and flashes of strange melody and harmony. Young souls, resolved to keep their youth and be true to themselves, felt a mysterious attraction to all this, though without culture musically. Persons not technically musical at all would feel the music as they felt the rhythm of the ocean rolling in upon the beach. They understood as little of the laws of one as of the other fascinating and prophetic mystery. Beethoven, above all, struck the key-note of the age; in his deep music, so profoundly human, one heard, as in a sea shell, the murmur of a grander future. Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, found no more eager audience than among these "disciples of the newness" (as some sneeringly called them), these believing ones, who would, not have belief imposed upon them, who cared more for life than doctrine and to whom it was a prime necessity of heart and soul to make life *genial*. This was to them "music of the future," in a more deep and real sense than any Wagner of these later times has been inspired to write.

All this to be sure, does not prove us to be a "musical people." It does prove that the great music, into which great, earnest men like Beethoven breathed the secret of their lives, has a magnetic, quick affinity, with the great thought and impulses beginning at that time to renew religion, politics, society, and the whole spirit and complexion of the age. With the casting adrift from old authorities and creeds came this instinctive feeling for Art, as for a tangible assurance of the essential "substance of things hoped for." The æsthetic instinct woke in us (to music's touch more quickly than to any other) to save this radicalism from sheer discomfortable, boisterous, quarrelsome negation, from the rude, antagonistic, and destructive attitude, from that hard, dry killing *press* of life, unquickening, discouraging, conceited, overbearing, which is of the very essence of atheism, and overturns the altars of the old religions only to worship self and the almighty dollar. True radicalism is positive, affirmative, not negative; a seeker of agreement, unity, and not of difference: a puller down of only what obstructs the rising of a more divine and universal temple. Resenting imposition and authority, it has respect for all sincere beliefs, and loves to find the truth there is or ever was in each. Now much of that transcendental radicalism was of this temper, and naturally found a reconciling, saving grace in Art; in music, most of all, as the most fluid, subtile, sympathetic of the arts; the Christian, modern, youngest art, which weaving air in motion into forms immortal, best illustrates life's perpetual *becoming*, and does not stand a milestone of arrested progress; the art which, while it is infinitely expressive and suggestive, does not limit to precise interpretations, to mere word meanings; or too inquisitive *thought* meanings does not tie us down to definitions.

We were but babes in music, doubtless, and capable of little scientific understanding of the works we heard with rapture. Shall it be said, then, that this love was mostly affectation, or illusion? What was the so great need of understanding? Are great poems written, are great pictures painted, were the old cathedrals planned and reared, only for those who have themselves the knowledge and the power to do the like? The picture in the window which all passers stop to see was not made solely or mainly for professional enjoyment, but for mere laymen also, ignorant of the art that made it, yet open, it may be, to the full influence and beauty of

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the thing made. Is nature spread out only for astronomers and physicists and chemists, or to rejoice and raise, refine and harmonize, the unscientific heart and soul of you and me? The least instructed of us may like the greatest kind of music, for the same reason that he likes the greatest kind of man; for the same reason that we enjoy real poetry more than that weak and commonplace, or find ourselves happier with Shakspere than with Tupper. May not a community which prefers an Emerson for its lectures be credited with all sincerity in choosing to sit under the influence of Beethoven rather than of Verdi, finding itself more warmed thereby? And if you are personally attracted to a fine, deep, genial nature, rather than to a shallow creature of convention, why should you not be to the music into which some finer, deeper natures put their very lives? It is not our own fault, surely, if we find that we love Mozart, as we love Raphael or Shakspere, and turn to such when we most need strengthening refreshment, while we should be simply bored by miscellaneous concerts, pot-pourris on the hackneyed sentimentalities, or flash fancies of third and tenth rate composers. And if a man insist that this is all sheer self-illusion, and that we really do not like the thing we think we do, of what use can it be to argue with him? Friend, be you true to your love, as we too would be true to ours! We will not quarrel.

(*To be continued*).

MUSIC AT BRIGHTON.

We abridge as follows from the *Brighton Guardian*:—

"A fashionable and numerous audience assembled in the Dome on Tuesday night to hear the Grand Amateur Concert, on behalf of the funds of the International Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded in the War. The performances were in every way successful, the gratification of the audience was evident, the encores were numerous, and the applause hearty and continuous. The amateurs who sang were Miss Harriet Young, Miss Hurlock, Mrs. Walrond Clark, Mr Sutherland, and Mr. Whitworth Jones."

"The only appearance in Brighton this season of Mdme. Adelina Patti will take place at an evening concert in the Dome on Thursday, October 6th. The notice given has been short; but the presence of the enchanting Marquise in England is due only to the war, and the concert has been hastily organized. Mdme. Patti has supporters worthy of her talent—including Mdlle. Drasdil, Signor Urio, Signor Delle Sedie, Signor Zoboli, and Signor Foli."

"On Thursday evening Signor Mario sang at Brighton, on his farewell tour, the occasion being the benefit concert of Mr. Walter Newport, conductor of the Brighton and Sussex Choral Association. The claims of Mr. Newport to public support, the attraction of a farewell visit from the great Italian singer, and the return to a Brighton platform, after a very long absence, of Signor Sivori, brought together a full audience. Refugee Royalty was there in the person of the ex-Queen of Spain, who sat in one of the inner rows of the stalls clad in a neutral coloured dress and wearing a hat of the 'brigand' shape that was fashionable a short time back, the Bourbon lady being accompanied by her son, the Prince of the Asturias, and by some ladies of her suite. Mario was rather disappointing in that he was suffering from an evident hoarseness. The malady, though slight, was enough to prevent him from doing himself justice. Still he was Mario. It was a treat to listen to the *style* in which he sang the well-known *Favorita* air, 'Spirto gentil.' Great artists are always great, even in their decadence, and Mario is great now. It would be difficult to match the vocal tenderness he threw into the duets from the *Traviata* ('Parigi o cara') and from the *Trovatore* ('Si la stanchezza')—the one sung with Mdlle. Liebhart and the other with Mdlle. Enriquez. Signor Mario's second solo was a new ballad by Mr. Walter Maynard, 'Deep in my heart there dwells.' The melody is not very striking, though graceful and flowing, and Signor Mario sang it with a restraint that probably arose from want of acquaintance with the music and the words. It is well known, however, that Mario's singing of English ballads is almost a triumph for a born and bred Italian. Those who heard him on Thursday night will for long have a vivid remembrance of his great natural gifts and his exquisitely finished accomplishments. Signor Sivori made a capital impression on his re-appearance. His playing has still great individuality—a saying which must not be at all taken as implying mannerism. No wonder, therefore, that the audience should have become enthusiastic in applauding Signor Sivori's brilliant efforts, and should unanimously recall him to the platform. Signor Sivori was accompanied on the pianoforte in each of his selections by the Chevalier de Kontski, who also played three solos. Mdlle. Liebhart was in excellent voice, and had, consequently, the highest possible measure of success. Mdlle. Enriquez is a graceful singer, with a rich and sympathetic voice. She had the hearty recognition that is due to her talents. The choral performances were hardly equal to the standard hitherto taken by the association."

"The Military Promenade Concerts at the Pavilion have been resumed with great success, in both the social and musical sense. The band of the Inniskillens is a capital one, and is ably handled by the present bandmaster, Mr. H. Murray. An unusually large and fashionable audience assembled, and great pleasure was evidently derived from the performance."

Leipsic.—The Gewandhaus Concerts recommence on Thursday, the 6th October.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Never did "old Drury" re-open under better auspices than on Saturday night. The house had been completely re-decorated, under the superintendence of Mr. C. J. Phipps and the white panels of the boxes, profusely ornamented with gold, presented a light gay appearance, the important work of the evening was a new version of Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*, written by Mr. Andrew Halliday, and entitled *Amy Robsart*. constructed with a view to spectacular effect, and surrounded as it were with an historical halo, this is exactly the sort of piece that according to modern notions, is suitable to a large theatre. The day when it was universally believed that a genteel comedy could be properly performed on the spacious area of the old patent stage has long passed away, and yet there is a feeling that Drury Lane is to some extent desecrated when employed for the production of mere melodrama. A clear discernment of these two facts has always accompanied the management of Mr. F. B. Chatterton, but was never more clearly displayed than on Saturday night He gave the public a grand historical pageant illustrating the times of "Good Queen Bess," and the public accepted it with acclamations.

The plot of the play we need not describe, based as it is on one of Sir Walter Scott's most favourite novels, with the termination so altered that Varney falls into the trap which he has contrived for the destruction of Amy Robsart—a modification to be found in a dramatic version of *Kenilworth*, familiar to playgoers of a former generation. Theatrical justice demands with inexorable rigour that on the stage, at least, villany shall be punished and innocence escape unharmed; and we doubt whether any amount of pageantry would induce a mixed audience to tolerate the murder of such a lovely and harmless being as the wife of the Earl of Leicester. The piece is divided into four acts,—the first of which, the least striking of all, takes place in and near Cumnor Hall, and exhibits the relative positions of Leicester, Amy Robsart, and Varney. The second brings us to the court of Queen Elizabeth, shown at its height of grandeur in the Palace of Greenwich, and terminates with the august lady's departure in her State barge, which floats magnificently on the mimic Thames. The gorgeous revels at Kenilworth Castle, with the little unpleasantries by which they were diversified, occupy the third act; and perhaps nothing was ever put on the stage that could exceed in splendour the allegorical dances and groupings contrived by Mr. J. Cormack to realize the description of Sir Walter Scott. A burst of applause from every part of the house followed the termination of this remarkable spectacle. Quite of an opposite character is the last act "sensational" in the strictest sense of the word and ending with the fall of Varney through the trap and the salvation of Amy. The suddenness with which this act concludes shows great tact on the part of the author. Directly Varney is in the moat and Amy upon her knees the curtain falls leaving the audience in admiration at the triumph of innocence. The tale stops short with effective abruptness. Altogether Mr Halliday has done his task well. Not a scene comes to a weak termination, and every act ends with effect.

The pictures of Mr. W. Beverley, the discipline established by Mr. Edward Stirling, stage manager, the costumes founded on historical authority, and the music of Mr. Levey, contribute to the success of the piece. The character of Amy Robsart, with its mixture of pride and gentleness is well exhibited, and perhaps Miss Neilson never displayed greater force of discrimination than in her presentation of this ill-starred lady. If Miss Fanny Addison does not make Elizabeth "every inch" a queen, she gives a capital picture of feminine shrewdness and vanity lifelike throughout. Michael Lambourne, always intoxicated or on the high road to intoxication, is played with much fulness of colour by Mr. Brittain Wright; Tressilian, the virtuous man of the story, does not very well suit Mr. Morton Tavers; Mr. T. King's Varney is a villain of the accepted type, and Mr. J. B. Howard a somewhat overweighted Earl of Leicester. The short part of Sir Walter Raleigh is played with ease by Mr Charles, and Flibbertigibbet becomes a creature of supernal acrobatic power through the agency of Mr. Fred. Vokes. All minor defects vanish in the magnificence of the whole which may be curtailed in the first and fourth acts, but of which the success cannot be doubted.

Schwerin.—In the Cathedral, where Mr. George Hepworth officiates as organist, a splendid new organ is in course of erection. It is from the workshops of the celebrated organ-builder, Friedrich Ladegast in Weissenfels. It has 84 regulators with 4 manuals and pedal. One particular feature is, the fact of there being a Crescendo and Decrescendo for all the registers.

Brussels.—Herr von Flotow's new opera, *L'Ombre*, has been successfully produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. M Duprez's opera, *Jeanne d'Arc*, is to be brought out shortly. The composer has already arrived for the purpose of superintending the rehearsals.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LYRX.—Allan Cunningnam (father of the late Peter Cunningham), who wrote the ballad, "A wet sheet and a flowing sail." Charles Dibdin, who wrote "Tom Bowling," was educated for the Church, and hardly knew the stem of a ship from the "starn.

MARTIN HOLD.—George Gascoigne was one of those authors whom Gabriel Harvey (1578) found in the library of a maid of honour. The others were "Chaucer and Surrey, with some medical authors." Gascoigne, besides other things, was chief amatory poet of his day, and yet, twenty years after death, was regarded as "author of an antique and obsolete school of poetry." He got more censure (in the modern meaning of that word) for his erotic effusions than he cared to bear when he grew older. Even the maids of honour, when married and sober, were as ashamed of him as old ladies at the end of the last century of having read Aphra Behn in their youth. Gascoigne met their humour, and published his love verses in a purified form, with a 'dedicatory' to certain reverend divines. It is as if Moore had reissued "Little," with a devout sense given to them, or altered *Fanny of Timmol* for the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

SAMUEL TOPER TABLE.—In Mr. Lane's edition of Charles Kemble's Plays of Shakspere there is a word in *Hamlet* which admits of dispute. To the king's question, "What do you call the play?" Hamlet replies, "'The Mouse Trap'!" "Marry, how? *Tropically!*" In Mr. Dyce's edition, it is "Tropically." The text is not referred to by Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector. "Tropically" is defended as meaning that "Mouse Trap" is a trope—a figure of speech for something whereby the king or his conscience was to be caught. But where has Shakspere elsewhere converted, in such barbarous fashion, a noun into an adverb? Charles Kemble, we suppose, used "trapically," unless it be a misprint; and Mr. Bellew used the same word in his recent reading, uttering it as if "trapically" had good punning reference to "Mouse Trap." May not the original word have been "*tragically*"?—with the implication that though the title be comic, there is solemn earnest in the drama. It was as easy for the player as the printer to hurriedly make a mistake in the word. Charles Kemble himself once set a country theatre in a roar, when, in *Shylock*, instead of exclaiming "Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?" he screamed forth in that piping voice which unfitted him for much of the business he undertook on the stage,—"Shall I lay surgery upon my poll?"

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1870.

A SECOND HOLIDAY LEADER.

MY Editor permitted the Dolgelly article of last week to go in, suppressing nothing but his own retort. He is nodding at his post, beyond a doubt—even Homer nodded—and I am free. Query—Ought I to congratulate myself? "There is no more dangerous gift than freedom," say wise men. What if, after all, I am allowed the proverbial "rope enough" for the making easy a disagreeable operation which is also proverbial? I repudiate the idea, but shall be cautious.

In one special liberty I rejoice with exceeding joy. To me, a holiday-maker, the great world of music is nothing. I am supposed to know nought about it; and, though ignorance is often a qualification for the instruction of others, am expected to hold my tongue concerning all musical beings, doings, and sufferings. Gladly I accept the position. Let clique exterminate clique, and inaugurate the reign of "Chaos and old Night," I may pick blackberries from the Welsh hedgerows, and indite pastorals to my Editor. By the way, these mountain blackberries are not good, a fact at which I many times grieved, and only once rejoiced. Let me show the cause and circumstances of that rejoicing. Does any reader know Tan-y-groes Inn, on the road from Dolgelly to Festiniog? If so, he will understand how, after long tramping on dusty roads (and a proportionate refreshment), I could sit dreamily gazing through the homely latticed window at the beautiful picture below. The sounds of the place were in harmony with its sights. An old lady talked Welsh in the kitchen; a river tumbled down the ravine; Evan Rees's bees were buzzing among the gorse flowers; and a robin sang cheerily in the ash tree opposite. This was perfection; but alas! when perfection is caught, it disappears like a soap-bubble. There was a noise of feet in the road, and voices uttered words not Welsh; Heaven help me! There was more,—the unmistakable harmony of an unmistakable German band. I rushed from the place. An hour after those wretched Teutons—may the Fatherland claim them—were seen eating blackberries ravenously; and I rejoiced. The fruit was astonishingly sour, and German bandsmen, I suppose, have stomachs like ourselves.

From foreign to native out-door music is a transition so natural that even a lazy holiday writer can make it with ease. The ear-worn Londoner notices, gratefully, that very little of either assails him; while such as may be called native is seldom Welsh. Popular fancy in England depicts the "descendants of the Ancient Britons" as incessantly singing or harping, or whistling their ancient melodies. Popular fancy is wrong. Dolgelly, at all events, scouts the native lays; though Harlech is not far off, and Aberdovey is within easy reach, neither the "Men" of the one, nor the "Bells" of the other, will Dolgelly countenance; while it tolerates a dreadful old fellow who drones psalm-tunes to the accompaniment of a concertina; encourages Sunday school ditties of a "ranting" tendency; and is, by way of variety, much given to whistling "Wait for the turn of the tide, my boys." These be serious things for the supporters of Eisteddfodau to contemplate. Is the national sentiment decaying? Do the Welsh people care no longer for minstrelsy they have doomed to extinction along with the triple harp? I cannot answer these questions, but I know that the intensely Welsh county of Merioneth sings the lays of the Sassenach, when it sings at all. But I may be hurrying to false conclusions. There was an Eisteddfod at Dolgelly some weeks ago, and Miss Edith Wynne is quite competent to put the natives "out of conceit" with their own rendering of their own airs.

Some kinds of Welsh music—and those the best—will never die, nor even be affected by changing fashion. The music of trickling streams and of thundering torrents; the music of the wind as it rushes down ravines, and round weather-beaten hills; the music of the shepherd's voice far up the mountain, and of the sheep dog's responsive bark. These things remain, and while they remain there need be no lack of topics for a holiday "leader."

VIENNA.—The Beethoven Centenary Festival will commence on the 16th December next. The following is the programme:—Friday, the 16th December, *Fidelio*; Saturday, the 17th, afternoon, in the rooms of the Society of the Friends of Music, grand concert, comprising:—Prologue, Ninth Symphony; Playing by Madame Schumann and Madame Gompertz—Bettelheim; Sunday, the 18th, morning, in the same locality, *Missa Solemnis*; evening, grand banquet; Monday, the 19th, morning, in the same locality, Concert of Chamber Music; evening, at the Imperial Theatre, *Egmont*.—Among the Beethoven MSS. in the library of the Society of the Friends of Music, there is the fragments of a Violin Concerto with orchestra accompaniment. The introductory movement is completed, and a large part of the *Allegro*; quite enough, in fact—at least so say competent judges, or those who consider themselves as such, to give an idea what was the plan of the whole work. Acting upon this suggestion, Herr Hellmsberger intends completing this torso and then having it performed. Herr Hellmsberger is a clever man, and might, so thinks the humble paragraphist who pens these lines, employ himself more profitably and more—sensibly. If Herr Hellmsberger wants a new pair of shoes—the said paragraphist is now indulging in a little sportive allegory—let him have a new pair, but whatever he does let him not attempt to step into a pair of Beethoven's. He would find them horribly too big for him.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

At the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert this day the Beethoven symphony is to be the No. 1, and Mr. Hallé is to play the pianoforte-concerto, No. 4 (G major). Among other good things we are also promised the *Overtura di Ballo* of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, recently produced at the Birmingham Festival, for which it was expressly composed.

It occurred to the original genius of Ebenezer Laycock, keeper of the now notorious Hotham Street dancing saloon, that he might be able to hide from the lynx-eyed law the liberal exhibition of fair bosoms, by marshalling them behind some busts of Shakspere; that he might make the delights of the not too cumbrously draped Terpsichore edifying, by linking them to the raptures of the chaste Shaksperean muse, in the form of *Shaksperean Readings*. But this desire to familiarize the masses with the world's great teacher has not been appreciated. Ebenezer Laycock has been fined forty shillings and costs.

Daniel Defoe's *Review*, which appeared with unvarying regularity three times a week for nine years, was the first newspaper England ever had. Antecedent to Addison and Steele's *brochures*, and in price one penny, it anticipated in most of its essential details the penny journals of to-day. We wonder how few persons know that Defoe was the original editor of the now prosperous Conservative newspaper in Scotland—the *Edinburgh Courant?* The literary influence which Defoe has exercised is scarcely less great than his influence as a social reformer. If we seek the source of the modern school of realistic word-painting, it is to *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Plague of London* that we shall find it.

Dryden has said that in Charles the Second's time two plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one of Shakspere. This, however, is disproved by the record of what *was* played, and by the book of Downes, the prompter, which shows that *Hamlet* brought more profit to the house and reputation to the players than any piece by any other author. But if Dryden had said that, not after the Restoration, but before the Revolution, Shakspere's plays had ceased to attract full houses, he would have said what cannot be denied, but can be easily accounted for. Shirley wrote *The Sisters* and *The Brothers*. The former was produced fifteen years after the latter, in 1641. In the prologue to *The Sisters* there are these lines:—

"You see
What audience we have; what company
To Shakspere comes, whose mirth earth did once beguile
Dull hours; and, buskin'd, make e'en sorrow smile;
So lovely were the wounds that men would say
They could endure the bleeding a whole day;
He has but few friends lately."

The reason why Shakspere, and Shirley too, had thin audiences is clear. In 1641 men were engaged, not with the poetry of the past or present, but with the passion and politics of the hour. The Courts of Lincoln's Inn and the Temple were echoing with assertions of Liberty. The London apprentices were flashing angry torches in the eyes of Laud, at Lambeth Palace. The North was in the hands of Scotsmen. The South was a-blaze with the abolition of Episcopacy; and in London had just commenced the Long Parliament which the king could not control, and the king's master only could suppress. In short, the hurricane was then heard which shook the king from his throne, audiences from the theatre, actors from the stage, and for a time silenced the voices of dramatic poets. But the stage rose again with the monarchy, and Shakspere recovered his pre-eminence. Dryden, nevertheless, talked a quantity of nonsense about Shakspere.

It is all up with Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. The critic of *Freeman's Journal* has spoken, and this is a portion of his utterance:—

"We always dread this opera, because it has no real merit. The author took good care that all his bills should be endorsed by good names, as every part has to be filled by a great vocalist, and if we were to judge the composer by the performers, of course all should be praise; but, with true genius ringing in our ears, we have only to say that after those things which we have been permitted to hear from Mozart, Donizetti, and Bellini, we can only regard the performance of last evening as mere vocal declamation, in which no doubt, there was great merit. We hope the reproducing of *Les Huguenots* will be only in times to come, when it shall be given as an illustration of the follies of our ancestors and of those things for which we cannot account when 'The Prodigal Son' (the public) left their father's house to feed on the husks of swine."

Of course we accept the sentence, and bid a long farewell to poor Meyerbeer's master-piece, which never again can hope to see the gas light. But we will have our revenge. We may not question *Freeman's* opinion, nor resist his power, but his English—ha! ha! *Freeman* hopes "the reproducing of *Les Huguenots* will be only in times to come." Delicious! What other "times" are available? *Freeman* hopes, moreover, that it will only be given as illustrating "those things for which we cannot account when 'The Prodigal Son' (the public) left their father's house to feed on the husks of swine." O, unparalleled sentence! What does "those things * * * when" mean, learned reader? Who is the public's father? How is "The Prodigal Son" a plurality. Bravo! *Freeman* try again; but spare us our bad operas, and abolish bad writing.

MUSIC IN GERMANY.

(From a Rambling Correspondent.)

Opera in Germany, except in Austria, is now but little heard. Sunday is the principal day for the performance of the lyric drama. On the other days plays national in their expression are chiefly given. In Vienna the Stuttgard tenor, Herr Heinrich Sontheim, and the Berlin tenor, Herr Wachtel, have been starring. There is an excellent local tenor in Herr Wathen, who is not, however, such a powerful singer as either Sontheim or Wachtel, both of whom, like Duprez and Tamberlik, have any number of high chest C's at command. Mr. Adams, the English tenor who sang at Covent Garden Theatre, has left Vienna. Miss Minnie Hauck is engaged at Vienna. In Berlin the Operahouse frequenters are anxiously waiting for the return of Pauline Lucca, who went to Pont-à-Mousson (France) to nurse her wounded husband, the Baron Von Rahden. Frau Harriers-Wippern and Fräulein Lehmann are the leading *prime donne*. The former is known in London; the latter is likely to find her way there—she can act as well as sing. There is a Swedish tenor, Herr Arnoldson, who has made a favourable impression in Berlin as Count Almaviva. Herr Niemann is, however, the great magnet of attraction; he is perhaps now the best declamatory tenor in Europe. Fräulein Muzell has appeared with success as Gabriele in Kreutzer's *Das Nachtlager zu Granada*. Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia* has been revived in Berlin, and is, of course, as a martial opera most liked. The soprano part was originally written for Jenny Lind, who was to have sung it in English at Drury Lane Theatre, but broke her engagement to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre, for which a jury gave Mr. Bunn £2,500 damages. In the Prussian capital patriotic airs and part songs have been in the ascendant. Herr Taubert and Herr Eckert have composed national appeals; but the music of all this style of music is pitched in one key—there is a sameness which becomes monotonous. Heard from a marching regiment, some of the melodies are stirring enough. The old German repertory is unusually rich in national airs, and there is not a town in which a *kapellmeister* or director is to be found who is not contributing a new work; but the *Wacht am Rhein* maintains its supremacy. *Was blasen die Trompeten* of Arndt (1813) is often heard, as, of course, *Was is das Deutschen Vaterland*, also Arndt. Taubert's *Vorwärts Vorwärts* is exciting enough. Dr. F. Hiller's *Zur Wehre* is also a soldier's stimulant. As for the *Siegesmarsch*, the compositions for the pianoforte are innumerable with names of all the localities where battles have been fought. Whilst music is thus brought to bear to stir up the nation, artists are at work night and day to produce prints of the feats of arms of the Germans. Portraits, photographic and otherwise, appear of all the generals, the royal ones in the ascendant, of course. But not the least curious of these art publications are the caricatures which are to be seen in the windows of every kind of shop in all the leading towns. Some of these prints are of a coarse kind, but the majority are sufficiently droll, and as they were published prior to the precipitate downfall of Imperialism in France, no particular objection could be made for the German humorists to present the Bonapartes in a ridiculous point of view, especially as the example had been set in Paris. C. L. G.

Cologne, Sept. 17.

Wörth.—Among the French wounded here was Colonel Parmentier, of the Engineers, husband of Therese Milanollo, once so well known as a virtuoso on the violin. The gallant officer is a distinguished writer on subjects connected with harmony and acoustics.

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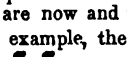
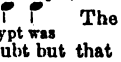
G. F. HANDEL OR JOHN CASPAR KERL?

Whilst collecting materials for compiling a history of the most celebrated organ players and composers for that instrument of the 17th century, I perused as an authority Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music*, for references concerning that famous organist and composer John Caspar Kerl, and to my great delight I found a specimen of his superior style of writing in the form of a canzona.* It will be easily seen, when compared with the chorus in *Israel in Egypt*, "Egypt was glad when they departed," that the latter is quite identical with Kerl's canzona. In both compositions we find nearly the same number of bars, the same subject and counter subject, the same harmonies and modulations and both are written in the same key and in common time. The conducting of the different parts is also corresponding with the exception, that Handel's chorus is treated in dispersed harmony for the convenience of singing in parts whilst the canzona is composed in close harmony. The measures are now and then altered for the better adaptation of the words, for example, the canzona commences:  and the chorus  The whole of Kerl's composition leaves not the slightest doubt but that it was composed as an instrumental piece for the organ, and that Handel has turned it into a vocal composition. It may not be generally known that John Caspar Kerl was a great performer and composer. Hawkins gives the following account of him:—

"Kerl was a native of Saxony and having in his early youth made great proficiency in music, was called to Vienna by the Archduke Leopold and appointed organist at his court, where discovering signs of an extraordinary genius." * * *

I subjoin to the preceding superficial narrative some more precise dates. He was born in 1625. In his earlier years he received instruction from Valentine, Chapelmaster at the Court of Vienna. The Emperor Ferdinand the Third supported him afterwards, and at his expense he studied at Rome under the celebrated Carissimi. At the coronation of Leopold the First at Frankfort he was invited to perform on the organ before the court. After a preludium in the grandest style, a subject written by the Emperor himself was handed to him, which he first treated as a fugue for two voices, then he worked it out for three and four voices, then formed it into a fugue for five voices with pedal *obbligato*, joined to it a contra subject, interchanging the time from common to triple time, and *vice versa*, interweaving the whole in a wonderful double fugue, so that the assemblage arose in raptures. A mass composed for the same occasion charmed the Emperor so much (he having been highly skilled in the musical art), that he conferred upon him a knighthood. The Prince Elector and the Prince Palatine of Bavaria offered him the appointment as Chapelmaster, but he decided for the first one and entered his new position at Munich in 1658, where he composed for the Court Church a great number of beautiful compositions during the period of twenty years. Gerber relates the following incident:—Italian singers who had been engaged long before him at court and also for the church did not like the honest and strict German conductor; they intrigued against him whenever there was an opportunity, but he revenged himself in the following original way, by composing a very difficult piece, which they were obliged to sing publicly. They could not perform it, and breaking down, created laughter. Tired of provocations, he accepted the appointment as organist at the Cathedral of St. Stephens at Vienna in 1677. However he must have returned again to Munich where he died 1690, and lies buried in the Church of St. Augustus. A monument of marble upon which three choral notes are engraved with the word "Seni" designates his resting place. The greatest number of his collected posthumous works are presented in the archives of the Court Church at Munich. The best known works are: Delectus sacr. cantionum; Six Masses; Toccatus and Suites for the Piano; Trios for the Gamba and Violine; Missa Nigra, so called because no semibreves nor minims are used in it, but only crotchets; Concerto for two Castrates (eunuchs); voices with basso continuo; Compendioso relazioni soprail contrapunto; Two Kyrie; Two Masses for two choruses with organ, violins, and four trombones; a Requiem. His principal work is his, "Modulatio Organico super magnificat," engraved and printed in folio, Munich, 1687.

Returning to the question who was the composer of the chorus in *Israel in Egypt?* I add to the already made comparisons the following arguments:—Kerl was born 1625 and died 1690. Handel was born 1684 and died 1759. The latter must have been only a child 6 years of age at the death of Kerl.—Handel composed *Israel in Egypt* in 1738 then in his 54th year and therefore 48 years after the death of Kerl. If the canzona of Kerl in Sir John Hawkins *History* is a genuine specimen of his writing, which, I for my part believe it to be, we must come to the conclusion that the chorus, "Egypt was glad," so fine a composition as it is, is a *plagiarism*, and it is well known, notwithstanding the inaccessible position our immortal Handel occupies, that he sometimes used the motifs of others in his own compositions and that is the case with this canzona. That he knew Kerl's compositions and acknowledged his talent, we may be sure of. It has been said of Handel, and very truly, that whatever he appropriated, he made perfect, and his sound judgment must have easily detected the quality of gold he selected, which he purified and refined in his mental crucible for his own use. But what is most surprising is, how the words suit the music, whilst the character of them is expressed throughout. And again comparing the chorus with the canzona, we find, as already mentioned in the beginning of this review, that the length and brevity of the notes are altered when required for the words (text) also the use of rests when necessary for the same purpose throughout the whole chorus; and so skilfully is it done, so fluently are words and music combined, that the chorus may be designated as a masterpiece. To the question, we may safely rely upon it that the canzona is a genuine specimen of Kerl's composition as given in Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music*. I furthermore remark that Hawkins became in possession of the musical treasures and manuscripts of Dr. Pepusch not immediately after his demise, but later, as he bequeathed them to his intimate friends, Travers and Kelner, and no doubt this collection contained compositions of John Casper Kerl, as it is generally known that Sir John Hawkins replenished his great work with materials from Dr. Pepusch's collection. For better comparing the digressions in the two compositions I extracted and have numbered the bars and marked them with asterisks, so that the divergence may be at once visible, but have not taken further notice of the difference with regard to close or dispersed harmony, of which I have already argued.

In concluding this dissertation, I have only given my own humble opinion, and think the subject so interesting and worthy of a searching inquiry that I trust it may create the desire of a more complete investigation, and be fully ventilated by others who are able to follow up the subject in view, so that we may ultimately obtain the following result—which of the two masters was in reality the composer of the music in question.

August, 1870. FERDINAND RAHLES.

DIGRESSIONS.

(The figures signify the corresponding bars in the Chorus and the Canzona.)

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* In Sir John Hawkins's original edition, Vol. IV., page 97, and in Novello's reprinted edition, Vol. II., page 507.

AMERICA.

(From a Special Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, *Sept.* 16.

"SHE IS COME."

Such is the heading given by more than one morning paper here to articles upon the advent of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. I am pretty sure that not one of the writers ever heard her, and yet they are all wild with enthusiasm. Isn't it strange? The eternal "interviewers" boarded the vessel which brought over the fair Swede as a matter of course, and immediately sought her presence; but were introduced instead to the portly and genial Jarrett, whose impenetrable countenance boded no good. The more experienced added up the amount of intelligence likely to be got out of him, and set down "nothing." Still he smiled blandly, took out his snuff-box, and looked complacently around. "Miss Nilsson suffered much from sea-sickness?" asked one. "More or less," said Jarrett. "Miss Nilsson afraid of the sea?" enquired another?" "More or less" replied the smiling manager. "Christine's voice all right?" demanded a third. "Better, if possible, than when we started," responded Jarrett, murmuring something mysterious, in which the words "sea-air," "bracing," "throat," were alone intelligible, while he waved his hand about as though endeavouring to illustrate something. Can we have the pleasure of seeing Miss Nilsson?" asked the chorus of interviewers? "By all means," responded the obliging Jarrett, and the whole party descended to seek the lady in the saloon; but lo! the bird had flown! (she was indeed the first to leave the vessel). Never did a man *look* more disappointed than Jarrett. The interviewers retiring with note-books, blank as their faces, made for the nearest groggery, determined, if possible, to make what they could not find, and judging by their next-morning accounts, succeeded perfectly.

That Mdlle. Nilsson is going to have a very great success here, I have every reason to believe. There is certainly a prevalent feeling that she might have been more attractively supported. Vieuxtemps is the only really great name beside hers, and he, I need scarcely say does not belong to that "sensational" class of violinists most admired in America. Ole Bull is still the reigning favourite here, though no longer followed in Europe. Mr. Welhi is held in some estimation as a "brilliant" pianist in New York, but can scarcely be called an attraction. M. Verger, the French baritone, is quite unknown in this part of the world. Mdlle. Cari, the contralto, is an American singer of no very great repute, and Brignoli, who has resided many years in the United States, is nearly "played out." Nevertheless, the prospects are excellent, and whatever success may attend the enterprise, will be entirely due to Mdlle. Nilsson, aided by the management of Max Strakosch, and the intricate Henry Jarrett.

The wire-pullers have got hold of the press completely, from the *Herald* downwards or upwards, and everything seems to portend a brilliant, financial result. Some of the musical articles will be quite wonderful. I will send you a few choice specimens. There will be for the New York concerts, at least—what is termed here a "grand orchestra," under the experienced and able direction of Max Maretzek, one of the best conductors and genial artists in America, and Mr. Wehli is to officiate as pianoforte accompanist as well as soloist throughout the tour. The programme of the first concert at Steinway Hall is not yet published, although the inaugurative performance takes place in three days—that is, on Monday, September 19th. The magic name of Nilsson is to do everything, I presume. The much-prized young artist had to undergo the oporation of a serenade last evening.

The following account of it is from the *New York Tribune*:—

"A grand complimentary serenade was tendered last evening to Mdlle. Christine Nillson, by her countrymen, the Swedes and Scandinavians of this city. Yesterday afternoon, Miss Nilsson dined with Prof. Doremus and wife at the Clarendon Hotel, and later in the day sang a few Swedish airs, which those who listened to say were extremely touching. In the evening, she was the guest of Prof. Doremus, at whose residence the serenade was offered. At abont 11 o'clock, a procession, consisting mostly of Swedes, with a slight sprinkling of Danes and Norwegians, formed at Germania Hall, on Third Avenue, and marched 800 strong, each with a Chinese lantern, to the residence of the Professor, and entering the gate soon filled the garden. An immense number of people lined the sidewalks of the Fourth Avenue and obstructed the road, and the services of a large number of policemen were required to keep a path clear for the fresh arrivals. Within the house a proportionately large number gathered to pay their respects to Nilsson.

"The garden front of the house presented a beautiful and picturesque sight. Hundreds of coloured lanterns threw their light over the grounds, and illuminated the dark retreats and rural resting-places beneath the large trees. Banners, with the names of Nilsson and Jenny Lind, formed an arch over the front entrance, while behind it were the national colours—blue and yellow—of Sweden. Mademoiselle Nilsson appeared to be considerably affected at the display, and replied to a question of a friend if she did not feel gratified at this mark of affection, 'Ah! indeed I do; it makes my heart palpitate.' At this juncture she was waited upon by a committee from the company.

"Mr. Böjrklund addressed her in Swedish as follows:—'Mademoiselle Nilsson, we are delighted to meet you on the occasion of your first visit to America, and desire to express our heartfelt thanks that we have had an opportunity to greet our honoured countrywoman. We hope you will consider that every man has a personal esteem for you, and greets you most cordially through the Committee.' To which Mademoiselle responded in a sweet, unaffected manner:—'My countrymen, I hold and shall ever carry Sweden in my heart. I am glad to thank you for all this kind honour, and would have you tell each one that I thank him personally. My heart is very full.'

"The Committee then escorted Mademoiselle Nilsson to an upper window, and retired a little to allow her a place alone, where her beautiful face could be seen by the hundreds below. She was dressed in book muslin, flounced, with a blue silk overskirt and tulle ruches. As she sat at the window, with an elegant, brilliantly-coloured shawl thrown carelessly about her shoulders, and a white cloud over her head, though drawn back sufficiently to reveal the dark (?) eyes and pleasant, though decisive face, the crowd below cheered tumultuously, again and again; and the band, as soon as the noise subsided, commenced 'Reminiscences,' from Meyerbeer. Among the beautiful pieces played was the 'Christallen den Fina,' a Swedish national air, containing the first song that Nilsson ever sung. At the conclusion of the serenade, the procession paraded before the singer, enthusiastic cheers were given, and the company separated."

Michael Angelo Demolished.

I wish to say one word about Michael Angelo Buonarotti. I used to worship the mighty genius of Michael Angelo—that man who was great in poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture—great in everything he undertook. But I do not want Michael Angelo for breakfast—for luncheon—for dinner—for tea—for supper—for between meals. I like a change occasionally. In Genoa he designed everything; in Milan he or his pupils designed everything; he designed the Lake of Como; in Padua, Verona, Venice, Bologna, who did we ever hear of, from guides, but Michael Angelo? In Florence he painted everything, designed everything, nearly, and what he did not design he used to sit on a favourite stone and look at, and they showed us the stone. In Pisa he designed everything but the old shot tower, and they would have attributed that to him if it had not been so awfully out of the perpendicular. He designed the piers of Leghorn and the custom-house regulations of Civita Vecchia. But here—here it is frightful. He designed St. Peter's; he designed the Pope; he designed the Pantheon, the uniform of the Pope's soldiers, the Tiber, the Vatican, the Coliseum, the Capitol, the Tarpeian Rock, the Barberini Palace, St. John Lateran, the Campagna, the Appian Way, the Seven Hills, the Baths of Caracalla, the Claudian Aqueduct, the Cloaca Maxima—the eternal bore designed the Eternal City, and unless all men and books do lie, he painted everything in it! Dan said the other day to the guide, "Enough, enough, enough! Say no more! Lump the whole thing! say that the Creator made Italy from designs by Michael Angelo!" I never felt so fervently thankful, so soothed, so tranquil, so filled with a blessed peace, as I did yesterday, when I learned that Michael Angelo was dead.

Mark Twain.

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Adulteration of Food.

The following is an abstract of a paper read at the Social Science Congress, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on "Legislation to Prevent Adulteration of Food and Drink," by Mr. Phillips Bevan, F.R.G.S.:—

Although it is one of our most important social questions, the apathy and ignorance of the public on the subject of adulteration is astonishing. As each person thinks that all others are mortal except himself, so he imagines adulteration affects any class but his own; and although we acknowledge its prevalence, and cry shame when we read of any particularly bad case, the sensation is but momentary, and we go on our way as before. What is adulteration, and what does it mean? It means the lowering of the *physique* of the nation, the poisoning of the people, the deterioration of our constitution; and, morally, a fraud practised by the seller on the buyer, a cheating to which we have become so callous that it has hardened our conscience for honesty in other and bigger things. The great difficulty in dealing with it is, that the Government is so slow to move; and even men in high places practically defend it, by declaring that it is not so bad as it might be; that the buyer must look to himself, and so on. It is also a very common argument that people bring adulteration on themselves by buying such very cheap articles; so cheap, that they cannot be good for the money. But they do so in ignorance; and if the seller were compelled to label the goods with the names of the real ingredients, such as "best butter mixed with starch, mashed potatoes, and horse bone oil;" "coffee, with bread-crumbs and sand;" "tea, with iron filings;" "sugar, with chromate of lead;" "beer, with salt and coculus indicus;" it is not the least likely that their cheapness would tempt the buyer; and, if a certainty of detection and punishment followed, we should find that the sellers would think twice before they offered such articles. It is strange that, in all our sanitary machinery, the food question and its purity have been so overlooked; but pure food is as necessary as pure air, good drainage, or wholesome water; and it ought not to be left to the philanthropist to remedy the evil, with the tolerable certainty that he will only get snubbed for his pains. It is a government question, as important as that of education or the Irish Church; and it ought not to be the duty of a private member of the House of Commons to bring in a bill.

With a view to arouse public interest, in conjunction with Messrs. J. M. Johnson & Sons, of Castle Street, Holborn, in February last I established the *Food Journal*, feeling that there was a great want of some public organ to discuss these matters; and so convinced was I that no bill could properly be passed without the knowledge of the legislation which prevailed in other countries, that the late Earl of Clarendon was applied to for permission to address the various British legations and consulates abroad on the subject. His Lordship not only gave that permission, but evinced his great interest in the matter by requesting that a circular should be drawn up, embodying all the inquiries on food matters that it was desired to make. A thousand of these were accordingly issued through the Foreign Office; and Earl Granville, who has taken up the subject in the same warm and earnest spirit as evinced by his predecessor, has forwarded for publication in the *Food Journal* a mass of valuable information, which has never before reached this country. To detail even an epitome of these answers would take up far too much of the time of this meeting. I will, therefore, only briefly touch on some of the main points of the question of the circular, viz., "What legislative enactments at present exist in the country to which you are accredited respecting the adulteration of food and drink? Are these laws actively enforced; and how far do they appear to meet the evil?" Very valuable information comes to us from the United States, in Mr. Thornton's report; which adverts to the difficulty of getting systematic information, even through the well-arranged machinery of official correspondence. The State legislation varies very much in the different states, some possessing no legislation at all, and others inflicting very severe penalties. Each state legislates independently; and, in so doing, often delegates the regulation of these matters to the various town or county authorities within their borders. As a general rule, the adulteration of alcoholic liquors is almost universal.

* * * * * * * * *

The laws generally work well throughout the States, but all the reports show that there is generally a pretty high standard of reputation among the dealers, although it is at the same time true that the system of comprehensive laws, and the knowledge that they will be strictly enforced, tends to preserve this feeling.

The Prussian penal code provides that any person selling adulterated or spoiled goods shall be liable to a penalty of 50 dollars, or imprisonment for six weeks, with confiscation of goods. In these cases, it is not necessary that the seller be aware of the adulteration, for he is liable just the same. If death ensue, the seller is punished with death; but if only severe bodily injury, the penalty is imprisonment from ten up to twenty years. At Konigsburg there is an additional law respecting the sale of damaged meat, and particularly of pork containing *trichinæ*. At Leipsic the same regulations are in force, but the police are not active. At Hamburg, if any injury happens to the buyer, the seller is liable to be imprisoned for from three months to four years. In Holland, the Dutch law is very similar to the Code Napoleon, and inflicts a punishment of imprisonment for from six days to two years, with a fine of from 16 to 500 francs. The adulteration of bread with copperas or vitriol is dealt with by an imprisonment for from two to five years, and a fine of from 200 to 500 florins. Not only is punishment provided for people who mix ingredients for adulteration, but also for those who manufacture or sell the ingredients, knowing that they were to be used for adulteration.

Any fresh legislation on this subject should be compulsory in its character, and not permissive. All articles of consumption which are manufactured should have their ingredients declared, for there is a feeling prevalent amongst manufacturers, as, for instance, cocoa makers, that as long as their articles contain nothing hurtful, they are at liberty to call them by the general name of cocoa. Still, a sophistication is, to a certain extent, a fraud, and every purchaser has a right to know what he is purchasing; and, although we might be safe in the hands of the largest and most respectable manufacturers, there is a considerable class of unprincipled makers who are not above taking advantage. Differences of opinion sometimes occur as to the relative hurtfulness of certain common adulterants; and an eminent authority has assured me that he had grave doubts as to whether alum was not a good thing instead of a bad one. I would suggest there should be a Food Sub-department formed, which should take cognizance of all food legislation and supplies. To it a board of two or three of the most eminent analytical chemists should be attached, who should examine and pronounce upon all disputed chemical questions, and whose opinion should be law. The sub-department should have the election of, and a certain amount of control over, the county; and analysts, whose appointment should be compulsory and not permissive; neither should it rest with vestries or corporations, many of the members of which are often largely concerned in adulteration. Inspectors should have the power to visit and take samples from all dealers in food, subject to certain checks, so as to prevent any risk of tyrannical domiciliary visits. They should also have the power of testing the supplies furnished to public bodies, such as union contracts; for guardians have frequently a habit of accepting tenders for food at a price at which the real article cannot possibly be supplied; as a London Union Board did the other day in the case of butter. In cases where a petty dealer declares his ignorance that the goods which he sells are adulterated, I should make the onus of proving this fall upon him, and then it would be for the Food Sub-department to take the matter up, and prosecute the manufacturer. When adulteration takes place before importation, as in the case of the Maloo tea mixture, the department might well provide the machinery for setting consular and other influence to work to prevent it; and might also step in as the proper arbiter between conflicting interests. In this very case, a great fraud on the public was allowed to go unpunished, because the Customs could not legally forego the duty.

As to offences, when proved, I am no believer in either a very small or a very large fine; but I would have no sliding scale at the option of the magistrate. For the first offence, the penalty should be sufficient to make the offender smart in his pocket; for the second, I would double it, and have an *affiche* detailing the offence put outside his door, as also outside the door of the church, police-station, and town-hall, for a month. The case should also be advertised in the local papers at the offender's expense. For the third offence, there should be imprisonment for one month, with hard labour. Adulteration is either a fraud or it is not, and it should be punished like any other cheating.

Phillips Bevan, F.R.G.S.

[We make no apology for inserting the foregoing. Wholesome food is as much a desideratum for musicians as for any other member of the community.—ED. *M. W.*]

—o—

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—May I ask the favour of you to convey the following notes to the reviewer of my "War and Patriotic Songs," published by Lonsdale, to avoid any misapprehension:—

No. 1. "The Sword in hand," by Mendelssohn, is not originally composed to the words; they have been adapted to the music, and is sung for some time ago as a patriotic song by many of our German choral societies.

No. 4. "The Fatherland's Call," by Mozart, is also sung as a patriotic song and the words adapted, dated from 1813.

I think it is in so far my duty to mention these facts for the purpose that these songs mentioned may not be considered as original composition, to the words.—Yours very truly,

September 26th. FERD. RAHLES.

—o—

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—In answer to your call for an explanation of the term applied to the winter series of concerts just commenced at Plymouth under my direction, I beg to say that it is my purpose to give two miscellaneous concerts, such as that of the 14th inst., and two oratorio concerts. To the former concerts the name "Philharmonic" is applicable, and to the latter the name "Oratorio."—I remain your obedient servant,

Plymouth, Sept. 27th. W. WINTERBOTTOM.

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HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

Handsome is that Handsome does is the title of a new comedy-drama in four acts, written by Mr. Tom Taylor, and produced at the Olympic Theatre. "Comedy-drama," we may note, is the designation now applied to works deficient alike in the wit of comedy and the interest of drama proper. Of "tragedy-drama" we have had as yet no experience, but no doubt our playwrights could produce further hybrids if required.

The scene of the new play is laid in the valley of Easedale, and what is called "local colour" is often so heaped upon the canvas that all sense of proportion is lost. The story was probably devised as a means of bringing upon the stage like and mountain scenery, a representation of a tempest on the hills, a wrestling match in which real combatants appear in acrobatic guise giving "back falls" on imitation turf, and a flood of dialect that passes very well for Westmoreland, being unintelligible to the ears of a southern. In the mouths of certain of the performers this dialect now a stage-Irish, now a Cockney flavour, which does not affect its value or redeem its tediousness. Some half-dozen undergraduates, members of a Cambridge reading party, with their coach, Tom Turner, B.A., have arrived at Easedale valley, and secured lodgings at the farmhouse of Job Tyson, Butterlip Knowe University students are seldom treated with much respect on the stage, but in the present instance playwright and players portray them as habitually indulging in the antics of circus clowns and the horseplay of Sunday-night roughs on the Embankment. Joshua Gawthwaite, a Dale schoolmaster of mathematical learning, is employed by the undergraduates in their studies. Joshua is in love with Elsie Fleming, daughter of a Dalesman, but the maiden regards his suit coldly, and is moved to bestow her affections upon the Hon. Henry Cleveland, member of the reading party. Mr. Cleveland is a weak-headed young man, who wears a perpetual smile, and is uneasy in his deportment; but his love is honest and he is most anxious to make Elsie his wife. There are difficulties in the way, however, and the youth is bound to become the husband of Miss Florence Conway, ward of his father, Lord Claremont. Presently his lordship and Miss Conway arrive. The father, surprised and indignant that his son should contemplate marriage with one occupying an inferior social position, does what other noble fathers have done under similar circumstances—he explaining the case to Elsie, hinting at the prior engagement with Miss Conway and appealing to the village maiden to release her lover from his promises, and turn a deaf ear to his further wooing, Elsie following prescription as faithfully as his lordship, and undertakes to reject the suit of Mr. Cleveland. She continues, however, to receive from him letters written in "invisible" ink, and to send replies. Joshua Gawthwaite who intercepts the correspondence, does not scruple to read letters never intended for his eyes. He is only by the sudden intervention of Elsie hindered from flinging his rival down a precipice. The play is clumsily constructed, and the termination is arrived at with awkwardness. There is a storm and a mist upon the hills. A rock upon which Mr. Cleveland is seated is struck by lightning, and his life is in peril. He is saved, however, by Joshua. The characters then transfer their affections with rapidity. Mr. Cleveland discovers that he really loves Miss Conway, a young lady, who seems to have been introduced merely that her fashionable airs and graces might divert the audience during "carpenter's scenes." Elsie discovers that *she* really loves Joshua Gawthwaite, for the reason that his deeds are more handsome than the looks either of himself or of Mr. Cleveland. Upon these discoveries the curtain falls.

The play is overburdened with words though not with dramatic interest. It has obtained but a qualified success, the undergraduate and wrestling scenes encountering opposition from an audience otherwise friendly and uncritical. Mr. Compton has been engaged to play Gawthwaite, but it is to be hoped that more suitable occupation may be found for so excellent a comedian. Gawthwaite is but a kind of Westmoreland John Mildmay, with jokes from the comic Latin grammar. Sentimental speeches, moral platitudes, heroic attitudes are not in Mr. Compton's way, though he does all he can with the part. The best sustained character is perhaps the Matthew Fleming of Mr. Belmore. Miss Rheinhardt was graceful as the heroine. The others hardly call for remark, being provided with but little chance of distinction.

To Musicians about to Marry.

Woman has at last stepped into the shoes of man. The "Married Women's Property Bill" is the instrument which has effected this mighty change. To enable our readers to clearly understand the full scope of this measure, we will sketch an outline of the procedure formerly pursued by persons about to marry, as regards property, and the process which will now be required. All our readers know that, up to the present Act, all property accruing to the wife after marriage became, with few exceptions, absolutely the property of the husband, and even the personal earnings of the wife might be seized by her husband for his own use and benefit. Among a very large portion of the population, especially the more educated classes, this tyrannous exercise of power was curbed by ante-nuptial settlements, which instruments secured to the wife such portions of any property coming to her after her marriage, as might be agreed on by the contracting parties. Thus amongst the upper ranks was the balance fairly adjusted, but among the lower and uneducated classes, where settlements were not made, wives often became the victims of the foulest injustice. To remedy this evil an Act was passed, enabling wives deserted by their husbands to obtain a protection order from the magistrate of the district to save her property from the rapacity of her husband. It is abundantly clear that the maxim, "there is no wrong for which the law does not supply a remedy," was not falsified in this instance.

Now let us see what advantages the "Married Women's Property Bill" will give us. The substance of the bill may be summed up thus: "All property accruing to the wife after her marriage, with a very obscure exception, including her earnings, is absolutely her property, and she may employ it for her own use and benefit as fancy may dictate." Now this in the abstract is all very proper, but there are one or two considerations of equity which very much detract from the beauty of the picture. Thus, what is to make the wife give a fair portion of her income to the support of the family? Say a women inherits real estates to the value of ten thousand a year. Under the recent Act she can spend every penny of this sum upon herself, and then come upon her husband to pay all the housekeeping debts. Such being the case, what will be the remedy to save the husband from an extravagant, thoughtless, or wicked wife? Why, the same remedy as before. It will now be absolutely necessary for a man to insist upon an ante-nuptial settlement, so as to compel the wife to give a fair portion of her income to the support of the family. Thus it will be seen that the husband and wife have changed places. Whether the result of this important alteration in the relations of the two sexes will be for good or evil time alone will show.

Felonese.

WAIFS.

Frau Harriers-Wippern has returned to the Berlin stage.

The Michaelmas term of the Royal Academy of Music has commenced.

M. Heugel, the eminent music publisher, has returned to Paris from Brussels.

Herr Hans von Bülow (late son-in-law of Abbé Liszt), is now in Florence.

Signor Petrella, now residing at Florence, is engaged in the composition of a new opera.

Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche* has been revived in Vienna, Herr Wachtel appearing as Georges Brown.

Herr Eckert and Herr von Radecke have composed patriotic songs for the Operahouse at Berlin.

Miss Fanny Jarvis, the pianist, is now studying singing at Florence, with a view to her appearance in Opera.

A new organ, given by the Rev. Sir E. R. Jodrell, has been placed in the Church of Reepham St. Mary, Norfolk.

Lord Penrhyn has given £1,000 more (a third donation) towards the restoration of the choir of Bangor Cathedral.

Signor G. Lucchesi, the tenor, formerly of the Royal Italian Opera, is among the involuntary fugitives from Paris to London at this anxious period.

There is a new Italian tenor, Signor Cesena, who is studying German, and will make his *début* next month as Eleazar, in Halévy's *Juive*.

The professorship of the piano in the Milan Conservatoire is now vacant—salary, 2,000 lire. Applications may be made up to the 15th October.

The return of Pauline Lucca from Pont à Mousson, where she has been nursing her wounded husband, Baron von Rahden, is anxiously expected in Berlin.

Mr. Jefferson still draws crowded houses in the *Rip van Winkle* of Mr. Boucicault, at Booth's Theatre, New York. Our authority is Watson's *Art Journal*.

Mdlle. Lewitzsky, who sang at the Drury Lane Italian Operahouse last season, is engaged for St. Petersburgh, and will make her *début* as Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*.

Mdlle. Stella, who sang *Lucia* recently at the Frankfort Theatre, is likely to be heard in this country. Fräulein Lehmann, of Berlin, may be another importation in due course.

Madame Adelina Patti, who has not left England since the close of the Italian Opera season, was to sing at the concert at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, yesterday, and is to sing again there to-day.

M. Henri Lütgen, the well-known violoncellist, of the late M. Jullien's Orchestra, has arrived in London. M. Lütgen was one of the instrumentalists who accompanied M. Jullien on his American tour.

The announcement of a new novel by Lord Lytton has excited a great demand for early sheets among American and, curiously enough, also amongst Dutch publishers. One American house is said to have offered £500 for them.

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The destruction of artistic and literary monuments at Strasburg and Toul has induced a protest from the five classes of the Institute of France, in view of the probable bombardment of the monuments, libraries, and museums of Paris. It is addressed to every academy in the world, and invites adhesion.

"There is a division" (says the *Athenæum*) "in the ranks of the disciples of the 'Music of the Future' in Germany, caused by the marriage of Herr Wagner with the daughter of Liszt, the divorced wife of Herr von Bülow, the pianist, formerly one of Wagner's most devoted adherents. The first act of the third part of the *Niebelungen* is completed."

An accessory of dinner, of which the Russians are fond, is music. Every restaurant of any pretensions has a barrel organ to play during meals—a large, handsome instrument, generally occupying the whole of one end of the room, and from which is heard the rolling of the drum, the thundering of the kettle-drum, the clashing of the cymbal. Every popular new air is at once added to its repertory.

A correspondent from Brussels writes as follows:—

"Duprez, the celebrated ex-tenor of the Grand Opera, is at Brussels, preparing the representation of his opera of *Jeanne d'Arc*. A cantata, *La dernière Nuit de Faust*, by M. Emile Mathieu, performed for the first time yesterday, has been well received. A new oratorio, music by Benoit and words by Kreuzhoff, entitled *Hymne à la Paix*, will be performed in about a fortnight at the Théâtre de la Monnaie; 200 singers and 400 musicians are to take part in it. Mdlle. Block will be contralto, Mdlle. Sass soprano, and Signor Asiesi baritone."

The Cunard steamer *Cuba*, Captain Moodie, which arrived at New York on the 14th instant, encountered fearful weather on the outward voyage, and although it was her first voyage across the Atlantic, Mdlle. Nilsson was to a certain extent free from sea sickness. A gentleman passenger on board, and who combines literary with commercial matters, in a letter to a friend at Liverpool says:—"A very gratifying recognition of the respect and esteem in which Captain Moodie, the commander of the *Cuba*, is held, took place just before entering the harbour of New York, in the presentation of a purse to that gentleman, containing £50. It was handed to Captain Moodie by the Hon. J. H. Pendleton in a very excellent and appropriate speech in which he alluded to the unanimous feeling ever expressed by travellers in the *Cuba*, that a kinder or a more attentive commander to those under his care it was impossible to find; and it is not too much to say that Captain Moodie is one of the most esteemed and popular commanders in the service." Although there is no details given of the voyage of the *Cuba* across the Atlantic yet private letters state that the ship encountered fearful weather but rode through it like a cork; that all on board were as comfortable as if in fine weather; and that even Mdlle. Nilsson herself was astonished at the easy transit across the Atlantic.

"It is understood"—says *Dwight*—"that the Handel and Haydn Society are making arrangements to give three or four oratorios with Mdlle. Nilsson in November, about Thanksgiving time. *What* oratorios, it is not yet decided, though there can be little doubt that among them will be *Elijah* and *Judas Maccabæus*.—Of course the old society will give the *Messiah* and something else at Christmas time; and then they will be preparing for their great Triennial Festival, which comes round next May. What noble *new* tasks this involves, we have not learned. The government had set their hearts strongly upon *Israel in Egypt*; which resolution, we trust, will remain firm, so that at last we may hear the whole of this great oratorio worthily presented. With all this extra work, we suppose we must be resigned to the postponement of the noblest plan of all, the bringing out of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, for still another year. But we would ask if it be not practicable, as well as in every way desirable, that one part of one of the Festival concerts should be devoted to a judicious series of selections from the Passion music,—say, just the selections which were studied last winter, and which interested most of the singers very deeply, to wit:—the opening chorus, *perhaps*; the chorus with tenor solo, 'O grief,' and 'I'll watch with my dear Jesu away;' the thunder and lightning chorus, and by all means, the concluding chorus; by all means, also, several of the unspeakably beautiful chorales;—these, interspersed with two or three of the fine solo airs, and scenes of wonderfully expressive recitative. Think of it, brethren, and think seriously."

Musical, dramatic, and other entertainments are not quite unusual on board the splendid mail steamers that cross the Atlantic with such regularity and success; but an entertainment which took place on board the Cunard steamer *Cuba*, on her recent trip to New York, seems somewhat unprecedented in character, and particularly happy in its result. A gentleman very well known in the best journalistic, theatrical, and social circles of London, was a passenger upon the voyage, and being an adept in the mysterious science of conjuring, as well as brimful of animal spirits, he was naturally led—if not to "set the table in a roar" (an achievement of which he is also capable at discretion)—at least to mesmerize the guests after dinner with some of his sleight-of-hand accomplishments. This brought down upon the adventurous performer a deputation of young and lovely girls, headed by the distinguished artist, Mdlle. Nilsson, who insisted in the most irresistible manner possible that he should give "all hands" the opportunity of witnessing a set display of his magic power. Refusal was out of the question, and accordingly flaming circulars announced that on the night of Sept. 10th, under the patronage of Capt. Moodie, health and weather permitting, the Wizard of the Waves would give a grand *soirée magique*. The reserved seats were announced as abolished, and the admission free, but not so, however, the exit, as the sequel shows. The attendance was immense, Mdlle. Nilsson and party occupying front seats. The entertainment, prolonged by the amusing commentary of the performer himself, lasted two hours, and was pronounced a "tremendous success." The magician followed up this advantage by drawing a harrowing picture of shipwrecks and making an appeal for contributions to the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage. This appeal was strengthened by the presence of sturdy sentinels at the door, and the result was a collection of £41 4s. 6d.

The *Boston Post* says:—

"There must have been a fearful time among the four pianos, eight guitars, and a lonely violoncello and a flute, at the concert given the 10th instant, by the senior music class of Eminence College, Ky. A Cincinnati paper says it fell to these instruments, in the gentle hands of a bevy of Annies, Nannies, Lizzies, and Loulas, to describe the *Battle on the Plains of Heaven*, as musically conceived by the extraordinary genius who presides over the musical department of that institution. And here is what had to done, in eighteen movements:—

"First movement—Conspiracy of Satan; Council of Seraphs; Withdrawal of the faithful Abdiel; Announcement of the Revolt. Second—Summoning and Marshalling of the Heavenly Host, and Sounding of the Celestial Trumpets. Third—Moving of the Angelic Cohorts to Battle under the conduct of Michael and Gabriel; 'Their nimble tread through the passive air.' Fourth—Sounding of Infernal Trumpets Summoning the Legions of Satan. Fifth—Marching of the Insurgent Army led by Satan. Sixth—Combat between Abdiel and Satan. Seventh—Trumpet Calls of the Battalions preparatory to the Grand Encounter. Eighth—First Onset; General Engagement; Satan Repulsed. Ninth—Bivouac of the Celestial Forces on the Field; Stationing of Outposts. Tenth—Council of War by Satan and Principalities; his Despair of the Council; Invention of Devilish Engines by Satan; Revival of Hope. Twelfth—Morning Call of Infernal Trumpets and Rallying of Forces. Thirteenth—Call of the Ethereal Trumpets; the Infernal Machines Trained and Opened upon the Celestial Hosts; Disorder, then Rallying of Michael and his Angels. Fourteenth—Terrific Battle of the Mountains, Cessation of Hostilities. Fifteenth—The Son of God Commissioned to Expel the Revolting Hosts from Heaven. Sixteenth—Celestial Trumpets answered by Infernal Trumpets. Seventeenth—Messiah, 'Invested with Ten Thousand Thunders,' Rushing upon his Impious Foes; the Foes Dismayed by the Fierce Terror of His Countenance, Hurling themselves in Wild Chaos, from the Verge of Heaven, down, down, to the Bottomless Pit of Perdition. Eighteenth—Rejoicing of Angels Around the Throne."

In a recent number of a weekly musical publication, an article has appeared entitled, *Mr. Chorley and St. Peter*, purporting to be a reply to the statement in the *Athenæum* of the 3rd inst., as to the book of the oratorio. In a still more recent number of a weekly journal, not specially devoted to musical matters, an article has also been published, with the heading, *The Athenæum Critic Criticised*. The object of the first leading article is to defend Mr. Benedict as regards the *St. Peter* libretto; and the aim of the second missile is to attack the festival critic for his comments on the preface to the book of the words. Now, inasmuch as the writer of the articles in both publications is the "gentleman" referred to in Mr. Chorley's communication of the 3rd inst., "who consented to accept the strange task of remodelling another man's production," the intervention of such a champion of Mr. Benedict cannot be regarded as disinterested. He is, in fact, a *particeps criminis*, and cannot be called as an impartial witness. The colleague of Mr. Benedict in the concoction of the libretto, which superseded Mr. Chorley's version declared himself that he is "not in a position to judge between Messrs. Chorley and Benedict on matters of fact." If so, why has Mr. Chorley's successor entered the list as the defender of Mr. Benedict, who has not yet attempted to disprove any of Mr. Chorley's assertions? Why has the "remodeller" displayed such acute sensibility respecting the remarks of the critic of the Birmingham Musical Festival, because the latter regarded the present version as neither "fish, flesh, nor fowl," and has been utterly unable to comprehend the meaning of the misty preface, which, whilst it professes that the composer's intention was to set a few incidents in St. Peter's life, disavows him as Peter the disciple and Peter the apostle, and will not treat him in any symbolical or representative character? The preface is, therefore, a mystification, for why is the oratorio called *St. Peter?*

ROTTERDAM.—The German operatic season has commenced. *Le Nozze, Il Trovatore, Faust, Rigoletto*, and *Lohengrin* have already been performed.

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REVIEWS.

How long will thou forget me? Sacred song for Soprano or Tenor, with chorus *ad lib.*, as sung at the Temple Church; set to music by WILFORD MORGAN. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THIS anthem—for such it is—opens with a short accompanied recitative in G minor, followed by an air in the same relative major, marked by a suave melody extremely pleasing in character, though, possibly, open to criticism on the ground of over prettiness. Few, however, would entertain such criticism, or regard the air as other than an admirable example of the emotional music which threatens to supersede the "high and dry" effusions of old church writers. A second recitative leads to another and well contrasted air, also in B flat major, the subject of which is taken up and amplified in a final chorus. There can be no question that Mr. Morgan has produced an anthem adapted for popularity as much by its character as its easiness.

The Princess Louise Waltz. Composed by CHARLES GODFREY, Band Master Royal Horse Guards. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

ANY waltz bearing the name of Charles Godfrey, the public are sure to buy without waiting the opinion of reviewers. The public are, doubtless, right, but we may say, nevertheless, that the "Princess Louise" is a charming specimen of the Godfreyan handiwork, its melodies being fresh and beautiful enough to win favour everywhere.

PESTH.—The rehearsals of Herr R. Wagner's *Tannhäuser* have commenced at the National Theatre. The principal parts will be sustained by Mesdames Pauli-Marcovits, Helery, Herren Ellinger, Lang, and Hazos.

STRASBURG.—M. Emil Mark, manager of the Theatre, has been killed during the bombardment. He was formerly a popular member of the Odéon company, Paris.

DARMSTADT.—The Grand Ducal Theatre will shortly re-open. The first three performances will be for the benefit of the wounded German soldiers.

Advertisements.

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VOL. 48—No. 43. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE FOURTH OF THE SERIES OF SATURDAY CONCERTS AND AFTERNOON PROMENADES, will take place To-day, SATURDAY, Oct. 22. Vocalists: Mdlle. Corani and Signor Foli. Solo Pianoforte: Miss Agnes Zimmermann. Symphony No. 4, B flat (Beethoven); Pianoforte Concerto, No. 3, C minor (Beethoven); Overture, "Mireille" (Gounod); Overture, "Ruy Blas" (Mendelssohn).

Conductor—Mr. MANNS.

Admission Half-a-Crown. Transferable Reserved Stalls for the Series of 23 Concerts, Two Guineas, may now be secured at the Palace. Single Stalls, Half-a-Crown.

CRYSTAL PALACE OPERAS.—TUESDAY, OCT. 25, "IL TROVATORE." THURSDAY, Oct. 27, "LURLINE."

ONE SHILLING DAYS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Next GRAND DISPLAY of FIREWORKS and ILLUMINATED FOUNTAINS, will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, October 27, 1870, when the Arc de l'Etoile and the Great Tower of Strasburg Cathedral will be given for the last time. An Opera will be given, under the direction of Mr. G. PERREN, in the Afternoon. Military Band, &c.

ONE SHILLING DAY.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

President—THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

Principal—PROFESSOR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on THURSDAY Evening next, the 27th inst., commencing at Eight o'clock.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, 27th inst., a new Baritone Scena, "THE WATCH-FIRE," written by himself and composed expressly for him by J. L. Hatton. Mr. H. Vinning returns to town November 7th. Address, 18, Malcolm Road, Penge, S.E.

A FIRST CLASS PIANOFORTE SOLOIST wishes to make an arrangement for one or two years with a CONCERT AGENT, PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER, or any one who can procure for him frequent public appearances. He has already obtained most favourable recognitions of his ability from metropolitan and provincial press, and can, if necessary, refer to the highest Musical Authorities. He is willing to accede to the most liberal terms in favour of those who may be able to promote his views. No objection to travel. Address, Pianist, care of Mr. S. Goulbourn, Printing Office, Princes Street, Coventry Street, W.

MR. AND MADAME PATEY beg to announce that they will return to Town for the winter season on the 25th inst.—44, Burghley Road, Highgate Road, N.W.

MADAME HELENA WALKER begs to announce that all communications respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., must be addressed to her residence, 6, West Bank Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Teacher of the GUITAR and CONCERTINA, begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has returned to Town for the winter season.—38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON begs to announce she will return to Town for the winter season, November 2nd. She will sing 24th inst., at Frome; 25th, Clifton; Evening, 26th, Clifton; Morning, 27th, Weston-Super-Mare; Morning and Evening, 28th, Bath; Evening, 29th, Bath; Morning, November 1st, Chatham; 4th, Barnsbury Institute; 15th, Brunswick House; December 14th, Hackney Institute; January 3rd, 1871, Newbury; 5th, Swindon; 10th, Maidstone.—19, Newman Street, W.

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THE HON. MRS. C. GREY.
LADY NORTHCOTE.
LADY SANDFORD.
LADY WYATT.
THE BARONESS MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD.
MRS. BADEN POWELL.
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MR. ERNST PAUER will deliver a series of Six Lectures "ON THE CLAVECIN AND THE PIANOFORTE," their History and Musical Literature, Illustrated by performances on the Pianoforte, in the Lecture Theatre, South Kensington Museum, on Wednesday Afternoons, November 16, 23, 30, December 7, 14, and 21, at 2-30 P.M. Tickets for the Course, 10s. 6d.; Single Admission, 2s. 6d. A Syllabus will be issued on the day of each Lecture. Schools and Families can obtain Six Tickets at the price of Five.

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Applications and Testimonials must be sent to me on or before SATURDAY, the 29th October, with a view to election on the 8th November.

The Master of the College can be seen by Candidates, on TUESDAYS, between 9 and 10 A.M.; or on FRIDAYS, between 2 and 3 P.M.

By order of the Governors,
RICHD. J. DENNEN,
Dulwich College, 13th October, 1870. Clerk to the Governors.

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HOW THE INHABITANTS OF GERA BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH CATALANI.*

The fearful storms conjured up by Napoleon I. over the face of Europe had died away; the great Corsican was languishing upon the naked rock of St. Helena, gazing eagerly into the distance, and waiting in vain for the ship which was to convey him once again into the brazen world of the God of War, out of which he could not exist. The calm which followed those years of the profoundest excitement, allowed Art once more to enter upon her rights. Every thought and endeavour had been concentrated in the one object of overthrowing the proud conqueror. But mankind now once more yearned for artistic enjoyment; foreign artists met everywhere with a warm welcome, and any one capable of anything extraordinary was sure of an enthusiastic reception. In the year 1816, Angelica Catalani, like many others, set out upon her first professional trip through Europe, after having been applauded, among the most eminent singers, in all the great theatres of Italy, and, also, for a long time, at Lisbon. Her journey was a triumphal march. Wherever she went, people would hear her alone; by her side, no one else appeared to exist. However great a sensation many a fair artist may have produced after her, not one ever created such intense enthusiasm, unless it be Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, in a different way. Many an extraordinary adventure befel the great Angelica on this triumphal progress of hers through Europe, and she took part, often willingly, and often involuntarily, in many a charming intermezzo. But not one, probably, excited so naïvely, the horror, and at the same time, the delight of the public, as a strange adventure which happened at Gera.

The shades of evening were closing in, when a heavily loaded travelling carriage drove up to the inn. A gentleman and a lady got out, leaving a male and female servant to do whatever was required to be done. The lady, a person of imposing appearance, appeared to be a foreigner; her black locks; her flashing eyes; the strange German, which, however, despite all her bad pronunciations, sounded like music, revealed, even to the uninitiated, her foreign origin. Such peculiarities were less evident in her companion; for aught to the contrary, he might have been a worthy German. Immediately they entered the inn, her glance fell on a bill fixed to the wall, and announcing for that same evening a concert with full band. With an exclamation of delight, and a peculiar smile, the lady pointed to the bill, while a few words in a foreign language uttered by her, made her companion smile also. The two guests then begged the landlord to procure them tickets for so agreeable an evening's amusement. The tickets were of course forthcoming quickly enough, and the strangers scarcely allowed themselves time to recover somewhat from their fatigue, before they re-appeared and drove off in an elegant carriage to the concert. The landlord gazed after them with a satisfied air; in his mind, he was already thinking of the bill he should make out, for they were certainly rich, very rich. The lady's travelling costume was exceedingly costly, but the evening dress she now wore, though very simple, was magnificent; the landlord had an experienced eye for this kind of thing. The concert had already commenced, but room was readily made for the strangers, while many a curious glance was fixed upon them. The lady must have understood something about music, for the orchestral pieces, which were not badly executed, earned an approving nod, while she accompained with evident interest the pieces in the programme executed by a choir. During the long pause in which the audience wandered about, in the adjoining rooms, talking of the treat they had had, or indulging in creature comforts, the strange gentleman went up to the leader, and begged he would step down for a moment from the orchestra as an Italian lady desired to speak to him. The little grey-haired man complied very readily, and, surprised by the dignity of her appearance, made the fair stranger a profound obeisance. She informed him that she was the wife of an Italian tradesman, who sometimes amused herself with music, and begged that he would allow her to sing a piece she had brought with her. "Nota bene," she added, "she was so fond of singing that she found it difficult, on an occasion like that, to resist gratifying her taste; the only question was whether he had sufficient confidence in her powers to let her sing the song with him and his band, without any kind of rehearsal." At this request, all shyness at the majestic appearance of the fair stranger vanished on the part of the old gentleman, and the musician awoke in his breast.

Official dignity always gives a man a certain consciousness of superiority over others, especially when the official has under him a certain number of ministering spirits who must do his bidding. The leader of a little town has as much consciousness of his dignity and importance, as though he were a *Capellmeister* of the King of Prussia or of the Emperor of Austria; are not his duties and his responsibility the same? Is not his public as good, or, may be, a better judge of art, than that of the great capital? At any rate, it thinks it is. The leader at Gera was perfectly well aware how difficult a task it was to perform anything with a stranger without a rehearsal. However, he could rely upon his musicians, and upon himself as pianist, better than anyone else; but how about the lady? On glancing at the roll of music offered him, he perceived a motive with variations to be executed by the vocalist. There was but little to do for the piano and other instruments. The motive itself, however, was such an antiquated, worn-out Italian street ditty, that the old German air, "Oh! du lieber Augustin" was a rare and costly gem to it in comparison. And then the variations! Could any human voice sing variations which a first-rate wind instrumentalist would never play? The little *Concertmeister* smiled complacently and almost sarcastically to himself, but, to read such foreign presumption a good lesson, he joyfully consented; if the lady could rely upon herself, he and his people were all right. "We will just give the public and ourselves a little treat," he whispered to his musicians; "let the Italian make a laughing stock of herself if she chooses; it does not concern us. What we can do, the public are aware, perfectly well, and, if there is a little row, they will know it is not our fault."

When the fair singer, with a modest and apparently humble air, as if begging the local judges of art to make allowances for her, took her place at the piano, both the singers and the musicians rose from their seats, and the audience became greatly excited, though their excitement speedily gave way to the deepest silence. The instruments introduced the theme. The fair stranger then began. It was really painful to hear her. Quite apart from the insufferably trivial nature of the theme, the notes issued so compressed, deadened, and tortured from the singer's throat, which was absolutely closed by fear, that the audience began shrugging their shoulders as a mark of disapprobation, while ill-natured satisfaction, without any attempt at concealment, was evident in the countenances of the artists. Such an exhibition was all very well for a street singer, singing for a few pence compassionately thrown from the windows, but it was not adapted for a concert-room or for an audience, both loving and understanding art, who had just before been revelling in the strains of Mozart. Now came the first variation. This went a trifle better; the stranger seemed to have overcome her nervousness a little. The notes did not sound so compressed; they were more freely emitted, and, had the lady been a young beginner, singing for the first time in public, some few marks of approbation would probably not have been wanting to encourage her. The fair Italian appeared, however, to labour under the impression that she was giving her German hearers a very especial treat! But the conclusion of the variation was doomed to spoil the very slight favourable impression produced. After a cadence, which, as competent judges whispered to each other, was as uneven as it possibly could be, there was, at the end, a shake, which she introduced in the wrong place. With great presence of mind, however, the little *Concertmeister* rattled over the keys of his piano, and endeavoured to conceal the error, by striking the shake at the right place, and letting it roll forth as loudly as possible. But this just made matters worse, for now every one remarked the mistake, and an undisguised, though, for the sake of propriety, quiet smile burst forth on all sides. In the greatest embarrassment, the singer cast a side glance at the leader, and coughed in her fine pocket-handkerchief, adorned with lace, as though to gain confidence, as no one gave her any encouragement. But what was that? In the next variation, there issued from out the fair stranger's throat a tone, the full body of which allowed but little of the piano to be heard, while even the sound of the other instruments in the accompaniment was nearly drowned. But the longer the variation lasted, the greater became the beauty of the voice. Every one looked in astonishment and wonder at his neighbour; no one moved while listening to these notes, which, powerful, though cold, appeared to issue from a statue. Whether the coy marble covering softened, or whether the stranger began to drop a mask she had hitherto worn, in the next movement her voice grew absolutely flexible. It went up and down in colossal leaps and runs; every moment everyone expected to hear the singer break down in these most daring extravagances—not a bit! With the most wonderful certainty she overcame them all; each difficulty merely appeared to give her strength to conquer a greater difficulty. As yet the public were dumb with amazement at something so unheard of; all whispered remarks ceased; no one had been seated for some time past; everybody had stood up, and the faces of the leader, the singers, and the instrumental performers, showed that their owners were not slightly dumfoundered. The fair singer smiled, however, and, bowing to our little corrector of shakes, and to the musicians, whispered to them, with the most charming expression: "Now for it, gentlemen; yes, now for it." She seemed to possess a genuine nightingale's breast, breathing forth the innermost sorrow of her heart; there issued from the sad and plaintive minor key such a natural and moving flood of tears, that the audience felt themselves penetrated to their very marrow. An incubus appeared to weigh upon the assembly, and many a handkerchief was slowly raised to some

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

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lady's dew-bedimmed eyes, as the last notes, dying imperceptibly away, trembled through the room. Then, as though coming nearer from a long distance, they slowly mounted once more, growing clearer and more gladsome—sorrow was overcome, joy returned to the poor, wearied bosom, till at length a tempestuous gush of jubilation broke forth, and, growing as it progressed, appeared unable to do sufficient to satisfy itself, in the way of the boldest and most daring, but, at the same time, most certain runs and leaps. In the most charmingly sportive intermediate phrases, the singer appeared to laugh at her previous despondency, and, in conclusion, to make up for the little mystification, did all she could as far as voice and unerring skill were concerned. There was now no restraining the public. One person uttered the name, and the others re-echoed it. "Catalani! Signora Catalani! It is she! Magnificent! Incomparable!"

The musicians lowered their instruments to the ground as a salute; the little leader, stammering forth excuses, sprang up and endeavoured to catch hold of her hand to kiss. But the great artist, glided as swiftly as an arrow between the seats, nodding in a friendly way right and left, and, with her companion, disappeared through the door of the concert-room, before anyone had quite recovered his senses.

THE STAGE AND ITS OBJECTS.

What ought to be the source of enjoyment in dramatic representations? Assuming the object of stage entertainments, as of other forms of Art, to be the administration of delight by the reproduction of Beauty, the English theatre in modern days must be admitted to fail in its mission. Its aim appears to be less the presentation of forms of remote and ideal beauty than the direct repetition on the stage of the matter-of-fact ugliness which is almost inseparable from our daily life.

That the Stage should be the most prostituted of arts is, unfortunately, unavoidable. In no other branch does the influence of the speculator make itself so sensible. The artist stoops at times to the level of the purchaser. What the picture-dealer will approve becomes at times the standard of the painter.; what the public will buy, that of the poet. But in these cases the degradation is not complete. Some care is exercised by the artist most indifferent to the fate of his work. No painter of any capacity will, to please a patron, paint subjects absolutely revolting; no poet will, at the bidding of a publisher, send forth, with his name, maimed or halting verses. But a theatre, inasmuch as it is a costly undertaking, is seldom wholly in the hands of an artist, or even of an association of artists; at its back stands the man of money: he it is who has the casting voice in its management, and who decides how far concessions to public taste shall be carried. With artists in its employment, capital has in this country, in most cases, very summary methods of procedure. There is, accordingly, no stay whatever to the downward progress of a stage which, re-acting upon the people it aims to please, involves them more deeply in the degradation they were the first to commence. It is clear that one object of a theatre must be to pay. People come, as it has been said, to a theatre to be amused rather than instructed. Johnson's well-known lines express clearly enough the obligations incumbent on actors:—

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give;
For we that live to please must please to live."

Molière says, "*Je voudrais bien savoir si la grande règle de toutes les règles n'est pas de plaire, et si une pièce de théâtre qui a attrapé son but n'a pas suivi un bon chemin*;" and Voltaire, in a similar vein, declares—

"Tous les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux."

Nothing, however, can be plainer or more unanswerable than this, that when the Stage in its efforts to please the public gives up the pursuit of beauty, it dissociates itself from and ceases to be Art.

The fact cannot be too often stated, that in scenic art the real is the false. And there is yet another fact which managers forget, and it is, at least, equally important with the foregoing. It is absolutely impossible to do without the aid of illusion on the stage; and the farther you banish the illusion from the scenery the more difficult you render it of acceptance. An audience knows that the scenery it views is, like the mimic display it has come to see, unreal. Exactly in proportion then as you make scenery on the stage real do you render increasingly apparent the unreality of the character. With real furniture the laws of perspective cannot be observed, and things shock accordingly by their want of fitness. Shadows, too, fall in wrong directions, and with offensive density and proportion. The climax of error is, however, reached when scenery and circumstance, by their over-reality, stand in absolute antagonism to action, which is improbable. Dress a man exactly like a merchant of the day, place him in a counting-house which is a fac-simile of those constantly beheld, and extravagance of speech and action become increasingly unpleasant. Looked at from every point of view, realism of scenery, carred to the excess now visible, is a thing to be regetted and condemned.

To Morris of the Link. HOLMES OF HALLOW.

Cumnor Hall.

The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life was still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft has sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity?"
* * *

Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.
* * *

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That Eastern flowers that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?
* * *

"But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injured surely may repine)—
Why did'st thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?
* * *

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go:
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have wo.

"The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate;
To smile for joy, than sigh for wo—
To be content than to be great.
* * *

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They wink'd aside, and seemed to say,
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near!'
* * *

"My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear,
And many a boding seems to say,
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near!'"
* * *

And ere the dawn of day appear'd
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aërial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall,
* * *

And in that Manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall

William Julius Mickel.

BRUSSELS.—The first representation of Herr von Flotow's comic opera, *L'Ombre*, was announced for the 19th at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

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ENGLISH ACTORS OF OUR TIME.

No. 6.—Charles Kean.

In 1838, at Drury Lane Theatre, then under Bunn's management, Charles Kean appeared as Hamlet, and obtained a success. From this date his London career may be said to have commenced. His previous performances in London, including his memorable appearance with his father, had been failures. Not discouraged, however, Charles Kean went into the country, and following diligently his profession, became an almost unique instance of a man acquiring the highest country popularity with no London reputation. His success was due to the extraordinary energy of character, which, in Mr. Kean's early days, was a feature in his acting. After a long course of performances in the country, Mr. Kean was in a measure thrust upon London by the magnitude of the success he obtained. The energy of which we have spoken not only served him in the vividness it imparted to certain scenes, but evinced itself in the patient filling in of detail which gained for his Hamlet its popularity. These merits were always apparent, though in his efforts to grasp the Titanic characters of Shakspere—Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth—Mr. Kean cannot be said to have shown a depth of conception commensurate with his task. Though he had genuine passion, it seemed always in parts of this class to be near the surface. It was deficient in those revelations which can only proceed from a radical and sympathetic identification of the actor with the very nature of the persons indicated. Mr. Kean thus represented the particular scenes in which his heroes figured, rather than the heroes themselves. He gave phases of feeling with effect, without thoroughly harmonizing their varieties in the unity of the individual, and was happier in representing what was said, felt, or done, than in pourtraying the being who spoke, felt and acted. Allowing for the serious defect of his voice, Mr. Kean in many parts, especially in his Hamlet, was as complete and brilliant an executant as a man can be who lacks that informing power of genius which makes the details of a part exponents of its essentials. His Hamlet had the grace of the scholar and the prince, the passion—shall we say?—of the outraged son, the melancholy of the pensive dreamer, the happy and colloquial irony in which such melancholy seeks relief, and yet could scarcely be said to throw a vivid light upon the meaning of Shakspere. It failed to show us the man, who, optimist and idealist by nature, has to struggle with those untoward vicissitudes of fate that tend to generate the sceptic and the misanthrope.

On other Shaksperean impersonations of Mr. Kean's early career, on Othello, Macbeth, Romeo, Shylock, none of which attained the same perfection of style as Hamlet, a similar verdict may be recorded; executive merit preponderated over merit of conception. The charge, too, was, probably tenable at this period, that his impersonations of these characters were tinged with recollections of his father. If we except Hamlet, it can scarcely be said that in any of these parts Mr Kean improved with the progress of time. Years, which impaired the energy of his performances, diminished, though they did not take altogether away one of their most striking characteristics. Mr. Kean became prone to reserve himself for what may be called the more critical scenes of the play, and to hurry over all that intervened. Had his theatrical life closed with any new developement, Mr. Kean might have been remembered as an accomplished though convential actor, with considerable force and variety of manner. But a change was at hand. In entering upon the management of the Princess's Theatre, Mr. Kean produced a play by Mr. Slous, entitled *The Templar*. This play, a work of fair but not conspicuous merit, became noteworthy, as ushering in a complete alteration in Mr. Kean's acting. Though the part played by Mr. Kean was in blank verse, in it he first revealed the tendency to fuse a certain poetic intensity of feeling with the utmost colloquialism and realism of exposition. In his subsequent performances this tendency became more and more apparent. His interpretation of Mephistopheles in *Faust and Marguerite* was thus distinguished by a quaint phantasy of conception which was almost imagination. With him Mephistopheles parted with his worst and most repulsive features, and assumed a buoyant joviality in working out the machinations of evil that made him almost a boon companion, and was the best vindication we have ever seen addressed to the senses of the adage, "the devil is not so black as he is painted." The merits of the piece were not conspicuous, and it is probably on this account that the merits of Mr. Kean did not receive all the recognition which they deserved. His representation of Wolsey was singularly coloured by his new views of art. Whenever an opportunity presented itself for modernizing, so to speak, the imperious minister of Henry, for throwing in those touches of realism which tell us that a prelate in his robes is very much like a prelate in broadcloth, Mr. Kean did not fail to seize upon it. The abnegation of the heroic was supposed to be compensated by the presence of the real, and what was lost in ideal majesty to be made up for by vraisemblance. In fact, if we except a certain lingering poetry, Mr. Kean, in the intensity of his style, might be said to have passed from Italian into Dutch art. It was, however, in his Louis XI. that his new system found its most conspicuous illustration. Whatever may be thought of the conflicting claims of the real and ideal schools, this character was doubtless admirably suited to the genuis of the former, when combined with the leaven of passion drawn from the latter which Mr. Kean managed to throw into it. Louis XI. was not only the greatest performance of Mr. Kean; it took foremost rank among the performances of the time. It stood side by side with the Richelieu and Werner of Macready, and had its affinities with later forms of excellence, such as the Desmarets of Mr. Robson, in *Plot and Passion*. The craft, the superstition, the cowardice, with glimpses of the kingly nature which rebuked it, the dread of death which showed itself in an almost animal horror, the strange mixture of dignity and terror exhibited in the dying scene, where Louis in Mr. Kean's hands seemed to receive a ghastly sublimation from the presence of the great destroyer, constituted a performance not easily forgotten, which in this instance certainly gave Mr. Kean a right to be remembered as a great actor, and evinced that realism in tragedy which has since so widely obtained in comedy.

From what has been already written it may be inferred that Mr. Kean had no inconsiderable aptitude for comedy. There was a geniality about him, the quaintness of which, peculiar to himself, found remarkable illustration in such characters as Benedick and Master Ford. In the range of the serious drama, Shaksperean and other, there was scarcely any character Mr. Kean did not present. In his early period, Sir Giles Overreach and Sir Edward Mortimer were among his more highly coloured representations. The latter was especially forcible. Give Mr. Kean an interest which depended upon strong material interest—such as the murder committed in the play for the sake of honour—rather than those more abstract feelings which have their principal source in the mind itself, and he never failed to grapple with it vigorously and effectively; the pourtrayal of the remorse of Sir Edward Mortimer was thus one of his most powerful delineations. As to original plays, the parts sustained by Mr. Kean can scarcely be called numerous, considering the length of his career. He was the hero of the *The Wife* and *The Rose of Arragon* of Sheridan Knowles, of Westland Marston's *Strathmore* and *Anne Blake*, of Lovell's *Wife's Secret*, and of English versions not only of *Louis XI.* but of the popular romance, *The Corsican Brothers*, and of the piece, founded on one of Dumas's novels, entitled *Pauline*. In the two pieces last named, Mr. Kean carried melodramatic acting to a high point of force combined with refinement. That Mr. Kean was a great Shaksperean actor, not even the high executive merit of his Hamlet can persuade us; but he is, at least, entitled to the credit of being the founder, in his later days, of a school in which striking realism of manner blended with more refinement and poetic fervour than had previously been its associates.

K.

St. Petersburgh.—This winter, there will be an *opera buffa* company, who will sing in German and French. Herr Decker-Schenk is the manager.—The rehearsals of the Italian operatic company have commenced, though the leading artists have not yet put in an appearance. There is some talk of *Der Freischütz* being produced in Italian with Tamberlik as Max.

Moscow.—Russian opera has been very much patronized lately. Glinka's *Life for the Czaar*, Seroff's *Rogneda*, and Werstowsky's *Askold's Grave*, having been the principal attractions. The tenor, Andreeff, a great favourite here, has joined the Russian Opera in St. Petersburgh. His place is filled by Dadonoff, who has been re-engaged, after singing, during the summer, at Odessa and Kiew. Cherubini's *Deux Journées* is announced for his benefit.

American Defence of Mr. H. F. Chorley.

(*From "Watson's Art Journal," Oct.* 1.)

We published last week a letter from the London *Musical World*, written by Mr. H. F. Chorley, musical critic of the *Athenæum*, to Mr. Jules Benedict, the composer, on the subject of the libretto of *St. Peter*, written by Mr. Chorley, and placed in the hands of Mr. Benedict under certain restrictions. It appears that although the committee of the Birmingham Festival had accepted the libretto, and Mr. Benedict had expressed himself fully satisfied with it, for the purpose of meeting his own views he cut it up when writing the music to it, and without the concurrence of Mr. Chorley, made such alterations in the text as tended to destroy the claims of that able gentleman to the authorship, and to place him before the world in a light offensive to his taste and judgment. To this Mr. Chorley objects strongly and with good reason. Not having disposed of the libretto to either the Committee or Mr. Benedict, the latter had no right to destroy Chorley's literary individuality or alter his trade mark. This liberty is the more unpardonable as Mr. Benedict, in his incompetency to deal himself with the assumed errors, attacks them through the instrumentality of a third party and a concordance, or sort of rhyming dictionary, laying unceremonious, if not sacrilegious hands on Mr. Chorley, and turning him into mongrel English no doubt. We sympathize with Mr. Chorley in this matter, and are of the opinion that in relation to it the author of the *Crusaders*, if not fastened to the cross, should certainly be nailed to the counter."

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A BAL MASQUÉ EXTRAORDINARY.

Masked Balls, where people could go with features concealed—were popular in the reign of Charles II., and somewhat in vogue during the time of George IV. They had one advantage to commend them to aristocratic revellers,—indecency and frivolity might be carried on anonymously, and exhibitions wherein men occupying social positions would hesitate to take part openly, might be indulged in behind a mask. The evils arising from this masked immorality became so notorious that the Legislature stepped in, and masked balls were prohibited, except on occasions when special authority might authorize them under extraordinary circumstances. Since this regulation, however, aristocratic circles have devised, for their autumn amusements, revels including the *Bal Masqué*, in which lords and right honourables condescended to play the buffoon in garments borrowed from some neighbouring theatre.

In large towns this species of entertainment has been found recently either too dangerous or expensive. —— has recently had the discredit of resuscitating one of these most questionable exhibitions. For some weeks it had been extensively announced that a grand *Bal Masqué* would be held. The announcement caused some astonishment, and the uninitiated dreaded a reproduction of those immoral exhibitions which it was thought had become obsolete. The —— *Bal Masqué* was of a very plebeian sort. It was under the "distinguished patronage" of no county families. In fact, it is said that it was "got up" by a few local costumiers and refreshment-house keepers, for the gratification of fast clerks and barmen, who delight to hang about the green-rooms of our theatres, and who would pay any money to appear in the cast-off habiliments of second rate actors. The entertainment was held in the —— Hall, —— Street,—a building dovoted to co operation, secular lectures, and various kinds of entertainments. The charge for admission, to those who chose to go in costnme (the dresses being supplied at the hall), was 10s. 6d., while visitors content to witness the revelry from the gallery were admitted at the moderate rate of sixpence each. The audience was "mixed." On the floor devoted to dancing, there was one of the most extraordinary assemblages that could be conceived, and the eccentricity of costume was highly amusing. The wardrobes of all the second-rate theatres for many miles around had been ransacked, and the useless tawdry spangles brought into requisition for the *Bal Masqué*. The "ladies" were neither choice in dress nor fastidious in conduct; *sans ceremonie* was the order of the night; and those who wished to observe the "amenities" were out of place. The masquers were of all ages, and included females (ex-members of *corps de ballet*) of uncertain age, and mere children. Among the male masquers were "property men," barmen, and young clerks, who probably had expended half their week's earnings in obtaining costumes and *entrées* to this exhibition. The make up of some masquers was funny. One gentleman—who personified Julius Cæsar—had neglected to bring his sandals, and appeared in helmet, toga, and boots with elastic sides. Another assumed the character of a Highlandman, substituting a "wide-a-wake" for the "Glengarry." One of the most amusing was a 'bus driver, who personified "a true British sailor." His make-up was more like a brewer's drayman; but in one particular he was a faultless tar—namely, unsteadiness of gait. It may be remarked that *he* did not dance.

About midnight "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious;" the revellers below went through all the grotesque posturing that fancy could devise. "Caledonians," "Lancers," and "Schottische" followed in rapid succession, and the short-garmented damsels with their bedizened partners—Doges of Venice in "wide-a-wakes" and Tweed trousers, Venetian nobles in top boots—mingled in the dance. Their efforts were applauded by the sixpenny gallery, which expressed approval by cries of "Go it, George," "Well done, Polly." A person whose make-up was a faint imitation of the traditional Hamlet was evidently the "favourite," as far as dancing capabilities were concerned, and some connoisseurs offered "three to one" that "the cove in the black cape would waltz any body out of the room."

About one o'clock there was a *divertissement* in the gallery. Some spectators had incurred the displeasure of the masquers, a bodyof whom—including a post-captain in short trousers, a Roman senator in a cheap white waistcoat, and several Venetian nobles in variegated costumes—attempted to turn out the objectionable parties. A fight followed, and dancing was suspended for a time. One in the gallery refused to leave, and the combined efforts of Doge, Venetians, and Romans, were unsuccessful in removing him. The aid of police was invoked, but police declined to interfere, and the contest became a drawn battle.

From this point the audience gradually diminished. The *Bal Masqué* from beginning to end was a sham, a futile attempt to reproduce an entertainment which decency has long since condemned. It was a melancholy sight, and a sad reflection that, in the midst of a large community, a scene so demoralizing could take place unchecked. That the police were aware of the entertainment is undisputed, inasmuch as Inspector —— and several men were present, but, owing to the state of the law, unable to interfere.

EPHRAIM BULLOCK.

THE BARON VON RAHDEN, husband of Madame Pauline Lucca, has been decorated with the Iron Cross, and promoted to the rank of first eutenant. He is still, however, in a very precarious condition.

HÉROLD.

Ferdinand Hérold was born in Paris on January 28th, 1791, of a musical family, whose art tendencies he fully inherited. The father, a pianist of note, had been a pupil of C. E. Bach, and the son tried his "'prentice han'" at composition when but six years of age. Hérold *père* died in 1802, after which event, the future composer's mother, looking dubiously upon the prospects of an artistic career, discouraged her son's passion for music. She was re-assured however, by Grétry, and the boy Hérold entered the Paris Conservatoire at the age of 15, studying thenceforth under Louis Adam (father of Adolph of that ilk), Catel, Fétis, Kreutzer, and finally Mehul. His progress was rapid and in 1810 he won the first piano prize by the performance of a sonata written by himself, finishing, two years later, by carrying off the Grand Prix de Rome with a cantata entitled *Mademoiselle de la Vallière*. During his subsequent residence in Italy Hérold composed an Italian *opera buffa* called *La Gioventù d'Enrico Quinto*, which was produced at Naples in 1815, with success. But triumphs of this sort did not satisfy the young Frenchman. His bent was towards German music, and, as that could be best studied in Germany, Hérold set out for Vienna, only to be stopped at Venice, owing to the return of Napoleon from Elba. However, "stone walls do not a prison make," nor can the refusal of a passport keep a resolute man outside a frontier. Hérold worked his way through difficulties and dangers, to the Austrian capital, but no sooner was he there than the police, whose demand for "papers" he could not satisfy, ordered him to leave as a vagabond. In this emergency he sought the aid of Prince Talleyrand, and eventually obtained leave to prosecute his studies. Three years later Hérold returned to Paris eager to distinguish himself, but with no chance of doing so till, as he was on the point of leaving his native city in disgust, Boieldieu, then almost an invalid, selected him as a *collaborateur* in an opera, *Charles de France*, to be written for the marriage of the Duke de Berri. This was the proverbially difficult *premier pas;* thenceforth advance was easy. It would serve little purpose to follow Hérold through all the stages of his subsequent career, or to mention the works which, well received at the time, are now scarcely known by name. Enough that he laboured on assiduously, and in 1823 had obtained so good a position as to be thought worthy of association with Auber in the production of an opera meant to celebrate the success of the Duc d'Angoulême in Spain. The next three years were unfortunate for Hérold. He lost his money through an ill-advised building speculation; and the effect of an anxious and pre-occupied mind appeared in *Le Roi René* (1824), which failed, and in *Le Lapin Blanc* (1825), which was "damned" the first night. The composer, however, took his revenge with *Marie* (1826), first of the three works that made his name famous. At this time Hérold, who cannot be said to have possessed an original genius, nor to have been faithful to his models, had gone back to his early Italian love, and the influence of Rossini is easily detected in the work just mentioned; while, at the same time, grace and delicacy truly French are predominant. In 1827 the composer was installed *Directeur du Chant* at the Grand Opéra, and important duties hindered, if they could not prevent, the production of new things. But in 1831 Hérold made the first of two great efforts which fittingly closed his career and his life. *Zampa* was brought out at the Opéra Comique on the 3rd of May, and at once the delighted Parisians received it with acclamation. The theatre was saved from ruin by the resultant success; and the composer reached what must have been the summit of his ambition. Unhappily there was a dark side to the bright life upon which he then entered. His father had transmitted to him the seeds of a fatal disease; and mixed with the applause of an admiring public were warnings of a premature death, Hérold worked on, however, as a brave man should; and on the 15th of December, 1832, the first representation of his *Pré aux Clercs* was given at the Opéra Comique. Success again resulted; but this time success came only to cheer the composer's dying hours. Hérold's weakened frame sank under the exertion of getting ready his last work, and five weeks after the production of *Pré aux Clercs* he expired. So ended the life of a musician who, though not a great genius, left behind him an honoured name and an enduring reputation; thanks to unflagging industry, a spirit not daunted even by repeated failure, and the possession of talents which were turned to best account. Few amateurs are ignorant ofthe qualities distinguishing Hérold's music, or have failed to recognize therein piquant and charming tune; a simple elegance of treatment which captivates even those who scout the themes as trivial, and a dramatic propriety often making ample atonement for a want of power. These things have given Hérold a hold upon public favour not likely to be diminished so long as operatic music is accounted other than Wagnerian noise.

THADDEUS EGG.

SALZBURGH.—At the concert given by the local Liedertafel in conjunction with the Mozarteum, a "Deutscher Siegesmarsch," by Herr Otto Bach, was performed for the first time, and very favourably received.

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MR. CRITIC AND MR. PUBLIC.

A Dialogue.

Pub. Good day, Mr. Critic; I hope I meet you in good temper?

Crit. Well disposed to you, as always, Mr. Public. But may I hope, in my turn, that I find you recovering from your ailment—want of taste, was it not?

Pub. I certainly have suffered, but I think my taste remains unimpaired. Didn't I stand '*Twixt Axe and Crown* at the Queen's Theatre and the "legitimate" revivals at Drury Lane? Am I not supporting two houses which play Shakspere, and one which plays Shakspere and Simpson? Want of taste, forsooth! Have I not proved my judgment?

Crit. Scarcely; when Offenbach, Hervé, and a host of burlesque writers have monopolized our principal theatres. Do you remember the names of Balfe, Wallace, and Macfarren, who wrote far better music than our continental friends?

Pub. Remember them? Of course I can. They had a fair trial; and I listened to their sickly melodies until I could stand it no longer. I require stirring up.

Crit. I thought so. A sluggish liver. Truly, the prescriptions of the gentlemen I first named would require a disordered organization to appreciate them fully.

Pub. What is good at the theatres now? Have you seen *M.P.?*

Crit. As our American cousins would say, "Yes, some!" Did you not read my notices in the *Flag* and the *Earliest Tidings?* It is a charming comedy, and played as it might be wished.

Pub. Oh, ah! yes! I read some fulsome puff or other about it, but I thought that most likely Mrs. B——, the author, and yourself had enjoyed a quiet evening together.

Crit. That is where you wrong me. Friendship may exist between critic and actor *off* the boards, but the footlights set an impassable barrier between friendship and judgment, which can be crossed only by dishonour.

Pub. My dear boy—yes! of course. I don't hold you so hardly as you imagine—but I must say *something.*

Crit. Likely enough; but why at my expense? I slave to keep you well informed.

Pub. Well, let that pass. What's this noise about the comedy at the Vaudeville, which has passed its hundredth night? *The Two Thorns*, I think, it's called.

Crit. I thought you prided yourself upon the retentiveness of your memory. You should have said the *Two Roses.*

Pub. Well, you know the adage. But what do you think of it?

Crit. So much, that were a foreigner to ask where evidences of English acting and English writing were to be found, I would refer him—after the Prince of Wales's—to the Vaudeville. The piece is not faultless, but the writing is delicious, and the acting is perfection. You know the story: I wrote——

Pub. Oh, yes! Go on!

Crit. Well, briefly. A poor and ambitious man seeks suitors for his daughters, the Two Roses. His sudden and unexpected elevation to fortune changes his views, and he casts off all his old friends—among others, the two accepted lovers. Of course the last act discovers in one of those young gentlemen the real heir to the estate, and the father is only too glad to sanction the match he declined before.

Pub. Yes; but of the acting?

Crit. Mr. Henry Irving, who plays the part of the sycophant father, proves himself to be one of the first character-actors we have. His performance is nature itself. Mr. H. J. Montague is, you know, unmatched as a lover, and Mr. Thorne represents the hero very creditably. Miss Amy Fawsitt——

Pub. Amy Fawsitt; she is quite a new actress.

Crit. Four years ago a girl who played the smallest of parts in an equestrian London drama. Afterwards in the provinces; then making a great feature (and the chief attraction) in by no means a good play in the metropolis, this young lady rose rapidly to the position of one of our first *comediennes.*

Pub. I appreciate her performance fully. It does me real good to witness natural and unaffected acting. But what do you make of the changes at the Gaiety? *Entre nous*, you know, I am perfectly aware that the long-winded perorations in the columns of your papers but ill convey your real opinions. Be frank and I will be discreet.

Crit. Well, then, in confidence. I think——

Pub. It goes no farther.

Crit. Good, for you. It seldom does. I think that time will show whether a theatre designed for the lighter form of the drama will succeed as an operahouse. Mr. Santley's name is a tremendous attraction.

Pub. Well, I am double your age and I imagine that I ought to know more about matters histrionic than yourself.

Crit. Quite true; you *ought.* But do you?

Pub. Of course. How can you presume to compare your niggardly experiences with my vast observations?

Crit. Simply because, being younger than you, my faculties are in a much higher state of sensibility. The facts which your fading memory brings like shadows over the vista of your thoughts, are fresh enough in mine. Cast your eyes upon my bookshelves and you will discover my meaning. Added to careful research, I have the additional advantage of present practical observation. Therefore, I consider myself better informed than you.

Pub. Pshaw! Your muddling present time can't compare with the old palmy days of the drama.

Crit. I admit that no comparison can be instituted; but before I enter into that discussion let me ask you—do you ever read the particularly clever dramatic essays which one of our most able critics, "K." furnishes to the *Sabbath Epoch?*

Pub. No!

Crit. Then before further assertion allow me to recommend them to your careful perusal. But here we are at the *Albion.* We will continue our conversation another day if you like. Does your appetite incline towards solid or liquid?

Pub. I am as dry as your argument!

Crit. Come along, then.

R.

MENDELSSOHN.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Dear Sir,—In a letter of Dr. Frederic Thomae, in your valuable journal, July 9, 1870, there remains the local question to be solved—from which Portland Street Mendelssohn directed at a certain time a letter, as the name of "Portland Street" returns no less than six times in the London Street Directory. It gives me much pleasure to state that the letter in question was directed from No. 103, now 79, Great Portland Street. The owner of the house was at that time, and is still, Mr. Feinke, of the firm of Messrs. Feinke, submarine-engineers. Often I have had a chat with Mr. Feinke, sen., and he felt proud that the first three times Mendelssohn visited England he lodged at his house, and once with his father; that Moscheles, Mendelssohn's intimate friend, introduced and brought him to his residence, and also he could not praise enough Mendelssohn's amiableness during all the time he stayed with him.—Yours obediently,

Oct. 18, 1870. Ferdinand Rahles.

THE FIRE IN THE STRAND.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—Allow me to state that the slight fire in the Strand has in no way interfered with the business of the Gaiety Theatre. It occurred in a cellar of the house next door, protected by iron, stone, brick, and concrete, and a long distance from the interior of the theatre. John Hollingshead.

THE ALHAMBRA.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—Referring to a report under the heading of "Middlesex Sessions," announcing the refusal of the Bench to renew the licence for dancing at this establishment, I trust you will permit me as the manager to state that I had no notice whatever of any opposition, neither had the slightest information been given to me by the police authorities that any objection had or would be raised, or complaint made against any portion of the performances. So far as I can judge, my licence has been refused owing to an engraving, a copy of which had by the police been attached to their report, and which engraving appeared some days since in a sensational illustrated journal, over which I have not the slightest control, and with which I have no connexion, the cut in question (to which no reference was made in the police report) being an highly overdrawn and exaggerated representation of a dance performed here in the ballet of *Les Nations.* Had notice been given to me that the dance in question (which I beg to observe has most assuredly, in this establishment, never been allowed to transgress the rules of propriety) was considered objectionable, I should most assuredly have caused it to be withdrawn, as, in deference to the opinion of the magistrates, it now is. I may add that should the decision of the Bench be adhered to, some 200 artists, principally females, will be thrown out of employ; and I feel assured that should my application to the magistrates for a re-hearing (for which I have given notice for Monday next) be entertained, I shall be fully prepared to meet the case which has been presented against me upon its merits; but as the matter now stands I have not had that opportunity.—I am, yours obediently, F. Strange.

Royal Alhambra Palace, Oct. 14.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE Director begs to announce that the Thirteenth Season of the Monday Popular Concerts will commence on Monday Evening, November 14, and that the Performances will take place as follows, viz.:—

1870. MONDAY, November 14; MONDAY, November 21; MONDAY, November 28; MONDAY, December 5; MONDAY, December 12; MONDAY, December 19.

1871. MONDAY, January 9; MONDAY, January 16; MONDAY, January 23; MONDAY, January 30; MONDAY, February 6; MONDAY, February 13; MONDAY, February 20; MONDAY, February 27; MONDAY, March 6; MONDAY, March 13.

Morning Performances will be given (Seven) on Saturdays, January 28, February 4, 11, 18, 25, March 4 and 11 (1871).

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, the Director will continue to issue Subscription Ivories, at £5 (transferrable), entitling holders to special Sofa Stalls, selected by themselves, for the whole series of twenty-three concerts; viz., sixteen Monday evenings, and seven Saturday mornings.

Subscription tickets are also issued for the sixteen evening concerts, at £3 10s.; and for the seven morning concerts, at £1 10s.

Two extra Morning Performances (not included in the subscription) will be given on Saturdays, December 10 and 17.

Mr. Charles Hallé is engaged as pianist on Mondays, November 14, 21, December 19, and Saturday, December 17.

Madame Arabella Goddard will appear on Monday evenings, November 28, December 5, and Saturday afternoon, December 10; Herr Pauer on Monday evening, December 12.

Madame Norman-Néruda will be the violinist on Mondays, November 14, 21, 28, and Saturday, December 17; Herr Straus on Mondays, December 5 and 12.

Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, M. Sainton, Mr. Franklin Taylor, and Miss Agnes Zimmermann, will appear after Christmas.

Signor Piatti will hold the post of first violoncello on all occasions; Herr L. Ries, that of second violin; Herr Straus that of first and Mr. Zerbini that of second viola; Mr. Benedict, as heretofore, officiating as Conductor.

Herr Stockhausen, who is engaged as vocalist for two months, will make his first appearance on Monday evening, November 21; Mr. Sims Reeves will appear on Saturday afternoon, December 17.

THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.

THE present year being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, the Director has thought that it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of that immortal genius to confine the programmes before Christmas exclusively to Selections from his Instrumental and Vocal Works. Every concert, until the end of the year, will therefore be a Beethoven Concert. In the course of the series, the Six Quartets, Op. 18; the Three Quartets (*Rasoumowsky*), Op. 59; the Quartet, No. 10 (E flat); the Five Trios for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; and as many of the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, Pianoforte and Violoncello, and Pianoforte alone, as can be comprised within the limits of eight programmes, will be given. The Vocal Music will in all instances be selected from the Chamber Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

PROGRAMME OF FIRST CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14TH, 1870.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 18, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Penitence"—Mdlle. CLARA DORIA .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 7, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in F major, Op. 5, No. 1, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—MM. HALLÉ and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Know'st thou the land"—Mdlle. CLARA DORIA .. .. *Beethoven.*
QUARTET, in G major, Op. 18, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Austin 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Mitchell & Ollivier, Old Bond Street, Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COVENTRY FISH.—The poem is by Southey. The first passage hinted at by Mr. Fish is as follows:—

"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

The second and most important to his (Fish's) argument is:—

"But what they fought each other for
We cannot well make out."

ALLIGATOR.—The words of the reporter were:—"It would be Premature to Pronounce Positively as to the Probability of the Permanency of the Production. There can be however no Peril," &c.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870.

THE NEW MUSICAL SEASON.

"COMING events cast their shadows before." The musical season is coming; where are its shadows?—and what is their meaning? Neither question will give us much trouble.

In the first place, we see that the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth will have a not inadequate celebration. True, there are to be no monster gatherings; no sending up of mighty voices to the heavens; and no grinding out of regulation fête-effects by regulation machinery. Our American cousins have done all that in a style we could not imitate if we would—may it also be said, we would not imitate if we could!—and there is left for us a quieter and less fussy, but far more useful task. Not long ago, we directed attention to the admirable scheme now in process of working out at the Crystal Palace—a scheme which "improves the occasion" to the uttermost, at one stroke honouring Beethoven and teaching all who wish to learn what manner of genius came into the world a century ago. We have now to speak of a kindred effort, which will supply what is necessarily lacking at the Crystal Palace, and make our English homage complete, as well as show us all the man. As at Sydenham the orchestral Beethoven reigns supreme, so the Beethoven of the chamber will be exclusively heard at the Monday Popular Concerts, from the opening performance till the natal day (Dec. 17) has arrived. Such is the promise of Mr. Arthur Chappell, and a right welcome promise it is. A reference to the advertisement will supply the details of Mr. Chappell's scheme, and give satisfactory assurance that care has been taken to show the master in his most attractive forms. At such a time as the present we want, above all, to increase Beethoven's popularity among the men and women whose curious interest may be aroused by a special event. For these Mr. Chappell has wisely catered. The strong meat of the composer's "third manner" would ill agree with the digestion of musical babes. Another agreeable feature will be the singing of Herr Stockhausen, of exclusively Beethoven songs. This is subordinating the singer to his task, and not, as is often the case elsewhere, the task to the singer. The whole thing will, therefore, be complete,—a grand Beethoven exposition in eight numbers; with no "padding" to make bulk. Is it superfluous to hope that the public will use well the advantages thus offered?—In good truth, we think it is. What else may be done by other hands in honour of Beethoven the shadows of the coming season do not tell. If anything, we trust the spirit of it will show kinship with that which animates the Crystal Palace and St. James's Hall.

Apart from Beethoven, the signs of what the season will bring us are as yet vague. The Sacred Harmonic Society advertises for subscriptions, but holds out no lure, trusting to its well-earned reputation. We may assume, however, that Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* will receive the attention it undoubtedly merits. To let the season pass without fulfilling so obvious a duty would be strange indeed. The Oratorio Concerts are as yet without sign of renewed vitality. But we may rest assured that life is there, and

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that it will speedily develop into the buoyant activity becoming youthful years. At Mr. Barnby's hands, *St. Peter* will certainly fare well, and in this conviction the curious about novelty may patiently rest. The Royal Italian Opera opens on Monday week for Mr. Mapleson's annual winter campaign. Upon the advertised particulars we need not dwell, further than to point out with what strength (thanks to war) the manager takes the field. This enterprise, however, lies apart from the musical season, the prospects of which we have been discussing; and at present we have before us but one object of contemplation—Beethoven.

DEATH OF MICHAEL BALFE.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph," October* 21, 1870).

The most charming—the most popular—of English composers has breathed his last. Michael Balfe died yesterday at a quarter-past twelve, at his country house, Rowney Abbey, Herts. He was taken ill ten days ago, having been seized with a sharp attack of bronchitis, which only assumed a serious aspect on Saturday, when Dr. Hamilton was summoned from London, and reported that his lungs were in a state of considerable congestion. On Sunday, however, he was better, but on Monday the symptoms became more serious, and Dr. Hess was brought from town to consult with Dr. Evans of Hertford. But slight hopes were entertained by these gentlemen. Nevertheless, Mr. Balfe remained conscious and strong until one o'clock yesterday morning, after which hour he grew rapidly worse, and never rallied, dying at a quarter-past twelve p.m., in the presence of his wife and son-in-law, Mr. Behrend.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

The success of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson in New York has even surpassed expectation. All the concerts have been brilliantly attended, and the Swedish songstress has been fêted in every conceivable manner. Our last accounts inform us that the party was then about leaving New York for Philadelphia. (Since the foregoing was in type letters have reached us which show that the success of Mdlle. Nilsson has been triumphant in Philadelphia.)

The pleasantry of one burlesque has become so nearly like that of another, the same means of promoting hilarity have so often been employed under different titles, that the advocates of a more substantial drama have begun to hope that the modern extravaganza, with its puns, its strange dances, and its fanciful costumes, will soon expire altogether or be violently modified into something like Aristophanic comedy. The fate of a jest repeated too frequently at the same table is well known, and it might fairly be conjectured that a joke perpetrated too often on the same stage would not prove more fortunate.

Mr. Sefton Parry has resumed the management of the Holborn Theatre, and presented its patrons with a new military and sporting drama in four acts—*The Odds: What they were, Who won, and Who lost them.* Appreciating the fact that the modern playwright places little reliance upon literary art, and is much more required to aid and abet the devices of the scene-painter and the mechanist than to figure as a principal in the matter, Mr. Parry has taken upon himself such responsibilities as still pertain to dramatic authorship, and announces *The Odds* to be of his own composing. Of authors becoming managers with a view to the representation of their own dramatic writings the world has known many instances; but the manager who, as a consequence of his position, turns dramatist is a far less familiar figure.

The Boston Philharmonic Association will give a series of concerts during the coming season.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

(*From the "Pall Mall Gazette," Oct.* 19.)

Musical readers need scarcely be reminded that the present year is the centenary of the birth of Beethoven. The schemes projected on the Continent to celebrate the occasion have in many instances, in Germany as elsewhere, been either abandoned or their immediate fulfilment postponed on account of the war. Even the grand festival announced to take place last month at Bonn, where the illustrious musician was born, and where, exactly a quarter of a century ago, a statue of him was unveiled in the Minster Place, amid loud rejoicings and in the presence of kings and queens, and princes, has been unavoidably deferred. What poor France was about to do may probably never be known; but we can well believe that a country where the orchestral works of Beethoven are so generally esteemed, and where his symphonies have long been executed in so perfect a manner, would not have been wanting in zeal. Our London societies, for the most part, can hardly be credited with excess of enterprise. That the fact of Beethoven being born in 1770 was not overlooked in the spring and summer of 1870, is true. The Philharmonic Society, for example, performed the nine symphonies, and devoted their last concert exclusively to Beethoven's music; Mr. Charles Hallé at his pianoforte recitals (for the fourth time) played all the important solo sonatas; Mr. Barnby at one of his Oratorio Concerts introduced the *Missa Solennis* in D and Choral Fantasia, and at another the Ninth Symphony; the Sacred Harmonic Society gave their own arrangement of the Second Mass; and Dr. Wylde (as usual) included various symphonies and overtures in the programmes of his New Philharmonic. There was no sign however, of the enthusiasm which might have been anticipated on so exceptional an occasion as the centenary of Beethoven's birth.

Perhaps as that notable event occurred on the 17th of December, very special demonstrations early in the year were not deemed applicable. Nevertheless, after the London season, came the annual meeting of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford; while the celebration at Hereford was immediately followed by the Birmingham Triennial Festival. Hereford did nothing, unless a questionable performance of the Symphony in B flat (No 4) at one of the evening concerts deserves acceptance as an appropriate mark of respect to its composer. But if from Hereford such indifference surprised nobody, the case was different with Birmingham, its high musical repute and vast resources borne in mind. These, however, fairly considered, Birmingham was far shabbier even than Hereford. The earlier programmes issued showed plainly enough that the notion of doing anything particular in recognition of the claims of Beethoven had never entered into the heads of the Festival Committee. It was only, indeed, at the eleventh hour (thanks, we believe, to Sir Michael Costa) that an evening programme was remodelled, and the *second* part devoted exclusively to Beethoven's music. And what did this second part comprise? Not the Choral Symphony—not, indeed, any one of the nine symphonies. An overture, a pianoforte concerto, some miscellaneous vocal pieces, and the *finale* to *Fidelio*, made the sum total contributed by so rennowned a festival!

Now that the winter season of 1870, has commenced, our entrepreneurs are planning all sorts of schemes by which to do honour to the greatest of musicians. What is the nature of these schemes will speedily become known. Meanwhile, the Crystal Palace is first in the field, and its prospectus has already instructed the public that the name of Beethoven is to figure oftener than customary in the programmes; that all the nine symphonies will be played before Christmas; that *Fidelio* will be given in the theatre; and that the 17th of December is to be a memorable field-day.

Three of the justly famous Saturday Concerts have already taken place, at each of which one of the symphonies of Beethoven was given. We have had No. 1 (in C), No. 2 (in D), and No. 3 (in E flat, the *Eroica*). These symphonies, moreover, have been played as, just now, they can be played nowhere else in England, and, in fact, at only a very select number of places abroad. Mr. Manns, the worthy conductor, is more than ever absorbed in the task before him. His orchestra can hardly be said to follow him, inasmuch as he and his executants seem to be absolutely one. His "beat" and the result appear consentaneous; and it is very rarely, that the slightest indication of his bâton is unheeded. "Piano," "forte," "pianissimo," "fortissimo," with the various gradations between each, are almost uniformly realized to a wish. It would be hard to say which of the symphonic performances deserved most hearty praise: that of the bright and spontaneous C major; that of the more daring and brilliant D major; or that of the sublime *Eroica*, in which Beethoven first proclaimed his powerful individuality, and higher than which—many and remarkable as are his subsequent creations—he never actually soared. We are inclined to think that, of the three, the *Eroica* was most admirably executed, and that, if the first and grandest movement had been taken a thought slower, the performance would have been wholly

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irreproachable. It is agreeable to mark the close and undivided attention with which the symphonies are listened to in the concert room of the Crystal Palace. This is even more encouraging than the applause which uniformly follows movement after movement. Almost everything is applauded now-a-days, but almost everything is not necessarily followed with attention. No surer proof of the good which the Crystal Palace concerts are gradually effecting could be afforded.

Two other works by Beethoven have already been performed. At the first concert the most conspicuous feature, *quoad* the master to be honoured, was the pianoforte concerto No. 4 (in G), with orchestral accompaniments. The pianist was Mr. Hallé, who played with his accustomed neatness, introducing Beethoven's own cadenzas, which, as a contemporary has not inappropriately suggested, must have been written in mere pleasantry. With the concerto itself they have nothing in common. True, the leading themes are there, but the treatment of them savours of burlesque; and to the executant these cadenzas are about as thankless as they are difficult. In any case we are at a loss to understand why the fourth concerto should have been given at the first concert. Nothing could be more out of sorts with the symphony in C, and surely on such an occasion Mr. Hallé might have been coaxed into playing No. 1, No. 2, or No. 3, which respectively stand as far apart from No. 4 as the Symphonies Nos. 1 and 2 stand apart from the Symphony No 3. The overture to *Prometheus*, the first piece in the third concert, and as striking a specimen of Beethoven's early style as could be named, was just the proper overture to lead the way. It is to be hoped that the other overtures (and there are not too many—only ten) may be included in the programmes before Christmas. At all events, to hear the first three *Fidelio* (*Leonore*) in immediate succession, as Mendelssohn on one occasion allowed them to be heard at the Leipsic Gewandhaus, would be a real treat to the lovers of Beethoven, now in a large majority at the Crystal Palace.* The overture No. 4 (in E), which has little or nothing in common with its predecessors, might be left for another occasion.

Apart from Beethoven, the three concerts referred to have offered much that is interesting—more, indeed, than space permits us to do justice to. We have had the overtures to *Oberon* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—the last great orchestral prelude of Weber and the first of Mendelssohn—as well as Rossini's brillant and masterly *Siége de Corinth*. About these there is nothing new to say. At the first concert Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's *Ouvertura di Ballo* (in E flat), composed for the late Birmingham Festival, was by no means the least engaging feature. The idea of constructing a regular overture upon themes in dance rhythm was happy, and could not well have been more happily carried out than by Mr. Sullivan. There are three of these themes—the first in the measure and accent of the polonaise; the second in those of the waltz; the third in those of the galop. Each is good in its way, and the whole is worked up with consummate skill. At the second concert Professor Sterndale Bennett's so-called "Fantasia-Overture," *Paradise and the Peri*, one of the most original and beautiful programme-pieces in existence, was heard for the first time at the Crystal Palace, and played in such a manner as could not but have satisfied the staunchest disciple of our great English musician. This overture, written expressly for the Jubilee Concert of the Philharmonic Society, held at St. James's Hall in 1862, has been frequently performed in public; and it is difficult to explain why it should hitherto have been overlooked by those who direct with such enterprise and intelligence the musical proceedings at Sydenham. *Paradise and the Peri* was received, however, with a cordiality so unmistakable that it is likely before long to be heard again under similar circumstances. We have also had Schumann's thoughtful and impassioned overture to the opera, *Genoveva*—always pleasant to listen to at the Crystal Palace.

With respect to vocal music the three concerts have presented nothing upon which it would be profitable to dwell. A new tenor, Herr Nordblom, it is true, we heard at the second concert, but did not create a very favourable impression. By way of solo-playing, the inimitable contrabassist, Signor Bottesini, in his well-known fantasia upon airs from *Lucia*, showed a talent unimpaired, and a power of holding his listeners spell-bound, as marvellous as of old.

The programmes, enriched as usual by historical, biographical, and critical notices from the pen of "G." may be counted among the legitimate attractions of these concerts. Even when forced to differ from "G."—which occasionally happens—we cannot but read him with interest, and sympathize with his thoroughly honest enthusiasm.

COLOGNE.—It is hoped that the Gürzenich Concerts will recommence about the middle of next month. The building in which they are given is at present employed as a warehouse to store up all kinds of things for the Wounded. Among the novelties produced will be a "Cantata of Victory," by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. The text of the Cantata is made up of a selection of passages from the Psalms.

* It has been decided upon, we understand, to give the three overtures to *Leonore* at one of the forthcoming concerts.

PROVINCIAL.

BELFAST.—Speaking of the local Monday Popular Concerts, the *Whig* of October 18th says:—

"The last appearance of Miss Armytage and Mr. H. L. Sanders was sure to draw a crowded house. They were well received, and enthusiastic encores showed the opinion entertained of their ability. The band of the 80th was again in attendance, and performed a choice selection under the effective guidance of Mr. Carey."

CHELTENHAM.—The *Looker-on* says:—

"Mr. Ricardo Linter's concert may be accepted as a favourable augury for the approaching season, a numerous audience gracing the Assembly Room. The performances were worthy the audience; the music being of the highest class, and the artists well qualified. Mr. Linter himself never executed solos more brilliantly than the selections from Chopin and Thalberg, while his duets (with Mr. Willy) were among the most charming performances of the evening; the vocal pieces were assigned to Mrs. Linter and Mr. Miles Bennett, who each sang twice or thrice; the former with sweetness and delicacy, and the latter as a highly accomplished artist."

GLASGOW.—Mr. Sims Reeves took part in a performance of *Samson* at the City Hall, on the 12th inst. A notice in the *North British Daily Mail* contained the following:—

"In the expression of deep feeling our great English tenor stands almost alone. The music is particularly well suited to him. His phrasing, his vigorous rendering of 'Thus when the Sun,' and his declamation of the numerous dramatic recitatives, call equally for our admiration. The singing of Mr. Reeves was all the more to his credit when we consider the quality of the orchestra with which he had to deal. In this respect the performance was signally defective, and it furnishes another proof of the existing necessity for an efficient local orchestra, by the aid of which great works like *Samson* may be adequately given. Miss Cole gave her solos very sweetly. With more study Miss Fennell will be an acceptable addition to the list of oratorio singers. Gratton Kelly's interpretation of the music of Harapha was successful. The execution of the choruses exhibited much of that sturdy animation and precision of attack which may be regarded as the distinguishing features of Mr. Miller's choir. Mr. Lambeth presided at the organ with his customary judgment. The hall was well filled."

MERTHYR.—We abridge the following from a local paper:—

"On Friday se'nnight a concert took place at the Drill Hall, at which Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Jno. Williams, Mr. E. Lawrance, and Mr. Frost were the artists. The fame of the performers attracted a large audience, who were delighted with the entertainment. The concert commenced with a duet for harp and piano, executed by Mr. Frost and Mr. Lawrance with great taste. Mr. Jno. Williams followed with Mendelssohn's 'Then shall the righteous,' sung with great care and expression. Miss Wynne followed with 'From mighty kings,' rendered with magnificent effect, and encored. In 'Lord, have mercy upon me,' Mr. Lewis Thomas showed his fine bass voice, so admirable in oratorio music. The next song by Mr. Thomas was the 'Village Blacksmith,' which was given with remarkable pathos. An encore was inevitable. In the second part the principal features were 'The Bells of Aberdovey,' by Miss Wynne; 'The Ash Grove,' by Mr. Williams, who was encored; and Mendelssohn's 'I'm a Roamer,' which Mr. Lewis Thomas gave in inimitable style. The accompaniments were ably played by Mr. Lawrance."

BELFAST.—The following is abridged from *the Belfast News Letter* of October 11th:—

"The Monday Popular Concerts here have thus far more than realized expectation. The performances have seldom been surpassed in Ulster Hall, while the programmes for each evening have been of a popular and still artistic character. Notwithstanding the absence of the band, the hall was well filled last night. Though Mdlle. Bertha Brousil had previously appeared once in the Ulster Hall, she was received as an established favourite, a compliment well merited. A sonata by Mendelssohn, No. 3, was skilfully executed by Mr. T. Dodds on the organ. The 'Echo Song,' given by Miss Grace Armytage was admirably accompanied on the violin by Mdlle. Brousil; but in the *concertante* for violin and pianoforte (Mr. Dodds) she surpassed herself. Miss Armytage sang, with her usual sweetness, 'Flow on, thou shining river,' with Mr. H. C. Sanders, with whom she also sang 'Excelsior' (Balfe). As the programme was long, the audience judiciously refrained from encoring this piece, in which organ, piano, and chorus equally played an effective part; but it was applauded unanimously. Mr. H. C. Sanders also gave 'The Irish Emigrant,' for which he received an encore. Mr. T. Dodds, as organist, presided with much ability, being deservedly encored. The concert terminated with the March from *Le Prophete*. The same vocalists will appear next Monday, when the band of the 80th Regiment will perform."

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NEWCASTLE.—Mr. Sims Reeves has been singing at Mr. Rea's Orchestral Concerts, with what success let the *Northern Daily Express* of Wednesday show:—

"Mr. Sims Reeves gave a most masterly and impassioned rendering of Beethoven's 'Adelaide.' The treat was one of no ordinary character. The vocalisation and elocution were perfect; the beauty of the phrasing, and the feeling with which every note was produced, displayed the finished artist. Mr. Reeves was most enthusiastically applauded, and though he returned to bow his acknowledgments, the audience only applauded the more. The result was that Mr. Reeves sang Bishop's 'Pilgrim of Love.' If possible, this was more rapturously applauded than the first, and the great tenor retired amid an outburst of popular enthusiasm. Mr. Reeves next gave Blumenthal's 'Requital,' in his best style. Certain passages were brought out with an expression so obvious, that the most unmusical ear could detect the impression intended to be conveyed. No wonder, therefore, that there was an imperative encore, which became more persistent, till the favourite of the public acceded, and sang 'My Pretty Jane.' To-night Mr. Reeves will sing 'Deeper and Deeper Still,' 'Waft her Angels,' and 'Tom Bowling.'"

LIVERPOOL.—The eighth concert of the Philharmonic Society is thus discussed by the *Liverpool Mercury*, Oct. 3rd 1870:—

"With artists like Mdlle. di Murska, Madame Trebelli and Signor Bettini, the vocal portion of the programme was of the most enjoyable character. The music chosen by Di Murska had the charm of novelty, 'Ah! che amando' received a striking, and finished interpretation, the staccato passages and shakes being given with rare facility. It was in Benedict's variations of 'Le Carnival de Venise,' however, that her rare art was most fully shown. The fair artist proved fully equal to all their requirements and enthusiastic applause necessitated a repetition Madame Bettini fully sustained her great reputation, and Signor Bettini's masterly singing was most acceptable. As usual, the Bettini duets were enjoyable items of the concert; the chorus furnished nothing of a very striking character, but rarely has the band played with finer taste and unanimity than in the overture to *Semiramide*. While the slow movements and *finale* of the 'Jupiter' were equally creditable. In his double capacity of conductor and occasional accompanist, Mr. Benedict fulfilled his duties in a manner which left nothing to be desired."

STRAND THEATRE.

Mr. Arthur Sketchley, autobiographer of Mrs. Brown, has furnished this theatre with a three-act piece suited to its requirements, inasmuch as it keeps the audience in a roar without damping the wilder merriment caused by Mr. Farnie's *Idle 'Prentice*, by which it is followed. The title of the piece—*Living at Ease*—is ironical, evidently referring to some ill-starred person, who, resolved to live easily, was compelled uneasily to live. Mr. Softley (Mr. H. Crouch) a careless gentleman with a young wife (Miss Ada Swanborough), who, tired of the bustle of London, has taken a villa on the Thames, next to his cousins, Major (Mr H. J. Turner) and Mrs. Hawkins (Miss E. Bufton), with the intent of passing the rest of his existence in a peaceful punt. The scheme of quiet rests on an uncertain foundation, and though the rising curtain discovers Softley angling in the punt, the sole aim of his aspirations, we feel that a storm is gathering in the not very far distance. Mr Softley's lady has grown weary of seclusion, and the relations next door are occasionally "bores." But the final blow to the general felicity comes from a certain masked ball given by a grand lady in town, to which everybody wishes to go without the knowledge of the rest. Mrs. Hawkins, who is of a jealous temperament, believing that the Major will be at the ball for the purposes of flirtation, resolves to go there unknown, and solicits Softely to be her companion. Mrs. Softely, on pretence of a visit to her mother, clandestinely joins the assembly, in consequence of some understanding with Mr. Atherton (Mr. J. P. Burnert), a young friend of her husband's. When the revellers have returned home by moonlight a general altercation ensues, the violence of which is heightened by the fact that Mr. Softley has brought home not only Mrs. Hawkins. but a mysterious young lady, who seemingly belongs to nobody. Mrs. Softley was not detected at the ball, being effectively disguised by her domino; but the secret of the visit is soon revealed, together with the conduct of Mr. Atherton. Thus Mrs. Hawkins is jealous of the Major, the only person who remained at home; Mrs Softley is jealous of Mrs. Hawkins and the strange young lady; and Mr. Softley is jealous of Atherton, who persists in avowing his passion for "Emily"—Mrs. Softley's Christian name. But while this complexity of jealousy goes on entangling itself with ever-increasing intricacy, a pecuniary difficulty equally complex doubles the general entanglement. Mr. Softley has accepted a bill for Atherton, which has not been honoured; judgment has gone against him by default, and during the whole of the domestic war his villa is occupied by a "man in possession." This brings a new combatant into the field, Mrs. Softley's mother, Lady Chudleigh (Mrs. Raymond), who, about to be presented at Court, wants her diamonds which are in the custody of her daughter, but which the "man in possession" declares shall not leave the premises. The "row" that ensues between the irate City dame, who, seconded by her jealous daughter, bawls for the restitution of her "property," and the despairing Softley, whose misfortunes have destroyed his manners, is the most comical "bit" in this comical piece, the battle being fought with savage valour on both sides. When Softley is on the point of jumping into the river wherein he loved to fish, everything comes right. and it appears that nothing could ever have gone wrong had not the "easy liver" contracted a bad habit of leaving his letters unopened. Atherton had sent him the money to meet the bill, and the Emily he loved was not Mrs. Softley, but the mysterious young lady.

The merit of this piece must not be judged by the laws of probability. Mr Sketchley has constructed a plot which proves his inventive skill, and at the same time set a number of amusing personages in motion, without regard to the customs of the actual world. In spite of the complexity of the fable, which extends over three acts, strict regard is paid to old-fashioned unities. The action occupies but 24 hours,* and the decoration remains unchanged, representing Softley's villa on the banks of the Thames, by the light of sun and moon.

Mr. H. Crouch, as Softley, displays no small amount of comic and physical force. The marked character of the piece, the vulgar City dame, is acted with genuine effect by Mrs. Raymond. But all do well, and if we cannot agree with Mr. Sketchley in calling his work a "comedy" we may fairly say that the three acts are written and acted in a genuine spirit of fun. N. D.

[* "24 hours,"—with deference to "N. D."—is surely too long for a single play?—A. S. S.]

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

A version of *Fernande* was produced on Saturday night with more success than was expected by those who knew the play made by M. Sardou out of Diderot's story. To suit an English audience, all that was most characteristic was omitted, and the play became inconsistent in both story and language; but a residuum enough was left to make a powerful and amusing work which was received with signal favour, and seems likely to hold its place. The original story displays the vengeance of a woman on her false lover. Simulating friendship she passes off upon him, as an innocent girl, a woman of most degrading associations—a prostitute in fact—whom he marries. In the height of his married felicity she discharges like a bomb in to the house the information concerning the past of its mistress. M. Sardou and Mr. Edwards have taken from the story all offence, Mr. Edwards doing most in the task of purification. Fernande is represented as a maiden who has lived spotless among unholiest influences, and all the illicit love of the original is turned into honourable intentions: a happy termination is provided, and the piece ends. Its plot is a little embarassing from the expressions of shame of a heroine, really guiltless, appearing exaggerated and almost meaningless. But situations of uncommon strength occur in the second and third acts. The vengeful woman was played by Mrs. Vezin, whose acting was superb. Mrs. John Wood, Miss Fanny Brough, William Farren, Lionel Brough, Gaston Murray, Dan Leeson, and Lin Rayne played other parts, for the most part well. Dresses and scenery were capital, and the applause throughout was warm. Mr. Oxenford's clever and lively farce of *Only a Halfpenny* closed the performances.

SIMCOCK HOUSE, HIS PARABLE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

MR. EDITOR,—It was observed by the late 'obbs of Malmesbury (the *'abitat* of whose *Leviathan* has been so strangely misplaced by the author of *St. Peter*—unsettable version) that teaching by parable is the best teaching. Read, therefore, and digest the following:—

There was a man hight Jones; and he made coats. There was also a man hight Brown, who came to Jones and said, "Lo! I want a coat." Then answered Jones, "I will make thee a coat, but if it doth not fit, behold, none save myself only shall do to it that which is needed." And Brown said to him, "The terms are good terms;" whereupon Jones made the coat, and took it to Brown, who cried out, "The coat is fair to look upon," and straightway paid Jones the price. Nevertheless, Brown wore not the coat for twelve years, because it pinched him sore. And when Jones saw that Brown wore it not, he said, "Why wearest thou not the coat which I have made thee?" Then answered Brown, "It pincheth me sore; I pray thee do to it that which is needed." And Jones waxed wroth, and said, "The coat is a good coat. Verily, I will not touch it. Wear it though it pinch thee sore; and if thou wear it not, behold I, the *Goose and Cabbage* helping me, will make thee the scorn of men." Yet, Brown did not fear Jones, neither did he fear the *Goose and Cabbage*, for behold, he sent back to Jones the coat which pinched him sore, and bought one which was ease to his flesh. Then did Jones wax exceeding wroth, and in his fury he wrote to the *Goose and Cabbage*, calling Brown many bad names; not even sparing him who had made the easy coat. Whereupon all they that knew thereof laughed, and said, "Behold a vain-glorious man. He maketh bad coats and esteemeth them without blemish." So Jones and not Brown became a mocking.

Petersham, October 18. SIMCOCK HOUSE.

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MUSIC AT LEIPSIC.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The Hôtel de Prusse here was recently the scene of a grand manifestation in honour of Herr G. Reichardt, who set to music Arndt's celebrated verses, "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland." On his arrival at the station from Dresden, Herr Reichardt was received by a large crowd of admirers, who accompanied him in procession to his hotel, where one of the rooms especially reserved for favoured visitors was prepared for him. The opening and concluding lines, "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" and "Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein," of the song already mentioned were displayed in musical note-heads, surrounded by garlands, above the door of the apartment. At a later hour in the evening, hundreds assembled and serenaded Herr Reichardt with some of his own songs, "Die Wacht am Rhein," and other patriotic compositions. Herr Hausen, one of the principal officials of the Leipsic Gau-Sängerbund, then welcomed the distinguished visitor in a short and appropriate speech, and Herr Reichardt, going out on the balcony, addressed the crowd below, and in words of profound feeling thanked them for the great honour shown him. Most of the singers, together with many other admirers of Herr Reichardt, spent the rest of the evening together in the large "Gartensaal" attached to the hotel, and brilliantly lighted up for the occasion.—Mad. Moscheles, the widow of the celebrated pianist, has presented the sum of one thousand thalers to the Conservatory of Music, in memory of her late husband, and of the fact of his having been one of the professors in the institution for the space of twenty-four years. From January, 1871, the interest of the above sum is to be handed over annually to the pupil, male or female, who, in the opinion of the whole professorial staff, shall execute best a pianoforte concerto, or any other grand composition by J. Moscheles.—The first Gewandhaus Concert this season took place on the 7th inst. The programme has already been given in the *Musical World*. Mad. Peschka-Leutner, the vocalist on the occasion, was greatly applauded. She will, however, sing this season at only five of the concerts, though originally engaged for ten. It was Mad. Peschka-Leutner herself who suggested this alteration in her engagement, one of the motives by which she was influenced being that she might seem an obstacle to the engagement of other artists.

WEST LONDON SYNAGOGUE.

(*From "The Jewish Record."*)

During the Great Festival cycle, the services were performed with an earnest spirit of devotion, and the synagogue, capable of holding a thousand sittings, was filled on the New Year and on the Day of Atonement. The musical part of the service left nothing to be desired. Mr. Verrinder, the celebrated organist, had his instrument well in hand, and the choir was admirably served by Miss Grace Lindo and Miss Sydney. Mr. Van Noorden sang well, as did also a new baritone.

Profound was the impression produced by the sermon, and it seemed to be heightened in its effects when, immediately on the preacher's conclusion, a blaze of light fell on the synagogue, and the organ pealed forth the melody of "O God, awful in deeds," in which the whole congregation joined. It was something to be remembered. Every available part of the building was supplied with benches and chairs for the accommodation of the poor. The supply of prayer-books was unequal to the demand, the new members having exhausted the edition of the Atonement Services.

The enthronization of the new Bishop of Münster was celebrated lately by a six-part performance of Palestrina's *Missa Papæ Marcelli*. The executants were the Cathedral choir, under the direction of Herr Schmidt. In the evening, there was an illumination, a torch-light procession, and a serenade. Among the pieces sung there was a new "Festlied," by Herr Hüls, the Cathedral organist. It was distinguished for its antique colouring, admirably adapted to the words, which treat of Ludgezus, the first Bishop of Münster, and a contemporary and favourite of Charlemagne.

M. Vachot, manager of the Brussels Opera, has got into hot water with the press. Sharing with other managers the notion that "criticism" and "fulsome laudation" are, or should be, synonymous, he has withdrawn the free admissions of a critic attached to one of the leading papers, because that gentleman had the audacity to think, and, what is more, to state publicly in print, that everything was not perfection under M. Vachot's management.

THE GERMAN CONCERT FOR THE WOUNDED.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—I have just read the remarks of the *Musical World* on the German Concert held at St. James's Hall on Wednesday last. I hope that others may take a calmer view of the affair; so that the above-mentioned *very* disagreeable review of the proceedings (charging the managers with bad taste, and ungentlemanly feeling, besides indulging in some gratuitous insults to the German people in general) may pass as a spiteful protest from some French partisan who had no business there. There are plenty of Germans, and of those devoted heart and soul to their cause, in London, to fill St. James's Hall; and on an occasion like the one referred to, when the "Vaterland" *Lied* and "Die Wacht am Rhein" had been conspicuously announced for weeks before, to be sung by 200 voices, what Frenchman with a particle of right feeling would think of entering the room. A room paid for, I presume, and as much a piece of German ground for those few hours as a room in Berlin, enclosed within those four walls, a small space devoted to that concert alone, the Germans cannot reasonably be accused of offensively parading their patriotic sentiments in a foreign land. Had the demonstration taken place at the Crystal Palace, where hundreds might have been present, to whom the concert was not the sole attraction, the case would have been entirely different, and casual visitors to the Palace might have expected that their feelings would be considered. If the French and their irate friends in London were so generously disposed as to desire to contribute to a fund (*nominally exclusive*) for the German wounded, they might have done so without risk of being offended; but I maintain that it is *they* who show bad taste, in having gone to a place and assembly where they were honestly warned that patriotic compositions would be sung, carrying with them, of course, their national prejudices, and come away to express ill-natured remarks, and "want of sympathy with an entertainment," at which nobody desired or *expected* them to be present. Madame Rudersdorff sang for her countrymen and they appreciated her efforts. Truly, it *needs* not to cry "Vorwärts," but it expresses well the spirit that has and does animate that noble army, which is, as I venture to say of the German race, an example to the world. With your usual justice, oblige me by inserting this from, Sir, yours obediently,

A Liberal.

[We assume that "Liberal" belongs to the race which; by his own account, is "an example to the world." His anger, therefore, is natural. But we reckoned upon it—and are not alarmed; we only hope he will not tell Count Bismarck.—Ed. *M. W.*]

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard is in treaty with Holland and Belgium, for a series of concerts in the winter.

Mr. Maurice Strakosch is at Brussels.

Boston has named a street in honour of Beethoven.

The interior of the Gaiety Theatre is to be profusely covered with mirrors.

Mr. Gilmore has fully decided to hold his "World's Jubilee" in Boston.

Mr. J. Levy, the cornet player, has returned to New York from California.

Madame Anna Bishop is to appear before the public again. This time at Boston, U. S.

Ole Bull and his wife have returned to America, after spending the honeymoon in Europe.

Mr. Gustav Hoelz, the well-known actor and composer of songs, from Vienna, has arrived in New York.

It is stated that Mr. Disraeli, encouraged by the success of *Lothair* contemplates writing another novel.

Lord Lytton is said to be writing a play for Niblo's Theatre, New York, for which he is to be paid 5,000 dols.

Miss Fannie Keller, daughter of Mr. M. Keller, the composer, is soon to make her *début* upon the Boston concert-stage.

Mr. Wellington Guernsey has returned to London, after laying siege to many cities and slaughtering divers captains.

Dartmouth College has conferred the honorary degree of "Master of Arts" upon Mr. James M. Tracy, the American pianist.

Mdlle. Nilsson was robbed of a diamond ornament, worth 2,000 dols., while being dragged home in her carriage by enthusiastic Swedes.

A congregation in Wisconsin was driven to the brink of despair on Sunday, in consequence of the unexplained absence of the pastor, when the sexton rose in his seat, with awful solemnity, and said: "There has been a duplex arrival of the mail. Our worthy shepherd has two little lambs added to his flock. Twins, brethren, twins. Let us pray."

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The wedding of Signor Brignoli and Miss McCulloch has not yet transpired. It will probably be solemnized at Charleston, S. C., in a short time.

Mr. M. Keller, author of the "American Hymn," bearing his name has composed several "German Union" hymns which are becoming very favourably known.

La Signora Corani, a new cantatrice from La Scala, Milan, is a candidate for public favour, and will make her *début* at the concert of the Crystal Palace to-day.

The Monthly Popular Concerts at the Angell Town Institution, Brixton, satisfactorily carried out last season are resumed, Mr. Prentice, as heretofore, being the director.

A new concert *troupe* has been formed in New York, under the auspices of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg. Messrs. Randolfi, the baritone, and Wehli, the pianist, are engaged.

Mr. Julius Eichberg, Director of the Boston Conservatory of Music, has received the appointment of Supervisor of Music in Public Schools, at a salary of 3,800 dollars per annum.

At one of the forthcoming concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the programme will include the *Mount of Olives* and the Mass in C, in honour of the centenary of Beethoven's birth.

The Mohawk Minstrels gave their entertainment of "Negro Minstrelsy," on Thursday, in aid of the funds for the relief of the widows and orphans of the seamen lost in H.M.S. Captain.

Madame Alice Mangold has had an attack of paralysis, which, we are glad to learn, is yielding to the effects of galvanism. We hope soon to hear of the esteemed young artist's perfect restoration to health.

Mr. Theodore Thomas is making preparations for a series of concerts at the Music Hall, Boston. His orchestra will appear with full ranks, and he has secured the services of Miss Anna Mehlig for the entire course.

Madame Bertha Johannsen, the well-known *prima donna*, formerly member of the German Opera Troupe, has taken up her residence in Boston. She will become a teacher in Mr. Eichberg's Conservatory of Music.

The Harvard Musical Association will open its fifth season of purely classical concerts on November 3rd. This organization is preparing to do considerable things in honour of the memory of Beethoven, next December.

The Beethoven symphony at the Crystal Palace to-day is the No. 4 (in B flat). The third pianoforte concerto is to be played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The overtures are M. Gounod's *Mireille* and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*.

M. Fedor, steward to Mr. Strode, at Camden House, Chiselhurst where the Empress of the French is at present resident, who was killed not long since by a fall from his horse, may be remembered years ago as a Russian tenor, both at the theatres and concert-rooms of London.

London will soon boast of another theatre to its already extended list. The Royal Opera Comique, the principal entrance of which will be in the Strand, is announced shortly to open for the production of French pieces. Mdlle. Dejazet, with the entire company from the theatre bearing her name in Paris, is engaged.

During the performance of *Il Flauto Magico* at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, on Saturday night, Signor Cotogni, who had been playing the important part of Papageno, was seized with a serious illness, and his part in the opera had to be omitted, greatly to the disappointment of the audience. The opera was brought to a hurried close.

The town theatre of Magdeburg gave an entertainment the other evening for the benefit of the troops now with the beleaguering army before Paris. No actual cash was paid for the seats, but tickets were purchased with cigars; thus, a place in the front row of the boxes cost 25 cigars, the second row 12 cigars, and the third six, and so on, the gallery being only estimated at three cigars.

Mr. and Madame Patey are making a successful provincial tour. The principal attraction in the programme is Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger* (the orchestral parts arranged by Chevalier Lemmens for Mustel organ and piano). Miss Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Mr. Patey undertake the principal parts. Mr. King Hall and Chevalier Lemmens are the "orchestra."

An American paper says:—

"Christine Nilsson appears to have made a very decided sensation in New York, yet if we are correctly informed, she did not sing in more than three languages. But Madame Anna Bishop announced in Guanajuato, Mexico, more than twenty years ago, that she would sing in *ten* languages, and her placards named them:—Spanish, Italian, French, German, Russian, Tartar, English, Irish, Scotch, and Ethiopian."

The first musician who has ever obtained that highly-coveted prize for military valour, the Iron Cross, is Herr Aug. Wolff, horn-player, in the Westphalian infantry regiment, No. 17. This great mark of distinction was conferred on him for his conduct at the battle of Gravelotte, where he voluntarily exchanged his horn for a musket, and yet was particularly *instrumental*—in recovering from the enemy the standard of a Saxon regiment.

The incidental taxations imposed on a visitor to a theatre are considered heavy enough in all conscience, but we (says a contemporary) are informed of a novel assessment, the publication of which may be useful to at least a section of the patrons of the drama. One of the most attractive features of the new houses is the buffet; and not the least attractive feature of the buffet is the lady who presides, with companions to match, at the counter. These young ladies have started a system of elegant extortion which might be envied by a duchess playing at shop in a fashionable bazaar. They offer to pull a motto cracker with any of the genteel "Guppies" who may happen to come within range, and the invitation to the sport is done with an air of agreeable coquetry in its way irresistible. When the pull is over, the cracker explodes, and the almond with its rhyming wrapper is duly extracted. Then the gentleman discovers that he must pay the sum of one and sixpence for the fleeting pleasure.—T.

An accident which occurred not long ago at the Bristol Theatre, by which many lives have been lost, was in some respects similar to that at the Haymarket on the 3rd of February, 1794, when fifteen persons were trampled to death. The programme for the evening consisted of *My Grandmother*, *No Song no Supper*, and *The Prize*. In the crowd one of those killed was thrown down; the people behind kept pushing forward, others were thrown over him, and all were trampled upon by the crowd. There was here, as at Bristol, a declivity, instead of an ascent; the pit lay lower than the threshold of the door and it was on the steps that the mischief happened, those at the back pressing on unconscious of what had occurred in front. Besides the fifteen who were killed several others were injured. It is worthy note that some inhabitants of Bristol were averse originally to the establishment of a theatre. In 1778, 480 presented a petition to the House of Commons, setting forth the evil consequences that must arise. Others however, in favour of a license, petitioned in its favour. Mr. Brickdale, a Bristol member, through whom both petitions were presented, declared his neutrality, unwilling to offend either party. Lord Clare was an advocate for the licence, having requested the Lord Chamberlain to reserve for him the appointment of manager.

There resided in Western Massachusetts a gruff farmer, Jonathan Grubb, known as being "well to do." Now the old man had an only daughter, "exceeding fair to look upon," whose praise was in the mouths of all the rustic beaux. He had given her an excellent education, and in all the accomplishments save one she was admitted to be perfect; that one was music. It so happened a young gentleman made his appearance in the village and announced himself as a music teacher, who succeeded in getting up a large class of young ladies, among whom was our heroine. Old Grubb had always regarded young men with a jealous eye, knowing that many of them would have no objection to marrying his daughter for the sake of her father's money-bags. From some expressions which had fallen from her lips, the old man's suspicions were aroused, and he determined to watch the music teacher. Accordingly the next time he made his appearance, old Grubb ensconced himself in a large closet where he could see and hear all that was going on in the room. He had not to wait long, for the young lovers, unconscious of the close proximity of the lady's father, gave themselves up to the luxury of love-making with perfect *abandon*. Old Grubb watched the interesting scene for a while, and then quietly stepped from his hiding-place took the music teacher by the collar and addressed him thus: "Young man, I dun know nothin' about givin' music lessons, but if that's the way yer give 'em to my darter, I shall jest kick you out of doors;" and suiting the action to the word he dragged the young man to the door and kicked him into the street. The music teacher "vamosed the ranch" without even stopping to collect the money due him, and the piano, was sent back to the manufacturer in Boston. Old Grubb keeps a closer watch upon his "darter" now than ever.

P. Benson, Sr., gives the following "Rooles for Playin Onto a Organ into Meetin:"—"When the preacher cums in and neels down in the poolpit pull out all the stoppers. That's wot the stoppers is for. When a him is gave out to be sung, play over the whoal toon before singin, but be sure to play it so they cant tell whether its that toon or some other toon. It will amoose the people to gess. When you play the interloods sumtimes pull all the stoppers out, and sumtimes pull them all in. The stoppers is made to pull out and in. Play the interloods about twice as long as the toon. The interloods is the best part of the mewsic and should be the longest. Play from the interloods

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into the toon without letting them kno when the toon begins. This will teach them to mind thare biznes. Always play the interloods faster or slower than the toon. This will keep it from bein the same time as the toon. If the preacher give out 5 verces play 4. Too menny verces is teejus. Doorin the sermon go out of the church and cum back in time for the next toon. This will show you doant mean to be hard on the preacher by havin too menny listenin to him at wunst."

Mr. Hollingshead, the manager, cannot forget that he was once Mr. Hollingshead, the critic. He puts forward a short address to the public, in which he quite snarls because *Zampa* and Mr. Santley have been so successful. It is worth quoting:—

"The reception accorded to Mr. Santley in a theatre where his magnificent voice is not 'over-crowed' by one of those mammoth orchestras which are the glory of autocratic conductors and the destruction of much vocal art, is a gratifying proof, if any were needed, that good singing is universally attractive. The two extremes of a theatrical audience may, and do, differ in their appreciation of dramatic literature; but they meet on common ground in the presence of an opera like *Zampa*. Mr. Santley's engagement at the Gaiety was decided upon more than fourteen months ago, and no attempt has been made to associate it with so-called 'English Opera.' Good music, even more than good literature, has no particular nationality, and *Zampa* is as much English as *Lurline* or the *Bohemian Girl*. The patronage of 'native talent' has been chiefly shown in the selection of English singers, and no work will be performed for the mere sake of selling pretty ballads at the music-shops. The Christmas entertainments will be unusually attractive—at least, no care or expense will be spared to make them so. All arrangements are made up to Easter, 1871. A series of well-organized morning performances will be given in the early part of next year, and negotiations are pending with a French and German company for certain representations in the spring of 1871.—JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD."

The only real fault to be found with *Zampa*, as played at the Gaiety, is that the orchestra is necessarily too small to do justice to the music. Mr. John Hollingshead, of course, takes credit to himself for this blot, and wishes to persuade us that this was intentional—indeed, an improvement. But what says Herr Meyer Lutz, who is a musician, and not a manager? And what on earth is the meaning of Mr. Santley's voice being over-*crowed* by a mammoth orchestra? I never heard before that fiddles crowed, or that Mr. Santley was a "cock." He is what is known as a "jolly cock," but there his similarity to the noisy fowl ends. LONDON FIGARO.

MILAN.—Mdlle. Gabrielle Krause, whose engagement at the Grand Opera, Paris, was cancelled by the war, has obtained a very favourable engagement at the Scala.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CHAPPELL & Co.—Movement for the Organ, in the form of a march, by J. Hopkins.
CHARLES JEFFERYS.—"The Edinburgh Galop," by Mdlle. Brouneau.

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Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, and FENTON, at No. 22, Berners Street, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON at the Office, 244, Regent Street.—*Saturday, Oct. 29th, 1870.*

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VOL. 48—No. 46. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE. Mdlle. Castri (of the Italian Opera, Paris)—her First Appearance), Mr. Vernon Rigby. Solo, Pianoforte—Mr. Franklin Taylor. Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven); Concerto, No. 2, in B flat (first time) (Beethoven); Overture, "Die Zauberflote" (Mozart); Overture, "Masaniello," (Auber); Entr'Acte and Madrigal, from "La Colombe" (Gounod). Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Tickets. The New November Tickets at all Entrances and Agents. Stalls, Half-a-Crown.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), Nov. 12, will be performed Beethoven's Opera, "FIDELIO." Florestano, Signor Gardoni; Pizarro, Signor Caravoglia; Rocco, Signor Antonucci; Il Ministro, Signor Tagliafico; Jacquino, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellina, Mdlle. Sinico; and Leonora (Fidelio), by Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY NEXT, November 14, MOZART'S Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Tietjens, Trebelli-Bettini, Sinico, Bauermeister, Caravoglia, Ciampi, W. Morgan, Rinaldini, Casaboni, Cotogni. Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

TUESDAY NEXT, November 15 (for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera), ROSSINI'S Opera, "SEMIRAMIDE." Tietjens, Trebelli-Bettini, Bettini, Foli, Antonucci. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

THURSDAY next, Nov. 17, GOUNOD'S opera "FAUST." Margarita, Mdlle. Leon-Duval (her second appearance at the Royal Italian Opera.)

SATURDAY, Nov. 19 (third time), WEBER'S opera "OBERON." Tietjens, Trebelli-Bettini, Scalchi, Bauermeister, Bettini, Cotogni, Tagliafico, Caravoglia, Fancelli. Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

Stage Manager .. .. .. Mr. A. HARRIS.

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CONCERNING MR. CHORLEY.

(*From the London Correspondent of the "Birmingham Daily Post."*)

Birmingham has been the innocent cause or occasion of a new version—or rather, to speak by the artistic card—*replica* of "The Enraged Musicians," with this difference, that Hogarth did not illustrate what the Hibernians call a one-sided reciprocity. There is but one musician to the present dispute; but then there is a musical critic—there is Jules Benedict, and there is Mr. Chorley. The quarrel is a very pretty one, and all about the words of *St. Peter*. Perhaps one might compromise the difficulty by calling the enraged ones a musician and a half, though obviously the expedient would not be approved by the compiler of the original book of *St. Peter*. The history of the quarrel is now of somewhat ancient date, but it first had ventilation in the Birmingham Festival week, when Mr. Chorley rushed into print with his wrongs. Mr. Chorley in his first epistle—for he, without waiting for his antagonist, quickly followed with a second—started on principle. "I have always held," he said, "that in an oratorio no intermixture of secular words with those from Holy Writ were in accordance with reverence or good taste." He never had been able to comprehend, Mendelssohn notwithstanding, how anyone could venture to dilute or eke out the text of the Bible, nor to acquiesce to the introduction of verses from the Psalter or Hymn Book into Scriptural stories, such as occurs in the oratorios of Sebastian Bach, "unless, indeed, these be performed according to their author's intention—that is, with the audience joining in congregationally." So refined a distinction has probably not been urged since the famous question of the Schoolmen—"How many million of angels could dance on the point of a needle?" But the real grievance and wrong done was unto Mr. C.'s own refined distinction as a libretto maker—that he, the compiler of the oratorio which Benedict merely composed, should have been ignominiously put on the shelf at Birmingham. Mr. Chorley, to make a rather tedious tale shorter, complained that his completed book having been submitted to and accepted by the Festival Committee, was handed over to Mr. Benedict—"who had, been selected to compose the new oratorio for the year 1870 early in last year." He adds that "Mr. Benedict, both personally and in writing expressed himself (to speak moderately) entirely satisfied with what was set before him and this not only to myself, but to other persons. It was further expressly agreed on in terms of the most perfect amity, that no alterations or modifications of the text were to be made save by myself." The grievance in a word—without more particular reference to the elegant embellishments, the "amazing transactions," "contempt to myself," "full impertinence," and "persons pretending to hold a place in the rank of artists"—written short, is, that the author of *St. Peter* had contented himself with a concordance and another paste pot and pair of scissors. Mr. Benedict has at length, in every sense, replied. Condensed, these are his facts. In 1858, he explained to Mr. Chorley a projected oratorio of *St. Peter*, the libretto of which the latter undertook for £50, half to be paid on the completion of the first part, and the second half on the completion of the work. The eminent scissors were diligent, for within twelve days the first instalment was paid. A few weeks more and the tremendous work was completed. It was a verbal agreement. "The words," said Mr. Chorley, "will belong to you; you may do with them as you like: set them to music, lay them aside, or destroy them," Mr. Benedict contemplated a production of the work at the Norwich Festival, 1860, but finding certain alterations in the libretto indispensable, as he conceived, to the "effective musical setting," he applied to Mr. Chorley to make them, and the refusal of Mr. Chorley to accede to the suggestions was the reason of the oratorio not being composed for Norwich. For seven years *St. Peter* was laid aside, till the winter of 1865, when the Norwich committee again applied to Mr. Benedict for a sacred composition. Again he applied to Mr. Chorley to make alterations. "Mr. Chorley promised to reconsider the work, and to make such alterations as, on reflection, he might deem improvements but, after attentive perusal, he came to the conclusion, that no change could be made for the better, and would only consent to a curtailment here and there to avoid undue length." In 1869, at the suggestion of Sir Michael Costa, Mr. Benedict offered the oratorio to Birmingham, and it was accepted with the results now known to the world. Between the acceptance and production, a peppery correspondence would seem to have passed between the *compiler* and the composer. On the 28th of Febuary, 1870—note the great fact in this date!—the first-mentioned great genius wrote:—"This closes all correspondence and all personal acquaintance between yourself and its writer." The unhappy composer, nevertheless, is sanguine enough to hope that he may "survive the punishment." Ought we not to rewrite our musical history; or, at least, reverse the position of the heroes—substituting for the insignificant person who merely composes, the gifted creature who clips

THE OPERA AT FREE ROME.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

As already stated in these columns, the operatic season commenced at the Teatro Argentina with Donizetti's *Don Sebastiano*. It was strange to see the distinctive characteristics of the old and of the new state of things brought face to face on the occasion. The libretto still contained the "permesso" by which the Vicar General vouched for the moral harmlessness of the work; the Papal Censor, Sig. de Ricci, for its political harmlessness; and the Inspector of Public Exhibitions, for its æsthetical harmlessness. But a deputation, consisting of the Marchese Carcaus, the Principe di Teano; the Marchesi Bornio, Antaldi, Vitetteschi, and Sig. R. Bompiani, had already taken the direction of matters theatrical into their hands. No Monsignore had attended the grand rehearsal of the opera and the ballet to see that everything was proper and correct. The public seized on the slightest allusion that in any way afforded an opportunity for a political demonstration. After the overture, the King's March was demanded, and repeated several times in the midst of the greatest enthusiasm. The words, "Corriam á morir pel Re," in the first act, were received with thunders of applause, and encored. When Gen. Cadorna appeared in a side box, the applause was so loud as completely to overpower the music. The poor choristers, on the contrary, who represented the high court of justice in the fourth act, had an uncomfortable time of it, the bearing of the audience towards them being intended as a vote expressing want of confidence in the Monsignori, who, up to the present time, have constituted the highest court here.

C. C.

J. A. RÖCKEL.

There died at Cöthen, on the 19th September, Joseph August Röckel, at the age of 87. His name is well known in connection with the introduction of the master-pieces of German opera into England. The fact of his being an intimate friend of Beethoven, and the Florestan especially selected by the latter for *Fidelio*, is matter of history, and will, probably, lend an interest to a short sketch of his life. Born on the 28th August, 1783, at Neuenburg, vor'on Walde, in the Upper Palatinate, and originally intended for the Church, he enjoyed a classical education, which proved all the more serviceable to him, as, in his twentieth year, he exchanged theology for diplomacy, entering the service of the Elector of Bavaria as Secretary of the Legation. On the outbreak of the war in 1804, between Bavaria and Austria, and the dissolution, in consequence, of the embassy at Salzburg, young Röckel accepted a tempting offer from the lessee of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna (who had heard him sing at an amateur operatic performance), to become first tenor at the Imperial Operahouse. He achieved so great a success, that he decided on following up an operatic career. It was at the commencement of the latter (in the summer of 1805) that his rendering and, so to speak, creation of the part of Florestan, in *Fidelio*, gained for him the friendship of Beethoven,—a friendship which endured up to the great composer's decease. In 1823, Franz I. appointed Röckel Professor of Singing at the Imperial Opera. It was in this capacity that Röckel proved how admirable his method was, by producing a number of distinguished pupils, among whom was Henrietta Sontag. In 1828 he accepted the management of the Opera at Aix-la-Chapelle. The year following he conceived, and carried out, the notion of introducing German opera into Paris, by means of a complete German operatic company. In consequence of the splendid success attending this bold scheme—the electrical impression produced by his chorus being especially remarkable—Röckel remained in Paris till 1832, when Monk Mason, manager of the King's Theatre, induced him to try the same experiment in London. We still recollect the enthusiasm excited by his first introduction of German opera into England, and the impression produced by the first performance of *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz*, and other master-pieces of the German school, with a company including Madame Schröder-Devrient, as *prima donna*; Haitzinger, as first tenor; and Hummel (Röckel's brother-in-law), as conductor. In 1836, Röckel withdrew from the theatre, but continued to follow up his career of musical usefulness, the great aim of his life, in his adopted country, England. It was not till 1863 that he at length returned to his native land, to enjoy in peace the well-earned fruits of his active and eventful life.

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MUSICAL PITCH.

It will be recollected that the Society of Arts set on foot, some little time since, inquiries in reference to the pitch in use in various countries on the Continent, and, through the courtesy of the Foreign-office, replies were obtained from the principal Continental cities. The letters received have been published from time to time in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, and two others, lately received, are appended below. The following *resumé* of the correspondence has been made.

Questions.....	Is there any standard musical pitch officially prescribed, and in use; and, if so, what is it, and by what number of vibrations for "C" is it represented?	By what authority is it adopted, and how enforced?	Is it compulsory on any, and what class of musicians, and whether or not in military bands, conservatoires, operas, royal chapels, &c.? Name these, if any.	Remarks.
*BADEN (Grand Duchy).....	No; but Paris pitch commonly adopted.	None.	It is only obligatory when ordered by authority, and only exists in the Grand Duchy at the Court theatres at Carlsruhe and Mannheim, and in the military bands.	The introduction of the normal pitch necessitates purchasing new wind instruments, therefore private persons are glad to avoid the change of pitch.
BERLIN	No; the new Parisian orchestral pitch is only employed at a few theatres and orchestras.	It is not enforced.	It has only been introduced at Berlin in the Royal Opera-house, by command of the Intendent General of the Royal Theatres.	It is to be expected by degrees the Parisian pitch will become universal, as it offers special advantages to singers.
BOLOGNA	No musical pitch, officially prescribed, exists in Bologna.	No authority to regulate the pitch.	No.	The pitch adopted by the orchestra of the theatre, and of the Musical Lyceum, is represented by 887-77 vibrations for La.
BRUSSELS.....	No standard pitch, except for the military bands, and that the old pitch commonly in use, 902 vibrations.	None, except the Minister of War for military bands.	Not generally, only for the military bands.	A Royal Commission reports there would be no advantage in lowering their pitch, which is 902 vibrations, nevertheless the Theatre Royal has adopted the French normal pitch of 870 vibrations; the Conservatoire Royal de Musique and the Orchestra of Popular Classical Music still keep the old pitch of 902 vibrations.
*COLOGNE.....	No. The Concert Society (*Concertgesellschaft*) of Cologne adopted the French normal pitch some years since.	None.	Only obligatory for the representations of the Concert Society.	
COPENHAGEN	No.	None.	Not compulsory.	The pitch of the Opera (Theatre Royal) is taken from two old forks nearly agreeing with the normal French pitch. The A of the military bands is at least a quarter tone higher than that of the theatre. The School of Music has the pitch of the Royal Theatre.
*DRESDEN	No officially prescribed musical pitch.	None; but the French pitch is adopted in some chapels and orchestras, comprising about one-sixth of all the chapels and orchestras.		The pitch in the Royal Chapel at Dresden, for A is represented by 892 vibrations. In the Roman Catholic Court Church of Dresden the old so-called *chorus-tone* still exists, representing, for A, 855 vibrations.
FLORENCE	There is none.	None.	The musical pitch adopted in Florence is generally that of Vienna.	The pitch is left entirely to the taste of every orchestra director.
*LEIPSIC	None. The pitch in common use is high, 920 to 940 vibrations for A.	None. The authority for its use is merely custom.	The pitch compulsory for military bands at Leipsic is the same as at Dresden.	It has not been considered necessary to alter the pitch, as the alteration would involve a renewal of brass instruments.
MILAN	At Milan there is a pitch officially adopted in the Royal Conservatoire of Music, in the theatres of La Scala and Canobbianna, in the schools of music and theatres connected with them, and in the National Guard. This pitch is the Paris pitch, namely for *La*, 870 vibrations.	The authorities which regulate this pitch are the Academical Council for the Royal Conservatoire, and the Committees of the Town Council for the theatres, the schools connected with them, and their musical bands.	The pitch of 870 vibrations for the note *La* is compulsory on the before-named musical bodies, but without government interference.	

* Those places marked with an asterisk have sent tuning-forks.

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Questions	Is there any standard musical pitch officially prescribed, and in use; and, if so, what is it, and by what number of vibrations for "C" is it represented?	By what authority is it adopted, and how enforced?	Is it compulsory on any, and what class of musicians, and whether or not in military bands, conservatoires, operas, royal chapels, &c.? Name these, if any.	Remarks.
MOSCOW	No answer received.			
*MUNICH	The officially prescribed pitch for music and musical instruments is the French pitch.	It is prescribed by authority of the Royal Musical Intendance (Koeniglich Hofmusik Intendans), and its general use has been thereby secured; only such tuning-forks are allowed to be used in Bavaria as have been approved and stamped by the above-named Intendance.	The directors of all establishments for instruction and education in Bavaria are made specially responsible for the exact observance of this regulation.	The use of the standard pitch is, therefore, obligatory on all classesof professional musicians, and as no objection has hitherto been raised against the regulation in question, it may be assumed that the French pitch, which is especially calculated to prevent the overtaxing of the human voice, is at the present time in universal use in Bavaria.
NAPLES	None.	None.	None.	The pitch usually adopted is that of Vienna.
ST. PETERSBURG. .	The same as the French pitch.	It is established by ukase.	It is compulsory for the Imperial Chapel, the Imperial theatres, for the orchestras of regiments, and, in general, at all musical establishments. It is equally compulsory for manufacturers of musical instruments.	
STOCKHOLM	No answers received.			The Academy have taken the subject into their consideration, and propose to petition the King to adopt the French pitch.
*STUTTGART	None; but the French pitch may be regarded as the customary pitch in Wurtemberg.	None.	The French pitch is used in the Conservatorium and Stifts Church, the organ of which has been tuned thereto. Private theatres and concerts, as well as the town and church orchestras in Wurtemberg still continue the old high pitch, either on account of the expense or difficulty of re-tuning the church organs.	The French pitch is not introduced for military music, as there is no vocal music, and it would not be worth the cost of providing new instruments.
TURIN	None.	None.	None.	
VENICE	No fixed musical pitch. Our orchestras adopt the musical pitch of Vienna, because the greater part of their wind instruments are made in that city.	As no officially prescribed musical pitch exists, no authority regulates it, and as our orchestras have no fixed pitch, it varies according to the taste of the directors; it ought, however, to be stated these artists try to keep the pitch as low as possible.	The non-existence of a fixed musical pitch answers this question. However, it may be observed that the organ of the metropolitan chapel of St. Marco was formally tuned on the basis of the old *La*, very low. A few years ago it was directed to be raised, because the bowed instruments lost their fulness of tone, and the wind instruments manufactured in Vienna were not in tune with it; now, this organ is tuned a quarter of a note lower, but still it is higher than the normal French pitch. The other organs are tuned according to the fancy of the builders. Modern builders generally adopt the Vienna pitch in preference to that of Paris. There is no authority which regulates the pitch in bands of the army and the National Guards.	

* Those p aces marked with an asterisk have sent tuning-forks.

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Questions.....	Is there any standard musical pitch officially prescribed, and in use; and, if so, what is it, and by what number of vibrations for "C" is it represented?	By what authority is it adopted, and how enforced?	Is it compulsory on any, and what class of musicians, and whether or not in military bands, conservatoires, operas, royal chapels, &c.? Name these, if any.	Remarks.
VIENNA	No; but the French standard pitch has been introduced in both the Imperial theatres, in the Court band, and in the more important concert societies in Vienna.	None. The Lord High Chamberlain's Office introduced the pitch of the Imperial theatres, and the Grand Master of the Ceremonies' Office that for the Court music. The French standard pitch was introduced in these two establishments in 1862. The Society of Friends of Music in the Austrian Empire followed this example, on their own account, for their "conservatorium," as also did the Society of Philharmonic Concerts.	The French standard pitch is only obligatory for the two Imperial theatres and the Imperial band of music. The remaining theatres in Vienna, and all the theatres in the provinces are not Court or State establishments, neither is the "conservatorium" of the Society of Friends of Music. Therefore a measure of this sort, connected as it is with pecuniary sacrifices, could not be dictated to these. The adoption of the French standard pitch is becoming every year more general. The French standard pitch has not yet been introduced into the Austrian military bands.	

Further Correspondence.

SWEDEN.

The following has been furnished by the Royal Musical Academy of Stockholm:—

(*Translation.*)

"As far back as May 20th, 1856, the following circular was sent from Paris to various countries:—

"'It is known that all lyric theatres, musical conservatoires, and musical societies have a different musical pitch, often varying even in the same orchestra. Thus the tuning-fork of the Paris opera is said to be, in a scientific publication, half a tone higher than it was in 1823. Owing to this, the works of the older composers lose their character, which fate will soon be shared by more recent ones. Singers also, in changing stage and pitch, are placed in an awkward position, and injure their voices by this tendency to raise the musical pitch. This uncertainty is equally disadvantageous to manufacturers of musical instruments.

"'It is, therefore, highly desirable that a general tuning-fork, with a fixed number of vibrations, be adopted, to serve as a universal rule for the musical pitch in every country.'

"Two years later, a committee was formed in Paris, consisting of eleven persons, amongst whom was Berlioz, Halevy, Meyerbeer, Rossini, &c. The following was stated at some of the meetings of the committee:—That Tavart and Cagniard, as well as Latour, have agreed that a tuning-fork giving the note A makes 440 single or 880 double vibrations in a second.

"If we go back to the 18th century, during the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV., the rule for A in the orchestra was 810 double vibrators per second (fixed from the year 1699 to 1755). Now the A is 890 vibrations at the Opera in Paris. Thus we see that, from the year 1715 to 1855 an increase of nearly a whole tone has taken place.

"This increase, although progressive, has to a large extent taken place in the present century, and more rapidly during the last twenty years.

"The trial by Scheibler, in 1834, showed the musical pitch at the Opera in Paris to be 867, and at the Conservatoire 870 double vibrations per second. According to Dr Lissajou's communication, the musical pitch at Berlin in 1857, was 896; that of San Carlo, at Naples, 889; and that of La Scala, at Milan 903; that of the Stockholm Opera being 880 double vibrations per second.

"The committee came to the following conclusions:—A so-called normal tuning fork was prepared, which tuned in A, should make 870 vibrations in a second, at a temperature of + 15° centigrade.

"The Parisian authorities agreed to this proposal on Feb. 9th, 1859. The normal tuning-fork which is to act as a guide both in Paris and in the departments, is kept at the Conservatoire Imperiale in Paris.

"By the care of Mr. L. Palmstedt, the Musical Academy has received from one of its members, Dr. Lissajous, a handsome copy of the tuning-fork mentioned above. Now that the Academy has received instruments from the celebrated manufactory of Godefroy, in Paris, the orchestra of the 'Konsertoriet' is tuned to the normal tuning-fork.

"As soon as the Academy has had time to find out whether wind instruments made according to older construction can be altered to reach the same musical pitch as the normal tuning-fork, as well as the cost of such alteration, taking for granted that the expense will be less than the purchase of new ones, the Academy will probably send a petition to his Majesty, humbly requesting the adoption of the normal tuning-fork over the whole country."

(Signed) J. S. Cronhammer,
Secretary of the Royal Musical Academy.

Stockholm, November 5, 1869.

ST. PETERSBURG.

(*Translation.*)

Sir,—By a letter of the 12th February, 1869, your Excellency sought the assistance of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in obtaining information, requested by the Society of Arts of London, in reference to the musical pitch in use in Russia.

The Imperial Government applied to the competent authorities, and I have the honour to inform your Excellency that, in accordance with the terms of a decree sanctioned by his Majesty the Emperor, dated 5th April, 1862, contained in a ukase of the 30th of May of the same year, the French normal pitch has been established throughout the empire of Russia. This pitch is obligatory in the Imperial Chapel, the imperial theatres, regimental bands, and in every establishment, whether under the crown or of a private character, where there are orchestras or choirs, and in which music and singing are taught. It is also obligatory on all makers of instruments.

I have the honour to transmit a tuning-fork in use in Russia, which has been furnished by the Director of the Imperial Theatres.—Accept, &c., (Signed) Westmann.

His Excellency Sir Andrew Buchanan.

NILSSON.

ANOTHER AMERICAN CRITICISM.

We have heard Miss Nilsson but once, so far, and will briefly state our own impressions of her singing. She *is* a great singer, although in many particulars we have heard those who are superior to her, some in one way and some in another. But she combines enough of superior qualities to make her one of the greatest and most popular of vocalists. She has a voice, a soul, good taste, and good judgment, which are great possessions. Her voice is beautiful, pure and lovely. Such purity is seldom heard. To all this she adds a high degree of cultivation and native refinement. She sings with expression, yet it is an expression that excites admiration rather than serious feeling. She does not sing to the heart so much as some others do She is prepossessing, graceful, and winning, and these help to show off her other qualities to good advantage. Even in the concert-room she shows the actress—perhaps a little too much. She has brilliancy, but less than Carlotta Patti and some others. She has force and intensity, but less than Grisi, Sontag, and others. She sings from both heart and head and *to* both. We infer that she is a woman of large mind and originality of conception, and presume that her greatest powers are displayed only on the operatic stage; and we hope Mr. Strakosch will, before long, give us the opportunity to hear and see her there. Upon the whole, Miss Nilsson has many elements of greatness, and it is seldom we are permitted to enjoy the singing of an artist who is so thoroughly satisfying. We have sat in cool judgment, and written dispassionately of the merits of the new artist, leaving it for the sensational reporters to indulge more profusely in rhetoric and panegyric.—*New York Musical Review.*

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OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN AT BRACEWELL HALL.

(From a Correspondent.)

Before giving your readers an account of this proceeding, a word about Bracewell Hall (Yorkshire), which has been in the course of erection during the past three years, may be interesting.

It is a plain, but noble looking, structure, consisting, on the ground floor, of drawing room, dining room, ante-room, and the large music room (in which the organ is placed), being 62 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 30 feet high. Nothing can be finer than the view of the organ, as you approach it from the dining room, rising, as it does, to the very roof, and occupying the whole breadth of the western end. The pipes in the front towers of the noble looking case of Gothic style, are made of pure tin, having the appearance of burnished silver. The room has three large and lofty windows to the south, the centre one being a bay window. In the middle on the north side is the fire-place, surrounded with an oak cornice, most elaborately carved, with a scene thereon from Shakspere, of Falstaff and Henry V., and over it is a stained window, representing Shakspere as reading one of his plays to Queen Elizabeth.

We had heard much of this organ, which has excited no little curiosity in the musical world, having cost upwards of £3,000, and our expectations were in consequence raised to the highest pitch. But when we heard its different parts displayed in succession, on Saturday evening, and some of the best music played thereon by Dr. Spark, of Leeds, in his most effective and brilliant style, our expectations were more than realized. Nothing could exceed the richness and variety of its tones, their sweetness and power.

The company, consisting of a select party of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood, listened with admiration and delight to this skilful exhibition of its capabilities. Nor did the interest in it flag in the least. Dr. Spark kept it up on Sunday evening by playing some choice pieces of sacred music, and on Monday evening by an equally choice selection of classical organ music. This combination of sacred and classical music, when played with taste and skill on an instrument of such compass and excellence, produced an effect which has rarely been experienced, and could not easily be surpassed.

The mechanism and general construction of the instrument (built expressly for John Turner Hopwood, Esq., by Cavaillé-Coll, of Paris) are altogether of the most unique description, all the material employed being of the very best kind, whilst the artistic finish of every part, each point of detail, etc., cannot be excelled, if equalled. No doubt a visit to this extraordinary chamber organ will be a source of attraction to all who take any interest in the matter. Assuredly there is not a finer specimen of organ building to be found, at present, in England.

We subjoin, for the information of your readers, a description of the organ. The instrument has three claviers, or manuals, and a complete pedal organ and 17 pedales de combinaisons.

1ST CLAVIER.—GRAND ORGAN.

	Feet.		Feet.
Montre	16	Prestant	
Moetre	8	Jeux de Combinaison, Octave	4
Viole de Gambe	8	Plein jeux de III à VI ranges	
Salicional		Bombarde	16
Flute Harmonique	8	Trompette	8
Bourdon	8	Clairon	4

2ND CLAVIER.—POSITIF EXPRESSIVE.

Quintaton	16	Doublette	2
Principale	8	Picolo	1
Nacht horn	8	Clarinette	8
Unda Maris	8	Basson Hautbois	8
Flute douce	4	Voix Humaine	8

3RD CLAVIER.—RECIT. EXPRESSIVE.

Flute traversière	8	Basson	16
Quintaton	8	Trompette	8
Viole de Gambe	8	Clairon	4
Voix Celestes	8	Octavin	2
Flute Octaviante	4		

CLAVIER DE PEDALE.

(Flute Bouchee) Soubasse	32	Corni-Dolci	4
Contre basse	16	Bombarde	16
Soubasse	16	Trompette	8
Flute	8	Clairon	4
Violoncelle	8		

PEDALES DE COMBINAISON.

1. Orage.	10. Expresion Precit.
2. Tirasse Grande Orgue.	11. Octave, Grave.
3. Tirasse Positif.	12. Copula Grande Orgue.
4. Tirasse Precit.	13. Copula Positif.
5. Anches Pedales.	14. Copula Precit.
6. Anches Grande Orgue.	15. Copula Precit au Positif.
7. Anches Positif.	16. Tremolo Positif.
8. Anches Precit.	17. Tremolo Precit.
9. Expresive Positif.	

COLOGNE.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller has composed a new violoncello concerto, which was to be played by Herr Grützmacher at the Gewandhaus Concert, Leipsic, on the 10th instant.

MUSIC IN LEEDS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. Archibald Ramsden of this town has undertaken to continue Mr. Hallé's orchestral concerts, which the former promoters have relinquished on account of their unremunerative result. The first concert of the season came off on the 2nd inst., the band playing Beethoven's Symphony (No. 1), in C major, and the overtures to *Guillaume Tell*, *Mirella*, and *Siréne*, besides the *entr'acte* and ballet to *Rosamunde* by Schubert. The large room in the Leeds Town Hall is perhaps one of the handsomest in the kingdom, but by far too lofty for musical purposes. However beautifully the orchestra may play, the effect is entirely spoiled, by vibrations and echoes in the vast arched ceiling. Besides, the deep booming of the big bell in the tower over head, in a key generally at variance with that of the orchestra, creates some merriment amongst the public and more agony amongst musical folks.

Mr. Sims Reeves was to be the vocalist, but in his absence through illness Miss Katherine Poyntz helped Mr. Ramsden out of his difficulty, and met with a very flattering reception. We were very much pleased to notice a vast improvement in this young lady's singing since last winter. Her voice is becoming more full and round, and rang through the great hall with such power and freshness that it was quite a pleasure to hear it. Her intonation is nearly faultless. By saying *nearly* we mean that Miss P. must not omit to continue to study this part of her art.

Mr. de Jongh gave us variations on Beethoven's Last Waltz* for the flute, which he performed so well that the applause continued for ten minutes, preventing the concert from being proceeded with, till Mr. Hallé addressed the audience, requesting them not to insist on an encore, the artist being too tired to accede to it. Though last not least, we have to name Mr. Hallé's beautiful playing of Mendelssohn's *Serenade* and *Rondo gioioso*, with orchestra, and of Schubert's *Impromptu* in F minor. We hope the spirited *entrepreneur* of these concerts, of which we are to have three more during the winter, will be encouraged by good houses and by a pecuniary success.

GAIETY THEATRE.

The very successful run of the present entertainment at this house is largely due to the materially increased attractions of *Zampa*. Mr. Santley was as much the Mr. Santley of world-wide repute on the first night of performance as now; and so far, no difference is observable; but in all other respects, a second hearing has shown nothing but improvement. The orchestra for example, does its work with far greater precision, and if we mistake not, has been made more complete. It is to be hoped that the management will go even further in this direction, and equip with all needful means and appliances so important an auxiliary. Little fault can now be found with the chorus, which does its work smoothly and efficiently; while the principal artists, at home with the characters they have to sustain, give small occasion for adverse criticism. Joining these facts to those of Zampa's romantic story and Herold's pleasant music there is no reason for surprise at the crowds which nightly fill the prettiest theatre in London. We attach no common importance to the success of Mr. Hollingshead's essay at opera in English. It proves this much beyond a doubt—that well-chosen works, adequately performed, are sure of a public recognition; and that a manager with spirit and sound judgment may reckon upon a steady support. Mr. Hollingshead will, if he be wise, go on as he has begun; and having nothing to do with English ballad operas and the like (played out, long ago), will present works at least as good as *Zampa*, of which, in the repertory of *opéra comique*, there is no lack. Why not, for example, lay Auber under contribution and run—for a "run" would be inevitable—*Lestocq* or *Le Cheval de Bronze*?

LINZ.—A youth named Felix Modl, student at the Gymnasium, or High School, has written and scored a mass, which was lately performed at the parish church. It excited general admiration.

STUTTGARDT.—Herr Julius Stockhausen no longer belongs to the Royal Opera. He applied for four months' leave of absence to fulfil an engagement in London, but it was refused. He then sent in his resignation, which was accepted.

KÖNIGSBERG.—The grand vocal and instrumental concert given by the Verein der Liederfreunde, for the benefit of wounded German soldiers, was not very numerously attended. Alluding to this fact, a German contemporary observes, that "the weather was certainly unfavourable, and it is well known that the patriotism of certain people does not extend so far as to make them brave a few drops of rain; they leave that to the gallant fellows who get wounded for their sake." Among the full choruses sung and vehemently applauded were "Heil dir, Germania," by Hermes; Weber's well-known battle songs: "Ad Arma vocal Patria," by Gervais; "Blücher am Rhein," by Reissiger; and "Das Deutsche Schwert," by Schubert.

* Which happens to be Schubert's, just as Weber's "Last Waltz" happens to be Reissiger's.—A.S.S.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE Director begs to announce that the Thirteenth Season of the Monday Popular Concerts will commence on Monday Evening, November 14, and that the Performances will take place as follows, viz.:—

1870. MONDAY, November 14; MONDAY, November 21; MONDAY, November 28; MONDAY, December 5; MONDAY, December 12; MONDAY, December 19.

1871. MONDAY, January 9; MONDAY, January 16; MONDAY, January 23; MONDAY, January 30; MONDAY, February 6; MONDAY, February 13; MONDAY, February 20; MONDAY, February 27; MONDAY, March 6; MONDAY, March 13.

Morning Performances will be given (Seven) on Saturdays, January 28, February 4, 11, 18, 25, March 4 and 11 (1871).

THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.

THE present year being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, the Director has thought that it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of that immortal genius to confine the programmes before Christmas exclusively to Selections from his Instrumental and Vocal Works. Every concert, until the end of the year, will therefore be a Beethoven Concert. In the course of the series, the Six Quartets, Op. 18; the Three Quartets (*Rasoumowsky*), Op. 59; the Quartet, No. 10 (E flat); the Five Trios for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; and as many of the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, Pianoforte and Violoncello, and Pianoforte alone, as can be comprised within the limits of eight programmes, will be given. The Vocal Music will in all instances be selected from the Chamber Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

PROGRAMME OF FIRST CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14TH, 1870.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 18, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Penitence"—Mdlle. CLARA DORIA .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONATA, in E flat, Op. 7, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in F major, Op. 5, No. 1, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—MM. HALLÉ and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Know'st thou the land"—Mdlle. CLARA DORIA .. .. *Beethoven.*

QUARTET, in G major, Op. 18, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Mitchell & Ollivier, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEMO.—Yes;—a great German is very great; but a small German is very small. And this emphatically applies to German musicians.

DR. BOLE.—The verses are by Mr. Shirley Brooks—a lyric poet, if there ever was one.

DILETTANTE.—Mdlle. Angri sang first at the Royal Italian Opera (Arsace)—then at Her Majesty's Theatre.

BANDBOX.—Yes;—a halfpenny serial, called *Chatterbox*, was published in 1866 in Paternoster Row (W. Mackintosh).

PONTIFEX FOURACRES.—The word "per stige" has long been adopted in the English language;—not so the word "*furore*" (for which we are most grateful). Of course, they are "copyright."

YANKEE DILETTANTE.—We have the article in our possession, and extract, for the information of our correspondent, that part of it which concerns his inquiry:—

"The 17th Saengerfest was held in Cincinnati during the month of June. Although these Saengerfestivals are purely German in their origin; although the music is executed by Germans, and that which is performed is German music; although the German beverage abounded to the exclusion of the stronger and viler drinks of whisky and brandy; although the hall was built in the German quarter of Cincinnati, commonly called "Over the Rhine," being separated from the more American portion of the city by a canal, the festival had, nevertheless, somewhat of a national character. The interest manifested by the native born citizens of Cincinnati in the success of the festival was astonishing, and very gratifying to the Germans. The influence of such festivals upon the social and musical condition of a city or country is greater than appears at first glance. There was a time when jealousies existed between the native born and the adopted citizens of this country. These feelings have, however, died away. The war has brought both classes closer together, and if there yet exists a doubt in the minds of some that the foreigner can or will not love this, his adopted country, we would simply point to the many battle fields, where the German and American are covered with the same sod Of all foreigners, the German seems to have obtained the purest, and hence the most lasting influence upon the affairs of this country. America and Germany have closed ranks and clasped hands to stand together and support each other, not only in the love for free government, but also for the cultivation of the arts, and among them the oft-neglected art of providing proper amusement. We cannot sanction all the modes of enjoyment as cultivated by the Germans; neither do we believe that Americans have sufficient pleasures. The one dreams and plays perhaps too much; and surely the other does too little of it. Hence, we rejoice to see Germans joined by Americans, since both, as we hope, will be benefited."

AMATEUR PIANIST.—The testimonial of the late Mr. Moscheles, addressed to Mr. Heilbron, in reference to the talent of his daughter, Sophie, then a child, was as follows:—

"MR. HEILBRON,—SIR,—After hearing your little girl, I have no hesitation in saying that she has so much talent as to warrant a belief that she will become an excellent player, provided you can let her have excellent tuition for the next few years.—Obediently yours, J. MOSCHELES."

It was dated, "London, July 27th, 1866."

FANATICO is wholly wrong. The performance took place at the Royal Italian Opera, on May 27th, 1867, and the article was as follows:—

"Last night Mdlle. Adelina Patti, having recovered from her indisposition, reappeared in her favourite part of Rosina, and was welcomed with the genuine heartiness that never fails to greet her. 'Una Voce' and the duet with Figaro in Act 1, the bolero of Verdi in the Lesson scene, and the English ballad of 'Home, sweet home,' which Mdlle. Patti is now accustomed to introduce when (which is invariably the case) called upon for another song, were received with the accustomed enthusiasm. Signor Mario was Almaviva; Signor Cotogni, Figaro; Signor Ciampi, Bartolo; and Signor Tagliafico, Basilio. M. Sainton presided in the orchestra."

So that "Fanatico" has lost his bet. We are glad of it. If he can't appreciate Adelina Patti he can't appreciate genius.

MARRIAGE.

On October 31st, at St. Marylebone Church, NORA, eldest daughter of the late DESMOND RYAN, Esq., to SIGNOR PILOTTI, of Langham Street, Regent Street.

ERRATUM.—In last week's No., speaking of the Italian opera performances in Birmingham, and Mdlle. di Murska—for "historically and socially," read "histrionically and vocally."

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1870.

WE have been honoured with the following singular communication:—

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—In reply to your editorial observations on the life of Balfe from the *Liverpool Porcupine*, where you place W. Sterndale Bennett equal, or above Balfe—please take the trouble to read:—

"*Musikalische Zeitung*; editor, Friedrich Chrysander—No. 17, Leipsic; 28 April, 1869; page 135. London: (Costa *geadelt*)."

You will find W. Sterndale Bennett pointed out, not only as a weak composer, but also as a weak conductor; and my opinion is, that Bennett is not worthy to undo the shoe-strings of Balfe. This is everybody's opinion in France, and you would do right to give publicity to it in your valuable paper.—I remain, Sir, yours truly,

A. PASDELOUP.

8, *Thurlow Square, Brompton,*
9th Nov, 1870.

We insert the above without hesitation. If this M. Pasdeloup be the M. Pasdeloup of the Cirque Napoléon, we are not astonished at the nonsense to which he has given utterance. As to Herr

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Chrysander, he presents only one more instance of the astounding ignorance of the majority of foreigners, Germans included, about musical matters in England. We thought that to surpass the ignorance of M. Fétis was impossible; but Herr Chrysander beats the laborious Belgian smatterer into fits. We shall be compelled at last to fall back upon M. Infelix Clement!—As for "everybody's opinion in France" upon English music, the worth of that may be best estimated by those who know that in France Hérold is placed above Auber, and Halévy close to Meyerbeer. Further than this, we make bold to say that the music of Sterndale Bennett (more shame to French amateurs!) is *utterly unknown* in France. We quite agree with M. Pasdeloup that "Bennett is not worthy to undo the shoe strings of Balfe;" but that he is worthy some better office may be gathered from a testimonial given to our illustrious musician by no less a man than Mendelssohn, more than a quarter of a century since, when Bennett was candidate for the Edinburgh University Musical Chair. Let M. Pasdeloup read this testimonial, and then go and join his brother Parisians in the Garde Mobile; for, to judge him by his letter, he would be likely to handle the chassepot more discreetly than he handles the *stylum* of a musical Aristarchus. Here is Mendelssohn's opinion of Bennett:—

"*Berlin, December* 17, 1848.

"My Dear Friend,—I hear that you have proclaimed yourself a candidate for the musical professorship at Edinburgh, and that a testimonial which I might send you could possibly be of use to you with the authorities at the University. Now, while I think of writing such a testimonial for you, I feel proud and ashamed at the same time—proud, because I think of all the honour you have done to your art, your country, and yourself, and because it is on such a brother artist that I am to give an opinion; and ashamed, because I have always followed your career, your compositions, your successes, with so true an interest, that I feel as if it was my own cause, and as if I was myself the candidate for such a place. But there is one point of view from which I might still be excused to give an opinion; while all good and true musicians are unanimous about the subject, perhaps the Council of the University might like to know what *we German* people think of you, how we consider you; and, then, I may tell them, that if the prejudice which formerly prevailed in this country against the musical talent of your country has now subsided, it is chiefly owing to you—to your compositions—to your personal residence in Germany. Your overtures, your concertos, your vocal and instrumental compositions are reckoned, by our best and severest authorities, among the first standard works of the present musical period. The public feel never tired in listening, while the musicians feel never tired of performing your compositions; and since they took root in the minds of true amateurs my countrymen became aware that music is the same in England as in Germany and everywhere; and so, by your successes here, you destroyed that prejudice which nobody could ever have destroyed but a true genius. This is a service you have done to English as well as German musicians, and I am sure that your countrymen will not acknowledge it less readily than mine have done. Shall I still add that the science in your works is as great as the thoughts are elegant and fanciful; that we consider your performance on the pianoforte as masterly as your conducting of an orchestra; and that all this is the general judgment of the musicians here, as well as my own personal, sincere opinion. Let me only add that I wish you success from my whole heart, and that I shall be truly happy to hear that you have met with it. Always yours sincerely and truly,

"Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

"To W. Sterndale Bennett, Esq."

We are aware that Richard Wagner, not Mendelssohn, is the Apollo after M. Pasdeloup's own heart; but in England there are not a few who think Wagner (to copy the phraseology of M. Pasdeloup) unworthy "to untie the shoe-strings of" Mendelssohn; and we rejoice to be among the number.

And yet, no:—on second thoughts, the whole thing is a joke. Either somebody has been mystifying M. Pasdeloup, or somebody has been forging M. Pasdeloup's signature. We very much doubt whether M. Pasdeloup ever heard a single note of Bennett's music. Certainly he has never introduced a note of it at his popular concerts in the Cirque; and, talking of "weak conductors," by the way, this is, perhaps, a good thing for Bennett and his music.

"Everybody's opinion in France" is delicious!—seeing that, as nobody in France knows anything about Bennett's music, there are no conceivable grounds upon which to build a French opinion. M Pasdeloup (if we are really dealing with the veritable M. Pasdeloup) had better get at once into a balloon, and, should chance favour his passage, help M. Gambetta to govern France, through the powerful agency of "hoax."

By the bye, may we politely ask M. Pasdeloup if he wears shoe-strings? We remember well, that poor, dear old Balfe (for whose memory we entertain as profound a respect as can possibly M. Pasdeloup) never did; and we are equally confident that W. S. Bennett doesn't. But, to conclude—after all this pother; what does it signify? The *Liverpool Porcupine* speaks of Balfe, as "the only British musician who has achieved a European reputation;" to which the Editor of the *Musical World*, in a foot-note, rejoins—"Nonsense! What of Sterndale Bennett?" No comparisons are made; and, indeed, under the circumstances, comparisons would be absurd. The two men moved in different spheres. Which of the two moved in the higher sphere is simply a matter of opinion.

ANOTHER GERMAN INVASION.

A CORRESPONDENT has been good enough to send us an advertisement, cut from the *Glasgow Herald*, having reference to certain projected concerts of the "Scottish Orchestral Society." This society, let us premise, has a very aristocratic air about it, being patronized by dukes, earls, lords, and ladies, to an extent which does one good to see. Its concerts, moreover, are on a large scale; an orchestra of fifty-two performers, and eminent solo vocalists and instrumentalists being engaged to produce the greatest works of the greatest masters. So far every music-lover has reason to rejoice in the existence of the "Scottish Orchestral Society," and to wish it length of days, with much prosperity. But one feature in connection with its doings is by no means so satisfactory. The letter of our correspondent states that for several years past orchestral concerts have been given by the Glasgow Abstainers' Union, at which about fifty native artists have had engagements peculiarly acceptable during the winter months. The scheme of the "Scottish Orchestral Society" is in opposition to these concerts; and, appalled by the formidable organization of their rivals, the "Abstainers," have abandoned the field. So far, well and good. If the "Scottish Orchestral Society" imagines it can do the work of concert-giving better than the Abstainers' Union, by all means let the trial be made. But—and here is the grievance—the society has gone to Germany for its orchestra, and brought over a little army of Teutonic fiddlers and trumpeters, who may be depended upon, henceforth, to make Glasgow their own. The result is that the fifty native artists, including such eminent performers as Messrs. Carrodus, Ratcliffe, and Howell, junr., are ousted from a legitimate position and sent adrift to do as they can, while the triumphant foreigner takes possession. Under certain circumstances we can easily imagine there would be no harm even in this. If, for example, the English players were bad and the Germans good, the former could not reasonably grumble. But where, as in this case, native talent is, to say the least, equal to that imported from abroad, preference for the latter is a very shabby and unpatriotic act. The Society's apologists may, perhaps, urge that the Germans being content with less remuneration, are a cheap lot. This is very likely to be true; but cheapness is not the highest good. A higher is secured, for instance, when the cultivation and enjoyment of art are associated with the encouragement of native ability, and the opening to it a prospect of adequate remuneration. The "Scottish Orchestral Society," looking with national thrift, to every "saxpence," prefers to get its enjoyment on the lowest possible terms, and if that which is cheap turn out to be also that which is nasty, we shall not grieve.

Thaddeus Egg.

Laibach.—Here, as elsewhere, the centenary of Beethoven's birth will be celebrated by a festival. A committee has been already formed of members of the Philharmonic Society to adopt and carry out the necessary arrangements. The festival is to last two days.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE world little knows, and perhaps does not sufficiently care, how many concerts are given in and about London on one single morning during the dog-days. Why the period supposed to be peculiarly favourable to the development of canine madness should also be the season *par excellence* of melomania, and whether any occult relations exist between hydrophobia and the passionate cultivation of the science of sweet sounds we will not nquire. But the fact is certain that the hottest day is nearly always one of the greatest concert-giving days of the year.

"IT is curious to reflect"—writes a correspondent—"how many works are now thought good enough for the Philharmonic which when they were first brought out were looked upon by the members of this association of musical conservatives as the productions either of clever heretics or of trivial fools. Rossini was regarded with horror, Meyerbeer with indignation, Auber (if they were consistent at all) with pity, Verdi with disgust. Yet each of these unfortunate composers has of late years been occasionally represented at the Philharmonic concerts. Times change, and the Philharmonic directors change with them. They have been going ahead, however, a little too fast, and it is a pleasure to have to warn them for once of their perilous impetuosity."

Under the heading of "Condition of Affairs at the Grand Opera," we read the following, in a New York paper:—

"The secession of MAX MARETZEK left the Operahouse without a musical director. Carlo Patti, who was engaged as first violinist and chorus master, is now conductor of the orchestra. Immediately after the fracas with Maretzek, M. Adolph Birgfeld was telegraphed for, and arrived a day or two later from Washington. On arriving at the Grand Operahouse he desired, as a preliminary to all business conferences, that he should be *paid half a week's salary which was due him from a former season.* This being arranged, M. Birgfeld *declined to have anything to do with opera-bouffe.*

Nothing could possibly be better.

WE must again direct attention, and that in the most conspicuous way, to the manner of observing the centenary of Beethoven's birth at the Crystal Palace. In all probability not a few of the great master's worshippers looked for, and would have been more pleased by, a pompous festival, like that which, next year, will do honour to Handel. We have no desire to underrate the importance and value of such a ceremony, nevertheless, we cherish a strong conviction that the Sydenham managers have chosen a better, because more useful, course, The concerts now being given every Saturday afford an almost complete exposition of Beethoven's genius as a writer of orchestral music. Their plan may not be without flaw, and we have already indicated the desirableness of performing the master's concertos according to the method under which his symphonies are given. But such imperfections, apart—they are but as spots on the sun—there can be no doubt of the unique interest and value belonging to a series of concerts which brings the sublime orchestral productions of Beethoven into one group, enabling us to see them, as it were at a glance, and to estimate their comparative worth, not less than to admire, as it should be admired, the colossal genius of the greatest among musicians.

THE destruction of the Theatre Royal at Dresden by fire gave rise, as our readers may remember, to two actions against the Magdeburg Fire Insurance Company. One was brought by the authorities of the Exchequer, who gained the day. The other was brought by the dignitaries known collectively as the Royal House Ministry, who had insured the scenery, furniture, etc., for thirty thousand thalers. Judgment has been delivered at Leipsic against the Ministry, who are, moreover, condemned to pay the costs. The decision was based upon Act 79 of the Laws of 1661. The judge certainly went far enough back for his authorities. We should not wonder if the Ministry thought he 'went a little too far."

CASSEL.—Herr Mannsfeldt, who will give a series of concerts this winter, with his band, in the Orangerieschloss, has concluded a three years' engagement to give concerts in St. Petersburgh. The engagement commences on the 15th of April, 1871.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the "Pall Mall Gazette" Nov.* 5.)

The director of the Monday Popular Concerts has issued his prospectus for the season 1870-1. Its contents are full of interest for musical amateurs. Remembering that the birth of Beethoven took place a century ago, Mr. Arthur Chappell has shaped his programmes in accordance with that fact; and, in the wish to pay due honour to the great composer, goes even beyond Mr. Manns and his spiritual adviser, "G." at the Crystal Palace. No Music but Beethoven's is to be introduced at any of the concerts before Christmas. Not only the instrumental but the vocal selections will be derived exclusively from that source. Happily, Beethoven's genius was inexhaustible; and what distinguishes him from all his predecessors, contemporaries, and followers is that no two of his works resemble each other in anything but in the excellence which more or less pervades them all. This applies just as emphatically to the "chamber" pieces—the quartets, trios, sonatas, &c.—as to the wonderful symphonies for orchestra.

That very much may be compressed within the limits of eight programmes, on the scale of those to which the public is accustomed at St. James's Hall, need hardly be said. Out of the seventeen string quartets, for instance, Mr. Chappell is enabled to promise the first ten; while to these he adds the two string quintets, the five pianoforte trios, and a goodly number of pianoforte sonatas, both solo and accompanied. The later quartets, including the (erroneously) so-called "Posthumous," are wisely kept apart for Herr Joachim, who comes after Christmas, and whose conception of those very extraordinary productions is as profound as his mastery of the technical difficulties they present is unparalleled.

Among the artists announced to perform at the first eight concerts is the accomplished lady-violinist, Mdme. Norman Neruda, who, in leading the earlier quartets of Beethoven a year since, showed no less proficiency than she had previously exhibited in the comparatively easier task of leading the quartets of Haydn and Mozart. When Mdme. Neruda does not play, Herr Ludwig Straus resigns the viola, of which he is so practised a master, to Signor Zerbini (who is by no means to be despised), Herr Straus himself taking the violin from the hands of the fair Scandinavian. So that the quartets will still be well cared for. Even more welcome is the announcement that Signor Piatti—*facile princeps*—is to hold the post of violoncellist at every concert, from now till April, 1871. The pianists before Christmas are Mr. Hallé, Herr Ernst Pauer, and Mdme. Arabella Goddard—each and all thoroughly well seasoned in the music of Beethoven. Herr Stockhausen, Mr. Sims Reeves, and (every one hopes) Miss Edith Wynne, are to be the singers.

The exclusively Beethoven programmes only count for the present year, 1870; and doubtless the 17th of December, the sublime tone poet's natal day, will bring with it special attractions. After Christmas—although, of course, Beethoven is to have his due share (which means that of the traditionary "lion")—Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Dussek, Mendelssohn, Weber, and others are to have their portion as of old. All we can suggest to Mr. Chappell, with a view to further enhancing the interest of his very interesting programmes, is a more diligent search into those rich stores of music, ancient and modern, by judicious selections from which the vocal department of his concerts might be made in some degree to rival the instrumental.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Beethoven contributions to this day's concert are the *Pastoral Symphony*, and the pianoforte concerto No. 2 (in B flat), to be played by Mr. Franklin Taylor. The overtures are *Die Zauberflöte* and *Masaniello*, each in its way a masterpiece. The singers are Mdlle. Pauline Castri (from the Paris Italian Opera—poor thing!), and Mr. Vernon Rigby.

COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS (SHAFTESBURY HALL).—At the last monthly term meeting, on Thursday, 3rd November, Mr. Alfred Carder read a paper on the "Present Position of the Native Artist;" and Mr. Alfred Molson read a paper on "Handel contrasted with Mendelssohn." An interesting selection of music was performed by members of the College, and the College choir, including selections from Handel and Mendelssohn; part songs, &c. Mrs. Mullen and Miss Haite presided at the pianoforte.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Monday a musical and literary entertainment was given in the Hall, recently erected at the Bow Railway Station, to a crowded audience. The artists were Miss Amy Weddle, pianist, and Messrs. E. J. Aming and W. F. Taunton. Miss Amy Weddle was enthusiastically encored in both her solos, as also in a duet (with her sister Bertha).

Mrs. John Macfarren gave a pianoforte vocal recital last Tuesday, November 8th, at the St. Barnabas School-rooms, Wandsworth Road, the performance being one of a series for the benefit of the schools and other charities of the district. The programme gave great delight to a large audience. Mrs. John Macfarren bowed her acknowledgments to the unanimous applause which greeted her playing of Brissac's Fantasia, "Scotia," and accepted the vociferous encore of Walter Macfarren's third Tarantella. Miss Jessie Royd contributed to the success of the evening by her bright and animated singing, and was called upon to repeat no less than three songs. She gave Mozart's "Vedrai carino" charmingly, and her rendering of G. A. Macfarren's ballad, "The Golden Heart," gave general satisfaction.

Brixton.—The Subscription Orchestral Concerts of the Amateur Musical Society, for nearly fourteen years so prominent a feature in the musical annals of this remote suburb, were resumed on the 2nd inst., under auspicious circumstances. A gaily-dressed assemblage filled the elegant building (Gresham Road), in which the concerts are held, and an admirably-arranged programme appeared to give unqualified gratification. The orchestra, now more than 40 strong, contributed the "Italian Symphony" of Mendelssohn, the overture to *Der Freischütz*, the "Grand March" from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and a selection from *La Figlia del Reggimento*, each being rendered with care and accuracy. The symphony in particular was played with a refinement seldom observable in the efforts of amateurs. The programme also included De Beriot's First Violin Concerto, with orchestral accompaniment, played very creditably by Master Parker, a promising pupil of the eminent conductor, Mr. H. Weist Hill. The vocalists were Miss Banks, who sang "La Gitana" (E. Land), and "The faithful Echo" (Ganz), both charmingly, and in response to an encore of the latter, the Scotch ballad, "There's nae luck;" Mr. E. Cotte, who succeeded fairly in the "Cujus Animam," and two of Dibdin's old ballads; and Mr. Rotton, who gave Schubert's "Wanderer," and a *scena* by Mr. Barnett, both effectively. Mr. John Harrison was the piano accompanist, as of yore.—W. H. P.

Lecture Hall, Deptford.—A concert was given on Monday last for the benefit of Mr. Leonard Walker who has good reason to be satisfied with the result. Mr. Walker was assisted by Madame Marie Stocken, Messrs. H. Lewis, Lloyd, Gordon Hall, Clements, and Miss Marion. Madame Stocken sang "The faithful Echo" by Ganz with so much brilliancy that an encore was the result. She also sang "I know a song" by Benedict, with a like result. Miss Marion, who made her first appearance, sang "The Weaver" by Kate L. Ward, and was encored. This young lady, a pupil of Mr. Walker, possesses a good contralto voice, and with further study will be an acquisition to the concert room. Mr. Walker sang "Largo al Factotum" (encored, substituting "Non piu andrai"), "Miei Rampolli" (encored), the "Trobadour" with Madame Stocken and Miss Marion, and Fionanelli's "Singing Lesson" with Madame Stocken. The last was rendered with so much humour that an uproarious encore was the result. Dr. and Messrs. Lloyd and A. Lloyd (amateurs) sang "I Naviganti" remarkably well; Dr. Lloyd also sang "La donna e mobile" efficiently, and Mr. A. Lloyd gave "The Knight's Vigil." Mr. Hall's rendering of "The Thorn" was much admired and encored; Mr. Owen sang "Her charming smile" and "Speed on, my Bark;" Mr. W. C. Clements gave a reading of "The Raven," by Poe, with great feeling, and his imitations of various actors were very clever; the latter he had to repeat. The Lela Dramatic Club performed the second scene from Mr. Morton Killick's *Don Quixote*, causing great amusement. Mr. H. V. Lewis contributed two solos on the piano, and accompanied the vocal music efficiently.

The Presbyterian Synod, after a stormy meeting lately, voted in favour of allowing organs to be used in their churches. One old Scotch clergyman said: "He should rather expect the blessing of God in connection with the use of bagpipes."

Vienna.—M. Offenbach is shortly expected. It is confidently asserted that he intends settling here altogether, and establishing a theatre on the model of the Bouffes Parisiens. As he could not obtain, it is said, the Theater an der Wien, he intends erecting a new theatre on purpose.—Herr Proch has had the Franz-Joseph Order bestowed on him. After being a *Capellmeister* at the Imperial Operahouse for more than thirty years, he has left that establishment to take the direction of the orchestra at the Burg-Theater.

THE DECLINE OF ITALIAN OPERA.

(*From the "New York Evening Post."*)

The last season of Italian opera really worthy of the name given in this city, was that under Maretzek, at the Academy of Music a few years ago, when Zucchi, Sulzer, Mazzoleni and Bellini were in the *troupe*. This brilliant campaign recalled to mind the days of Grisi and Mario, of Bosio and Steffanone, and of Salvi and Marini. At the Astor Place Operahouse and at Castle Garden there were performances which have never since been surpassed. It is true that we have had since then individual representations of striking merit. Madame Lagrange has shown her superb lyric talent, and Miss Kellogg has delighted us with personations which possessed an ineffable charm; but for a thoroughly well-appointed opera *troupe* the memory will have to go back a long number of years.

It is worthy of note that the records of Italian opera in London show a similar experience. Italian opera there is now simply a setting for one or two "stars," and when they—or she, for of late Mdlle. Nilsson has proved the only available attraction—were absent from the scene the house was deserted. Next season opera will be given at only one of the London theatres, instead of at two as heretofore.

The theory advanced by the London critics to account for the decline of Italian opera is, that the rich old families which hitherto supported it no longer take an interest in this fascinating amusement, while the *nouveaux riches* and the middle classes, without the musical culture which would lead them to love music for its own sake, can only be attracted by some noted name. Why the "old families" have lost their love for opera the critics do not attempt to explain. So ancient philosophers were once content to say that the earth rested on the back of an enormous turtle, without speculating as to the support of the latter.

An experienced operatic *impresario* in this city lately said that the opera *troupes* which shed such lustre on the past annals of the lyric stage in this country would cost three to four times as much now as they did in years gone by; and even were the funds forthcoming they could not be engaged, for the simple reason that such great artists no longer exist. This is decidedly a gloomy view to take of the matter, but it emanates from one who speaks with authority. Indeed, between the lack of singers, the spread of the pernicious star system, and the indifference of the public, it may well be feared that opera of all kinds—for England herself cannot even support one regular English opera *troupe*—will soon be numbered among the lost arts.

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PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—The *Guardian* says:—

"On Friday Messrs. R. Potts & Co. enabled a fashionable audience to enjoy a violin and pianoforte recital by Mdme. Norman-Neruda and Mr. Charles Hallé. The programme included Grand Sonata (pianoforte) in G, Op. 29. No. 1—Beethoven; Fantasia Chromatica and Fugue—Bach; Adagio and Rondo, in B flat—Dussek; and Grand Sonata, piano and violin, in E flat—Beethoven. We need not dwell upon the finished way in which this programme was gone through. The arrangements of the concert were admirably carried out.

KEIGHLEY.—The subjoined is from the *Keighley News* of November 5th:—

"A grand concert was given, in the hall of the new Mechanics' Institute, by the members of the Anemoic Union, under the direction of Mr. Lazarus. The members of the Union were supported by Mdme. Thaddeus Wells and Mrs. Lincey-Nalton, vocalists. The instrumental performers were Messrs. Nicholson (flute), Lazarus (clarionet), Barret (oboe), T. E. Mann (horn), and J. F. Hutchings. The entertainment was very successful. There was a large audience.

DUBLIN.—In the *Irish Times* of November 9th we read as subjoined:—

"At the fashionable morning concert of the Misses Glover, under the patronage of the Countess Spencer, the following was the programme:—Selections from Professor Glover's Cantata, *Tara*—Herald's March, Druid's Song. Scena, 'David before Saul,' Bordese. Solo harp—Irish Airs, J. W. Glover. Duet, 'Io Vivo e Tamo,' Campana. Concerto—Pianoforte, Mendelssohn. Part II.—Scena, 'Don Basilio,' *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, Rossini. Duet—Harp and Piano, *Traviata*, E. Glover. Ballad, 'My mother bids me bind my hair,' Haydn. Canzonetta, 'La Bella Sorentina,' Nauman. Finale—Galop, 'Skedaddle,' J. W. Glover."

BRECON.—We learn the following from the *Brecon County Times*:—

"A concert was given here on the 6th of October, at which Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Jno. Williams, and Mr. Brandon appeared, assisted by Mr. Frost, harpist, and Mr. Lawrence, accompanist. The appearance of Miss Wynne created great interest; and in 'Angels ever bright and fair,' she confirmed her high reputation. The rendering of 'Comfort ye,' and 'Every valley,' by Mr. Jno. Williams, exhibited careful training, the first being given with great expression. Mr. Brandon sang Gounod's 'Nazareth' in admirable style. A special feature was the duet from *William Tell*, 'Tutto apprendi,' in which the high C was given with clearness and apparent ease by Mr. Jno. Williams. Mr. Frost contributed three pieces, one of which, 'Sounds from Home,' (by Aptommas) was loudly encored; and Miss Wynne's 'Bells of Aberdovey,' shared a similar fate. 'The Ash Grove,' given by Mr. Williams, also elicted an encore. The concert was one of the best given in Brecon for some years."

MALVERN.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The Philharmonic, a society, formed out of the materials of the old Choral Society, gave their first concert on Monday, at Mr. Haynes' Concert Hall. The programme opened with a selection from *Macbeth*; the choruses being evenly rendered, and the bass solos taken by Mr. J. R. Inglis, who sung with efficiency. Several glees were well rendered by members and friends of the society. The Rev. A. Sewell conducted, and also favoured the audience with several solos, which he sang with spirit. The orchestra comprised the well-known violinist, Mr. F. Spray; Messrs. Elgar Brothers, violinists; and Mr. Brooks (contra basso), of Worcester. Mr. T. Lockett, of Malvern, also gave his valuable aid as violinist, as did Mr. P. Norris, the 'cellist. Miss and Master Newth, of Worcester, took part in the concert; the latter singing some solos with much taste. Since the formation of the society in January last, the *Messiah* and *Macbeth* have been regularly rehearsed, and the society intend, at their next concert, to give selections from the former work.

"On Friday evening 'The Anemoic Union,' under the direction of the great clarionetist, Mr. Lazarus, with Madame Thaddeus Wells (vocalist) and Mr. W. Shakespeare (pianist), gave a successful concert at Mr. W. Haynes' Concert Hall. The performances were listened to with attention by a large and fashionable audience. 'Gratias Agimus,' sung with much sweetness, and effectively accompanied by the clarionet *obbligato* of Mr. Lazarus, was deservedly encored; as was also the old English song, 'Come, Lasses and Lads.' For the latter, the lady vocalist substituted 'Comin' thro' the Rye,' which was not rendered so effectively as the romance, 'When the gentle eve' (Weber), or the aria, with flute *obbligato* by Mr. Nicholson, 'La Favourite' (Tulou). The quartet from *Naaman* gave each of the instrumentalists—Messrs. Nicholson (flute), Barret (oboe), Lazarus (clarionet), T. E. Mann (horn), and Hutchins (bassoon)—full scope to display their powers, and their playing was much admired. The pianoforte solo, *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso*, by Mendelssohn, was executed with taste and cleverness, which elicited loud applause. The audience were apparently highly delighted; and it is hoped that Mr. Haynes will, ere long, again provide so excellent a concert. The Tyrolese Singers are announced to perform here on Saturday and Monday next."

MANCHESTER.—*Apropos* of the last Gentlemen's Concert the *Examiner and Times* has the following:—

"The first overture, *Fidelio*, is a work, which invariably delights all, at least when played as it was last night. Schumann's B flat Symphony may still be considered a novelty in Manchester, but as the first important orchestral work of a company whose claims have been so hotly contested, it will always have special interest. The work generally is not characterized by original thought and an abundant flow of charming melody, but the construction is not so complicated as in some of the later works of this composer. The first movement well sustains the tone of triumphant majesty with which it opens, and we remember no work of Schumann in which the gloom and mysteriousness which so often prevail in orchestral compositions is so rarely felt. The last movement, for the most part, is buoyant and exuberant; it is a decided reminder of a musical subject not generally considered classical. Mr. Horton Allison, the solo pianist of the evening, is a local artist of whose pianoforte recitals we have more than once had occasion to speak favourably. His selection of Mendelssohn's Serenade, &c., was judicious, for although it is familiar to a Manchester audience by irreproachable performances, it is, nevertheless, well calculated for the display of Mr. Allison's best powers, and his neatness, fluent execution, and crisp touch were very much admired."

WEYMOUTH.—The following is abridged from the *Southern Times* of October 29:—

"The effort made by Herr Van Heddeghem to introduce into Weymouth a taste for music of a high standard had not so prosperous a commencement as the object deserved. The first concert at the Royal Hotel, on Thursday evening last, was not well attended. We trust, however, that the discouraging outset will not induce an abandonment of the enterprise. The public have been too long accustomed to meretricious amusement in the shape of music to be suddenly convinced of the error of their ways, and they must undergo an education in the pure and true school of music before they can be induced to adjure the abominations of 'Bones and the Banjo.' We believe there is in every community a sufficient number of those whose souls are attuned to sweet sounds of a sterling kind, and we venture to hope that if Herr Van Heddeghem will only persevere he will in time wean the Weymouthians from the worship of "false gods," and bring them over to a liking for what is the real truth in the faith of music. Those who were absent on Thursday were deprived of, and those who were present enjoyed, a treat of no ordinary character. The concerted pieces played by Herr Van Heddeghem (violin), Mr. Corri (violoncello), and Mr. Thorne (piano) were in themselves an evening's enjoyment. These were a trio by Hummel, Gounod's 'Meditation' on Bach's first prelude, one of Beethoven's trios, a concerto by Spohr, Beethoven's sonata in E flat, by Van Heddeghem and Mr. Thorne. Some glees were excellently sung by Messrs. Board, Pretty, Rogers, and Crocker."

GOOD MEN OF THE STAGE.

There are certain received types of human character which, on the stage, are invariably arrayed on the side of virtue. We do not mean that their virtue is neccessarily of the most rigorous kind. They may indulge in a sort of vague libertinage with regard to the fair sex; they may be somewhat given to drink; and, as paymasters, they may be bad in the extreme. But they would become living contradictions if they were vindictive, malicious, mean, or oppressive. However deeply they may get into debt, they must never be fraudulent; and, though they may rudely salute every woman who crosses their path, they must never seduce.

At the head of the virtuous persons, representing a somewhat vague code of ethics, we should certainly place the Irish peasant; and if he is also a rebel this is rather a feather in his cap. Outside the walls of a theatre, the English, as a rule, are not particularly enamoured of Milesian insurgency; nor can Fenianism be considered popular beyond its own sphere. Nevertheless, the most loyal Cockney seated in the pit hopes, from the bottom of his soul, that the rebellious Irish peasant will be able to outwit his persecutors, the redcoats; nor is any grief occasioned if these are massacred to a man. A century ago, when Hibernian insurrections were unknown to the stage, the Irishman was welcome as a funny fellow, with his heart in the right place, whose taste for whisky found sympathizers among the gin-drinkers of the gallery, and who flourished his shillelagh with a dexterity that appeared miraculous to a people not acquainted with any weapon but the fist, and who, when he knocked down his friend, performed the feat with the utmost good-humour. Thus firmly established as a theatrical "pet," he could not lose his

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popularity through a little twist in his politics, which, while it endows him with a risky sort of patriotism, does not in the least alter the essential attributes which belonged to him when he was one of the harmless Teagues and Paddies of another day. He is still the friend of the oppressed, he still talks a brogue which is perfectly intelligible to the populace of London (sorely puzzled when Mr. Tom Taylor tries to make them familiar with the language of Cumberland), and he never saves his money. A stage Irishman who steadily keeps an account at a post-office savings bank would be a mere abomination, whereas a British workman displaying his prudence in the same manner would be applauded for his economy and self-denial. Some of the audiences present at the performance of dramas founded on Irish rebellion must have been rather puzzled by the appearance of the Irish spy who looks something like a *contradictio in adjecto*. But the utmost is done to relieve their embarrassment. They are made to see that he is not intended for the Milesian proper, and he always has at his side a dazzling peasant of the right sort who throws him as much as possible into the shade.

Less fortunate than the Irishman are two other "pets," the British sailor and the semi-sentimental country lad. While the first has stood an incalculable amount of wear and tear and is still fresh as ever, the other two, though morally approved, have like many other worthy folks, laid themselves open to a charge of "boredom." Still both are necessarily good. It is the duty of the British sailor to rescue females in distress and to fling his quid into the eye of the dishonest lawyer or broker, and he, too, has the virtue of never saving his money. It is sad for him that he and the clown have lost their joint monopoly of the hornpipe, and that this is now one of the favourite dances with those young ladies in glistening tunics who so highly season our burlesques; for he thus not only loses one of his distinctive marks, but he comes into unequal competition with the fair sex. The fact is, his popularity was in a great measure the result of the brilliant naval victories that distinguished this country during the revolutionary wars, and would probably be as great as ever were national enthusiasm again aroused by similar means. Congreve, who wrote *Love for Love* when the navy was less conspicuous, made his sailor Ben a mere vulgar brute, without more claim to sympathy than the rest of his very unsympathetic *dramatis personæ*.

The country boy may still command admiration when he defends the honour of his sister against the base attempts of an aristocratic libertine: for there is still a popular superstition to the effect that all young females of the humbler class, especially those born in the provinces, are in the first instance of unblemished virtue, and that the whole of the "unfortunates" who miserably promenade the streets, or grandly canter in Rotten Row, would have been the wives of goood, honest, hard working men had it not been for the villany of some seducer, high of birth, or at least rich of pocket. But the country boy's flowered waistcoat has faded, and if still worn, has an obsolete look; and though he may yet assert his right to look a lord in the face, it is felt that he is no longer a proper representative of democracy, and that this is rather to be sought under the fustian jacket than under the smock frock. The old country lad was a poor relation of the porcelain shepherd, and we do not believe in the phases of humanity recorded by Dresden china.

In ordinary well-fitted English theatres, with the exception of the very few which may be considered exclusively fashionable, the majority of the audience is necessarily of the lower class; and to the lower class the "good men" above described unquestionably belong. We may therefore lay it down as a general principle that the sympathies of the theatrical public are essentially democratic. But let a plot be pushed back to the time of our own Civil Wars, and an exceptional case immediately arises. The Cavalier, aristocratic though he be, is admired; the Puritan, with all his democracy, is detested. However sound the politics of the latter, he is armed to the teeth against the "amusements of the people," and is therefore an offensive or ridiculous object to people taking their amusement. The theatrical and anti-theatrical factions are arrayed against each other, and the democrat of the gallery feels that if he is a Republican he is still more a man who loves to "enjoy himself," and, for the nonce, the link is broken which connects him with his Nonconforming neighbour, though they will both poll for the same candidate on the occasion of the next election.

MUSIC A MEANS OF CULTURE.

By J. S. Dwight.

(*Continued from page* 720.)

Think what unconscious culture, what refining influence, the people of a city might breathe in with the common breath of life from concerts in the open air, from military bands, and, better still, from civic bands, if only our king and lord, the people aforesaid, in its corporate capacity, would make enlightened provision for these things, and institute a competent commission, or commissioner, a "Philostrate, master of the revels," of real taste and judgment to see to it that the bands be good ones, the programmes of a kind to elevate and civilize, and not demoralize by brutal bray of everlasting brass; and that the *répertoire* be made up of models of enduring beauty, instead of specimens of every foolish reigning fashion in its turn. Such an office should be of high honour, of careful appointment, and safe tenure, like a judgship.

Think what revival of the best enthusiasm, what enriching of the inner man's resources, what a lift to thought and feeling, may be given, has been given, by great festivals of music, and even "great jubilees," could their ambition be a little sobered, and all the clap-trap and extravagance left out.

Think, above all, how much of the best kind of culture, though it be undefinable, undemonstrative, a silent absorption, as it were, through all the pores and into every finest spiritual fibre, may be found in the stated series of concerts of the highest order, where to listen well is to take part, and where every person present both in body and in soul "assists," in the French sense of the word. All that is necessary to this is, that, besides rich material, there shall be a pure, artistic *spirit*, pervading the whole concert; the programme ought to be an art-work in itself, with nothing miscellaneous about it, it being not enough that it should contain fine things; it should contain them so placed that they shall not jostle one another, each obliterating the impression of the last, and that their spell shall not be broken by bringing them into incongruous company with things of so irreconcilable spirit that one can carry home no clear impression of the concert as a whole.

But of the good influence of music in the more popular and public way the half is not told, so long as we have not hinted how much fitly chosen music may do, has done, though too seldom, as an element in public celebrations of great events in human progress, in commemorations of great men, or in aid of noble charities. On such occasions its chief efficiency depends upon significant, appropriate selections to be played or sung; upon the close affinity or correspondence of each strain of music, both with the spirit of the hour and with whatever spoken thought or ceremony it may prepare or follow; in a word, upon a certain artistic unity of programme, of which it catches by quick sympathy the key-note, dictates in some way the order, moulds all into symmetry, tenderly guards throughout the unbroken continuity of meaning, and serves as frame and background to the whole. She, Music, should be called in at the first inchoation of the plot as the most sympathetic, subtly appreciative, suggestive *confidante;* and when it comes to the fulfilment, her's is the part of chief interpreter, as well as of disposer of all minds to the right mood of expectation and the right impression after. Commonly we do quite differently. We call in music upon such occasions, not as an equal, a coworking intelligence, but rather as king's jester, to supply a little idle recreation in the pauses. We employ a band of instruments, mostly military, to discourse loud polkas, pot-pourris from operas, or what not, selected without rhyme or reason, and so rudely break the spell and rob the hour of character and meaning. Art would reform this. Art knows nothing miscellaneous.

We are not quite without examples of the better way; our Boston Music Hall, within a few years, has been witness of a few which might be followed. Who that was present will forget that welcome to our noble Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation on that first of January, when Emerson first read his thrilling "Boston Hymn" of liberty and justice; and when music, furnishing first the dark prelude, in allusion to the days of bondage and of hope deferred, through the overture to *Egmont* and that exciting number from "The Hymn of Praise," in which to the anxiously repeated question, "Will the night soon pass?" the clear soprano, like a stream of sunshine, startles with the cry, "The night is departing!" and the glorious *crescendo* of the chorus floods the world with light and carries all before it in a blaze of high-pitched harmony and trumpets,—then proceeded in the lofty vein of heroism and of holy triumph, by making heard, in such significant connection (not to name all), the glorious Fifth Symphony of Beethoven; the chorus from *Elijah*, full of comfort to the long suffering, "He watching over Israel;" Handel's sublime Hallelujah; and finally the patriotic "sun-burst" of the Overture to *William Tell?*

Think, too, of the part that music bore the day we listened to the eulogy of our good Governor. How the organ whispered peace in those sweet strains of the concluding chorus, sung at tht tomb of the Saviour, of Bach's *Passion Music;* and how the mournful effect of that grandest expression of a people's grief, bereft of a true hero, the Funeral March from Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, was tempered by the chorus, full of comfort, from *St. Paul*, "Happy and blest are they who have endured;" then by the heavenly *andante*, reassuring and uplifting, from the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, and then, to sum up all in one grand lesson, the strong, confiding choral, harmonized by Bach, "What God does, surely is well done!"

Think, too, how music lent new meaning and new beauty to that commemoration, of a great man of science, when our Agassiz paid noble tribute to the life and labours of his great friend and teacher, Humboldt; how the music and the spoken word shed light upon each other, how Mozart's chorus of the Priests of Isis sung of the consecration of the noble youth to Truth, wherever she might lead him, and how the wondrous overture to *The Magic Flute*, and the first movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, by their fascinating hint of the perpetual pursuit of unity, through all the labyrinthine windings of variety, fitly prepared and followed discourse of which that was the very theme.

Now out of all these ways of popular exposure to the influence of good music, as well as from private, even solitary communion with its master spirit, comes much valuable culture, not in the sense of musical or any other knowledge, technical and special; not a direct conscious culture, as such, of the memory or of the reasoning faculties, not scholarship, perhaps, nor ease and elegance of manners nor address, not force of will nor quickness of decision; but, nevertheless, a culture moulding us insensibly, a sort of atmospheric culture, weighing gently upon each and all, like wholesome air, expanding the chest, warming the heart, putting the nerves in tune, disposing to unconscious courtesy and kindness, prompting each to fill his place cheerfully and

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unobstructively, forgetting self in the harmonious whole, weaving a sympathetic bond, making us all feel like happy, trustful children free and not afraid

We may learn something from our German fellow-citizens in illustration of this important chapter in the art of life. We, as a people, seem somehow to have lacked this art. We court prosperity like anxious bond-slaves, fearing to call a moment of our lives our own, fearing to *live*, in our unceasing, feverish pursuit of the mere means of living. We are enterprising to a fault, we go ahead faster than others, but it is by a centaur-like contrivance, letting a large part of our real vital, human self run down into the lower animal or the machine that carries us. Why, O "live Yankee," O proud Westerner, why waste your life in rivalling a steam-engine? Man makes himself a mere machine for generating or accumulating power, and all for what? And with what a solemn, sanctimonious, lean, hard-favoured way he does it often. With what a quasi-religious and self-righteous tone he quotes his business maxims. How he amalgamates unworldly orthodoxy with the most secular showman's cant in the advertising of his wares. How he practically confounds religion with his own self-love, as generalized into prudential maxims.

We esteem ourselves the freest people on this planet; yet we have perhaps as little real freedom as any other; for we are the slaves of our own feverish enterprise, and of a barren theory of discipline, which would fain make us virtuous to a fault through abstinence from very life. We are afraid to give ourselves up to the free and happy instincts of our nature. All that is not pursuit of advancement of some good, conventional, approved way of business or politics, or fashion, or intellectual reputation, or professed religion, we count waste. We lack *geniality*; nor do we, as a people, understand the meaning of the word. We ought to learn it practically of our Germans. It comes of the same root with the word *genius*. Genius is the spontaneous principle; it is free and happy in its work; it is artist and not drudge; its whole activity is reconciliation of the heartiest pleasure with the purest loyalty to conscience, with the most holy, universal, and desinterested ends. Genius, as Beethoven gloriously illustrates in his Choral Symphony (indeed, in all his symphonies), finds the key-note and solution of the problem of the highest state in "Joy," taking his text from Schiller's Hymn. Now all may not be geniuses, in the sense that we call Shakspere, Mozart, Raphael, men of genius. but all should be partakers of this spontaneous, free, and happy method of genius; all should live childlike, genial lives, and not wear all the time the consequential livery of their unrelaxing business, nor the badge of party and profession in every line and feature of their faces.

The genial, childlike faculty of social enjoyment, this happy art of life, is just what our countrymen may learn from the social "Liedertafel" and the summer singing-festivals of which the Germans are so fond. There is no element of national character which we so much need; and there is no class of citizens whom we should be more glad to adopt and own than those who set us such examples. So far as it is a matter of culture, it is through Art chiefly that the desiderated genial era must be ushered in. The Germans have the sentiment of art, the feeling of the beautiful in art, and consequently in nature, more developed than we have. Above all, music offers itself as the most available, most popular, most influential of the fine arts,—music, which is the art and language of the feelings, the sentiments, the spiritual instincts of the soul, and so becomes a universal language, tending to unite and blend and harmonize all who may come within its sphere.

WAIFS.

The only organ without stops is a gossip's tongue.

Madame Anna Bishop is engaged in writing her Memoirs.

Tuneful Lyre—the music-teacher who broke his engagement.

Miss Anna Mehlig has been made an honorary member of the N. Y Philharmonic Society.

Another refugee, and another musical celebrity, is in London—Signor Camillo Sivori, the violinist.

What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? —*One stops the nose*, and the other *knows the stops*.

A correspondent, who signs himself "Anteater," asks us what has become of "Mr. A. S. Sullivan's brilliant and characteristic overture to *Marmion*."

"De conkrekation vill pleeshe to sing the von dousanth and two'th psalm," said a Dutch parson (in Canada) as he gave out the morning hymn.—"There are not so many in the book," responded the chorister.—"Vell, den, pleeshe sing so many as tare pe."

We read in the *New York Herald* of October 24th that the professional friends of Mr. Howard Glover, the celebrated English composer, librettist, and musical critic, are about to tender him a complimentary benefit. Mr. Howard Glover is the author of several successful English operas and other large musical works; while as a critic his invariable advocacy of the highest order of art is as well known here, where he has resided for some time, as it is in England. Mr. Howard Glover's claims to public sympathy and support are unquestionable, and we trust the forthcoming benefit may prove a substantial success.

Mdlle. Marie Krebs, well known in this country, has been earning golden opinions by her pianoforte performances at the concerts of Christine Nilsson in New York. She seems to have completely eclipsed both Mdlle. Alide Topp and Mdlle. Anna Mehlig—and no wonder, if there be judges of "pianism" in the States.

Mrs. Francis Talfourd is again actively engaged in organising a concert for the benefit of the "Alexandra Homes," Margate. Mrs. Talfourd has already obtained, by the same means, aid to the amount of £100 for this excellent charity, and more than that amount for other charities, in whose welfare the sympathy of this esteemed lady is enlisted.

The *N. Y. World* says that the National anthem, with the cannon accentuation of the Jubilee, may be rendered thus:

'Tis the star-spangled *boom* banner,
O long may it *smash* wave,
O'er the land of the *bang* free,
And the home of the *rip* brave.

Mr. J. C. Hammond recently presented an organ to the Congregational Church of Sheffield, Connecticut. At its dedication the following astonishing verse was sung by a full congregation:—

Praise be to Him who lives above;
He shows His kindness and His love;
Uses mankind His word to preach,
Reached forth His hand—touched J. C. H.;
Caused him to give, in willing mood,
His organ to the friends of God.

The clever little xylophonist, Master Bonnay, was once to have played a solo on the instrument of his adoption; but, Master Bonnay being prevented by illness, M. Faure, as if in deprecation of that new-fangled invention, sang the air from *Joconde*, "Mais on revient toujours à ses premiers amours." Certainly there are few instruments to which we would not gladly return after hearing the xylophone. Nevertheless, Master Bonnay was a distinguished *virtuoso* in his way, and we can bear witness to the fact that by tapping with two pieces of wood on several other pieces of wood he succeeded, at other concerts, in rousing the audience to something like enthusiasm.

Birth of Hymns.—The *Chicago Advance* treats thus of "The Birth of Hymns:"

"Of all Watts' hymns we can trace the origin of very few. And yet he was clearly one whose lyrics were the outgrowth of his life. After his rejection by the beautiful but capricious, if not coquettish Miss Linger, who told him that she loved the jewel but could not admire the casket, he uttered his resignation and heavenly consolation in the hymn:—

'How vain are all things here below!'

in which, among other manifest allusions, occur the lines:—

'The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense.'"

Extensive alterations have been carried out at Christ Church, Oxford, during the long vacation. The interior of the Cathedral has been in great part restored, notably the east end, where two Norman windows, as near reproductions of the originals as possible, have replaced the former Gothic window. The screen separating the Latten Chapel from the choir and northern transept has been removed—by which the Norman pillars are seen to great advantage. It is proposed to restore the exterior when funds are forthcoming. Mr. Gilbert Scott, R.A., is the architect. The Cathedral is now open. The walls of Tom Quad, which, in some places, showed signs of decay, have been renewed with fresh stone; while the common room, treasurer's office, &c., under the hall, have also undergone repairs.

The Lyons papers tell a good story. The bed-chambers of two wealthy gentlemen, are adjacent, and thin partitions divide them. One tenant spends his nights at his club-house, never returning before half-past five in the morning. His neighbour rises at six, and sits down at once to his piano, which he does not quit until dinner. The former complained to the Commissary of Police, who laughed in his face, and told him to keep better hours. As he had a lease for six years he could not change his apartment. He thought of sending a challenge to his neighbour; his neighbour was paralyzed in his lower limbs. He had his walls lined with thick hair mattresses; still "sharps" penetrated into his room. He made his servants take a hammer and rap against the wall. His neighbour waited until he was tired, and then began to play. He then brought a large hand-organ which was sadly out of tune, and had a turnspit, which would turn eight days without being wound up, fitted to the organ. The turnspit was put in motion, after it and the organ had been placed next the chamber-wall. The piano-player bore the organ for nineteen hours; at the end of that time he sent a letter of truce. He was told the club-hunter had gone out of town, and wouldn't be back for a week. The pianist sold his lease. The organ is still going!

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"Mdlle. Christine Nilsson," say the *New York Herald* of Oct. 24, "was received by the public of the other cities in which she sang with the same enthusiasm and delight as by the people of New York. Many croaked ominously over the magnitude of Strakosch's enterprise, and wrote Jeremiads on it as a financial failure. They also hinted mysteriously at some wonderful critic who was lying somewhere in the provinces with some magic compound of musical chemistry which, when applied to Nilsson's voice, should leave the Swedish nightingale tuneless forever. This prestidigitateur of the press was to discover some alarming quality in her voice which escaped the vigilance and critical acumen of Paris, London, and New York. But they were disappointed. Nilsson sang in Philadelphia and Baltimore to houses rivalling those of New York. She appears at Steinway Hall this and Wednesday evenings, and at a matinée on Saturday. The *troupe* remains the same :—Miss Cary, Brignoli, Vieuxtemps, and Verger, with the addition of Mdlle. Marie Krebs, a young pianist lately arrived from Europe, and one of whom the press there universally speak in very high terms."

Charge of the Dress Brigade.

(*For music—copyright not reserved.*)

Half a league, half a league, half a league rearward,
Right through the mire and dirt,
Much to its beauty hurt,
Dragged the rich silken skirt,
Half a league rearward.

Half a peck, half a peck, half a peck fully—
Hirsute and woolly,
Into the liquid air—
Rose up the pile of hair,
From other heads sundered.
Nobly astraddle it,
Rode the brave bonnet—
Rode, though it wondered.
Curls to the right of it,
Curls to the left of it,
Curls to the rear of it,
Curls that were plundered.

What though men shout, "Oh, fie!
Fortune you have squandered;"
Their's not to make reply,
Their's but to dress or die—
"Charge!" in the shop they cry,
"Charge by the hundred."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

LAMBORN COCK & Co.—"Go, lovely Rose," and "Still the Angel Stars are Shining," four-part songs, by Charles Gardner.

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Published by William Duncan Davison at the Office, 244, Regent Street.—Saturday, Nov. 12th, 1870.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will PLAY at this day's Concert.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY

CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Beethoven's Symphony in A (No. 7), and Pianoforte Concerto, E flat (No. 5), Overtures, "Alfonso and Estrella" (Schubert), and "Abu Hassan" (Weber). Mdlle. Leon-Duval (of the Italian Opera, first appearance), Mr. Nordblom. Solo Pianoforte, Mdme. Arabella Goddard. Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Admission, half-a-crown; stalls, half-a-crown.

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MONDAY NEXT, November 21, BELLINI'S opera, "NORMA," Pollione, Signor Fancelli; Oroveso, Signor Antonucci; Flavio, Mr. W. Morgan; Clotilda, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Adalgisa, Mdlle. Sinico; and Norma by Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MDLLE. SESSI.

TUESDAY NEXT, November 22, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Fancelli; Henrico Aston, Signor Cotogni; Arturo, Signor Rinaldini; Raimondo, Signor Antonucci; Normanno, Signor Casaboni; Alice, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Lucia, Mdlle. Sessi (her first appearnce this season).

THURSDAY NEXT, November 24th, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO." Tonto, Signor Gardoni; Sergente Sulpizio, Signor Ciampi; and Maria, by Mdlle. Sessi (her only appearance in that character). To be followed by Two Acts of Auber's Opera, "MASANIELLO," Masaniello, Signor Fancelli, Fenella, Mdlle. Blanche Ricois.

FRIDAY MORNING NEXT, November 25th (commencing at two o'clock). Meyerbeer's grand Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." (See special advertisements.)

SATURDAY EVENING, November 26 (second time at the Royal Italian Opera), ROSSINI'S Opera, "SEMIRAMIDE." Idreno, Signor Bettini; Assur, Signor Foli; Oroe, Signor Antonucci; Arsace, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Semiramide, by Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

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INDIVIDUALITY AND SCHOOL.*

(*Continued from page* 741.)

In this manner, the two branches of musical art took up their positions, at a very early period, in bold contrast opposite each other. The young worldly thing, like a high-spirited foal, broke through the hedge which surrounded it, and sought subsistence in the great flowery meads, under God's beautiful blue heaven, with the beaming sun and the twinkling stars, while its mother in vain called it back again to the carefully enclosed pasture. The fruitless summons was followed by the complete exile of the wild child; suchlike new things no longer existed for the teachers of music; they lay beyond the boundaries of art, and the true artist could not trouble himself about them. The teachers cared not for the fact that the wild child, on its new road through life, fell, gradually, into quieter ways; that, little by little, it drew up its own rules, and found a host of enthusiastic admirers. The mere act of directing their blinking eyes to the successes achieved in the noise and bustle of the world was abomination for the masters, and they endeavoured, therefore, to cherish in the breasts of their scholars the same contempt that existed in their own, though, it is true, their efforts had no permanent effect on those in whose soul there lurked the heavenly spark; for, in the long run, a talented pupil leaped over the barrier, and tried his strength, too, in the prohibited strains and forms. With those, indeed, who did not proceed beyond the point to which they were led by the nose, the efforts of the teachers were crowned with the greatest success; such pupils kept carefully to the course pointed out to them, and continued to despise every other. They did not try any road but their own, because they wanted the power and consequently the desire to do so, and if one of them really did rise so high as to make the attempt he fell plump upon his nose, and—his teacher was right. In a certain sense, too, the teacher seemed really right, for even a talented pupil generally did fall, at his first attempts, on his nose; his wings possessed, perhaps, the strength to venture on soaring into the regions of the Unknown; but practice had not enabled them to regulate their flight, and thus reach happily the goal. Such was the result of deserting the ground of true art—the teacher was indeed right.

Not merely for decenniums, no, for centuries, did composers and teachers of this one-sided kind hold their ground; and we need not go far to find some specimens of the class even at the present day. A third sister-art has, in course of time, separated from the parent stem; instrumental music has put forth the most splendid blossoms—no matter! With the same short-sightedness as ever, the teachers still shut their eyes to everything which goes beyond the art of the "*reiner Satz*,"† as it is called. With the same Argus-glance as ever they keep watch to see that no pupil makes any sign of disregarding the narrow limits around him, and of importing his own individual feeling into the forms of art. They still leave the development of individuality to the individual himself, after he has gone through their school, and, in their opinion, is armed against all the attacks of spurious art. According to them, church-music alone is something complete—something that has been complete for centuries—and its forms are so firmly fixed, framed in conformity with such irrefragable laws, and sanctified, as it were, by length of time and by the place appropriated to the execution of them, that any attack on them must be branded as a transgression, and every attempt to go beyond them a crime. As lately as last winter, at a concert considered by all present as unusually good, we saw a celebrated teacher of music tolerate—though with some shaking of the head—Mendelssohn; but, at the first sounds of a grand pianoforte concerto by Schumann, he got up and most hastily left the temple. We are inclined to believe that the old gentleman has a great many genial specimens of such spurious art, composed by himself, locked up in his desk, and we believe that it will some day be related that he burned them all before his death, so that the world might never hear anything about such rubbish; but this shutting one's self up from all organic development of art must be designated obstructive one-sidedness. It is this one-sidedness which makes no kinds of allowance for artistic individuality, which wants everything to be tarred with one brush, everything to be made in the same mould.

And mere mould-work, nothing more, is the result of these men's school. Church music has been for centuries something completed—a fact evident from the compositions of these men's pupils, which might just as well have been written centuries ago. The number of them—composers and compositions—is large, but the number of original ideas in them almost zero; everything has been employed before; the same turns, the same arrangement; we have heard it all before, only we cannot at once say where and when—mould-work, which does not advance art one single step, and, to speak mildly, racks the hearer with its dreariness. What would be said of a poet who wanted to sing to us in the style of past centuries, and, moreover, without a new or original idea? That which we require from the word-poet, namely, artistic individuality, we require even more decidedly from the tone-poet. It is, therefore, the duty of those who teach music now-a-days to pay especial attention to the intellectual peculiarity of their pupils, and to measure exactly by it beforehand the course of development which the efforts of the pupils will take.

We will now proceed to jot down some observations tending to throw a light upon this side of the question, and append to them our remarks

II.

Genius is innate, and cannot be given to anyone. The sentiment is perfectly correct. But it would be false to insist on concluding therefrom: you must possess genius to begin with, if you are ever to become anything; if you do possess it, everything else will follow of itself; the teacher can do nothing more than impart the rudiments, and lay the foundation-stone for the future edifice; the edifice itself is your own concern, etc.

This would be tantamount to excluding all who did not possess genius.

But who *does* possess genius?

This is a question by no means easy to answer. In our opinion, too, it is pretty well an idle one. Friedemann Bach was a genius, from whom even his great father expected great things, but he went to ruin both as a man and as an artist. His brother Philip Emanuel was, on the contrary, simply a talented, industrious man; yet in him art found a sturdy support. The word genius is, however, employed in a very off-hand manner. If by the term genius is meant a man of such high intellectual strength that, in the particular sphere of his labours, he produces something not only prominent but extraordinary and unusual, Geniuses are, probably, very rare. Yet this is, now-a-days, the generally accepted expression for the above idea. If we go back, however, to the original sense of the word—the sense usual among the ancients—from the Latin: genius, synonymous with the Greek: dæmon—the word signified merely an intelligent being, a higher kind of power, as it were, forming a medium between divine and human nature. And this would correspond pretty well to our customary notion of genius.

We shall, therefore, do best if we here leave altogether out of consideration the notion of genius. Many a man at the outset of his career promises to be a genius, but, in the end, we find that he does very little, that he realizes none of the hopes that were built on him, and that, among thousands tolerably good like himself, he is gradually lost in the crowd. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that many men of really eminent minds grow by degrees more and more lax in their efforts until their life ends by being what is known as a mistake.

Let us here pause, and consider what proper guidance, what school, or training, can do to prevent such results.

We are not speaking here of the scholastic standard, or, to express it better, class-instruction, such as is given to children in conservatories, and other musical establishments. Art is something for which an individual must possess certain aptitudes, and, for this reason, be it parenthetically remarked, we attach very little importance to mass-instruction. General intellectual qualities are, it is true, found in every healthy individual, and, consequently, every child can be got to learn, that is, to learn in proportion to the strength and the natural gifts with which he is endowed, for according to quantity and composition the intellectual capabilities of every individual soon become, from outward impressions, different from what they at first were. To one person God has given five talents, or even more, and to another, only two; but no man is quite without talent. A man may, however, very well be without musical talent, or, at least, possess it in so trifling a degree, that it is not worth while developing. Now it is the proper treatment of this natural aptitude which concerns the system of mass-instruction, a subject to which we may return another time.

(*To be continued.*)

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† Strict composition.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

The Middlesex magistrates having refused to renew the dancing licence for the Alhambra Palace, a ballet announced for production at that establishment on the 24th ult., entitled *Stella, the Queen of the Stars*, and composed by M. Holtzer, has been transferred to the theatre in Shoreditch, where it is executed nightly with all the attractions that picturesque dress and spirited dancing can supply. The piece is divided into two *tableaux*, one a forest in Greece and the other the harem. A *scène d'entraînement* by Mdlle. Pitteri, and a tambourine dance by the ladies of the ballet, elicits much applause. Bayaderes, Greeks, peasants, pirates, slaves, and the suite of a Pasha also appear, all attired with tastefulness. There is, however, a part that may be removed with advantage—the by-play which occurs between Stella and Ali Bajou in the last scene. With this exception the ballet may be commended.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The thirteenth series of these instructive and thoroughly healthy entertainments began on Monday night, at St. James's Hall, which was absolutely thronged in every part.

In consequence of the year 1870 being the centenary of the birth of Beethoven, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, the intelligent and enterprising director of the Monday Popular Concerts has thought it both expedient and appropriate to devote his programmes, up to the end of the year, exclusively to selections from the works of the greatest of all instrumental composers—king of chamber music as he is king of orchestral music. No other writings present such an inexhaustible variety as those of Beethoven; and, indeed, Mr. Chappell might easily, and without in any way discontenting his very critical audience, not merely devote the programmes before Christmas, but also the programmes after Christmas, to the famous Bonn musician. We should add that the vocal as well as the instrumental pieces are, without exception, to be derived from the same source.

The programme of Monday night, chiefly selected from the earlier compositions, produced before the fascinating influence of Haydn and Mozart—of Mozart more especially—had been wholly got rid of by the man destined afterwards to push the art to its furthest possible limits—may be cited *in extenso*, as a fair specimen of the kind of entertainment in store during what remains to us of the year 1870:

PART I.

Quartet, in F major, Op. 18, No. 1, strings ... ... Beethoven
Song, "Penitence" ... ... Beethoven
Sonata, in E flat, Op. 7, pianoforte alone ... ... Beethoven

PART II.

Sonata, in F major, Op. 5, No. 1, pianoforte and violoncello ... ... Beethoven
Song, "Know'st thou the land?" ... ... Beethoven
Quartet, in G major, Op. 18, No. 2, strings ... ... Beethoven

Perhaps it would have been better to reverse the order of the quartets—the one in F (really "No. 3," and not "No. 1") being much more elaborate than the one in G. On the other hand, some may argue that it is most advisable to keep the lightest and gayest piece for the end of a concert, and point to the always lively impression created when the last piece in a Monday Popular programme happens to be one of the delightful quartets or trios of "Papa Haydn." Anyhow, place them as we may, both the "F" and "G" are right welcome. Not to go into details, for which just now we cannot afford the requisite space, the *adagio affetuoso* in D minor of the quartet first named is the origin of those highly-impassioned movements of which Beethoven subsequently gave so many admirable examples to the world—and notably not a few in the self-same key; while the *finale* of the quartet in G is one of the earliest proofs of how its composer could write in the style of Mozart, and equal that great master at his best. The pianoforte sonata is the first among the immortal "32" in which Beethoven appears entirely, or almost entirely, *himself*—in other words, resembling nothing which the art had known before him. The *rondo* of this sonata (a *chef d'œuvre*, be it understood, from beginning to end) is built upon a melody that haunts the ear long after it is heard, tormenting it much in the same manner as that bit of sun-light which some poet said would for ever keep dancing in his eyes. The sonata in F, for pianoforte and violoncello, though full of beauties, can hardly, we think, be placed in the same high rank as the other pieces. Admirably written as it is, for both instruments, it shows less invention than is generally to be found in Beethoven, and has by no means the same well-sustained interest which we are accustomed to look for in him. Both the songs introduced in Monday night's programme are models; and, in particular, "Know'st thou the Land?" (Goethe)—of which, if we may believe, Madame Bettina von Arnim, Beethoven himself was so extravagantly enamoured.

Having thus discussed the programme piece by piece, the performance may be briefly dismissed. None can have forgotten with what "silvery" tone, with what pure and unaffected expression, Madame Norman-Neruda had already played the quartets of Haydn and Mozart, together with some of the earlier ones of Beethoven. All the qualities which have been extolled in this lady's style and execution were fully apparent on Monday night. Madame Neruda, on reaching the platform, was greeted with real enthusiasm, and speedily showed herself well deserving the honour. Nothing could be more refined than her playing throughout. How admirably she was supported in the two quartets by those steady and conscientious artists, Herr L. Ries and M. Zerbini (second violin and tenor), and, above all, by Signor Piatti (violoncello, may easily be imagined. It is difficult to say to which quartet the audience awarded the preference, so attentively were both listened to, and so loud and general was the applause that followed movement after movement of each. Mr. Charles Hallé played his very best—and what that best is, we all know—alike in the solo sonata, which won for him a "recall," and in the sonata with violoncello in which the style and execution of Signor Piatti were, as usual, incomparable. This last performance was, perhaps, the most brilliant success of the evening. Both players were unanimously called for at the end. The songs were very charmingly given by Mdlle. Clara Doria, who seems steadily advancing in her art, and were accompanied by Mr. Benedict on the pianoforte as only Mr. Benedict can accompany. The concert was altogether attractive, and the majority of the crowded audience remained for the last note of the last quartet.

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I do not think that the replies to Mr. Boucicault's letter in reference to English and American theatres are at all just to that gentleman. I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Boucicault, but as an American, and one thoroughly conversant with the theatres in America, I wish to state what I know to be facts. Mr. Boucicault is correct in many statements. I have before me a file of recent American playbills and theatrical advertisements. The leading theatres in the principal cities in the United States charge for the best seats 1 dollar 50 cents, next 1 dollar, then 50 cents, that is 6s., 4s., 2s. That is the very highest price. Many of the leading theatres only charge for the best seats 1 dollar, or four shillings English money. The second class, or variety theatres, charge 75 cents, 50 cents, and 25 cents. That is the tariff in the chief cities, such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, &c. In the large interior towns, such as Buffalo, the prices are less. These prices, at a first glance, do not seem any lower than the leading theatres charge here: but it must be taken into consideration that the charge for a ticket in America covers everything. There are no fees, either for booking, programme, or any other exaction. But the most important view, and one that seems to have been entirely overlooked in this controversy, is the relative value that theatrical prices of admission bear to other things. Everything else in America is at double what you would pay for the same article here, and even more. An ordinary suit of clothes in New York, and made by a good tailor to order, costs 75 dollars, or nearly £15; a first-class suit 100 dollars, or nearly £20; a good silk hat 10 dollars, and everything in proportion—kid gloves two dollars and a half and three dollars a pair (that is, ten and twelve shillings), board, at a first-class hotel four dollars a day, and at some five. Now, considering these facts I maintain that the charges for admission to American theatres are much cheaper than the prices charged here. As regards Mr. Boucicault's other statements, such as the high prices paid to artists and the fortunes accumulated by the principal managers, they are perfectly correct. Nearly all of the principal managers are men of wealth. As to the artists who have made a fortune, their name is Legion.

I have a file of American playbills and advertisements at my office, which I should be happy to show any person doubting the truth of this letter.—Apologizing for the length of the above, I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,

H. LEBLIE,
Lessee, Opéra Comique.

299, *Strand.*

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—Can you or any of your readers kindly give me the notes of the "Muezzin's call to prayer;" which is, I understand, proclaimed from the towers of the mosques in eastern countries at sunset, by the Imauns or priests? I believe there is a set phrase which is universally chanted, and I am interested at present in obtaining the correct passage, in the key in which it is usually sung; with, indeed, any other particulars relative to the custom which you may be able to give me.

Pray pardon me for encroaching so far on your valuable space, but I do not know how otherwise to obtain the information I wish, and I dare say the subject may not be without interest to several of your musical readers.—Yours very faithfully,

H. B.

Let "H. B." consult the cantata by Felicien David, entitled *Le Desert*. There he will find the "Muezzin."

COPENHAGEN.—At the Theatre Royal, *Les Dragons de Villars* has proved a failure, though Mdlle. Anna Anderson was greatly admired as the heroine.

BRUNN.—In honour of the centenary of Beethoven's birth, the members of the Musical Union, will give an extraordinary concert on the 29th inst., when the programme will include the following works:—*Egmont* Overture; a prologue written for the occasion; Songs of Beethoven, by Mdme. Wilt, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna; chorus from *Christus am Oelberge*, and the Ninth Symphony.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since our last notice of the proceedings at this house various operas have been given, the most interesting of them selected from Mr. Mapleson's own repertory, at the late Her Majesty's Theatre and the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, The house has been crowded on every occasion, without exception, and if more crowded on one night than on another it has been generally when a so-called "classical" opera has been presented. Up to this time there has been no such uniformly successful winter season of Italian Opera.

In consequence of the departure of Mdlle. Ilma di Murska for her winter's engagement at Moscow, *Il Flauto Magico*, to the sincere regret of amateurs of genuine music, could only be given once. The more is the pity. The lovers of Italian opera *pur sang*, however, were speedily satisfied to their hearts content by excellent performances of two of their most cherished works, which came in immediate succession after *Il Flauto Magico*. These were *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Il Trovatore*. In each Mdlle. Tietjens appeared, and both as the Lucrezia of Donizetti, and the Leonora of Verdi, showed herself still the unrivalled lyric tragedian of the day—legitimate successor in short of Giulia Grisi. In the first opera her chief companions were Madame Trebelli-Bettini who since Alboni retired from the stage has made the part of Maffeo Orsini, with its popular *brindisi*, "Il segreto per esser felice," her own; Signor Fancelli, a tenor engaged by Mr. Gye about three years since, who then made a fair impression, and who now, in the music of Gennaro, exhibited a certain earnestness which won him the applause of a large majority of the audience; and Signor Cotogni, who though, perhaps, dramatically overweighted in the character of Duke Alfonso, which Signor Ronconi, still vividly remembered, made it so difficult for any one who came after him to assume, sang the music carefully and well. In the *Trovatore* Mdlle. Tietjens was associated with Mdlle. Scalchi, whose Azucena is too well known to need description; Signor Cotogni, with whose Count Luna the operatic public is no less familiar; and Signor Vizzani, the new tenor introduced by Messrs. Gye and Mapleson last summer, whose Manrico, if unequal, displayed good qualities and justified strong hopes for the future. Signor Arditi, who received a warm and unanimous greeting on taking his place in the orchestra, conducted the performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, Signor Bevignani that of *Il Trovatore*. Both operas were heartily enjoyed, and the salient points, which it is superfluous to enumerate in detail, created the accustomed impression.

The opera next in order was Weber's *Oberon*, according to the arrangement of Mr. Benedict, Weber's pupil, the production of which ten years ago by Mr. E. T. Smith, at Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Benedict himself directing the performance, constituted one of the musical topics of the hour. *Oberon*, thus transfigured, or, in justice to Mr. Benedict, let us say, thus filled up, with accompanied recitatives and additions, the former exclusively built upon themes from the opera itself, the latter exclusively adopted from other works by Weber, and especially *Euryanthe*, has frequently been heard since, and always with delight, but was now heard for the first time at Mr. Gye's theatre. On the other hand the character and merits of *Oberon* have been so frequently commented upon in these columns that little further remains for us to do than to welcome it in its new abode, and to chronicle in general terms the impression made by what on the whole was an extremely good performance. That Signor Arditi held the baton was only what might have been expected, seeing that from 1863, when the opera in its present form was revived by Mr. Mapleson, at Her Majesty's Theatre, he has conducted on every occasion, and may be said to know the score by heart. The splendid overture, very finely executed by the band (leader, Mr. Viotti Collins), at once aroused the audience, who encored it with unanimity. And here it may at once be added that the orchestra was efficient from beginning to end, and that the music for the chorus was for the most part well executed.

The principal characters were assigned to Mdlle. Tietjens (Reiza), Madame Trebelli-Bettini (Fatima), Mdlle. Scalchi (Puck), Signors Fancelli, Bettini, and Cotogni (Sir Huon, Oberon, and Sherasmin)—the subordinate parts of Babekan and the Caliph devolving upon Signors Tagliafico and Caravoglia. Mdlle. Tietjens played Reiza in 1860, again at the revival in 1863, and has (happily) played it ever since. The German stage has, in all probability, never found a more admirable representative of the character. Those who are old enough to remember the original production of the opera, in 1826, at old Covent Garden Theatre, for which theatre, when Mr. Charles Kemble was director, it was expressly composed by Weber, to the English libretto of Mr. Planché, may be able to draw comparisons between the Reiza of Miss Paton and the Reiza of Mdlle. Tietjens; but those who are *not* old enough can hardly be otherwise than satisfied with its actual representative. To speak of nothing else, the grand vocal declamation of Mdlle. Tietjens, in the scena chiefly known by its original title of "Ocean, thou mighty monster," is enough to stamp her performance as one of quite exceptional excellence; but happily all the rest is to match. How charmingly Madame Trebelli sings the music of Fatima need not be told. Never has she sung it better than now; never have the quaintly characteristic airs best known as "A lonely Arab Maid," and "Oh Araby, dear Araby" (both nightly encored), been more thoroughly enjoyed; and never has "On the banks of sweet Garonne" (again to quote the English title), the melodious duet with Sherasmin, a part extremely well played by Signor Cotogni, been heard to more advantage. Signor Fancelli can boast neither the stentorian voice of Signor Mongini nor the artistic refinement of Mr. Sims Reeves, his immediate predecessors in the character of Sir Huon—nevertheless, he declaims the laborious scena, "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight," composed expressly for Braham, the original, with evident purpose, and enters into the spirit of the music if he has not entirely the power to give adequate expression to it. Signor Bettini, as Oberon, sings the air at first destined for Sir Huon, but put aside for the longer and much inferior scene to which reference has just been made, as carefully and well as on former occasions; and Mdlle. Bauermeister gives the beautiful song of the Mermaid ("Oh, 'tis pleasant to float") with unaffected and graceful simplicity. Not the least effective feature in this performance of *Oberon* is "Over the dark blue waters"—the stirring quartet at the end of Act 2, for Huon, Sherasmin, Reiza, and Fatima, which, admirably sung by Signors Fancelli and Cotogni, Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Trebelli, was encored with unanimity at the first performance. In this characteristically Weberian inspiration, as in the air now given to Oberon, some of the most striking points of the overture are reproduced. No new scenery has been painted for *Oberon;* but such scenery as was found disposable in the theatre has been ingeniously made use of; and though occasionally some anachronisms are observable, there is little cause for grumbling. And, after all, the winter season is not the regular season; nor do *Il Flauto Magico*, *Oberon*, &c., form part of the repertory of the new Covent Garden Theatre, opened by Mr. Gye in 1858.

To *Oberon* succeeded the *Barbière* of Rossini, which we are as much tired of calling "the perennial" as we are tired of calling *Il Trovatore* "the irrepressible." The only novelty in this performance was the first appearance of Mdlle. Léon Duval, from the Paris Théâtre Lyrique. Mdlle. Duval, whose voice is French, and whose style is French, has unquestionable ability. She well understands, as any French woman should do who knows her Beaumarchais, the character of Don Bartolo's ward, and shows real intelligence in her acting. She sings, moreover, the famous soliloquy of Rosina, "Una voce poco fa," with real brilliancy, although overloading it with ornaments not always in good keeping. The same criticism may apply to the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son." In the Lesson scene Mdlle. Duval introduced the waltz of Venzano, which the late Madame Gassier and the late Madame Bosio once made so popular, giving it with such fluency and spirit that the audience called for it again, and it was accordingly repeated. In short the new lady (who was heard at some concerts in the summer) made an agreeable impression, and her next essay (as Marguerite, in *Faust*) will be looked forward to with interest. About the Figaro of Signor Cotogni, the Bartolo of Signor Ciampi, the Basilio of Signor Tagliafico, and last and best, the Almaviva of Signor Gardoni, it is unnecessary to say more than that they presented their usual characteristics. The performance was conducted by Signor Bevignani.

It almost suffices to say in a line that *Don Giovanni* followed, as a matter of course, and that as a matter of course *Fidelio* succeeded *Don Giovanni*. Without these masterpieces of the two foremost among German composers, the winter series of performances would hardly be complete. There was nothing new in the cast of Mozart's great work, although Zerlina was played by a contralto—Madame Trebelli-Bettini. That Madame Trebelli-Bettini is one of the most accomplished of living artists every amateur knows, just as every amateur knows that no contralto can possibly give the music of Zerlina with the desired effect. That Madame Trebelli acted the character with intelligence, and sang the music with artistic expression, may easily be credited; but that she must always be heard to better advantage in parts belonging to her legitimate repertory is incontestable. About the Don Giovanni of Signor Cotogni, the Leporello of Signor Ciampi, the Commandatore of Signor Foli (who, by the way, for reasons unknown, was *non inventus* in the scene of the cemetery, whereby the warnings of the statute were unheard), the Massetto of Signor Tagliafico, the Donna Elvira of Madame Sinico, the Don Ottavio of Signor Bettini and the (magnificent) Donna Anna of Mdlle Tietjens, not a word could be written that has not already been written more than once. On the whole, the performance was one of more than average merit. There were the customary encores for "La ci darem" (Madame Trebelli and Signor Cotogni), "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino" (Madame Trebelli), and the trio of Masks, "Protegga il giusto cielo" (Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sinico, and Signor Bettini). Signor Arditi conducted; and the orchestral accompaniments, as well as the admirable overture were finely played throughout.

The opera on Saturday night was *Fidelio*, which filled the house to the ceiling. In some respects the peformance left much to desire. The overture (the great *Leonora*, No. 3) was capitally played under Signor Arditi's vigilant guidance, and all that the orchestra had to do was well done; but the chorus, especially in the superb scene of the prisoners, was scarcely up to the mark. Mdlle. Tietjens, too, the greatness of whose Fidelio has long been acknowledged by us, was apparently somewhat fatigued, and in more than one place by no means quite herself. Her execution of the grand soliloquy, however, containing the touching invocation to "Hope," could hardly be surpassed. We were not quite satisfied with the Rocco of Signor Antonnucci, and were altogether dissatisfied with the Pizzaro of Signor Caravoglia. The Jacquine of Signor Rinaldini was more than respectable, the Florestan of Signor Gardoni excellent as usual, and the Marcellina of Madame Sinico irreproachable. Signor Tagliafico sang the part of the Minister in the last scene. On another occasion it would be advisable to intrust Signor Cotogni with the character of Pizarro. Mr. Santley can sing it, as we all know; and why not Signor Cotogni? True, it is a bass part, and a baritone must, so to say, "stretch a point" to do it justice; but it is also a part of such vital importance that in the hands of any

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but a thoroughly competent artist one or two of the finest scenes of the opera run the risk of being spoiled. The audience, however, seemingly in excellent humour on Saturday night, listened to the wonderful music of Beethoven with delight, and were frequent and liberal in their applause.

We understand that it is the intention of Mr. Mapelson, except in rare instances, to give no opera more than once during the short series. If so, this will be one of the most interesting series of performances of the kind on record. The exception hitherto has been *Oberon*, which, already given twice, is announced for a third time on Saturday. The other operas played this week have been the *Barbiere*, substituted for *Le Nozze*, in consequence of the illness of Signor Caravoglia, who was to play the Count (Monday); *Semiramide* (Tuesday), and *Faust*—for Mdlle. Léon Duval—(Thursday). Meanwhile the superb *Medea* of Cherubini (which we owe entirely to Mdlle. Tietjens) is in preparation; and a morning performance of the *Huguenots* is announced.

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ST. PETER.

The amount of mis-statement put forth by, and on behalf of, Mr. Benedict, renders it necessary for me once more to return to his transactions and assertions in regard to *St. Peter*.

I distinctly deny that the subject of my oratorio was suggested by him to me.—It had been before me so long ago as the year 1846; when *Elijah* appeared. Then, when we were in Birmingham together, Mendelssohn did me the honour to invite me to work with, and for him; mentioning the paucity of scriptural subjects. Unaware (as I was till his letters were published) of his settled objection to the subject, I thought of *St. Peter* and made studies towards the arrangement of the story, previous to submitting my attempt to him. This was never done. When I saw him the year after, at Interlaken, his mind was bent on opera. He had already, moreover, entertained the subject of *Christus*;—so that our talk was of an opera based on Shakspere's *Winter's Tale*,—and not of a third oratorio. I destroyed the original studies for *St. Peter* I had made, ere going to Switzerland in 1847, only last year—1869.

Subsequently, Mr. Benedict applied to me to provide him with an oratorio book for Norwich. I naturally reverted to *St. Peter*, and again went over the story to the best of my ability. He professed himself entirely satisfied and delighted; but according to his manner of working, after keeping it by him for some years, he declared himself too busy to undertake, for the moment a task of such importance, to which he was anxious to devote his best energies,—and entreated me to write a cantata in the mean time; adding, that many circumstances rendered him averse to risking any more extensive serious production at Norwich.—It would seem from this that so far he had trust in my capacity. The work arranged by me for him was the *Legend of St. Cecilia*.

Early in last year (1869) Mr. Benedict received a commission to prepare an oratorio for this year's Birmingham Festival; and my book of *St. Peter* having been submitted to the committee, was handed over to him to compose.—At the risk of being tedious, I must insist that I arranged my plans for the year with reference to a commission which *I* felt to be one of no usual interest; that I returned to town early in October, expressly to be in readiness—three weeks, it now appears, after Mr. Benedict had begun his portion of the labour. This I can prove by the following note from a witness, whose testimony I suppose Mr. Benedict will not dispute—namely himself:—

"*November* 13, 1869.—I was delighted to see your writing once more, and shall certainly avail myself of your permission to call upon you early in the week. The oratorio is progressing, though not so fast as I thought; and the task, if not quite beyond my power, will certainly require my utmost energy to be completed by the end of April."

I wrote to Mr. Benedict on the 15th of November—after an interview with him, which I will leave him to describe.—I did not receive any reply till the 12th of January. In the interim, as will be seen, the Concordance (*alias* another person, who has confessed in print to the fact) had been called in—without the slightest reference to myself (I was, indeed, totally unaware of the last fact till the week before the Birmingham Festival), and *St. Peter* was sold. On hearing in January of the sale, and also that the oratorio, words and music, had been shown to others, but not to myself, I wrote a letter of strong remonstrance, to which the following is the reply:—

"I wanted to complete the first scene of the oratorio before submitting it to you and my dear friend Costa, and hope you can manage to see me on Sunday morning. . . . . I cannot prevent idle rumours flying about. *Not a human soul has heard a note of the music of my oratorio*, except *two* old friends, to whom I played the *beginning* of one chorus and a fragment of the *overture*, which is not even written down. . . . . With regard to alterations, such as I may require for musical purposes, I hope you will give me full liberty of introducing them, of course *subject* to your *approval*; but I cannot promise *a slavish and implicit submission to the selection of the words, nor could you in justice demand it*."

It will be observed that the above passage only refers to words; not to the structure of the story. In the MS. libretto which had remained in Mr. Benedict's hands, long accepted and again approved by him, I had expressly provided, as can be easily proved, for retrenchment and alteration; and, in fact, returned to London to be at hand for the purpose. It was natural that after a work, in part mine, had been thus disposed of, I should decline any further participation in a transaction so contemptuous, not to say insulting, to myself. From a subsequent letter dated January 20th, 1870, I offer the following corroboration of what I have stated—the witness being again Mr. Benedict:—

"I accepted your libretto" (N.B.—*The libretto was entrusted to Mr. Benedict, by the Birmingham Committee, as a commission*),—"which, on reading, I liked very much, and which, at first, did not strike me as quite beyond my musical powers. When, *after* the Norwich Festival" (*in September*, 1869), "which gave me an immense deal of trouble, and after the acceptance of the Oratorio by the Birmingham Committee" (*in March*, 1869), "I went to work with a will, I found several difficulties, which I was anxious you should rectify, so as to adapt the situations and words to my very limited capabilities. On calling upon you, and hearing you positively and emphatically assert verbally what you had already done by letter, that on re-examining carefully your libretto, you had come to the conclusion that it could not be improved, and that not a word should be changed, *though some might be omitted*, I endeavoured to enter into your views; but my attempts were not successful. . . . I had no alternative, unless I gave up the work altogether, than to make the changes to the best of my abilities, submitting them, when in a *complete* and *tangible* form" (*i.e. after the work had been disposed of, already cooked by aid of the Concordance borrowed from a contemporary journal*) "to your revision, alteration, or rejection."

Another, and to me the most distasteful word, remains to be said. My oratorio-book is in three acts. For each of these I was to receive £25, I believe, with a reservation of some right over the published words; but this is a fact of small consequence. On perceiving that Mr. Benedict was literally writing "from hand to mouth," and aware that by the division of the subject made, each act had its own scene and its own character, in some sort complete within itself, I proposed to the musician to set only the two first parts for the Birmingham Festival; the third to be added subsequently; this, of course, to be distinctly announced and explained. It is stated in print that I received £75 for my work. I did not. On this matter the public shall hear a witness in my behalf—once more Mr. Benedict:—

"I am most anxious also to discharge the balance of my debt; the sum agreed upon, so far as I recollect, being £50, of which, I believe, you received half the amount, and the remainder of which I beg to enclose."

So that, having, to suit Mr. Benedict's confessed incapacity, allowed him to adjourn the completion of an entire work—by his own showing, accepted with admiration—I was paid by a sum representing two-thirds of the sum agreed on for my labour.

I state the above facts in no vindictive spirit. Resentment and Contempt cannot dwell together. On the contrary, on leaving the subject—not to return to it, be the pretext what it may—I am whimsically reminded, by the spasms of those who have injured me of the immortal anecdote of the Lady and her Lapdog, told by Horace Walpole. The small animal fastened his teeth on the heel of one of the lady's (possibly, too, the dog's) acquaintances.—"Poor dear!" cried the sympathizing Dowager, "won't it make my dog sick?"

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

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CHRISTINE NILSSON AT PHILADELPHIA.

(*From the "Philadelphia Age," Oct.* 24.)

Mdlle. Nilsson rounded up her present visit to this city, by a *matinée* at the Academy of Music, on Saturday, which was both brilliant and profitable. The audience was largely composed of ladies, and gay and varied costumes added to the interest of the occasion. Mdlle. Nilsson sang with her usual force and feeling, and was most cordially applauded. She visited this city, a stranger, known only by her reputation. She leaves it a universal favourite. Four concerts and a *matinée* were given in this city. The following are the detailed and aggregate receipts:—

			Dollars.
Wednesday	October	12.....	5,887 50
Friday	"	14.....	6,626 50
Saturday	"	15.....	5,427 50
Thursday	"	20.....	6,668 00
Saturday Matinée	"	22.....	4,818 00
	Total.....		29,427 50

The next appearance of Mdlle. Nilsson is in Boston, where she gives three concerts. Then she returns to New York. After a brief engagement in that city, she re-appears in Philadelphia in concert and oratorio.

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THE *ATHENÆUM* AND THE LATE MICHAEL BALFE.

(From the "Sunday Times.")

Under this heading a correspondent has sent us some pertinent remarks, to which we willingly give insertion. He says:—

"The *Athenæum* of October 29th promised 'a detailed account of Mr. Balfe's life and works;' and the *Athenæum* of to-day (November 5th) furnishes the promised article, with the signature of Mr. Chorley. It would appear that a 'spontaneous genius' for melody was the characteristic of Balfe as a musician and the secret of his success. If this be true, Mr. Chorley is not just to the talent of the deceased when he says—'In Balfe's case the charm has been wound up for a considerable period past.' Beethoven said of Schubert, whom he esteemed as a song writer, that 'he had a spark of the divine fire;' and if spontaneity and genius appear but in a ballad they impart a vitality that does not readily expire. Hence we submit that Balfe's charm is not yet 'wound up,' nor all 'his music passed out of hearing and sympathy. What Mr. Chorley calls 'the paltry ballad, to be sung by Mr. Templeton, Mr. Phillips, or Mr. Harrison,' was in truth the 'spark of divine fire,' in which the vitality of Balfe's operatic work resided. The famous ballad, sung by Phillips in *The Siege of Rochelle*, still retains its melodious charm. The muleteer's song in *The Rose of Castile*, which its clever 'whip' accompaniment, along with the famous Laughing Trio guaranteed success to the work. It is curious that so experienced a chronicler as Mr. Chorley has omitted even to mention the most popular and successful of all Balfe's operas, *The Bohemian Girl*, the triumph and profits of which were in no degree dependent upon orchestral writing or concerted music, but notably on the melodious charm of two or three ballads, the well worn tenor melodies especially. *The Bohemian Girl*, be it remembered, was translated for classical Germany, and produced there. Most cordially do we endorse all that Mr. Chorley says about the 'flowers of sense and speech' that distinguished 'England's lyric poet' of that period—Mr. Bunn. But the quality of Mr. Bunn's poetry and the quality of Balfe's ballad-melody were two very different things. Mr. Chorley has also forgotten *The Puritan's Daughter*, which contains more than one charming ballad, a part-song with clever and effective writing in it, and a rollicking wine song (sung by Harrison), which is void of all Balfish mannerism and full of character and vitality. While, therefore, we cannot but agree with Mr. Chorley in all that he says about the influence of such a writer as Balfe in hindering rather than helping the progress of operatic art, let us freely acknowledge Balfe's possession of the gift of genius—that 'spark divine,' how small soe'er, which gave him the power of conferring upon thousands a large amount of innocent and refining pleasure. "W.

"*November 9th*, 1870"

From our correspondent's standpoint, Mr. Chorley's article on the recently-deceased musician calls for the above criticism, and no more. But, looked at from another point of view, it is open to comment of quite another sort—such as, we will venture to say, every man of delicacy and good taste has made upon it. The mourners for Mr. Balfe had not dried their tears when Mr. Chorley thought fit to rush into the *Athenæum* with his cruel remarks. We say "cruel," because whatever gives unnecessary pain deserves to be so branded. There was no need to dance upon the freshly-laid turf of poor Balfe's grave, as Mr. Chorley has done. Truth, supposing Mr. Chorley its advocate in this instance, can wait, and, if the ex-critic of the *Athenæum* lets it alone, will assert itself in due time, without calling upon anybody to shock the moral sense of the community in the (indecent) style of Mr. Chorley. As regards the *libretti* to which Balfe set music, we agree with our correspondent that Mr. Chorley's reference to them was perfectly gratuitous. No doubt they were bad; and that the examples brought forward can only be matched by passages from the works of another lyric poet, who once wrote:—

"'Tis very unpleasant for folk who prowl
To shoot at a pheasant and kill an owl."

But Mr. Chorley's animadversions were, we say again, wholly beside the mark; unless, indeed, their object was to insinuate that if Mr. Balfe had gone to Mr. Chorley for his books the result would have been something very different.

A Card.

Zamiel's Owl has come back to town again (last from Brighthelmstone), and hopes that his singular (not to say peculiar) good Peters is well and flourishing; and that there yet remaineth of that fluid of Xeres in the darksome recesses of the abyss where the adventures of "Sir Palmerin" are *not* to be found. Likewise the herbaceous product of Havana. "Are not Habana and Xeres (rivers of Damascus) better than all the waters of Israel?"

Naaman, but not Sir. M. C——a's.

MUSIC AT LEIPSIC.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mad. Clara Schumann appeared at the first Soirée of Chamber Music here, when she played the pianoforte part of Beethoven's Grand Trio in B flat major, Op. 97, and the *Humoreske* of her husband. Herr David played a *Largo* and *Chaconna*, by Leclair, and, with Herren Röntgen, Hermann, Thümer, and Hegar, Mozart's G minor Quintet for Stringed Instruments. The Choir of the Cathedral, Berlin, sang at the charitable concert, given by Professor Carl Riedel, and produced a very great sensation; they sang compositions by Palestrina, Durante, Lotti, Franck, Bach, Mendelssohn, and Mozart. The members of Riedel's Verein, gave Bach's cantata, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*. Herr Hegar, leader of the Gewandhaus orchestra, performed a *Sarabande* by Bach, and Mdlle. Klanwell, sang Franck's song, "Sei nur Still."—The following was the programme of the fourth Gewandhaus Concert. First Part: "Hamlet," a concert overture, Gade; Concert Air, Mendelssohn (Mad. Peschka-Leutner); Concerto for Violin, in G major, No. 11, Louis Spohr (Herr Dragomier Krancevie, from Vienna); Scena and Aria from *Euryanthe*, C. M. V. Weber (Mad. Peschka-Leutner); Entr'acte from *Rosamunde*, F. Schubert.—Second Part: Symphony No. 3, A minor, Mendelssohn. As our readers will perceive, in conformity with the pious custom of playing at the Gewandhaus concert, which takes place at the beginning of November, only works by Mendelssohn, or of those intellectually related to him, the programme was restricted to compositions by masters of the present century. Mendelsohn died, as we know, on the 4th November, and the members of the orchestra appeared urged on by the recollection of the sad event, to perform the lamented master's Symphony with even greater care, and greater effect than usual. Herr Krancevie did not make a very profound impression by the manner in which he executed Spohr's Violin Concerto. The Singacademie gave, on the 5th inst., a performance of Spohr's oratorio, *Der Fall Babylons*, The series of concerts announced by the Euterpe Association have been suspended this season for want of support. G. W. M.

NILSSON IN THE STATES.

We take the following from a Brooklyn (New York) paper, called the *Pleasure Season*, Oct. 27:—

"The excitement of anticipation which has pervaded fashionable circles for months past culminated when Christine Nilsson made her first appearance in America, at Steinway Hall. There has been no such demonstrations of enthusiasm in the metropolis since the *furore* created by the advent of Jenny Lind at Castle Garden years ago. Mdlle. Nilsson might, with propriety, quote Cæsar's memorable dispatch: '*Veni! Vidi! Vici!*' for her success was a conquest on every occasion of her appearance. Steinway's commodious hall has been crowded to excess, and overflowed into the smaller hall, with a mass of enthusiastic music lovers, who desired to do honour to the fair young Swede, and welcome her in a befittingly hospitable manner. The audiences have been composed of the best class of our citizens, and were such as would cause any performer to feel proud of their power of attraction. The concerts given last week have all proved equally grand, attractive, and enjoyable. The opportunities of hearing this great artist and the galaxy who accompany her are becoming extremely limited. Mdlle. Nilsson will make her appearance at the Brooklyn Academy on Thursday evening, Oct. 27, and Wednesday, Nov. 2, in two grand concerts."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—Permit me, through your pages, to contradict a rumour that the series of Orchestral Concerts just concluded is the last I shall give in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Although these concerts have not hitherto been a financial success, I do not yet intend to abandon the enterprise. On the contrary, I hope to be able to carry on a similar series next year, with greater energy, and with, I trust, more satisfactory commercial results.—I am yours faithfully, William Rea.

8, *Higham Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov.* 10.

Breakfast.—Epps's Cocoa.—Grateful and Comforting.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled—James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE Director begs to announce that the Thirteenth Season of the Monday Popular Concerts will commence on Monday Evening, November 14, and that the Performances will take place as follows, viz.:—

1870. MONDAY, November 14; MONDAY, November 21; MONDAY, November 28; MONDAY, December 5; MONDAY, December 12; MONDAY, December 19.

1871. MONDAY, January 9; MONDAY, January 16; MONDAY, January 23; MONDAY, January 30; MONDAY, February 6; MONDAY, February 13; MONDAY, February 20; MONDAY, February 27; MONDAY, March 6; MONDAY, March 13.

Morning Performances will be given (Seven) on Saturdays, January 28, February 4, 11, 18, 25, March 4 and 11 (1871).

THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.

THE present year being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, the Director has thought that it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of that immortal genius to confine the programmes before Christmas exclusively to Selections from his Instrumental and Vocal Works. Every concert, until the end of the year, will therefore be a Beethoven Concert. In the course of the series, the Six Quartets, Op. 18; the Three Quartets (*Rasoumowsky*), Op. 59; the Quartet, No. 10 (E flat); the Five Trios for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; and as many of the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, Pianoforte and Violoncello, and Pianoforte alone, as can be comprised within the limits of eight programmes, will be given. The Vocal Music will in all instances be selected from the Chamber Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

PROGRAMME OF SECOND CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1870.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D major, Op. 18, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, "Liederkreis"—Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONATA, in D major, Op. 10, No. 3, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

TRIO, in E flat, Op. 1, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Wonne der Wehmuth" / "Neue Liebe, neues Leben" } —Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. *Beethoven.*

QUARTET, in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. .. Mr. ZERBINI.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Mitchell & Ollivier, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. T. (Reigate).—Next week.

PIANISTA.—The "*Sonate Melancolique*," by the late Ignace Moscheles, is in F sharp minor. It consists wholly of the single movement of which "Pianista" speaks. There was never any other.

PONTIFEX FOURACRES.—Certainly. What was printed "per stige" in our last week's "Notices to Correspondents" should have been *prestige*. The word has long been adopted in the English vocabulary.

SPES.—In the first version of *Fidelio*, the great overture to *Leonora* was included. When the curtain was raised, the opening piece was Marcellina's song in C minor. The duet between Jacquino and Marcellina was composed for the revival, in 1814, to follow the new overture in E. The idea of Nottebohm's, about the first of the three overtures in C having been composed *after* the two others in the same key, is too absurd to entertain for one instant.

DR. BOLE.—Read for yourself, and own you have lost your wager, if not your self-conceit:—

> "For he who does not tremble at the sword,
> Who quails not with his head upon the block,
> Turn but a jest against him, loses heart:
> The shafts of wit slip through the stoutest mail;
> There is no man alive who can live down
> The unextinguishable laughter of mankind."

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1870.

THE genial influences of an English May produce a singular effect upon operatic artists. Everybody knows that May is the "month of flowers;" a month to be personified by all that is beautiful, and to be addressed by poets, in some such strain as this:—

> "For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
> If not the first, the fairest of the year;
> For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours;
> And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers."

On this subject one knows not when to stop quoting poetry. How charming a picture have we here:—

> "Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
> And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May;
> Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers
> That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.
> Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dews were bright,
> And amorous zephyrs fluttered on her breast,
> With every shifting gleam of morning light
> The colours shifted of her rainbow vest."

Reading this, we begin to weave a fancy fabric, warp and woof of which are bright with many hues. We have visions of Maypoles, sunshine, flowers, and a light-clad public in the highest state of bodily health and animal spirits. Meanwhile a cutting wind, nights of frost, and a pervading tendency to sneeze may represent actual facts. These things are the prose of May, to compensate for which Nature has endowed poets with vivid imagination, and the faculty of ignoring what is, in favour of what should be. There is no greater sham under the sun than an English May, and he who trusts to it had better make his account with flannels, hot baths, and gruel.

Operatic artists, we fear, place too much confidence in the geniality of our pet month. They are used to rely upon the favour of climatic (stage) influences, and, they encounter the fury of (stage) elements in the lightest of attire; so that we do not wonder when "bounteous May" presents them with a real catarrh. The consequence, however, is very awkward, as operatic experiences have too frequently shown. Managerial schemes are upset; an expectant public is disappointed; and that want of confidence ensues which, more than anything else, does harm to enterprises depending on wide-spread interest and sympathy.

Although the foregoing lines are written in mid-November, the observations they set forth and the conclusions to which they inevitably lead refer just as clearly and philosophically to the "moneth of lusty May," as though they had been written between April and June. We are not quite, perhaps, so simple as a certain correspondent, who signs himself "May-bug," may imagine. He is, doubtless, a clever fellow in his way; but we decline to entertain his malice by printing his letter, and beg to refer him to Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*, where he will find matter upon which to speculate—honestly if he can, but if not, in a manner more congenial to him. T. E.

HERR ERNST PAUER is giving an interesting series of lectures on the Clavecin and the Pianoforte, in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum. The first took place on Wednesday morning last. We shall take an early opportunity of referring to these instructive lectures at length.

MDLLE. SESSI, "of the long and golden locks," is engaged by Mr. Mapleson for six performances during the short series now in progress. She commences on Tuesday, with *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Mr. Mapleson is conducting his campaign with wonderful spirit, and well deserves success.

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BEETHOVENIANA.—No. VIII.*

(*Continued from page* 194.)

[I am glad to resume my translations of these interesting papers with an article *àpropos* to the performance of the "Four overtures to *Fidelio*," at the Crystal Palace on Saturday Oct. 29th.—G. Grove.]

It is usually believed that the Overture published as Beethoven's Opus 138 was written in the year 1805, and formed the first in the series of the "Overtures to *Leonora*." This, however, is irreconcileable with certain facts which I will endeavour to lay before the reader.

It will be necessary, in the first place, to examine the materials upon which the ordinary belief in this matter is based.

No autograph score of the Overture is known to exist. All that we at present po-sess is an ancient MS. copy of the score and orchestral parts, both of which have been examined and corrected by Beethoven himself. There is no note on either of the date of the composition, but the first violin part bears the following title:—

Ouvertura in C
Charakteristische
Overture
Violino 1mo

The words "*Ouvertura*" and "*Violino 1mo*" are by the copyist. The others "*in C*," "Charakteristische *Overture*," have been afterwards added by Beethoven. Both score and parts were purchased by Tobias Haslinger, at the sale of Beethoven's effects in November, 1827, and are at present in the possession of the firm of Haslinger, at Vienna. The Leipsic *Allegemeine Musikalische Zeitung* for 1828 (p. 111) contains a statement to the effect that Haslinger had bought a packet labelled "Dances and Marches, &c.," at some absurdly low price, and that the packet was found to contain the score and parts of an unknown Grand Characteristic Overture, which, according to the recollections of Schuppanzigh, had been tried over by the composer,—as, indeed, was evident from its containing his own corrections in red pencil. Early in 1828 Haslinger announced the approaching appearance of the work in the Munich *Musikzeitung* as "Grosse charakteristische Ouverture, 138 werk," a title which agrees in all essential respects with Beethoven's own inscription already quoted. The work, however, as we shall see, eventually appeared under another title.

The first performance of the Overture after its discovery was at a Concert of Bernhard Romberg's at Vienna, on Feb. 7th, 1828, the report of which in the Leipsic *Allegemeine Musik Zeitung* for 1828 (p. 225), speaks of the "great interest excited by Beethoven's last Overture, in MS., from his Remains." The same thing is repeated in the Vienna *Theater Zeitung* for 1828 (pages 68 and 82), while in the *Sammler* for Feb. 28th, 1828, we find: "At this Concert an Overture was given, from Beethoven's Remains, a work which, to judge from its quiet character, belongs to his early period." The second performance took place on the 13th of the following March at one of the *Concerts Spirituels*, in the programme of which it is announced as "Grosse Charakteristische Overture von Beethoven (MS.)." Other reports may be found in the Leipsic *Allegemeine Musik Zeitung*, 1828 (p. 296); the Berlin *Musik Zeitung*, 1828 (p. 215); and the Vienna *Theater Zeitung*, 1828 (p. 151).

It is evident from the foregoing that up to March 1828 nothing was known of the date at which the Overture was composed; nor is anything said to lead to the conclusion that it was recognized as belonging to *Leonora* It was published, however, in the year 1832 or 1833, by Haslinger, under the title, "Ouverture in C, componirt im Jahr 1805 zur Oper Leonore," &c., and in the first edition of Schindler's *Biography*, (1840) p. 58, (compare the 3rd edition i. 127, ii. 42), it is mentioned as the first of the four Overtures to *Leonora*, and as therefore composed before the so-called "No. 2," which was played when the Opera was first put on the boards, in 1805. With these notices, in so far as they give 1805 for the date of composition, all later statements agree; and they evidently form the foundation of the belief mentioned at the outset of these remarks.

I have, now, however, to mention a fact which has made its appearance during my examination of a large collection of Beethoven's Sketches, and is in direct opposition to the ordinary assumption.

On the upper* side of a leaf of Sketches are found the following fragments belonging to the second and third movements of the C Minor Symphony:—

* From the German of Herr Nottebohm.

* This is evident, from the marks of the binding of the volume to which the leaf originally belonged, which leave no doubt as to which was the upper and which the under side of the leaf.

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Turning over the leaf, we find the top staves of the second page occupied with the following passage from the transition to the *Finale* of the same Symphony :—

and this again is immediately followed by a passage belonging to the Overture, Op. 138 :—

From this it is evident that the Sketches for the Overture were made later than those for the Symphony.

We turn now to a collection of Sketches, consisting of four consecutive sheets, containing 16 pages, and belonging to the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde" of Vienna. On the first page we find, amongst others, the following, belonging to the C Minor Symphony :—

On the second page are Sketches for the Overture, extending connectedly through 12 pages, of which the following quotations will give an idea :—

These again are followed by a Sketch for the first movement of the Violoncello Sonata, Op. 69.

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From the contents and relative positions of the above quotations, it is evident that the Overture was begun when the C Minor Symphony was near its close, and that it was completely sketched when the Violoncello Sonata was first taken in hand.

The time at which the Overture was commenced would be more exactly ascertainable if we knew when the Symphony was either finished or near its completion. On this point, however, we have as yet no exact information. The original MS. does not exhibit any date. Schindler's first edition (p. 69) states that the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Symphonies were written in 1806, 7, and 8; but the third edition, says that the C Minor was written at Heiligenstadt, where Beethoven was residing in the year 1808. Little reliance, however, can be placed on Schindler's statements. Thayer (*Chron. Verzeichniss*, p. 74) also gives 1808 as the date of composition, but with a note of interrogation. The list appended to the contract with Clementi, and dated the 20th of April, 1807, does not mention the Symphony at all, from which it is fair to infer that it was not at that time ready. The earliest date on which we can absolutely rely is the 22nd December, 1808, the day of the first performance of the Symphony; and this, therefore, limits the period of composition on one side. On the other side there are the following limitations. We can safely say that the Fifth Symphony was composed after the Fourth. Now, we know from the autograph that the Fourth was composed in 1806. It is, therefore, plain that neither the Fifth Symphony nor the Overture can have been written earlier than 1806, so that the date of the latter is thus limited to somewhere in 1806, 7, or 8. But if the contract with Clementi may be taken as evidence, we can come still closer, and say that both Symphony and Overture were composed some time between April 1807, and December 1808.

The Violoncello Sonata being written after the Overture, is of no assistance in the enquiry. Although published in 1809, it was most probably ready in January, 1808, if not sooner.

(*To be continued*).

THE Beethoven contributions to the Crystal Palace Concert of to-day are the Symphony in A (No. 7), and the Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in E flat (No. 5), the pianist being Madame Arabella Goddard.

VIENNA.—Baron von Münch, Bellinghausen, has definitively resigned the direction of the Imperial Theatres. Up to the present time, no successor has been appointed.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE *Tagéspresse* of Vienna gives a curious extract from the Court regulations of the Hofburg for the year 1624, on the etiquette to be observed by officers invited to the royal table. The regulation begins by stating that usually officers behave under such circumstances "with great politeness and good breeding, like true and worthy cavaliers; but that the Emperor thinks it necessary to issue the following directions for the use of inexperienced cadets:—1. Officers should come to the palace handsomely dressed, "and not enter the room in a half-drunken state." 2. When they are at table "they should not rock about on their chairs, nor sit back and stretch out their legs." 3. They should not "drink after each mouthful, as by so doing they will very soon get drunk; nor drink more than half a glass at a time; and before drinking they should wipe their lips and moustachios." 4. They should not put their hands in the dishes nor throw bones under the table. 5. They should not "lick their fingers nor spit on the plate; nor wipe their noses with their napkins; nor drink so brutally as to fall off their chairs."

To Shirley Brooks, Esq.

ONE would think that the members of the *corps de ballet* were not the best qualified to adjudge a question of orthography, especially when the one accused of bad spelling was a French academician; nevertheless *mesdames les danseuses* once gave judgment on an etymological dispute between Jules Janin, of the *Débats*, a recently-elected member of the French Academy—one therefore of the forty guardians of the French language—and Alberic Sécond, editor of the *Entr'acte*. Janin, in an article on Mdlle. Bozzachi, the young ballet dancer at the French Opera, made use of the word "tiqueté," which denotes, in the language of the *foyer*, a certain movement of the feet. Sécond maintained that he should have written "tacqueté," and entreated Perrin, director of the Opera, to take the sense of the *corps* on this question. The dancers were accordingly "assembled in their comitia" and proceeded to record the votes. Taglioni presided, and when the urns were opened there were found 287 in favour of "tacqueté," and not one for "tiqueté." The academician stood corrected. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

THE Sacred Harmonic Society begins on the 25th, with *Juda Maccabeus*, after which some novel features will, in due time, invite attention. Among these is a special concert, in honour of, Beethoven, to take place on the eve of the hundredth anniversary of his birthday, the programme comprising the Mass in C, and the *Mount of Olives*. This will be welcome to the many who have felt anxious lest the centenary should pass without adequate notice. Certain novelties are promised, but no particulars are given, and an announcement is made of co-operation with the Crystal Palace, in view of another Handel Festival, to which the Sacred Harmonic subscribers are promised free admission. One more feature in the prospectus is connected with that egregious building at South Kensington, called the Royal Albert Hall. The society will give concerts within its ample space during May and June next, to one of which, at least, the happy subscribers will be passed free. There only remains to add that Sir Michael Costa, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, will conduct the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society on all occasions, as usual.

MOST of the Vienna papers have lately been occupying themselves a good deal with Herr Richard Wagner, who, it appears, has been suffering very badly from a nervous complaint. He is better now, and is working away at the third part of his *Nibelungen Trilogy*. Herr Klindworth is preparing the pianoforte arrangement of the second part, *Siegfried*. According to the papers, the report that Herr Wagner intends himself to conduct the entire *Trilogy* at Munich, in 1872, is false, because it is his firm resolve never to set foot in the place again; besides, he has found some other capital, of far greater importance, for his "model performances," though, as yet, he has not informed his friends and admirers what capital it is. Can it be Berlin? *Quien sabe?*

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An admirable concert has just been given at St. Lawrence-on-Sea, Thanet, in aid of the Fund for the Sick and Wounded French and German Soldiers. The artists were "amateurs," but they performed like *amatores* of music, wherein many of them are well-known proficients. We could gladly have been there. Gladly, too, could we have heard that unsurpassed mistress of elocution, Mrs. Keeley, deliver the following address by our respected accomplice, Mr. Shirley Brooks: for in that lady, and in very few other ladies of the drama, resideth the art of delivering—with completeness, grace, and force—the language which an author furnisheth.

One flourish on a trumpet! On a drum
One thundering herald of proud words to come!
No drum! No trumpet! Music "takes a rest."
Well, on the whole, perhaps, 'tis for the best.

Yes, for although the theme those words (*Points to placard with "Sick and Wounded"*) supply
Might leave no heart untouched, no eyelid dry,
This is, I think, no place, and this no time,
To weave a crimson thread in links of rhyme;
Needless to harrow you with hideous things,
Whose sickening picture every morning brings,
Till woman's fortitude and manhood's pride,
Alike o'er mastered, throw the page aside.
We meet for pleasure. Needless to explain
Our pleasure's offerings go in aid of pain.
Fair Charity hath worked her charm—you've come—
That charmer's voice, at least, may now be dumb.
For sacred use she bears away your gold,
Nor need her mournful tale again be told.

But yet, methinks, an explanation's due
To one who's absent, to myself, and you.
He, when desired to write for me to-day,
Asked me (politely) what I wished to say;
Said if I liked sensational appeals,
And big words tumbling on each other's heels,
His best were at my service—he had store—
If I aspired to talk of battle roar;
The cannon's earthquake shout, the demon shell;
The thundering charge, the close, the combat yell,
"And all the current of a heady fight;"
And the worse terrors of the after sight ——
I smote his table with a downright blow,
And most emphatically answered, "No!"
A place for all things— such do *not* belong
To places where we meet for smile and song.

And yet some little quarrel should be rife.
(For without quarrel where's the fun of life?)
Suppose we pick a very tiny crow
With one who crows enough; I mean, you know,
Music, spoiled darling of the poets. She
To whom great bards and small ones bend the knee,
She (says a line oft into service pressed)
"Has mighty charms to soothe the savage breast,"
I hope she has. But when fierce music comes,
Her mad pulse beating in her maddening drums,
When her war-trumpets give their fiery crash,
And her clashed cymbals bid the sabres clash,
Her soothing system for the savage 'beast'
Is homœopathy, to say the least.

But she shall make amends, at least to-night,
And help to comfort those she stirred to fight.
"Music may be the food of Love," it's true,
(That's a mild diet, 'twixt myself and you),
But food she *shall* be, or she shall supply,
Where Hate's sad victims in their anguish lie.
Our Love goes forth to search where sorrow hides,
And Music feeds the store that Love divides,
Thus with your leave the resolution stands,
"That we be cheerful."

Now! the show of hands.
Carried, *nem. con.* (I hope that Latin's right)
My mission's done; to all a kind good night.

We take the following from a Philadelphia paper:—

"The dress worn by Mdlle. Nilsson at her first concert was said to be one of the most exquisite toilettes ever seen in this country. It was a white gros-grain silk, with long skirt, trimmed with flounces of lace, looped over at each side with vines of morning glories. Her hair was dressed very simply, and ornamented with a single morning glory, with a diamond humming bird and butterfly lighting on the flower. Necklace of pearls and diamonds, and heavy gold bracelets set with diamonds, completed this beautiful toilette. She is noted, it is said, all over Europe for her taste in dress."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Royal Academy of Music.—The most recent "Public Rehearsal" of the students was strictly "classical," the works of Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn being drawn upon for the exhibition of the young artists' abilities. The progress made in the vocal department within a short space of time was shown in the correct and conscientious way with which the fragments from Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio, *Christus*, were given. The solo parts were entrusted to Miss Rebecca Jewell, Messrs. Guy, Wadmore, and Parry, who did themselves infinite credit. Praise must also be awarded to the members of the chorus, for the manner in which they executed the parts allotted to them. The other vocal pieces were Mozart's "Al desio" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), sung by Miss Pocklington; the recit. and aria from the same opera, "Hai già vinta la causa," sung by Mr. Parry; Mozart's "Kyrie," in D minor (chorus—first performance in England); and Mendelssohn's duet with chorus, "I waited for the Lord" (*Lobgesang*), the solo singers being Miss Andrews and Miss Maudsley (Westmorland scholar). There were two pianoforte solos, viz., Hummel's Rondo in A, carefully played by Miss Martin, and Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor, dashed off with immense spirit by Miss Baglehole, who was warmly applauded. The concert was admirably conducted by Mr. John Hullah. The next "Public Rehearsal" is announced for Thursday evening, the 24th inst.

PROVINCIAL.

Cheltenham.—The *Chronicle*, of November 15, contains a notice of Miss Marian Buell's concert, from which we abridge the following:—

"Where all is excellent it were invidious to select; but we may be allowed to record our enjoyment of the (MS.) sonata by Miss Buells. It was her own composition, and the various movements met with deserved applause. Neither should Herr Pollitzer or M. Paque, both instrumentalists of high capacity, be dismissed without praise. The solo fantasia, *La Favorita* (violin), by the former, and *Don Giovanni*, by the latter (violoncello), were particularly well received. Last, not least, it is our pleasing duty to notice the abilities displayed by the Mdlles. Doria. Two solos were allotted to each, and after 'Come per me sereno' (Bellini), Mdlle. Clara was recalled. She also sung 'The Mermaid's Song' (Barnett). We were charmed with the feeling displayed by Mdlle. Rosamunda in the 'Nameless Grave on the Battle Field'—touching at any time, but made the more so by her exquisite enunciation. Herr Wagner presided, in his accustomed able manner, at the pianoforte—one of Broadwood's, supplied by Mr. Finlayson of this town."

Nottingham.—We copy with pleasure from a local paper the following:—

"A series of four popular concerts of classical music are announced to be given in November and December, 1870, January and February, 1871, at the Mechanics' Large Hall, on a plan similar to that of the celebrated Monday Popular Concerts, held in St. James's Hall, London. The quartets are to be played by Mr. Henry Farmer (first violin), Mr. H. Leverton (second violin), Mr. Myers (viola), and Mr. T. L. Selby (violoncello). Madame Arabella Goddard, Miss Butler, Mr. J. Farmer, jun., &c., are engaged to play in the course of the series; and a vocalist of eminence will appear at each concert. The concerts are under the entire direction of Mr. Henry Farmer, who has already done so much to make genuine music acceptable in Nottingham. The first concert is announced for the evening of November 28th; and this year being the centenary of the birth of Beethoven, the programme will be selected entirely from his works."

Every one who wishes well to good music will wish success to Mr. Henry Farmer.

Munich.—Herr Theobald Böhm, formerly a member of the orchestra of the Royal Opera, and well known throughout the world of music as composer, virtuoso, and the inventor of the flute bearing his name, lately celebrated his "Golden Wedding," as the Germans call it; in other words, the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage. This musical Nestor is in excellent health.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The 38th annual meeting of this society was held in the Minor Hall, Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening. Mr. Daniel Hill having been called to the chair, the hon. secretary, Mr. Thomas Brewer, read the report for the past year. As the ordinary proceedings of the society have from time to time received prominent notice by the public press, such topics, which naturally occupied a large part of the report, need not be here repeated. A proposed Handel Festival, on the magnificent scale of former years, at the Crystal Palace in June next, and some concerts of sacred music at the Royal Albert Hall, now in process of completion at Kensington, in May and June, were referred to. The report contained a feeling reference to the recent loss the society has sustained by the death of Mr. J. N. Harrison, president of the society from its commencement, and that of Mr. R. K. Bowley, one of the oldest members of the society, and of late years its treasurer. The vacancies so occasioned were filled by the election of Mr. Thomas Brewer, the society's honorary secretary from its first formation in 1832, to be president, and Mr. Daniel Hill, for many years past honorary superintendant of the society's soprano chorus, to be treasurer. The post of honorary secretary thus vacated was filled by the election of Mr. J. F. Puttick.

—o—

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I hope you will think the subject of this letter to be of sufficient importance for a small space to be devoted to it in your influential columns The organ-grinding nuisance has been a long-standing grievance in this city It is one, however, which is more acutely felt by some than others. In the crowded thoroughfares the dismal drone of these loud-tongued instruments is more or less drowned by the noise of the carriage traffic. Those who are absent from home during the greater part of the day are only partially subjected to it. It is something less annoying to those who have no particular occupation. or who live in spacious houses in wide streets; but to those who, like myself, inhabit houses of humble dimensions, in narrow and quiet streets, and whose occupation is a literary one, the nuisance is quite unbearable.

The most exquisite music, perfectly performed, if it were inflicted upon you with inflexible regularity every day, and at all hours of the day, whether you liked it or not, would become odious and intolerable. What must be the nerve-depressing groaning of barrel-organs forced upon you with such remorseless persistency that, from 9 o'clock in the morning until 11 in the evening, not an hour of your existence can be considered safe. The law, it is true, provides a remedy. But the remedy is almost as painful as the grievance. Tapping at your window, beckoning, are of no use. You must sally forth from your house, run the gauntlet of street *gamins*, flirty tenants of the areas, mothers of very large broods of young children, &c., and walk quiet up to your man. And what is worse still, you cannot rid yourself of the reflection that you may possibly be depriving him of a halfpenny or a penny of his earnings. To make it up to him yourself, as I have often done, is to invite the nuisance you are trying to rid yourself of. If the man refuses to leave, matters are still worse. You must fetch a policeman; with the two you must walk to the police-office. You must sign the charge yourself, attend the next day at the court, kick your heels about there the greater part of the day, to depart with the melancholy satisfaction of having brought punishment upon a poor fellow whom you would rather succour and relieve. But it would appear from the letter, a copy of which I subjoin, that henceforth we are not to be permitted to have recourse even to that. We are threatened with the Italian knife, and, for the future, we are to be forced to listen to the horrible sounds produced by these gentry as often and as long as they please under the penalty of assassination.

The following is a copy of a letter which I received yesterday evening:—

"*The Gentelmin*

". . . . . .

"*by fulham road.*

"*You bad man. You want starve poor organ playrs. One will pay you for it. Dark night me watch, no fight, me get one knife. Look out, me warn you.*"

If this, then, is to be an Englishman's alternative, living in his own house, in his own country, to submit to the organ nuisance for the rest of his life, or to be assassinated, one will scarcely know which to chose. Yours, &c.,

Nov. 13. AN ENGLISHMAN.

"*The extreme ignorance of amateurs of music generally is a great danger to music.*" This was one of the sayings of Petipace of Winchelsea, who did not tire of repeating it.

AUGSBURGH.—Two performances were lately given of Herr Schachner's oratorio, *Israel's Heimkehr*, which was not unfavourably received. The soprano part was sung by the Countess Gatterburg, of Salzburgh, who has taken an immense liking for the work, and made up her mind to procure the recognition in Germany of its merits. It is entirely owing to her exertions, we are informed by a German contemporary, that *Israel's Heimkehr* has already been performed within a short period at Vienna, Salzburgh, and Kremsmünster.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard has returned to London.

At the first meeting of the York Choral Union Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah* was performed, conducted by the composer, with Misses Edith Wynne and J. Elton, Messrs. Cummings and Maybrick.

The *New York Herald*, of Oct. 29, states that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's last appearance in the "Empire City," was to be on the Monday following (Oct. 31), at an evening concert.

Mr. Horton C. Allison, of the Conservatoire of Leipsic, formerly pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, has just completed a new concerto for the pianoforte, which is highly praised by musical connoisseurs in Manchester, where Mr. Allison is now located.

Three curious musical scores have been found at Milan, amongst the old papers of a family of the name of Castelli. The scores, which are autograph, are—*La Secchia Rapita*, by Zingarelli, performed at La Scala in 1793; *Un pazzo ne fa cento*, by Mayr, performed in 1798; and *La Fortunata Combinazione*, composed by Mosca.

Mr. Cowen's new cantata, *The Rose Maiden*, is announced for performance at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening next. The principal vocalists, together with the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera, are engaged for the occasion, so that a performance of more than ordinary excellence is anticipated.

A "grand evening concert" is announced to take place in St. James's Hall, on Thursday next, in aid of the Refugee's Benevolent Fund. The concert is under distinguished patronage. The mere fact that Madame Viardot is one of the singers, and M. Gounod one of the conductors, ought to make the concert attractive.

Miss Annie Louise Cary—*contralto* or *mezzo soprano*—who will be remembered last season both at the Royal Italian Opera and the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, has been winning golden opinions in America. as one of the most attractive members of the Nilsson troop. Miss Cary is herself an American, and her compatriots are justly proud of her.

The Musical Committee of the Society of Arts have recommended to the Commissioners of the International Exhibition of 1871 to permit professors having systems of teaching music to illustrate them by lectures or performances. Although musical instruments as a class will not be exhibited in 1871, pianoforte-manufacturers will have the opportunity at some subsequent exhibition to submit to the Committee of Selection for Class 10 (educational works and appliances) such instruments as are adapted for school use.

The unanimity in which the American press continues to praise Madame Seebach seems to indicate that a tragic actress has at length appeared. One of the least gushing of her critics likens her performance of Adrienne Lecouvreur to that of Rachel, and adds, after employing such words as "infinite pathos" and "prodgious power"—"the American stage has never witnessed an impersonation in which fervour, force, and grace were more harmoniously blended."

A result of the interference of the magistrates with the performances at the Alhambra has been a revulsion of popular feeling on behalf of ballets in theatres. At no time during the present reign or the preceding, has ballet enjoyed an amount of favour equal to that now accorded it in London and the country. At the Standard Theatre the Alhambra ballet has been produced with complete success, while the nymphs who aroused police disapproval and magisterial interference found a home at the Globe. Surely if interference is needed it should be comprehensive, and have no appearance of favour.

A curious incident is related by the *Daily Chronicle* as having occurred in the Town Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne:—

"A special request was made by one of the visitors that the great tenor would sing 'The Last Rose of Summer.' Mr. Reeves willingly consented, and Mr. Rea undertook to play the accompaniment. The first two verses were magnificently given, and so far all was well, but a hitch occurred at the beginning of the last verse, which for some time the audience were at a loss to comprehend. The fact was that Mr. Reeves had forgotten the words of the verse, and for the moment could not recall them to memory. In answer to a whispered interrogation, Mr. Rea could only reply that he, too, had forgotten the concluding words of the song, and a similar appeal passed round to the nearest members of the orchestra was likewise fruitless in obtaining the services of a prompter. Under the circumstances only one course was left. Mr. Reeves bowed and retired, amidst the wonderment of the puzzled audience. Worst of all, no sooner had the great tenor reached the foot of the stairs leading from the platform, than the words which so stubbornly refused to come at the call of memory when urgently invoked a few seconds previously, returned unbidden with verbal accuracy. But it was too late! Mr. Reeves did not return."

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Our advertising columns announce a memoir of the late M. W. Balfe, by Mr. H. J. St. Leger. Many anecdotes will be introduced, and we have no doubt that as Mr. St. Leger was for thirty six-years on terms of intimacy with our popular dramatic composer, his memoir will be acceptable to many who are interested in matters connected with English opera.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

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THE 17TH DECEMBER, 1870.

A time may, perhaps, come, when our almanacks, instead of containing an endless number of the names of saints—of whose life and doings even the firmest believer possesses but a slight knowledge—when, we say, our almanacks will record the days on which were born or on which died those men who have exercised a prominent influence on civilization, in the broadest acceptation of the word. When such is the case, we shall write, at least in Germany, under the date of the 17th December: Ludwig van Beethoven. On this day, a century ago, was our great tone-poet baptized; so much we know. It is considered probable that he was born the day before. When a nation does honour to the memory of a great man, it really honours only itself, for it shows that it knows how to recognize and appreciate a great mind sprung from itself. Ludwig van Beethoven was a genius such as but rarely appears in the art-history of any age or people. It has sometimes been asserted that, among the millions whom birth, education, and circumstances do not permit to participate in a highly intellectual life, thousands would become great men, were fate to favour them. We do not think so, but even were it the case, we should recognize, in this instance as well as in others, the wise economy of Nature. Men cannot master too much at one time, and a considerable period is always needed ere any important, and therefore great, man has worked out his due effect.

The material points in Beethoven's earthly pilgrimage are pretty generally known—some few, however, require further elucidation. On the whole, his career was simple and quiet. There were none of the wonderful successes which surrounded with brilliancy the youth of Mozart—or of the passionate and almost historical struggles such as Gluck and Handel underwent in Paris and in London. Nay, even a journey to England, like that which crowned the old age of Father Haydn, is wanting in the life of Beethoven. The life of Johann Sebastian Bach alone offers still fewer points of contact with the wide, wide world! Even in his early youth, Beethoven's art became for him everything: a permanent source of employment; a delight; and the means of profit and of distinction. He was only twelve years old when he entered the musical establishment of the Elector Max Franz, filling in it the post of organist, pianist, and, subsequently, even of tenorist. Thus, at his entry into life, he proved the support of his family, and felt, no doubt, a certain self-confidence from the consciousness that, though scarcely a youth, he was, in his artistic as well as his social character, satisfying requirements, that we are justified in making only on mature manhood. The friendly reception with which he met in all circles at Bonn, especially at Madame von Breuning's, enlarged the sphere of his accomplishments, and, when hardly more than a youth of five and twenty, he went, well prepared, to the Imperial capital in which his genius and his reputation were destined to burst forth into bloom.

Through the Elector (a son of the Empress Maria Theresa), and those about him, numerous and intimate relations existed between Bonn and Vienna; and, thanks to the intervention of his old patrons, Beethoven was admitted into the first families of the Austrian aristocracy. The dedications of his works would prove, even were we not aware of it from other sources, how deeply indebted the artist felt to those of high birth. It is solely to what they did that Vienna owes the fact of being able to call the great man more particularly her own. It is true that, during the long period of thirty-four years which he spent there, he never sought or found a sphere of personal influence—as a teacher, a conductor, or even as a virtuoso. He gave the Viennese public an opportunity of hearing his works before any one else heard them—an opportunity by which they did not always profit. The concerts at which he did so—and at some of which he appeared as a pianist—were, perhaps, the only occasions that brought him personally into contact with the Viennese public. He had something better to do than to conduct an orchestra or assist young beginners with good advice—for he was one who directed music into new paths, and, by his works, exerted an elevating and guiding influence upon hundreds of thousands.

As far as a serious artistic life can be so, Beethoven's, taken all in all, may, perhaps, be termed particularly favoured. He was able to live entirely for his work, and quickly met with the highest appreciation; while the miseries attending a somewhat badly-managed bachelor's establishment—miseries springing from his amiable weakness for brothers and nephews—must not, in conclusion, be estimated too highly. But there was a grey thread running through his life. When only in his eight-and-twentieth year, he felt a diminution in his power of hearing. For about twenty years the malady seems sometimes to have increased and sometimes to have diminished, until it terminated in total deafness. In addition to the pang of only half receiving the living impression of his productions, and of subsequently not receiving it at all—in addition to the rent in his intercourse with the world, which, from the very first, possessed great attractions for him—he was most painfully worried, being a sensitive man, by all the experiments with which the disciples of Æsculapius assailed him, and ashamed, for a tolerably long time, to confess his malady, concealing it, and thereby, probably, rendering it worse. Attempts have been made to explain, by this want of the material sense of hearing, many compositions of the last period less practicable and less charming than the rest; but the man who, with his inward ear, could hear the *Adagio* of the Ninth Symphony and the "Benedictus" of the *Missa Solennis* required no excitement of the senses. Whatever the amount of sorrow which the idea of the deaf composer may inspire, it is a great question whether his inability to hear did not contribute to render his nature more profound. A musician, as such, is, in general, indebted to his ear for more pain than pleasure—and how little of all we are obliged to hear is worth being heard, every one knows.

How, too, can we speak of solitude in the case of a man who, really and truly, was at home in a different world from that which surrounded him? Every one to whom has been granted, in any degree, the privilege of being artistically productive, can perhaps conceive, with blessed envy, what sort of an existence that of such a genius must be. If the slightest original notion exerts a vivifying influence, how shall we describe the ecstasy which must have been Beethoven's, when the first embryo-like notion of a new composition sprang up in his brain, assuming more and more distinctness of shape, and gradually filling his whole being, till all within him breathed, sang, sounded in melodies, of which he himself, a short time before, had no presentiment? And these tone-pictures filling the entire man did not vanish from him like light dreams—he knew how to grasp them with a hand possessing the strength of a giant; to hold them fast; to give them form and shape—to cast, as it were, even the most ætherial in bronze. Combined, too, with the marvellous charms this great man's fancy afforded him, was the ever-increasing and refreshing consciousness of his own intellectual power, the feeling of his *mastery*, the only true power and true freedom upon earth.

Especial interest is taken now-a-days in investigating most minutely all the details in the social position of great men. There is no objection to this, as long as we do not attempt to establish too close a connection between their works and their circumstances, for such an attempt leads to the most outrageous errors—or as long as we do not, with our enthusiasm reversed, endeavour to perceive the importance of their productions in the most trivial thing we learn concerning what they said and did. It is certain that excellent qualities of heart and disposition generally adorned Beethoven, and people readily forgave him his weaknesses. He met the poetry, the history, the great deeds of his time, with an active intelligence, nay, with passionate sympathy. But there were, and always are, thousands of men, his equals in elevation of character, in social virtue, and in noble conception of life, but not competent to produce anything that shall advance mankind. Beethoven, however, was able to express in wonderful works of art the lofty emotions and views that lived within him—and *that* is what makes him a great man.

Many, on the other hand, attempt to perceive the most essential greatness of such works in certain ideas, which, they assert, serve as a base, and which every one then endeavours to explain after his own fashion. But it is not that which a work of art conceals; it is that which it says, and the way in which it says it, that constitute its greatness. This greatness, moreover, is to be found in the conditions of *that* art of which we are treating. What elevates and inspires us, when we hear any of Beethoven's music, is the abundance, the originality, the boldness of imagination, the endless diversity of the melodies, and the charms they have for the senses, combined with their feeling, kindly power; their ingenious simplicity; their passionate energy; and their proud, high character—it is the way, so logical, and yet so free, in which they are carried out—it is the treatment, healthy, unaffected, and yet so original, of the harmony—the highly-coloured, individual employment of the instruments of sound—in a word, the fulfilment of all the conditions which a musical composition demands, if it is to satisfy all that can be expected from it. What that means is known to the many who, gifted and talented as they are, have endeavoured, and still endeavour, but in vain, to attain it.

Though Beethoven's name is full of import for the educated in all nations, and though his works have, since the beginning of the present century, continued to spread more and more in all countries, we Germans have a right to call him more especially ours. In political matters the bias of our nature towards the Ideal and the Spiritual may have been an obstacle in our way—but how much that is magnificent has it not produced! Such is the case with the love of instrumental music, that wondrous blossom of German genius, that most true poetry, without material subject, and without doubtful thoughts. Truly, it is a lofty people, from among which hundreds of thousands are continually assembling, in all directions, for the purpose of listening, with pious devotion, to the utterances which their harmony-inspired seers have delivered! In the very strictest, and, consequently, most energetic signification of the words, the instrumental works of our great

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masters are tone-poems—and those of Ludwig van Beethoven are the most magnificent and the most sublime of any. How deeply what we owe him is felt on all sides, is shown by the festivals, now being consecrated to his memory. Neither the thought of all the great things that have been done and achieved upon the blood-drenched fields of battle, nor anxiety for what still remains to be achieved, has scared our minds into forgetting to consecrate the day which, a century ago, gave us the musician Beethoven. Let us hope that, in the fullness of the power it has victoriously attained, our nation will preserve its noble sense for the Beautiful, and its proud delight in all the magnificent things which its poets, in words, and in tone, have presented to it. And so, on Beethoven's Day, we exclaim to it, in the words of Schiller—

"Freue Dich, dass die Gabe des Liedes vom Himmel herabkommt,
Dass der Sänger dir singt, was ihn die Muse gelehrt!
Weil der Gott ihn beseelt, so wird er dem Hörer zum Gotte,
Weil er der Glückliche ist, kannst Du der Selige sein."

Cologne, 17th December. DR. FERDINAND HILLER.

ENGLISH OPERA IN AMERICA.

(*From our Special Correspondent.*)

In my last I promised you an account of certain American opera-singers whose merits are almost unknown to the British public. Among the ladies the foremost is Mrs. Belda Seguin, recently the contralto of the Parepa-Rosa *troupe*, a genuine artist whose vocal means and comprehensive talent enable her to do justice to every style of music, although it is in the works of the best masters that she shines most brightly. The music of Fatima in Weber's *Oberon*, Bridget in Auber's *Domino Noir*, and Cherubino in Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, could not be more chastely or beautifully sung than it was by this lady during the late tour. She taught the masses to love that which had hitherto been supposed to be above their appreciation, and such gems as "A simple Arab Maid," "Araby, dear Araby!" the convent song in *Le Domino Noir*, and "Voi che Sapete," were as sure to be encored when heard from her lips, as were the more familiar and generally popular "Alas, those chimes!" the huntress' song in *Martha*, or any other airs belonging to constantly performed operas, which the public knows by heart. But Mrs. Seguin has not only the voice and style of a richly endowed and thoroughly educated vocalist; she also possesses a rare amount of histrionic ability, though this appears more conspicuously in comedy than tragedy. Few actresses, whether singers or not, have so much natural humour; few can be so spontaneously whimsical, or do droll things in so original and attractive a manner. In the sunny-side of her art, Mrs. Seguin seems to revel, and guided by instinctive sympathy with her audience, while obviously enjoying her own sportive fancies, she invariably succeeds in making others enjoy them too. Mrs. Seguin is, in short, an experienced and thorough artist, worthy to take a leading position in any theatre in the world; though nothing I believe, would induce her to leave the English operatic stage, where, so far as I know, she is at present without a rival on either side of the Atlantic.

With Mdme. Parepa-Rosa as soprano, and Mrs. Seguin as contralto last season, there was already a combination such as had never previously existed in America, and that the *entourage* was for the most part worthy of these very distinguished performers, is what I propose to show in my next letter. Meanwhile, I would wish to remind my readers that I am writing specially of the Parepa-Rosa company, because I consider it as the *representative* English opera company—the best there has ever been in the States, and consequently the fairest test for judging America's lyrically productive power, and artistic appreciation.

New York, December 13.

A MODEL STUDENT.

(*Reported by Duff Short.*)

Fashionably-dressed Joseph Cooke Cox, Barnard's Inn, Holborn, summoned Bow Street not paying cab fare.—Garlick, cab-driver, took defendant and lady Amphitheatre, left vehicle without paying fare. Waited, defendant came out, asked fare, 1s., and 1s. 6d. Defendant declined. Defendant sworn, said: Am captain 20th Regiment, half-pay, also theatrical student. Got out cab, put shilling on roof. Cabman perjured. Why not respectable cab-drivers, why not gentlemen courage, as I, to come forward such occasions? Thing soon put down then.—Flowers: You behaved badly; pay the money and 4s. —Defendant: Lock me up.—Defendant placed in cells commenced to sing.

Cox again at Bow Street Thursday, assaulting Griffiths of Gaiety Theatre. —Griffiths deposed in room at theatre, heard kicking at door. Defendant split panels, struck Dolby, and attempted follow on Hollingshead. On way to station dealt witness blow in face. Defendant been nuisance at theatre some time. Defendant remanded. Friends consulted on sanity.

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL AT BOSTON.

We take the following from our excellent contemporary, *Dwight's Journal of Music* (Dec. 3rd):—

"The programme of the birthday week in Boston is settled, we presume, in its main features, though some societies and artists are still in doubt what they will do. The want of a fit hall for chamber concerts proves one serious drawback. The series of Beethoven performances will begin, according to the original plan, with the Fourth Harvard Symphony Concert on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 15, when the programme will include:—Part I. The third and greatest overture to *Leonore*; the great soprano scena from *Fidelio*, to be sung by Mme. Bertha Johannsen; Seventh Symphony in A. Part II. Andante and Adagio from the *Prometheus* ballet; and the Choral Fantasia, with Mr. Perabo for pianist, a select choir from the Handel and Haydn Society, and orchestra. The Choral Fantasia, as it contains the germ of the choral symphony, will be interesting to hear so soon before the performance of that sublime work on the 19th.—The Ninth Symphony Concert, which was to have closed the series on the evening of the birthday itself (Saturday, the 17th), is postponed to Monday afternoon, Dec. 19, owing to the engagement of many members of the orchestra at the theatres on Saturday afternoon and evening. This concert will be given under the joint auspices of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Harvard Musical Association. The symphony will be preceded by a short first part, consisting of the overture to *Egmont*; quartet from *Fidelio*; Andante and Adagio from *Prometheus*; Hallelujah Chorus from *The Mount of Olives*.—It is more than probable that *Fidelio* will be given on the Saturday evening of the birthday (and possibly on other evenings of that week) by the united Richings and Parepa English Opera *troupes* at the Boston Theatre. They are to give it in New Haven next week.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, who will return to Boston in season to take part in these festivities, will, besides rejoining the orchestra, give a chamber concert of their own in honour of Beethoven, probably on the Friday evening, at the Piano Rooms of Mr. Russell Hallet, Tremont Street. The programme will consist of one of Beethoven's earlier piano trios, the entire septet, one of his latest (posthumous) quartets, and some songs.—Mr. Ernest Perabo has already announced his purpose of giving a Beethoven concert at Horticultural Hall on the birthday (Saturday) at noon. Other artists, probably, have similar intentions, but their plans are not yet stated. Enough, however, is already sure to make a commemoration worthy of Beethoven and of Boston."

J. A. RÖCKEL.

There died at Cöthel, on December 19, Joseph August Röckel, at the age of 87. His name is known in connection with the introduction of German opera into England. The fact of his being a friend of Beethoven, and the Florestan selected for *Fidelio*, is matter of history, and will lend interest to a short sketch of his life. Born on August 28, 1783, at Neuenberg, in the Upper Palatinate, and originally intended for the Church, he enjoyed an education which proved the more serviceable to him, as, at twenty, he exchanged theology for diplomacy, entering the service of the Elector of Bavaria, as Secretary of Legation. On the outbreak of war between Bavaria and Austria in 1804, and the dissolution of the embassy at Salzburg, Röckel accepted an offer from the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, to be first tenor. Here his success was such that he decided on following up the operatic career. It was in the summer of 1805 that his "creation" of the part of Florestan gained him the recognition of Beethoven. In 1823, Franz I. appointed Röckel Professor of Singing at the Imperial Opera. In this capacity he produced some distinguished pupils, among whom was Henrietta Sontag. In 1828 he accepted the management of the Opera at Aix-la Chapelle. The year following he introduced German Opera in Paris, by means of a complete operatic company. In consequence of the success attending this scheme—the impression produced by his chorus being remarkable—Röckel remained in Paris till 1832, when Monk Mason, manager of the King's Theatre, induced him to try the same experiment in London. We still recollect the enthusiasm excited by this first introduction of German opera in England, and the impression produced by the first performances of *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz* and other masterpieces of the German school, with a company including Schröder-Devrient and Haitzinger, and, as conductor, Hummel (Röckel's brother-in-law). In 1839, Röckel withdrew from the theatre, but continued to follow up his career of musical usefulness in his adopted country. In 1853 he returned to his native land, to enjoy the well-earned fruits of his active life.

B. E. E.

HAMBURGH.—In honour of the Centenary of Beethoven's birth, none but pieces of his composition were played at the third Philharmonic Concert on the 16th December. The *Sinfonia eroica*, and the third *Leonore*-Overture were executed in a spirited manner by the band. Mdlle. Clara Schumann played the E flat minor Concerto and the grand Variations in C minor. Mdlle. Marianne Brandt, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, sang the scene and air, "Ah, perfido," and three Scotch songs, with violin and violoncello accompaniment. This young lady, who is a pupil of Madame Viardot-Garcia, appeared, also, in *Fidelio*. Both in the concert-room and on the stage she was much applauded.

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THE THEATRES AT CHRISTMAS.

If we look over the long list of playhouses open at this the most theatrical season of the year, we shall find in Central London a still increasing tendency among managers to overlook the Christmas holidays as a time demanding any special kind of entertainment. There is, of course, a pantomime at Drury Lane, which is still really the people's theatre, and there is another at Covent Garden, which, having lost its nationality in other respects, elects to be ostentatiously national at Christmas. But here ends the list of pantomimes, as far as Central London is concerned. The Lyceum, which has sometimes been conspicuous as a third pantomimic theatre, is closed, and pilgrims in quest of harlequin beyond the precincts of the two "large houses" must cross the water or penetrate the remote suburbs.

A few years ago the absence of pantomime from a theatre open at Christmas would have implied a preference for burlesque, but now at many leading houses even the less national mode of celebrating the holidays has been abandoned. Mr. Buckstone, of the Haymarket, is so perfectly satisfied with Mr. Gilbert's *Palace of Truth* and Mr. Theyre Smith's sparkling comedietta, that he not only leaves his bill unaltered, but triumphantly calls attention to its unchanged condition. Mr. Halliday's *Nell* has taken up her abode at the Olympic, and does not consider the 25th of December as the quarter-day by which her lease is terminated. Mrs. John Wood, of the St. James's, and Miss Marie Wilton, of the Prince of Wales's, once set a high value on burlesque; but the former still continues to announce *Fernande*, the latter Mr. T. W. Robertson's successful comedy, *Ours*. Faithful to the "legitimate" cause ever since the production of Mr. Tom Taylor's *Axe and Crown*, the manager of the Queen's relies upon *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Mr. Phelps.

Some managers, not especially believing in the virtues of a particular day or week, but retaining a vague reverence for Christmas, love to anticipate the holidays. *Elizabeth*, which is now the burlesque at the Vaudeville, and *Whittington*, which holds the same position at the Royalty, were both brought out some time ago. The practice of bringing out novelties on Christmas eve, which was forbidden by the old theatrical law, but which has long been prevalent in the suburbs, has been this year adopted by two of the central houses. Besides, of course, Good Friday and Christmas-day, Ash-Wednesday is the only weekday throughout the year on which, by the existing law, theatres are peremptorily closed.

As the holiday-makers of the season necessarily comprise many semi-Puritans, who are ready to encourage every amusement that is not formally theatrical, the directors of non-theatrical places of entertainment are naturally astir. Foremost among these are the Christy's Minstrels, who have not lost one iota of their huge popularity, and who, as usual, celebrate Christmas not only by adding new songs to their programme, but during the present week abandon the lesser for the larger St. James's Hall, which is gorgeously adorned for the occasion, and perform twice a day. Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Reed have returned to the Gallery of Illustration, and Mr. Pepper, of the Polytechnic, has provided a goodly banquet of diversion and instruction, at which the tale of the Yellow Dwarf, as told by Mr. George Grossmith, jun., holds a conspicuous place. There is no wind so ill that it blows no good to the representatives of Madame Tussaud. The war, regarded everywhere else as a dire calamity, supplies Baker Street with several new and interesting figures.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

The annual choral festival in connection with this College took place at the Church of St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, on Friday, the 16th inst. The choir comprised about one hundred voices from St. Paul's Cathedral, the Foundling Hospital, Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Lincoln's Inn Chapel, St. Michael's, Cornhill, St. George's, Bloomsbury, St. Andrew's, Holborn, &c., &c. The music used included an admirable service in B flat, by Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, which was first sung at the society's festival last year, and the three prize works of Mr. F. E. Gladstone, organist of Chichester Cathedral, who has carried off the whole of the prizes offered by the council during the present year. Mr. Gladstone's compositions consist of a very excellent hymn tune, a highly original anthem, and an exceedingly effective "Andante" for the organ. Mr. Gladstone himself presided at the organ, and his magnificent playing of Bach's Fugue in D minor, as a concluding voluntary, gave especial delight to many present. Mr. J. Hamilton Clarke's anthem, which took the first prize offered by the College in 1864, was also performed. Mr. Limpus, Hon. Sec. conducted the music. Owing to the wet night, the congregation was not so large as on former occasions.—*The Choir* (*abridged*).

Reggio.—"Il tenore Hemming,"—says *L'Euterpe*, of November 10th—"who possesses a sympathetic voice and sings with much sentiment, was encored in the duet with Norina." The opera was *Don Pasquale*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society gave its sixth *soirée musicale* at St. George's Hall, on the 14th inst., and laid a very interesting programme before its guests. Here are some examples of the selections made:—Hummel's Pianoforte Trio in E was very well played by Mdlle. Bondy, Mr. Otto Booth, and M. Paque, and much applauded. Madame Eugene Oswald gave a pianoforte solo by Warzischek, and Miss Alice Mary Smith played, with Mr. Lazarus, her own clever Duo Concertante in A, for piano and clarionet. Other features of the evening were a capital violoncello solo by M. Paque, the singing of Miss José Sherrington and Herr Nordblom, and a solo on the pianoforte by Mdlle. Leonora Ferrari. Need we add that the company went away delighted with their entertainment.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This great and zealous body of amateurs was not likely to let the centenary of Beethoven's birth pass by without recognition. Consequently, on the eve of that event, a very fine performance was given, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, of the First Mass (in C) and the oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, Exeter Hall was crowded; and both Mass and Oratorio (about which we have nothing new to say) were heard with evident delight. That Sir Michael Costa directed the performance *con amore* it was easy to observe; and his example did wonders for those who acted under his guidance. The Mass (perhaps the most perfect in existence)—with Madame Sinico, Mdlle. Drasdil, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas, as the quartet of principal singers—was well performed throughout, the chorus doing their part admirably, and the orchestra being what it seldom fails to be under the direction of its most popular conductor. Rarely has the chorus of soldiers, or that in which the conflicting sentiments of the Saviour's persecutors and disciples are simultaneously put forth—one of the most striking and characteristic passages in the one oratorio of Beethoven—been delivered with more effect; and never, perhaps, has the splendid final chorus, which equals Handel in its simple majesty, though the hand of Beethoven is visible all through, been sung with more emphasis and precision. The solo vocalists in *The Mount of Olives* were Madame Sinico, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas, who all did their very best, and succeeded accordingly. On the whole, this performance was worthy the occasion.

The first Christmas performance of the *Messiah*, on the 23d inst., was interesting, not merely on its own account, but because Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia sang the whole of the contralto music. Madame Sinico was the soprano; Mr. Kerr Gedge (in place of Mr. Vernon Rigby, who was indisposed), tenor; and Signor Foli, bass. The second *Messiah* performance was to take place last night, with Mr. Rigby as tenor, and Mr. Santley as bass—the ladies as on the first occasion.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—Allow me to thank you for the kind notice you gave of my concert, Dec. 13th; at the same time, I must beg a correction of the statement respecting Miss Ehrenberg, who is not my pupil, but, with myself, a pupil of Herr Lehmeyer. The insertion of this in your next number will greatly oblige,—Yours, obediently,

8, *Camberwell Park, S.E., Dec.* 27. Charlotte James.

AN URGENT PROTEST.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Dear Sir,—Relying on your well-known courtesy, I take the liberty to acquaint the musical public through your greatly esteemed journal, that the reports which your contemporary, the *Musical Standard*, gives of my lectures on the Clavecin and Pianoforte, contain so much *nonsense* and *errors* that a most decided protest against *such* reporting is demanded in order to self-protection. The *Musical Standard's* reporter is either not blessed with a good hearing, or my pronunciation of English is so faulty, that the contrary of what I wished to say is understood. I must therefore beg a musical public not to judge of my lectures by the reports given in the *Musical Standard*.—I remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

39c, *Onslow Square*. E. Pauer.

Cologne.—At the fourth Gürzenich Concert, dedicated to the memory of Beethoven, the programme comprised Overture, Op. 124; March and Chorus from *Die Ruinen von Athen*; Violin Concerto (Herr Singer); Pianoforte Fantasia (Herr Hiller); and the *Sinfonia eroica*.—The Philharmonic Society also devoted a concert to the same pious purpose, when the pieces were: "Nachruf an sie;" E flat major Concerto (Herr Heymann), and C minor Symphony.

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J. S. DWIGHT ON CHRISTINE NILSSON.*

We had no room to give our notes in order on the Nilsson Concerts. Let us go back and gather up a few.

Of the second concert, the main feature was the mad scene from Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. Of the music itself we could hardly venture an opinion, so absorbed were we in the wonderfully dramatic revelation of the singer and the actress. It showed a true and rare dramatic genius. Such an impersonation of Ophelia we have not seen before. Such swift and perfect changes of expression; the voice, the quality of tone always in quick sympathy with look and action; such alternation of violent mad mirth and wild despair and pretty maiden dreams of friends and love and pleasure; such beauty and such startling power of song, were worth going far to witness. And it was as a whole beautiful; whereas we commonly would rather turn away from these questionable stage imitations of the morbid anatomy of passion. She also sang the "Ave Maria" of Gounod (they have done mentioning Bach at all in this business!), in a high and pure religious style, nobly sustained by the violin *obbligato* of M. Vieuxtemps; and the "Last Rose of Summer," with Swedish dance air and "Old folks at home" for encores.

Third Concert, Monday, Nov. 7.—A tender and poetic French air ("Kennst du das Land?") from Thomas's *Mignon*, sung with refined and subdued feeling, and the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*, were her principal selections. The latter was given on her part with such thrilling vocal and dramatic power and intensity, that we almost enjoyed the hackneyed scene for once. Brignoli, outside, sung the tenor solo, with chorus of monks, entirely too loud; nor were the sounds subdued to due proportion in the repetition which was wildly insisted upon.

Fourth Concert, Nov. 8.—Best programme of the whole series. Mdlle. Nilsson sang two arias by Mozart: first, the recitative and air, "Non piu di fiori" from *Tito*, with clarionet *obbligato*—(it was a pretty, but a silly freak, however, to drag the clarionettist to the front); and then, for encore, Cherubino's song, "Voi che sapete." Both were sung with pure artistic style and feeling, although our "east wind" had been trifling with the singer's throat. The recitative was truly noble. But first, in charming contrast, we should have mentioned the airy, playful duet by Blangini (better known in parlours here some two score years ago), which she sang in *sotto voce* with Signor Brignoli. It was lady-like grace and playfulness itself. Here voice and smile were one. The tenor, too, did well in the little responsive phrases. "Auld Robin Gray" was sung with such a power and truth of pathos, as we have not heard before since Jenny Lind.

Matinée, Saturday, Nov. 12.—Enormous crowd. Programme mostly repetitions. For Nilsson: "Angels ever bright and fair," which we liked better this time; Ophelia's mad scene; ballads as usual ("Home," Declecarlian dance, "Old Folks").

Sixth, Nov. 14.—This time Nilsson sang the "King of Thule," ballad, and the "Jewel Song" from Gounod's *Faust*,—not in her best spirit, something had ruffled its serenity; also in the quartet from *Martha*—rather a weak selection. But she was saving herself, no doubt, for the great effort, "Let the bright Seraphim," in which, as we have said, she showed a sustained power and splendour of voice which she had been keeping in reserve till then. The effect was electric.

Seventh.—Grandest of all Nilsson's efforts was the great dramatic scene of Beethoven, "Ah, perfido," in which she sounded the whole gamut of passion. It was given with orchestra, of course, and was felt, we think, by all to be an instance of great and noble singing. Surely the response of the entire audience both after this and after the Mozart arias should encourage the management to put in their programmes more of the music which is most worthy of a noble singer. Rossini's "Una voce" was also sung by her in a most sparkling, subtile, and enchanting style, with quite a dash of originality.

The closing *matinée* was rather a sentimental, popular farewell occasion. "Let the bright Seraphim" (even better than before), and the "Miserere" scene were repeated. For the rest Mdlle. Nilsson sang only ballads—the same three or four that have figured in all her concerts. We never heard ballad singing which we liked better; but the variety was certainly too limited. Why not more Swedish melodies?

ESSLINGEN.—A satisfactory performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalia* was recently given by the Oratorio Association.

BONN.—Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, Mdlles. Buschgens and Schreck, took part in the Beethoven Anniversary performance on the 17th Dec., when the programme consisted of Overture, Op. 124; Prologue, by Herr Simrock; March with Chorus from *Die Ruinen von Athen;* C minor Concerto; "Kyrie" and "Gloria" from the Mass in C major; and the 8th Symphony.

* From *Dwight's Journal of Music.*

ABOUT NILSSON.

(*From the "Providence" Press.*)

Nilsson made a great impression in Boston, both in private and in public. There has been some damaging criticism upon her singing, but it does not represent the sentiment of the public at large, nor of the most intelligent class of the music-loving public. The enormous success of the concerts, in a pecuniary sense, represented the opinion of the general public pretty fully. No artist who has ever visited Boston, save Jenny Lind, has been able to draw so much money. Nilsson received many attentions from our best people. She was several times visited by Longfellow and others of the Boston *literati*, and on one occasion dined at Longfellow's residence in Cambridge, with a choice company. She also had personal friends in Boston, one a young lady now married and living in the vicinity of Arlington Street, who was a schoolmate in Paris, at Madame Collinet's establishment, where many wealthy young American ladies have been educated. She has found some of her schoolmates in nearly every city she has visited. A young Swedish workman in the organ factory of the Messrs. Hook, was a youthful schoolmate of the now great *cantatrice* in their native land. He called upon her one day, and was very heartily received, and the two, it is said, chatted a long time over the reminiscences of their childhood. Mdlle. Nilsson speaks English fluently, as might be gathered from her singing of English ballads. She seems to have a genuine affection for Stephen Foster's ballad of "The Old Folks at Home,' which she sang at nearly every concert, and which she invariably gives with a degree of sadness and plaintiveness that lifts the homely song into positive sublimity. It doubtless reminds her of her own far-off home. Her singing of this song challenged the admiration of even such a fastidious critic as Mr. John S. Dwight, and here let me add that one of the best estimates of Mdlle. Nilsson yet written in this country proceeded from his pen. Nilsson is very charitable, it is said, and gives away much money among her poor countrymen and others. She is beset the whole time, however, as every public artist is sure to be, by charity beggars, and besought to give her services in behalf of every sort of a charitable undertaking.

Her concert in North Bridgewater in behalf of the Swedish church at that place was a very generous act, both on her part and the members of her *troupe*. It netted nearly 2,500 dollars, a sum sufficient to finish the church and place the society, which is made up almost wholly of poor Swedish shoemakers and their families, entirely out of debt. Her country people were very grateful to her, and manifested their appreciation of her generosity in the most extravagant manner. When she returned to the cars the pastor of the society presented to her a Swedish prayer-book. I chanced to meet her in the evening after her return from the Bridgewater concert. She talked in the most animated manner of the affair, alluding very modestly, however, to the part she had borne in it.

Nilsson's engagement with the brothers Strakosch (both Max, who is in this country and manages the concerts, and Maurice, the brother-in-law of Adelina and Carlotta Patti, who is in Europe, are combined in the enterprise) is for one hundred nights at *five thousand francs per night in gold, and an equal share of the receipts after four thousand dollars.* The latter provision gives her half as much again as her salary amounts to, so that by singing four times a week, which is about the average she receives some fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars a night.

At one of the Boston concerts the receipts were nearly nine thousand dollars, which gave her considerable over three thousand dollars as her share, and the average receipts of the eight concerts were considerably over five thousand dollars per night. The great part of the four thousand dollars reserved goes to pay the heavy expenses of the management in other directions. He has several other expensive artists on his hands and must also expend large sums for advertising, printing, agents, travelling, etc. Nevertheless the managers of the Nilsson concerts will probably clear one hundred thousand dollars by their speculation, while Nilsson herself will be able to swell her bank account to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand. Mdlle. Nilsson has a smart and active agent, Mr. Henry C. Jarrett (not the well-known New York manager but an eminent operatic manager and agent of London), who looks closely after her interests. She also has a travelling companion, Mrs. Richardson, a devout English lady, who was formerly connected with Madame Collinet's school, and who has accompanied her since she first went on the stage. The fair Swede is much pleased with America and with Boston especially, and it is extremely probable that she would arrange to prolong her stay beyond the allotted time, but for an imperative engagement which takes her to London in April.

WE learn from the *Utica Morning Herald* (U.S.) of the 9th inst, the important news that General Tom Thumb is in England.

MILAN.—The *Trovatore* writes as follows:—

"The tenor Hemming is a *débutante* with a voice sympathetic and delicate; he sings in excellent style and when he shall have better learnt the Italian language he will be able to anticipate a brilliant career."

BRESLAU.—The fifth Concert of the Orchestral Union commenced with a Beethoven Overture, founded upon motives from the great composer's works, by Herr Ed. Lassen. The overture was exceedingly well received. Dr. Damrosch was vehemently applauded and recalled for his execution of Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Palace pantomime is written by Mr. H. B. Farnie, and entitled *Gulliver; or, Harlequin Brobdignag, the Fairy Enterprise, and the Demon Bowwow.* Miss Caroline Parkes personates Gulliver. In the first scene the reckless youth makes his way into the kennel of Snarleyyow (Mr. Yarnold). He is threatened by this fiend, but the Fairy Enterprise (Miss Cole) releases him. Gulliver resolves to emigrate, but, before making final arrangements, goes down to Wapping to see his sweetheart, Sacharissa Sugarplum (Miss Thirlwall). The young lady is persecuted by two fine gentlemen of the period, Sir Lardy Dardy Doo and Captain Jinks (Miss Clara Shelley and Miss G. Clair). Sacharissa's father, Master Sugarplum (Mr. Arthur Williams) refuses Gulliver for a son-in-law, and the scapegrace of Wapping has another trouble to fight against in the untiring pursuit of the Sheriff (Mr. Marshall. Gulliver's mother (Mr. Friend) belabours her son's pursuers, and after a scrimmage at Wapping the scene closes, and Gulliver is next seen wandering through the capital of Lilliput, the country of the pigmies. This scene of the distant city, the bridges, the river, and the palace, is very picturesque. A great many small boys and girls are employed to represent the Lilliputian army and populace. The somnolent Gulliver is made captive by tiny policemen, and astonishes the Emperor (Master Percy Roselle) and the whole of his subjects by bursting his bonds with ease. The review of miniature troops, and the introduction of the small engines with their attendants are particular features. Brobdignag is next presented, and in the palace Gulliver defies the Giant King. His mother and Master Sugarplum have visited the island, been captured, and made into a pie, but our hero appearing soon inspires vigour into the captives. The upshot is that Gulliver gets taken prisoner. In prison he has to do fearful battles with cats, but when things have come to the worst the transformation takes place, which is very effective, and is elaborately constructed. It has one change—from a cool green water cave to a fanciful landscape, glowing with golden colour and studded with fairies, which is a brilliant success. The transformation is elaborately contrived, and enough to ensure the success of the pantomime. The comic business is never dull, thanks to Mr. Boleno, who has arranged this part of the entertainment. A bed room scene full of practical joking caused incessant mirth. There is no doubt that *Gulliver* will prove a greater hit than any other pantomime yet produced at the Palace. Christmas decorations are very plentiful about the building, and the interior presents a gay and animated appearance. The Christmas tree is, of course, loaded with trinkets.

Frankfort on-the-Maine.—Speaking of the fourth Museum Concert, the correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* observes that, on the announcement that Madame Artôt-Padilla and her husband were engaged for the occasion there was such a demand for tickets that the stock was quickly exhausted. "Despite this," the writer goes on to say, "their engagement struck us as being neither a necessity, nor calculated to advance the high-art objects of the institution. The inhabitants of Frankfort had enjoyed every opportunity of hearing the two artists, who had then appeared nine times in opera, the regular sphere of their exertions and of their triumphs. This rendered it doubtful whether they would have anything new to offer us. It was, also, equally doubtful whether they would feel at all at home in the domain of classical music—the great aim and end of these concerts. The result proved that our opinion was not an erroneous one. Without her admirable singing of Rode's Variations, to which, in obedience to an uproarious demand, she added the extraordinary popular but somewhat too often heard, Mandolinata, we already knew that Madame Artôt was a first-class *bravura* singer. The air, 'Verdi Prati,' from Handel's opera of *Alcina*, though beautifully composed, and though tenderly and feelingly sung by the lady, was not calculated to produce any particular impression. The well-known charming duet, between the Count and Susanna, from *Le Nozze* most indisputably loses in effect when withdrawn from the stage and detached from the story, and when, moreover, it is given to a German audience in Spanish; more especially, if it has not become part and parcel of the singers, but is read by them from music. Stanzieri's Romance, sung by Señor Padilla alone, with great feeling and delicacy, as well as the Spanish duet, 'Los Estudiantes,' sung by him in company with his wife, who herself played the pianoforte accompaniment, was not at all adapted to these concerts. Except in the one case mentioned, the public were exceedingly moderate in their approbation." The orchestral pieces, under the direction of Herr Müller, suffered in no way from juxtaposition with the vocal "stars" of the evening. They were, on the contrary, listened to most attentively, and vigorously applauded, especially the first movement of the unfinished Symphony in B minor, by Schubert, and Weber's overture to *Oberon*. The other pieces were Haydn's Symphony in B flat major, and Spohr's overture to the opera of *Dor Berggeist*.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The Christmas performance of Handel's sacred masterpiece was given by this society, on Monday evening. Though the concert was shorn of one of its attractions, by the absence of Mr. Vernon Rigby, on account of sore throat, the interest of the event brought together an immense audience, whose satisfaction was testified by frequent applause. The executants comprised a band and chorus of 300 performers, with the following principal vocalists:—Mdme. Vanzini, Mdme. Patey, Mr Wilford Morgan, and Signor Foli. Mr. W. C. Stockley, as usual, conducted, and the organist was Mr. Stimpson. The execution of the choruses left little or nothing to desire on the score either of precision or expression, as will be readily understood; and though the society's band has not yet attained perfection, it is chosen with such care, and is so well disciplined, as not to be easily matched out of London. In general, the unity and precision of the choral singing were quite in keeping with the reputation of the choir, but in one or two instances, some slip in the orchestral accompaniment caused momentary unsteadiness. This was especially noticeable in "He trusted in God," and "All we like sheep." In the "Hallelujah," defects were clearly referable to the inequalities of the accompaniment.

Mr. Wilford Morgan was necessarily at a disadvantage in undertaking at short notice the principal tenor music, but he acquitted himself on the whole very fairly. His voice is one of considerable power; and though he failed to produce a great effect in the "Passion" music, he won and deserved considerable applause by the spirit and judgment displayed in the other tenor solos, especially "Thou shalt break them." Mdme. Vanzini confirmed the very favourable impression produced by recent performances here, and successfully overcame the prejudice with which a section of the Handel loving public are wont to regard the efforts of every new aspirant in this trying part. Her brilliant voice and finished execution are admirably suited in "Rejoice greatly," which she sang with immense effect, but by far her most successful effort was in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," to the fervour and majesty of which she did full justice. Indeed, the success of this latter performance was so great that with difficulty the fair vocalist resisted an encore, her repeated acknowledgments of the applause seeming only to stimulate renewed demonstrations. Mdme. Patey's singing has been so often and deservedly eulogized that we can really find nothing new to say about it. She gave "He shall feed His flock," with exquisite tenderness, and nothing could well exceed the fervour and pathos of "He was despised." Signor Foli in "Why do the Nations," displayed great vigour and dramatic spirit, as in "The people that walked in darkness," and "The trumpet shall sound." The quartets in the third part were unsteady, and one phrase was actually left unfinished.

Prague.—A new comic opera, *Der St. Nicolaus*, music by M. Kopkoschny, words by M. Sabina, has been favourably received at the National Theatre.—The concert given by the Conservatory in honour of Beethoven's Centenary (!) was certainly not the best got up with the same object, but, at any rate, for originality, the programme was unrivalled. It contained three pieces for the oboe and the double bass, by other composers, and only two comparatively unimportant compositions by Beethoven himself. Assuredly, the science of "How not to do it," is in a flourishing state in the Hungarian capital.

Leipsic.—The following compositions by Beethoven were performed during the "Festival Week" just devoted to celebrating the Centenary of his birth. 1. Sunday, the 11th December, in the Thomas-Kirche, by Riedel's Verein, *Missa Solennis*, Op. 123. 2. Monday, the 12th, in the Conservatory, song by Gellert: "Gott, deine Güte;" Sonata for Pianoforte, Op. 109, E major; Trio, Op. 97, B flat major; "Abendlied für eine Singstimme;" "Elegischer Gesang" for four voices; Menuet and Finale from the Stringed Quartet in C major, Op. 59, No. 3. 3. Tuesday, the 13th, Chamber Music in the Gewandhaus; Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, G major, Op. 30, No. 3, Quartet for Stringed Instruments, C sharp minor, Op. 131; Sonata for Pianoforte, E minor, Op. 90; Septet, Op. 20. 4. Wednesday, the 14th, in the Theatre, music to *Egmont*. 5. Thursday, the 15th, Concert at the Gewandhaus:—Overture to *Coriolan*; "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," Op. 112; Triple Concerto; Ninth Symphony. 6. Friday, the 16th. In the Theatre, *Die Ruinen von Athen; Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, ballet. 7. Saturday, the 17th. In the Theatre: *Fidelio*. It may, moreover, be mentioned that, on the 11th December, the Amateur Orchestral Union performed the overture, No. 1, to *Leonore*, and the music to *Egmont*; while the concert of Chamber Music, given on the 18th December, by Riedel's Verein, was especially devoted to the great master; the pieces executed being Stringed Quartet, F minor, Op. 95; Pianoforte Sonata, in C minor, Op. 111; Liederkreis an die ferne Geliebte;" and the Quartet in C sharp minor.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE NINTH CONCERT WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 9TH, 1871.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in E flat, for Pianoforte, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame SZARVADY, MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Schumann.*

RECIT. and AIR, "Tyrannic love" (by desire)—Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. *Handel.*

SONATA, in C sharp minor (The Moonlight), for Pianoforte alone—Madame SZARVADY (WILHELMINA CLAUSS) .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

PRELUDE, ALLEMANDE, and COURANTE, in D major, for Violoncello alone—Signor PIATTI .. .. *Bach.*

SONGS, { "Der Neugierige" .. .. *Schubert.* { "Widmung" .. .. *Schumann.*

Herr STOCKHAUSEN.

QUARTET, in G major, Op. 10, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Mozart.*

Conductor .. .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street; and Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEMO.—Mr. Santley has only played three parts at the Gaiety—Zampa, Tom Tug, and Fra Diavolo.

SIR HUGH HOUGH.—No. Mercadante was born in 1796, Rossini in 1792, Meyerbeer in 1794, Auber in 1784. The English poet who was born in the same year as Rossini was Shelley. Mozart died in 1791.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—By no means whatever. The actual and pious King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany *in posse*, is not nearly so musically, or, indeed, in any way artistically, given as his late enthusiastic brother, to whom we owe the *Antigone*, *Œdipus*, and *Athalie* of Mendelssohn.

A. YELLOWHAMMER.—The date of Mercadante's death was that of Beethoven's birth—December 17; the date of Sterndale Bennett's birth was that of Handel's death—April 13. Rossini, although he lived to a ripe old age, had very few birthdays; he was born on February 29. "Yellowhammer" has simply muddled his facts.

A. T.—The verses of "A. T." are wonderfully graphic, but their immediate publication might possibly crush the new speculation in the bud, which would do less good than harm to the new speculation, which would rather at this juncture have good done to it than harm, and which we have reason to believe has had no reason hitherto to feel grieved at any expressed opinion of "A. T.," which must be a consolation to "A. T." for the non-insertion of his verses.

PISCATOR.—There have been young lovers and young lovers—Romeo, the Chevalier de Grieux, Muller's young Miller, also the hero of his *Winter Journey*, and now the hero of *The Window, or, The Songs of the Wrens*, for which A. S. Sullivan has supplied music to the Laureate. Moreover, Othello was a lover; and surely so was Antony. We might multiply instances, but decline. Nevertheless, Paul was in love with Virginia. There have been young lovers and young lovers. Clive, for instance (not to multiply instances), was in love with Ethel (both Newcomes)—yea sorely in love; and so was Nemorino with Adina, Ravenswood with Lucy of Lammermoor, and (not to multiply instances), others with others. There have been (and are now) young lovers and young lovers.

HORACE MAYHEW.—Our correspondent must consult a certain poet. "*Si el re di galantomen, dis el Prina sgavasgiand, obbligato dell avis l'*"

ALDERMAN BLUST.—Certainly not. It was not Tintoretto, but Leonardo da Vinci. Cimarosa was not even born; and Baptista Porta could have had no more to say to the matter than Cornelius Agrippa.

DEATHS.

On December 17, at Naples, MERCADANTE, the well-known composer.

On Christmas Day, Mr. THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec., Sacred Harmonic Society, and Secretary to the City of London School.

On December 24, HUGH SCHIMMELS, brother-in-law to Mr. JOSEPH WILLIAMS, music publisher, Berners Street.

On December 22, at Upper Norwood, WILLIAM CROZIER, 1st Oboe of the Crystal Palace and other orchestras.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1870.

SIMPLY GOSSIP.

'TIS Christmas time, and we don't feel in the humour for serious disquisitions. Why should we? Nobody would read such things just now, were they written with ever so eloquent a pen. But this, though a sufficient, is not the actual reason why we decline the rostrum and prefer the seat of the gossip. It suits our fancy so to do; and, really, if a "leader" may not unbend at such a season as the present, the case is hard enough to justify recalcitrance, in the form of an unbending determination to unbend willy-nilly. We shall, therefore, "gang our ain gate," which leads us in the direction of a very easy chair, and free and easy utterances.

Great defeat of the Germans in the North, it seems;—not in the French North (though that may come one of these fine days), but in the Scotch North. We reported the invasion of "Caledonia stern and wild," by a band of Berlin fiddlers and trumpeters, when it took place a few weeks ago, and indulged hopes of their speedy expulsion. If what we hear be true, the end has come very quickly indeed, and the enemy will either have to disperse or take himself off *en masse* to the place whence he came. Let us hope for the latter course, because the former would surely result in a descent upon the plains of the South. Only fancy such an accession to the Teutonic guerillas already in our midst! Why, good gracious!—it would realize the Prophet Joel's description of the northern locusts. Besides, there are quite enough who come south from Borean climes already. We look to see "blue bonnets over the border"—they merely obey a natural law of gravitation; but the smoke of German meerschaums on the summit of the Cheviots—faugh! Go home, then, worthy fiddlers and trumpeters from the much be-trumpeted Vaterland. You may be needed there, not to play, but to join the "Wacht am Rhein."

Who are the Moray Minstrels? Are they amateur relatives of the Christy's? Do they black their faces—and, when bones and banjo are silent, ask each other conundrums? Not to know the Moray Minstrels may be to argue ourselves unknown; nevertheless we must frankly acknowledge that state of ignorance. It seems, however, that there are such people, and that they give "smoking concerts," whereat the sedative influence of tobacco presumably counteracts the irritation of minstrelsy, and keeps both mind and body in a state of equilibrium. A "smoking concert" took place on Beethoven's birthday; and the Moray Minstrels observed the feast by singing, in lugubrious concord of heart and voice, "*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnum misericordiam tuam.*" Moreover, they put their programme into

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mourning. Does this seem odd? If so, we hasten to remove so entirely false an impression. The Moray Minstrels did perfectly right, and acted with a just appreciation of what was due from them. Beethoven and "minstrelsy" are like children playing at see-saw; when one goes up, up, up, the other of necessity goes down, down, down. At present, as everybody knows, the master is in the ascendant, and there is danger that the "minstrels" will have to wash their faces. No wonder they lift up their voices and weep, while surrounding fumes speak eloquently of cloudy prospects. By the way, how did the "White Lilies of the Prairie" behave under the provocation of a Beethoven centenary? Did they, also, put on sackcloth, and smoke?

Monsieur Hervé has cropped up again, both at the Gaiety and at Covent Garden. We are glad of it. Is there not an old saying to the effect that nobody can escape eating a "peck of dirt?" Well, it might be inconvenient to take one's allowance of "matter in the wrong place" at a sitting; but, since we must have M. Hervé, by all means let the affair be got over as soon as possible, unless, indeed, the composer of *Chilperic* will confine his energy to illustrating pantomimes. We can tolerate him once a year, along with Dutch metal.

That is a very charming volume to which Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Sullivan, in conjunction with certain nameless but artistic "operatives," have set their hands. It will receive more extended notice by-and-by, but, meanwhile, the beauty of it may give a theme for Christmas gossip. Poet, musician, and handicraftsman have combined to produce if not "a joy for ever," certainly a joy for as long as paper and binding last. Another pretty contribution to the store of Christmas gifts is the book of "National Nursery Rhymes," issued by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. All the familiar stories which amused our ancestors when the world was young, and will be laughed at when the world is old, are in it, set to congenial music by Mr. J. W. Elliot, and illustrated by pictures calculated to send the nursery into a trance of admiration. If anybody were likely to make us a present of the volume, we would even wish ourselves young again for its sake. Last, and not least, we have to thank Mr Henry Leslie for his extremely pleasant "Musical Annual," in which he gives us music of his own, music by Henry Smart (always thrice welcome), and illustrations by Millais, Marcus Stone, Val Prinsep, &c.—a most acceptable Christmas offering.

Talking of youth reminds us of how the years pass by. When these lines are read, 1870 will have but a few hours to live, and, dying, will give place to 1871. Let the old year go. It broke the promise of its first fair days—grew up into a thing of horror, "with garments rolled in blood," and now leaves a terrible legacy to its young successor. The outlook of the latter may be gloomy; but there is always hope in the unknown, and 1871, born amid storm and trouble, may die amid peace and joy. "So mote it be," above all in the experience of our readers, for whom our wish that the new year may be "happy" is not one of the empty "compliments of the season."

THE performances of Italian *opera buffa* at the Lyceum Theatre commence on Monday, with Rossini's *Italiana in Algieri*, a charming work too seldom heard. Signor Bottesini's *Ali Baba*, one of the most important novelties of the season, is, we are informed, in active preparation.

THE fifth season of the London Ballad Concerts, directed by Mr. John Boosey, commences on Wednesday evening, with a programme full of attractions. Six concerts are to be given on the first six Wednesdays in the New Year. No entertainments of the kind—and, indeed, Mr. John Boosey may be said to have invented this kind of entertainment—could possibly be conducted with more spirit, or better deserve public support.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE death is announced of Mr. Thomas Brewer, secretary of the City of London School. Mr. Brewer, born in 1807, at the age of sixteen entered the service of the Corporation of London, in the Town Clerk's office, and at the time of his death was senior servant of the Corporation. Mr. Brewer was elected secretary to the City of London School in 1836. In recognition of his services the freedom of the City was awarded to him in 1842. He was one of the founders of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in 1832, and its honorary secretary from that time until the commencement of the present season, when he was elected president, at the death of Mr. Harrison.

MERCADANTE died at Naples, at 7 a.m., on the 17th December, after a short illness having been struck by apoplexy on the 25th of November. The infirmities of age rendered him less active of late years, though his mind retained considerable vigour and fertility. Saverio Mercadante was born on the 4th of December, 1796, at Altamura, in the province of Bari, and belonged to a family in easy circumstances. From early youth he gave indications of musical talent which decided his future career. He was entered pupil in the College of Music at San Pietro a Majella, Naples, where he was educated under Zingarelli. He was still a pupil when he wrote his first two operas for Rome and Milan, and his success was such that he was specially commissioned to write for San Carlo at Naples. After this he visited Paris, Vienna, Madrid, and other cities. For some years he occupied a post of authority at Novara, until in 1840 he succeeded Zingarelli, as Director of the College of San Pietro a Majella, over which institution he has presided ever since, except during a short interval when he incurred the displeasure of Ferdinand II. by his liberal tendencies. Mercadante lost his sight in 1861. He was the author of nearly a hundred pieces for the theatre, and produced a large number of sacred pieces and much chamber music. His funeral was solemnized on the 17th December.

MELBOURNE papers publish a letter from Mr. Sothern, in reply to a proposal that he should visit Australia. The writer says:—

"I should lose a good 16 weeks in the passages to and fro. That loss of time means to me a loss of £4,800—call it even £4,000. That amount has to be considered when making an engagement, for I leave a certainty here to run the risk of an undoubted uncertainty there. The public has nothing to do with this, you'll say; but I have, and as mine is the risk, so am I naturally anxious to lessen that risk as much as possible. *Ergo*, unless I see my way to a probability of making three times as much in Australia as I can do in England I should be unwise in leaving home."

Bravissimo! my Lord Dundreary. We are quite of your opinion.

WE extract the following from the admirable series of letters now publishing in *Punch*, under the heading of "Strawberry Leaves," and signed "Horace Walpole":—

"You Continentals behave so decorously in the theatre, that you will scarcely understand that in London it is the fashion with sundry persons to chatter and jabber in private boxes, to the annoyance of the audience and the disturbance of the actors. A few nights ago, one of our cleverest leading actresses had to come down to the footlights, and publicly complain that such interruptions, from a certain box, made it impossible for her to do justice to her part. But vulgarians are not a new invention. I remember seeing Mdme. Vestris, who was playing Apollo in *Midas*, walk deliberately up to a box, in which sat a chattering old she-creature in a turban, and sang point-blank at her, 'Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue.' The audience shouted the box-party out of the house. Aristocrat though I am, I have no patience with aristocratic insolence. There is the excuse that by audacious puffs and untruthful criticism folks may have been lured to a play, said to be good, and they find it is bad. Then they can go away, and not disturb those for whom it is good enough. No, sir, that is not quite an answer. They may not have ordered their carriage for an hour or more. Besides, if a man sells me a rotten apple over his counter, must I not say it is rotten for fear of annoying other folks who are content to munch his trash But the fact is, the sort of people who make disturbances are the last people to know whether a piece is good or bad, or if they knew earlier in the evening, they are seldom competent to judge at the time they come in. The words of Mercury would be harsh after the popping of the corks of Bacchus. I wish the pit would try a bombardment of oranges."

It is easy enough to guess who is the author of these letters. Nothing better, if so good, has been done in their way since Thackeray's *Esmond*.

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We all remember the tenor, Brignoli, at the Royal Italian Opera, playing, with Madame Fioretti, in *Martha* and other operas. In America, Brignoli is not only a favourite with the public, but he frequently brings actions for damages against railroad companies, wins them, and has to wait indefinitely. Here is a fresh instance, which we borrow from the self-illumined pages of the *Cincinnati Chronicle*:—

"The tenor of Signor Brignoli's present life runs largely towards damage suits against railroads. He has just recovered over seven thousand dollars for injuries received in an accident near Logansport, Ind. But he has not yet got the money—only the judgment. Some of these Western railroads make very fast runs, but the scale of their payments for injuries is rather more *moderato* than *crescendo*."

Brignoli is known to be an "original," but it is doubtful whether he will be content to put up with a simple "judgment."

A critic writing in the *Utica Morning Herald* (U S.), compares M. Vieuxtemps and Ole Bull, and says:—

"Vieuxtemps' violin is above praise from us. In the matter of execution, we think he is equal if not superior to Ole Bull. But he is not so massive and grand. He plays with feeling and delicacy—often with real fervour—but he lacks Ole Bull's power. In his sphere however, it is doubtful if he has a peer."

Massiveness, grandeur, power, and Ole Bull! What a combination! With Vieuxtemps playing second fiddle to it, moreover! Are they not wonderful critics out Utica way?

Although new theatres are cropping up luxuriously in every quarter of London and the suburbs, with the sole exception of the City, and although theatrical patents now belong to not very modern history, there are still numbers of Her Majesty's subjects who do not believe they really "go to the play" save when they patronize Drury Lane, where the actors, revering ancient tradition, yet boast that they are "Her Majesty's servants." At Yuletide the persons entertaining this conviction are especially conspicuous, for, though high tragedy and genuine comedy have disappeared from boards once consecrated to "legitimacy," the truly national drama, the Christmas pantomime, survives in full vigour, and this, in many minds, is associated with the theatre that, in spite of many vicissitudes, remains an exceptionally national institution. As the Dutchman who, as a rule abstaining from theatrical enjoyments, makes a point of seeing Vondel's *Gysbrecht van Amstel* on New Year's Day, so does many a Briton, who despises all plays save those of Shakspere, which he does not read, make a principle of beholding a Christmas pantomime performed in a "large house." A stern belief that pudding and pantomime are essential to the ceremonies wherewith we celebrate one of the most important festivals of the Church, has long been deeply implanted in the breast of every genuine Cockney, and within the last few years the faith in Harlequin has been diffused over provinces where previously pudding alone was revered as the Christmas symbol. The audience of Boxing-night is not as other audiences, nor must the foreigner, relying on the evidence of St. Stephen's Day, infer that the English people generally look upon an overture played in the orchestra as an accompaniment to a vocal performance in the gallery. It is in the holiday week only that the "gods" vouchsafe to supply words to instrumental music, and on "Boxing-night," from the topmost seats of a house crowded to suffocation, they usually perform that musical duty to admiration.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mr. J. B. Bolton, a new candidate for vocal honours, has recently given a series of four operatic and ballad concerts at the North Brixton Hall, assisted by Miss Pelham, Miss H. Pelham, Miss F. Taylor, Messrs. Stanley Mayo, G. F. Tear, Wade Thirlwall, F. Cramer, Lansdowne Cottell, and others. Mr. Bolton is young, but, evidently, knows how to use a good baritone voice. During the series he sung a varied selection of operatic songs and ballads, which proved that his repertory is far from limited.

Mr. Aguilar's last performances of pianoforte music, on Dec. 15th, consisted of the following compositions:—

Sonata Pastorale (Beethoven); Aréthuse, Melody (Aguilar); Fantasia-Impromptu (Chopin); Arabeske (Schumann); Study in E flat (Thalberg); Four hand Sonata (Aguilar), Miss Grace Aguilar and Mr. Aguilar; Lieder ohne Worte (Mendelssohn); Fantasia on *Faust* (Aguilar); Le Soir, Nocturne (Gounod), Esmeralda, Morçeau caractéristique (Aguilar), Miss Grace Aguilar; Dream Dance, Couleur de Rose, Galop brillant (Aguilar).

PROVINCIAL.

Coalbrookdale.—Mrs. John Macfarren gave a pianoforte and vocal recital on Tuesday, Dec. 20th, with remarkable success. A correspondent writes:—

"The Lecture Hall was well filled by an audience who warmly appreciated a programme which included a sonata by Beethoven, an impromptu by Schubert, Weber's 'Capriccio,' Sterndale Bennett's 'Musical Sketches,' and some pieces by Prudent, Brissac, &c. Miss Jessie Royd sang, with charming expression, Macfarren's 'The Golden Heart,' and Benedict's 'Rock me to sleep;' and gave the Scotch ballad, 'Within a mile o' Edinboro' town,' with arch vivacity. Mrs. John Macfarren was much applauded throughout the evening, and by general desire repeated one of her brilliant solos, Brissac's fantasia, 'Scotia.'"

Leeds.—We take the following from the *Yorkshire Post and Leeds Intelligence* of Dec. 22nd:—

"The opening of the organ erected in the Methodist Chapel, Woodhouse Lane, by Messrs. W. Holt & Son, of Leeds and Edinburgh, took place last night. The instrument, which, compared with others in the town, ranks about third in size, will cost, when fully completed, about £800; and contains 35 stops. On the great organ there are ten stops, of which the claribel and the harmonic flute are very fine, whilst the sesquialtera and doublette are considered by Mr. Best to be very brilliant in tone. On the swell organ, containing 20 stops, the stop diapason and the karaulophon are particularly beautiful. The instrument is provided with the unusual number of eight couplers. It is provided with Holt's patent touch, and is blown by hydraulic pressure, also Holt's patent. Mr. W. T. Best, of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, presided last night; and the programme was eminently qualified to demonstrate the capabilities and varied beauties of the instrument, and we are glad to add that the organ gave satisfaction, whilst Mr. Best acquitted himself admirably. Mr. Best, we understand, expressed a very high opinion of the merits of the organ."

Dundee.—This town has been enjoying a very musical Christmas, what with two orchestral concerts, a *Messiah* performance, and other smaller doings. Of the first-named we read:—

"The orchestral pieces were Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, his overture to *Fidelio*, No. 4. Nicolai's overture, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Weber's *Jubel*. Great neatness of execution, careful management of details, and true expression, characterized the symphony performance. The overtures were also well played, and full opportunity was given to judge of the merits of compositions hitherto unknown to the local public. Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Byron were the vocalists. Both sung two solos. Through some mischance the instrumental parts for Madame Rudersdorff's chief effort, *Medea*, had not reached the town, and we had to listen to Randegger's composition as sung to the pianoforte accompaniment of Herr Rothfeldt. Encored for Haydn's "She never told her love," Madame Rudersdorff substituted an Irish ballad. As almost the only light piece of the evening, it was acceptable to the audience. Mr. Byron's solos were 'Il mio Tesoro,' and a ballad from Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah*—the latter a melody in the Gounod style, richly set with ornate harmonies after Spohr and his school. Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor was played by Herr Rothfeldt and the band. Mr. Carl Hamilton played a remarkably neat fantasia on Scotch airs on the violoncello. On this occasion he excelled himself."

Belfast.—The local *Evening Telegraph* speaks as follows about a concert recently given by Dr. Leo Kerbusch:—

"The programme consisted of selections from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Macfarren, Pinsuti, Kerbusch, &c.; the feature of the evening being an original cantata by Dr. Kerbusch—*In the beginning was the Word*. This work reflects great credit on the author. Freshness and variety mark the entire composition. The opening chorus is succeeded by a recitative and solo for the bass, which Mr. Wood, a favourite in Belfast, rendered in a finished manner. A tenor solo follows, which was sung by Mr. Thackeray. This gentleman who possesses a fine round voice, of considerable compass, sang the part allotted to him with taste and finish. A duet for soprano and contralto was well rendered by the Misses Richardson. The cantata concludes with a chorus, 'And we beheld His glory,' in which the composer makes use of the fugue to great advantage. Fesca's grand trio in B flat, for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, was performed with much ability, and contributed not a little to the enjoyment of the evening. The concert was brought to a close by Beethoven's grand chorus, 'Hallelujah,' from the *Mount of Olives*, sung in honour of the centenary of the composer. Dr. Kerbusch acted as conductor, and presided at the piano."

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NOTTINGHAM.—The following is a condensation of an article from the *Nottingham and Midland Counties Daily Express* of the 20th ult:—

"Last night the second of a series of Monday Popular Concerts took place in the Mechanics' Hall. The concert opened with the trio in C minor of Mendelssohn, played by Madame Arabella Goddard (pianoforte), Mr. Henry Farmer (violin), and Mr. Selby (violoncello). This was brilliantly given, the playing of Madame Goddard being especially remarkable for purity of expression and delicacy of manipulation; indeed, we cannot sufficiently express our admiration at the merits of the performance, which, as a whole, could scarcely have been surpassed. In 'Deh Vieni' (Mozart) the soprano voice of Miss Margaret Galloway was heard to advantage. Mr. Henry Farmer (first violin), Mr. Leverton (second violin), Mr. Myers (viola), and Mr. Selby (violoncello) were conspicuously successful in the quartet in E flat of Mendelssohn (Op. 12), and deservedly applauded. Miss Galloway sang with exquisite taste 'Rosebuds on thy grave are sleeping,' after which Madame Goddard played magnificently Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith.' The applause which followed this performance sufficiently attested the appreciation of the audience. Miss Galloway sang 'My mother bids me bind my hair,' and the concert was brought to a close by the concerto in G minor of Mendelssohn, the performers being Madame Goddard, Mr. Farmer, Mr. Leverton, Mr. Myers, and Mr. Selby. Mr. G. Essex, jun., acted efficiently as accompanist on the pianoforte, one of Broadwood's new patent 'iron grand,' which was generally admired."

MALVERN.—A correspondent has been good enough to send us the following:—

"On Wednesday the newly-organized Philharmonic Society, formed from the materials of the old Malvern Choral Society, gave a concert in the College School-room, which was kindly lent for the occasion by the head master. Much credit is due to the conductor, the Rev. A. Sewell, one of the masters of the college, for the great interest he has taken in the society. He brought together on this occasion the best body of performers ever known at an amateur concert in Malvern or neighbourhood. Moreover, a considerable number of professional vocalists and instrumentalists greatly enhanced the success of the concert. The performance consisted of a few secular pieces, and a selection from the *Messiah*. 'The winds whistle cold' was rendered with good taste, but in Sullivan's part-song, 'Christmas,' the tenors were weak and unsteady. Mdlle. Romano sang several recitatives and airs from the *Messiah*, which were most of them warmly applauded. This lady possesses a sweet voice, but of little power. The Rev. G. Custance sang several solos—'Why do the people?' being the most suited to his style, for which reason the audience seemed anxious to have it repeated. Mr. Smith, of Worcester Cathedral, rendered several of the tenor recitatives and airs with very good expression. As regards the choruses, some wanted due reverence for the subject. 'For unto us a child is born,' 'Glory to God,' and 'Lift up your heads,' were given evenly, and the first-named was repeated. Signor Romano played two pianoforte solos. The concert was a good one, and the result must be satisfactory to the promoters of the society."

NILSSON IN ORATORIO.

Steinway Hall (New York) was of course filled when Mdlle. Nilsson sang in oratorio for the first time in this country. The *Sun* says of the performance:—

"Mdlle. Nilsson fully justified the great reputation that she brought to this country as an oratorio singer. There were many who at her concerts objected to her method of singing 'Angels ever bright and fair,' and who, founding their anticipations on that performance, concluded that Mdlle. Nilsson's oratorio singing would be characterized by an over-strained sentiment, and much liberty with the time and even with the notes of the composer. But these anticipations proved entirely erroneous. Mdlle. Nilsson sang Handel's music in a most devout spirit, with a reverent regard for the music as the composer wrote it, and for the sacred text. Her spirit was certainly in perfect accord with the theme, and she unfolded to us more completely than at any previous occasion the secret of her great reputation. There was, in the first place, a unity about the performance such as there never has been at her concerts. In place of the scattered fragments of song, first about one subject and then about another, the whole was knit together in sentiment. The key of feeling that the orchestra set with the solemn introduction was sustained to the end. And Mdlle. Nilsson did everything to keep that feeling intact. She laid aside the *debonnaire* manner that she is accustomed to wear at her concerts, and was in manner in accord with the occasion. Her voice seems specially adapted by its exquisite purity to sacred music, and in her singing of the great solos, 'Rejoice greatly,' 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace,' and 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' there seemed to us everything to commend and nothing to warrant objection. The intonation was pure and true, the phrasing especially beautiful, and the effect devotional and ennobling."

SCHUMANN ON THE FOUR OVERTURES TO *FIDELIO*.

"It ought to be printed in golden letters what the Leipsic orchestra performed last Thursday: *all four overtures to 'Fidelio' one after the other.* Thanks, ye Viennese of 1805, that the first one did not take hold of you, until Beethoven in a God-like *furor* hurled out one after another. If ever he seemed powerful to me, it was on that evening when we could overhear him better than ever in his workship,—moulding, rejecting, altering,—ever hot and glowing, in the midst of his labour. Most gigantic did he show himself perhaps in the second onset. The first overture would not please; hold, thought he, hear the second and go wild,—and he set himself to work anew, and let the thrilling drama itself pass before them, and sang the great sorrows and the great joys of his noble lovers once again. It is demoniacal, this second overture; in some of its details even bolder than the third, the well-known mighty one in C. For even this did not content him; so he put it aside, and only retained single pieces from it, out of which, in a more calm, artistic way, he formed the third. Later followed that easier and more popular one in E major, with which *Fidelio* is commonly opened in the theatre.—Such is the great Four-Overture work. In the same way that Nature fashions her productions, we see in it first the tangled roots, out of which in the second the gigantic trunk rears itself, spreads out its arms to the left and to the right, and finally concludes with light and graceful foliage and blossoms."

We too, all of us, who listened for the first time to that first overture, can thank "the Viennese" for provoking the composer into giving us three more; but we cannot thank them for consigning so beautiful, so ideal a creation to comparative obscurity. Our feeling is that this No. 1 stands by itself, a thing complete and altogether lovely, the product of a deep, sweet, tender feeling; while No. 2, much bolder in its reach, more thrilling in its grand melodramatic effect of the trumpet scene, &c., is interesting chiefly as a rough, crude sketch of the inimitable No. 3. The pervading tone of feeling in the first is gentle, quiet, and reflective; it begins with a musing soliloquy of the violin,—a thinking over as it were in memory of "my prisons,"—after time has healed the wounds and wrought sweet reconciliation. The tragedy is past when this is written; the sentiment remains, a meditation on the beauty of the wife's devotion and the noble love of Leonora and her martyr husband; this lends the deep, warm, quiet inspiration to the overture. Naturally it was too unexciting, too fine, too idyllic, to make a hit at once in a Viennese theatre filled in great part with French soldiers. So he set to work to give them something more effective, more dramatic, even melodramatic, without being any the less a noble work of art. To do so, in the first attempt, he breaks the perfect spell, the rounded unity of the first prelude, retaining and placing at once in the foreground, as the heart and central motive of the drama, the prison aria of the Tenor, which here is introduced towards the end, and keeping up a family resemblance in the general character of themes and phrases; so much so that the yearning, soaring, syncopated swift melody that pervades the second and third overtures, seems naturally and logically born out of the first, although only vaguely hinted there. The overture lacked neither fire nor delicacy in the rendering, and it produced, we think, a general desire that it shall not again become a stranger to us.

BEETHOVEN AND THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

On the evening of Saturday last week the centenary of Beethoven was celebrated at Covent Garden by the performance of *Fidelio*. The house was crowded, particularly in the cheapest part. I was in the cheapest but one—the amphitheatre stalls; should, if worth a thousand a year certain, have occupied a pit stall; nay, perhaps the centre of a box, with a suitable companion on either side of me. The people encored the overture first played—to wit, *Leonora*, No. 3. They listened most attentively to the whole performance from beginning to end. Now, *Fidelio* is an opera of which the interest does not consist in sympathy with vice. Beethoven was not the composer to write music descriptive of breaking the Seventh Commandment. On the contrary, in *Fidelio* he glorifies conjugal loyalty—worthily, both by voice and acting, expressed by Tietjens. The public appreciation of a work founded on the basis of sentiments proper to man (especially woman), and not at all on that of the nature which mankind share with apes and the rest of the lower animals, appears to me a cheering indication. It is a symptom of progress, though partial, which may afford some little comfort to melancholy persons, disgusted and disheartened by the scene of brutality and backwardation at present generally exhibited by the surrounding world. *Punch*.

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BEETHOVEN AS AN ORCHESTRAL COMPOSER.

We extract the following from a thoughtful article on the Beethoven Centenary, which appeared in the *Glasgow Daily Herald* on Tuesday week:—

"In writing of Beethoven's compositions, it is difficult to abstain from what some may consider exaggerated eulogy. Fully conscious of this, we have no hesitation in saying that we regard Beethoven as the only composer who ever had complete mastery over an orchestra. We are not blind to his shortcomings. He essayed to write melodies for the voice as flowing as those of Mozart, and sacred choruses as broad and as devotional in spirit as those of Handel, but in doing so he failed; and yet by many degrees he is the most consummate musician that ever lived. No one has ever approached Beethoven in his compositions for the pianoforte or for the chamber, but in his orchestral works especially he transcends all others. In these he seems to pour out his whole soul. Under his command the orchestra appears to possess powers which no other writer knew how to call into existence. He does not treat it as composed of many parts, but as one and indivisible. How varied is his manner—how capricious at times appear his details; and yet we find all tending to one harmonious result. How he fondles and nurses his muse with all the kindly sympathy shown by a mother to her wayward child; suddenly he raises a storm of restless passion which seems beyond his power to control, and anon—as if by the waving of Prospero's wand—all is gentleness and serenity. The great secret of his power lies in the intensity of his own feelings being so eloquently expressed by the orchestra, and thereby communicated to the listener.

We regard Mozart as the only writer of instrumental music entitled to stand upon the same platform as Beethoven. There was, however, a vast difference in the natures of the men, which shows itself alike in their lives and in their works. Mozart took the world as it came, enjoying it when he could, and when he could not, yielding resistlessly to fate, loving and sinning, but withal mild and tender—never feeling stormy passion, and therefore never expressing it in his writings. Yet with these differences, and being judged according to his light, he stands next to Beethoven. In saying so we do not forget the great talent shown by Haydn in his Salomon's symphonies, by poor Franz Schubert in his instrumental compositions, by Spohr in his *Power of Sound* nor by Mendelssohn in his Scotch symphony.

It is not to be expected that in one hearing of these wondrous inspirations the listener can derive even a passing satisfaction. To be able to enjoy them, even superficially, one must know something of the music, and only repeated hearings sufficiently disclose their endless beauties—indeed, to reach their depth, one must study every phrase, every variety of that phrase; nay, even every bar of the composition. A simple preparation for partly appreciating a performance of these works is to learn the subjects on which they are constructed; but the key to the proper understanding of Beethoven's symphonies is to bear in mind that each movement is generally written with a subject and counter-subject, into which are introduced one or more episodes. These episodes constitute the greatest charm of his writings. One can never tell how or when to expect them. They are somewhat startling at first, and appear, though spontaneously, as intrusions. They usually break in upon some charming idea which has captivated the fancy, and the skill of the composer is nowhere more shown than reuniting the broken threads, and thus augmenting the interest. Other composers have attempted to imitate Beethoven in this respect, but without success; he stands alone as being the one who created the idea and who perfected it. But, to get into close sympathy with the composer, and be able thoroughly to enter into his wonderful creations, more is needed than a technical knowledge of the music. The young and thoughtless, and those whose lives have been one continued sunshine, will derive more pleasure from the sparkling music of France or the luscious melodies of Italy. Those only who have known days of sorrow, who have endured heavy trials or had their most sensitive feelings stirred, or above all, who have mourned the loss of their nearest and dearest, can fully appreciate Beethoven, for they only are able to realize the mental agony which he must have experienced before such conceptions could emanate ever from genius.

The Christmas supplement to the *Graphic* contains a striking piece of poetic realism in art, furnished by Mr. Fildes, draughtsman, and Mr. Thomas, engraver. "The Vacant Chair," a faithful picture of the study at Gadshill, in which the last pages of the last book of Charles Dickens were written, is contributed by the young artist who was engaged in illustrating *Edwin Drood*. The precise minuteness of photography, with a delicate tenderness to which photography is stranger, characterizes the details of this labour of love down to the grotesque little bronzes of fencing frogs among the writing materials on the author's desk.

Breakfast.—Epps's Cocoa.—Grateful and Comforting.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled: James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

NEWS (?) FROM PARIS.

(*By Balloon.*)

Little by little Paris begins to hanker after the drama, and does not see why the theatres should be shut because King William and Count Moltke have cut off the capital from the world. In the first days of the siege the Government decreed that the theatres should be shut up. The plays of M. Scribe and M. Dumas *fils* would not, it argued, lead to that grave dignity of demeanour which befitted the greatest of sieges and the most awful calamity that had ever befallen France. They were right. Few things could more effectively bring Paris to its senses, and let it know what was meant by a siege, than the fact that, for the first time within its experience, it could not go to the play. But after a while, Paris did not take kindly to the remedy. Paris is not like Venice, the ladies of which, during the time of foreign occupation, would not go to any entertainment with which Austrians had to do. The French capital found the siege dull when General Trochu would not make sorties and the Prussians would not come out to be killed. So, while Fort Valérien was pitching shells, the citizens asked Government why they might not have a little music. The Government responded by so far relaxing its rigour as to permit oratorios in the afternoon. Thus the thin end of the wedge was put into the block of Parisian gravity, and now, it would seem, "vested interests" are driving the wedge home. Under the Empire, the Opera profited by a subsidy from the State, which the Provisional Government withdrew. Consequently the singers have suffered a loss which they bitterly feel; and the Government responded to their prayers by saying that they may sing provided they sing sadly. Henceforth they may give entertainments, if they perform nothing but serious music, appear without costumes, and devote the receipts to the victims of Châteaudun. It is easy to laugh at the odd mixture of gravity and gaiety betrayed by these regulations; but, after all, they are dictated by a just perception of Parisian necessities. The tedium of a siege is undeniable; and there is no form of recreation so much in harmony with the atmosphere of the city as serious music, none more pure, more effectual in assuaging grief or restoring a healthy tone.—P.

[This despatch has been a very long time coming.—Ed.]

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MR. BEECHER ON ORGAN CONCERTS.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in announcing to the congregation of Plymouth Church the new series of Saturday afternoon organ concerts in that church for the season of 1870-71, after giving the names of the performers, made some very interesting and sound remarks; he said:—

"You will allow me to say a word on the subject of these organ concerts. They were begun several years ago at my suggestion. While I was in Europe, both in 1850 and 1853, I was very much delighted and very much interested, in some respects, by the evening concerts that were given in various European cities; and I thought, if it is in the power of a hierarchy, using their cathedrals and their organs to give these concerts, why should not freedom do the same thing? Why should not free churches be able to afford musical entertainment and instruction, and make it accessible to all and common to all? And, when, after my return, the trustees moved, very wisely, I think, as well as very successfully, in the procuration of a new organ, it seemed to me that the time had come, and Mr. Müller, at my request, gave concerts, in a more quiet way, on Monday afternoons, without fee or reward, for two seasons, and performed himself, from week to week, giving, perhaps a *répertoire* of music more extended than any other one man has given in either of the two cities. These concerts became somewhat known in that way. When the present conductors of music took their place among us, it was my earnest desire that the same thing should be extended; and another day was chosen on which more persons could come together; and the concerts were in many respects re-ordained.

"Now, it is because it is organ music that I am so much interested in these concerts. I love music from a Jew's harp to David's harp. I love everything that is musical. No band goes through the street that I do not go with it in thought. Even the more humble minstrels, who perform under false appearances, I publicly confess that I have a sympathy for them, too. And I should go and hear some of these things occasionally if it did not cost more than it comes to. There are many liberties that belong to me that I do not take because I am tired of being hawked through all the papers. It is cheaper to let such things alone than to take my rights, and then be written about, and thought about, and talked about. I love all sorts of music. Give me the French; give me the Italian; give me the German; give me the wild airs of Scotland; give me the wails from Ireland; give me our own negro minstrels music. They all find, in different degrees, a response from my heart. But I cannot bear to see the whole community led off to any one style—certainly not to that which is not always the best style—of music. When I consider what the state of music is in churches, I find that it is largely operatic, a little disguised, but not converted. A great deal of the organ playing is not of organ music. If I am rightly informed, a great deal of the singing in churches is not singing of sacred, but singing of secular music—that is, with all the associations of the week on it. You have in the churches on Sunday a little slower pace of the same thing that you have in the concert-room during the week.

"Now, it has pleased God, in the midst of all the changes of the world to

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raise up one instrument which in itself is the most complex and the grandest, that has the wildest scope, and that has in it more elements of power and beauty than, I had almost said, all other instruments. For it is itself a musical museum. It is the epitome of all orchestras, of all phases, whether stringed or wind. It has pleased God to make that a gift to the Church and the servant of religion. It has also pleased God to inspire men to create for the organ a school and body of music, large, historical, and as noble as ever was inspired on earth. And I believe that while we say, during the week to opera and to concert, "Play as you will," we have a right to say on Sunday, "Let us have ecclesiastical music." Let us have music that represents the more sober moods of the mind. Let us have music which, if it rejoices, rejoices *in the Lord*. Let us have in our organ concerts a representative music of the organ. You can get dances and polkas elsewhere. I never like to have dances and polkas performed on the organ. That is not its business. Not that the instrument cannot perform these things; not that occasionally they may not be introduced into organ-music in certain ways; but there ought to be in the public mind the means of estimating and of judging of those styles of music which are grave and full of moral feeling, and that take hold of the highest impulses and instincts of our nature. And it is for the purpose of making the community familiar with organ music that I have felt a deep interest in these concerts. And I believe that knowledge and taste are growing in this direction. And though multitudes of persons are not particularly discriminating, I believe—and I believe it from what I saw during the last two years—that the higher classes of music are coming to be more appreciated. I have noticed that the best performers were the most enthusiastically received, and that the really best music was the most cheered, while what might be called clap-trap music, that which goes by the name of *popular music*, was received the most nearly with silence and disapprobation. I never felt a greater pleasure than that which I felt when I heard *olla podrida* music—music made up of snatches here and there—implying that that was all that you could understand, followed by dead silence. It was a compliment of which you yourself did not appreciate the weight. And when some of the noblest things of the most inspired musicians were received with enthusiasm, I felt proud of you, and blessed God, and took courage.

"Now we enter upon another season. The concert will be held one hour. The main performances will be on the organ; but there will also be some singing and lighter music for the sake of interesting you between the more voluminous and weighty passages of the organ music."

—o—

THE TRANSLATOR OF *TANNHAUSER*.

In Paris there lived a young and unknown poet, Edward Roche, of great talent, and of the highest education, but totally unknown, and without a friend, even, to give him a helping hand in the career of letters. Despairing of literary success, Roche obtained an insignificant post in the custom-house. To all appearance he was likely thus to protract a miserable and inglorious existence with no opportunity of exhibiting the talents which he undoubtedly possessed. His luck seemed to have left him, and he was despondent accordingly. One day, while Roche was working in the custom-house office, which happened to be close to the railway station, his attention was aroused by tones of angry expostulation and loud remonstrance heard just beneath the window. An irascible German passenger was loudly declaiming against the absurdity of the rules by which he was troubled through the short-sighted wisdom of the railway administration. Roche went out and heard the stranger, whose passion culminated in a strong vein of soliloquy, address himself as Wagner. The young man seized the opportunity. He stepped forward, bowed to the stranger and speedily by his intervention made his vexed path straight. Wagner was profuse in his thanks; Roche was delighted that he was able to render even the slightest service to so illustrious a man. Wagner's enormous and soul-controlling vanity must have been touched; Roche fancied he saw his opportunity, and commenced to hum some of the melodies from *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. "Oh!" said Wagner, "this is a splendid omen for me. The first Parisian I meet knows my music and admires it. Liszt shall know this. Sir, we must see each other again."

Such was the commencement of an acquaintance destined to be eventful to both,—tragic to one. Wagner grew to entertain a high opinion of Edward Roche; and when he looked for a translator of *Tannhäuser*, he thought he could find none better than the young man who had proved his saviour in the railway episode. Wagner offered Roche the work, and Roche in an ecstasy of joy, it is needless to say, accepted it. But the poor fellow little knew what he would have to encounter. He gave a whole year to the work, sacrificing many a night's sleep, and devoting to the task every instant of the day which was not employed at the counting house. Roche soon found that his illustrious employer was, to use his own words, "a dreadful man." Never was task-master of the Egyptians so remorsely exacting. Capable of prodigious exertions, Wagner measured the ability of others by himself, and Roche fairly had not a moment's rest. When the young clerk contrived to obtain a holiday from his office, every moment was absorbed by the demands of the author of *Tannhäuser*. On such occasions as these, Roche thus describes the programme of the day's proceedings:—"At 7 o'clock in the morning we sat down to work, and without rest or pause went on till noon. There I sat over my desk—stooping, writing, blotting, correcting, searching painfully for the syllables which accorded best with particular notes. Meanwhile, Wagner with flaming eyes and angry expression, now strode up and down impatiently. "Forward! forward!"—at 12 or 1 o'clock, wearied and sick, faint with hunger, and with aching fingers, I would let my pen drop, and sink back in my chair. Then would the Master ask me, in tones of indignation and surprise, what was the matter. "Oh, I am hungry," I would mutter. Generally he would reply, "Very well; I did not think of that; we will eat something quickly and continue again." I was suffered to swallow a few morsels, not more, and then I was spurred on to resume my toil, and continued till night. I grew exhausted, but he cared not; my head glowed liked fire. I became driven to desperation at this ceaseless hunt for appropriate syllables and words. It was impossible to please him. As for Wagner himself he was still as fresh as ever. Nothing seemed to tell upon those exhaustless energies. Still he strode up and down the room, or, striking the notes of the piano, shook his head and swayed his body in such a manner that his pointed shadow on the wall, nervous and weary as I was, actually terrified me. It seemed like one of the evil spirits in the fairy tale, screaming forth strange words and phantom notes.

Here this pathetic narrative ends. The translation was at last finished and *Tannhäuser* was produced. The first night it was an equivocal success; (No it wasn't—A.S.S.) the second it was received coldly; on the third it was an unmistakable failure. Wagner's hopes were wrecked, and his ambitious dreams destroyed; and with the destruction of these there vanished also the last faintly-glimmering promise of good fortune for Edward Roche. Wagner, indeed, recovered from the mortification of the failure, but Roche did not; the poor fellow was simply killed by the collapse of *Tannhäuser*. He died in the following December.

—o—

BEECHER ON BIRDS.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has been writing on this subject in the *Christian Union*; and thus discourses anent the feathered songsters:—

"People who have been born and bred in the city know nothing of bird-song, except as they hear canaries or other feathered prisoners sing from cages, who sing for a living. This, indeed, is not to be despised, but it is not the singing of free wild birds. Even those who live in the country seldom hear birds sing at their best. People are in bed when the great concert comes off. During May and June, birds wake about half-past three or four o'clock in the morning. Even if one goes to sleep again it is worth his while to be awakened to hear this wonderful outburst. There is nothing else in all the common phenomena of nature that seemed so admirable and so increasingly interesting as this. Birds do not sing alike at all hours of the day. An attentive ear will notice not only very different strains, but a very different spirit. The mid-day singing is casual, not prolonged, a mere interjection here and there. They sing as it were to while away a little time. At evening birds sing next in duration and effect to the morning song, but more tender, less tumultuous. It is in the morning that one must hear them, who would know the full ecstasy. It is very still. The dew lies heavy on all things. In the east the light is coming fast, and twilight every moment gains new radiance. Not a sound gives warning of any coming song. Far off one hears the hoarse hawk of a goose, or the bark of a dog disturbed by some early traveller. Then one hears a single call-note, as if the chorister was calling attention and giving out the pitch. It is answered in an enquiring way by another bird as much as to say, "We are ready, shall we begin?" Then one launches out, but has not uttered two syllables before a score of birds strike in, and then, from the fields, the forest edges, from orchards and gardens, from the grounds, the fences, and the air, then comes a Babel of sweet sounds, running into each other, clashing overlaying and surging together that one cannot distinguish any single songster's note, but only a wild mingling of hundreds of birds, all singing at the very top of their power, as if fired by an ecstasy of gladness. This great gush of song lasts from twenty minutes to half an hour, and then ceases almost as simultaneously as it began. The birds seem then to occupy themselves with their toilet and breakfast, after which, but in a less general way, they sing again for an hour or two. Then they scatter, and pursue the regular business of the day singing but little until evening, unless the day be clouded.—If the morning is overcast, birds do not have their grand sing. But if on such days the noon be clear or tending to clear up, birds become quite vocal. Sunlight has much to do with their disposition to sing. The electrical condition of the atmosphere it is probable, has much to do with this inspiration of song."

The Archbishop of Paris has forbidden Nilsson to sing in opera on account of the death of her mother; at all events, so says an American paper. Did his grace convey the intimation per balloon post?

Mr. P. S. Gilmore appeared as a soloist at one of the Nilsson concerts in Boston, performing the trumpet *obbligato* to "Let the bright Seraphim," which was sung by Nilsson. The piece had a tremendous encore, Mr. Gilmore sharing with Nilsson in the applause. Mr. Gilmore had not before appeared as a soloist at a Boston concert for over a dozen years. His appearance on the occasion named was only in compliment to Mdlle. Nilsson, who, it should be added, took occasion to show, both publicly and privately, her appreciation of the compliment.

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WAIFS.

Mr. John P. Morgan, the well-known organist of New York, is the director of the new musical enterprise called *The Euterpe*.

Adelaide Philipps has entirely recovered her voice, and is travelling through the Western States.

Mrs. Fanny Keller, daughter of Mr. M. Keller, the composer, is soon to make her *début* in concert at Boston.

M. Vieuxtemps has met with a hearty reception from the Bostonians, among whom he was exceedingly popular on his former visit.

Mr. Punch's definition of the great plague of London is—"a barrel-organ." Hear! hear!

Mr. John Barnett (composer of the *Mountain Sylph*) has arrived in London, for the Christmas holidays.

The National Choral Society, under Mr. G. W. Martin, gave its first Christmas *Messiah* performance, at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday night.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson has been attending the flower stand of Mrs. Ogden Doremus at the French Fair in New York. Her sales were enormous.

A concert was given at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 21st ult., in aid of the French sufferers in the present war. M. Vieuxtemps, Dr. Guilmette, Mr. J. H. Wilcox, and other well known artists, assisted.

The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, are making preparations for their Triennial Festival next spring. The guarantee fund has already reached a large sum.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed having arranged for a further tenancy of the Gallery of Illustration, have re-appeared in their successful entertainment, *Ages Ago*, assisted by Miss Fanny Holland, Mr. Corney Grain, and Mr. Arthur Cecil. *Baden Baden* and *The Rival Composers*, made up the evening's amusement.

Miss Annie Louise Cary, the contralto of the Nilsson *troupe*, was welcomed home with great honours. She had gained great applause at every one of the concerts. She has also sang at one or two other concerts with great success. Her old Boston friends have been delighted to find her so finished an artist.

The question of right to reserved seats at concerts, theatres, etc., which has created a good deal of annoyance in some American towns, was recently decided by one of the judges, who held that all seats previously secured by ticket were the property of the person for whom they had been secured, and might be occupied or allowed to remain idle at that particular entertainment, at his or her pleasure.

We read the following in the *Syracuse Daily Courier* (U.S.), of December 10th:—

"Miss Annie Louise Cary intends, it is rumoured, to retire from public singing in the spring, after the close of her engagement with Mr. Strakosch. The cause is an engagement of another character—a matrimonial one with Dr. Hunter, of Philadelphia."

If this be true, the Italian Opera will too early lose its youngest and most promising *mezzo-soprano-contralto*. From the same paper we subtract the following:—

"Mr. Henry Vieuxtemps, the violinist, closes his engagement with the *troupe* on the first of April, but will remain in the country until the summer months, making his home in Boston. Next year Mr. Strakosch will bring Adelina Patti to America."

The "*troupe*" means the Nilsson company, now triumphantly invading every town and city in the States.

A second Daniel writing in a contemporary says:—

"The lovely *entr'acte* in B minor (*Rosamunde*) by that somewhat little appreciated genius, Schubert, was a prominent and welcome feature in the programme. There is another *entr'acte* to the same opera, sweet and most expressive, in B flat; this seems to be little known, at any rate we have never heard it in London."

Daniel the second does does not seem to know that Schubert is appreciated just now quite violently, and that the B flat *entr'acte* is familiar to every Crystal-Palace-going amateur.

The Germania Orchestra of Philadelphia has profited by its loss of popularity the last few seasons, and the criticisms it has received, and has gone to work with a great increase of spirit. The sectional extension of the programmes is improved and the ambition of the Society seems to have quite a fresh start. The most important work it has as yet given was Liszt's "Preludes." This was not altogether a satisfactory performance, but will be better when it is repeated. It claims a *répertoire* of twenty-eight symphonies, eighty-five overtures, a complete selection of operatic selections and waltzes.

The harp, the cherished musical instrument of the Twanglangodillo Principality, is now rarely found in Wales. The Welsh harpers have taken to the turf, and their name is changed to Welsh Sharpers, or Welchers. Alas! Alas! That the only remains of their glory should be the Something-bury races, got up by sporting publicans and sinners not a hundred miles from the Welsh Harp of Hendon. *Punch*.

The Harvard Musical Association of Boston opened their sixth season of Symphony Concerts, on the 3rd. ult. The orchestra is much larger and much better than it was last year. Thomas's visits have done much good, and one of the most marked results has been to wake up this "slow" institution. Mr. Zerrahn is still the conductor, and Mr. B. Listemann is leader. Mr. M. W. Witney and Mr. Hugo Leonard assisted at the opening concert, the former singing two sacred songs by Beethoven, and a bass aria from Bach's *Passion Music*, and the latter playing Beethoven's Piano Concerto, No. 4, in G. The orchestral numbers included Beethoven's Inaugural Overture, in C, Op. 124; Cherubini's prelude to the third act of *Medea*, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The performances generally were very good. The second concert took place on the 17th, when the programme embraced Beethoven's first overture to *Leonora* in C; Concerto for the violin, by Lipinski; Liszt's Symphonic Poem, *Les Preludes*; Haydn's Symphony in C minor, No. 9; a *chaconne* for violin, by Bach; and Rietz's Fest Overture. The violin pieces were played by Mr. B. Listemann.

The veteran ex-conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Mr. J. Surman, has addressed the following remarks to a contemporary:—

"When Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* or *Hymn of Praise* was first produced at the Birmingham Festival, the composer himself conducted. *St. Paul* having had such a favourable reception at the Liverpool Festival and Exeter Hall, something good was naturally expected from the hand of the talented composer; and neither the audience nor the orchestra were disappointed, although most agreed that the instrumental movements were the finest portions of the work. The duet with chorus, 'I waited for the Lord,' certainly produced a marked impression; but there was a depression of band and chorus till they finished the first part of the concert with their old friend Handel's glorious chorus from *Judas Maccabæus*, 'We never will bow down,' which roused the whole orchestra from their lethargy. Even Mendelssohn himself could not remain among the audience, but came in the most humble and unobtrusive manner and took part from my book, joining with me and the rest of the tenors most efficiently. His sharp eye and fine ear detected a wrong note in the copy, which, taking out his pencil, he corrected. After a short interval, the second part of the concert commenced with 'Immortal Lord' and 'See the proud chief,' from Handel's *Deborah*; the whole orchestra seemed inspired, and sang with new life and vigour those matchless compositions. Mendelssohn was again at his post, and joined in most ably through both of the choruses, and when we had finished he admitted that Handel was the 'proud chief,' for he held up both his hands and exclaimed 'Ah! this man puts the extinguisher on us all!'"

The following remarks from *Land and Water* will have the approval of everybody worth consideration:—

"Perhaps the social reformers of the present time will be able to glance a little beyond their regions of theatrical morals and educational permeation at the simple butchery of the acrobat that is of almost daily occurrence in this kingdom. Scarcely a town that can boast of 10,000 inhabitants can exist in these improving days without a musical hall, and no musical hall can exist without catering to the tastes of the million. The million craves for comic songs, break-downs, and acrobats. The last-mentioned must be possessed of as much foolhardiness as agility, if they wish for anything beyond a temporary engagement. The more danger that they can import into their performance, the better the spectators are pleased, the higher their salary. A man who can turn two back-somersaults, at some dizzy height, is worth double the ordinary creature who prefers to do so near the ground. The audience creates the demand—the acrobat must supply it. Only last Tuesday, Liverpool was the scene of two serious accidents; in one a woman, in the other a man, while going through a dangerous feat, fell, and were both seriously hurt. This might have been prevented by the ordinary protection-nets that are generally used in London. There is some expense attached to their use, perhaps, and the morbid craving of a gaping crowd that watches every tremor of a muscle at some terrible height, with a half-stupified gaze and secret wish to be present when the accident occurs—should like just to see it—would receive its *quietus*, and turn elsewhere for excitement. The police ought to have the same control over the dangers as they do over the morals of music-halls, and then we should protect a hard-working and ill-paid class, the acrobats; and, at the same time, indirectly destroy the gross increase of sensationalism that, fungus-like, is choking the growth of all legitimate exhibitions. The *ipse dixit* of an inspector would go a long way to put down these spurious gymnastics."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CRAMER & Co.—"The Maid o' the Dee," Scotch ballad, the symphonies and accompaniments by William Hutchings Calcott.

ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"The lights far out at sea," by A. S. Gatty; "The twilight hour is come," by H. Smart; "Robin," by Anne Fricker; "Sweet Norah Waltz," by C. H. R. Marriott; "The Bridal Quadrille," by Stephen Glover.

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'As zephyr, telling secrets to his rose;'

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'for with my mind I listen,
And when the leaves of sound are shed upon it.
If there's no seed, remembrance grows not there.'

Miss Amy Coyne, a daughter of the late Mr. Stirling Coyne, is the composer of these sweet *lieder;* and she has also translated from the German the felicitous words with which the music so well harmonizes. Six in number, their titles are—'Farewell for Ever,' 'Fidelity,' 'Parted,' 'The Request,' 'The Voice of Spring,' and 'Evening Sounds,' which last has a delightful Mendelssohnian ring about it. Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, are the publishers of these exquisite songs, and also of Miss Amy Coyne's latest composition, 'Maddalena,' a sparkling serenade which we had the pleasure of noticing favourably when it was first sung by Mr. W. H. Cummings, and which fully sustains the rising reputation of the talented young composer."—*Penny Illustrated Paper.*

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON at the Office, 244, Regent Street.—*Saturday, Dec. 31st, 1870.*

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